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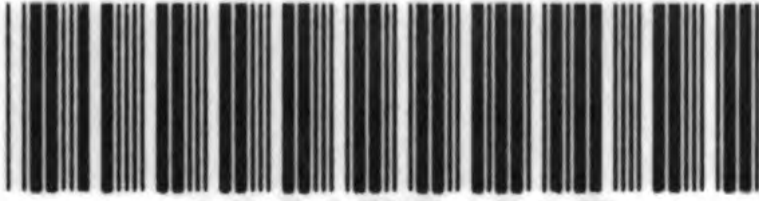
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ONE SHILLING
THE
**COMIC
SONG BOOK**

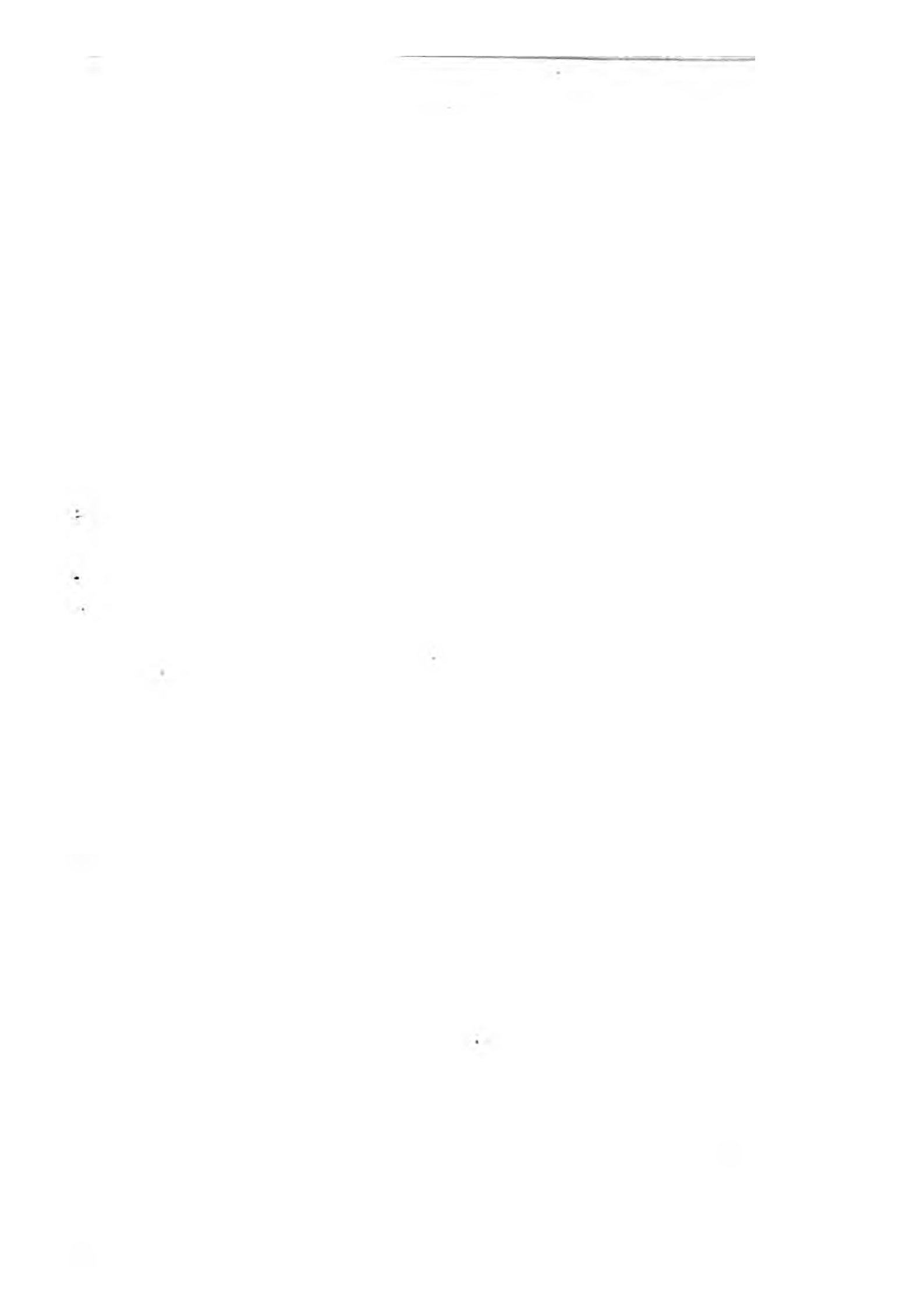




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THE
COMIC SONG BOOK.

EDITED BY
J. E. CARPENTER.

"Why should critics carp at songs,
Or classic scales apply?
To them alone this freight belongs,
Who'd rather laugh than cry;
For neither pedant nor for prude,
These sonnets took their birth,
But are dished-up as pleasant food
For social songs of mirth."

Geo. Alex. Stevens.



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P R E F A C E.

A GOOD comic song is, in these days, a desideratum—the “Perfect Cures”—“Nerves,” and the nonsense verses appended to the “Nigger” melodies, imported by shoals from the dis-United States, have had a baneful influence on a class of literature which was once not considered beneath the notice of our best comic lyric writers.

It is, however, the belief of the Editor of the following pages that this is but the fashion of the moment, and that, like other matters in which a false taste governs the whim of the day, the public will at last get nauseated with such unmeaning trash. In such hope—strengthened by the success of the more serious volumes published in this series—it is that the following pages have been compiled.

The aim of the Editor has been to bring together a collection of Comic and Humorous

Songs worthy to be so-called, and free from those improprieties which too frequently sully this class of writing: he has endeavoured as far as possible to exclude all songs referring to past events, and consequently possessing no permanent interest. A high poetical standard is not the one by which the comic muse must be judged, but vulgarity and indecency are poor substitutes for wit and humour, and, at least, the following pages may claim the merit of being unobjectionable, in the sense that they are not vicious.

Here and there the Editor has come across a song, full of drollery and comic conceit, but slightly marred by an occasional vulgarism; this he has taken the liberty to alter, without, he hopes, impairing the comicality of the original effusion. It does not follow that a witty description of cockney peculiarity, or life among the lowly, is essentially vulgar—it may be simply characteristic; and not a few songs of this class will be found in the collection.

Without, then, affecting to be too "strait-laced," the Editor ventures to hope he has compiled an acceptable pocket companion for the vocalist and the amateur. Paterfamilias, too,

if he sings a good song, may take it with him to his "Club" or his "Lodge;" and he need be under no apprehension if he happens to leave it upon the drawing-room table.

J. E. CARPENTER.

NOTTING HILL, LONDON, 1863.

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THE
COMIC SONG BOOK.

YOUNG BEN THE CARPENTER AND
THE FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

[T. HOOD.]

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade,
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid ;
But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew,
And Sally she did *faint away*,
Whilst Ben he was *brought-to*.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a *feint*.
"Come girl," says he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me—
For when your *swain* is in the *boat*,
A *boat-swain* he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She 'roused, and found she only was,
A *coming to herself*.

"And is he gone—and is he gone?"
 She cried, and wept outright,
 "Then I will to the water side,
 And see him *out of sight*."

A waterman came up to her,
 "Now, young woman," said he,
 "If you weep on so, you will make
Eye water in the sea."
 "Alas! they've taken my *beau Ben*
 To sail with old *Benbow*;"
 And her woe began to run afresh,
 As if she'd said *gee woe*.

Says he, "They've only taken him
 To the *tender ship*, you see;"
 "The tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,
 "What a *hard ship* that must be.
 Oh, would I were a mermaid now,
 For then I'd follow him,
 But oh! I'm not a *fish-woman*
 And so I cannot *swim*."

"Alas! I was not born beneath
 The *Virgin* and the *Scales*,
 So I must curse my cruel stars,
 And *walk* about in *wales*."
 Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
 That's underneath the world,
 But in two years the ship came home,
 And all the sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown
 To see how she went on,
 He found she'd got another *Ben*
 Whose Christian name was *John*.
 "Oh! Sally Brown, oh! Sally Brown,
 How could you sarve me so?
 I've met with many a *breeze* before,
 But never such a *blow*!"

Then pond'ring o'er his 'bacco-box,
 He heav'd a heavy sigh,
 And then began to *eye his pipe*,
 And then to *pipe his eye*.
 And then he tried to sing "All's well!"
 But couldn't, though he tried:
 His *head* was *turned*, and so he chewed
 His *pigtail* till he died.

His *death*, which happened in his *berth*,
 At forty odd befel,
 They went and *told* the *sexton*, and
 The sexton *toll'd* the *bell*.
 Now Sal his *funeral* did attend
 With fearful, anxious look,
 She waited in the cold church-yard
 Till the parson—*shut his book*.

JACK ROBINSON.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Air—"College Hornpipe."]

The perils and dangers of the voyage pass'd.
 And the ship at Portsmouth arrived at last;
 The sails all furl'd and the anchor cast,
 The happiest of the crew was Jack Robinson:
 For his Poll he had trinkets and gold galore,
 Besides of prize-money quite a store;
 And along wi' the crew he went ashore,
 As coxswain to the boat, Jack Robinson.

He met with a man, and said, "I say,
 Mayhap you may know one Polly Gray?
 She lives somewhere hereabouts."—The man said "Nay,
 I do not indeed," to Jack Robinson;
 Says Jack to him, "I've left my ship,
 And all my messmates gave the slip,
 Mayhap you'll partake of a good can of flip?
 For you're a civil fellow," says Jack Robinson.

In a public-house then they both *sot* down,
 And talk'd of admirals of high renown,
 And drunk'd as much grog as came to half-a-crown,
 This here strange man and Jack Robinson ;
 Then Jack call'd out the reck'ning to pay ;
 The landlady came in, in fine array,
 'My eyes and limbs ! why, here's Polly Gray ;
 Who'd thought of meeting here ?' says Jack Robin-
 son.

The landlady stagger'd back against the wall,
 And said at first she didn't know him at all ;
 "Shiver me !" says Jack, "why, here's a pretty squall,
 Dam'me, don't you know me, I'm Jack Robinson ?
 Don't you know this handkerchief you giv'd to me,
 'Twas three years ago, before I went to sea ;
 Every day I look'd at it, and thought of thee ;
 Upon my soul, I have !" says Jack Robinson.

Says the lady, says she, "I've chang'd my state."
 "Why, you don't mean," says Jack, "that you've got a
 mate :
 You know you promis'd me ?"—Says she, "I couldn't
 wait ;
 For no tidings could I gain of you, Jack Robinson ;
 And somebody, one day, came to me, and said
 That somebody else had somewhere read
 In some newspaper, as how you was dead."
 "I've not been dead at all," says Jack Robinson.

Then he turn'd his quid, finish'd his glass,
 Hitch'd up his trowsers—"Alas ! alas !
 That ever I should live to be made such an ass,
 To be bilk'd by a woman," says Jack Robinson ;
 "But to fret and stew about it much, is all in vain,
 I'll get a ship, and go to Holland, France, and Spain ;
 No matter where—to Portsmouth I'll ne'er come back
 again."
 And he was off before they could say Jack Robinson.

MOLLY MALONE.

By the big hill of Howth,
That's a bit of an oath,
That to swear by I'm loth,
 To the heart of a stone,
But be poison my drink,
If I sleep, snore, or wink,
Once forgetting to think,
 Of your lying alone.
Och! it's how I'm in love,
Like a beautiful dove,
That sits cooing above,
 In the boughs of a tree!
It's myself I'll soon smother,
In something or other,
Unless I can bother,
 Your heart to love me,
 Sweet Molly, sweet Molly Malone.

I can see if you smile,
Though I'm off half a mile,
For my eyes all the while
 Keep along with my head;
And my head, you must know,
When from Molly I go,
Takes his leave with a bow.
 And remains in my stead,
 Och! it's how, &c.

Like a bird I could sing,
In the month of the spring,
But it's now no such thing,
 I'm quite bothered and dead,
Och! I'll roar and I'll groan,
My sweet Molly Malone,
Till I'm bone of your bone,
 And asleep in your bed.
 Och! it's how, &c.

KIT THE COBBLER.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

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

Kit the Cobbler, has built him a stall
 By the side of the Barley Mow ;
 And he leaves his shoes to run after the news ;
 It's the way of the trade, I trow.
 There he'll sit, in the Tap, with his jug in his lap,
 And he gives as his "reason why,"
 That "he's forc'd to get to a tap that's wet,
 When the tap of his own gets dry."
 And tap ! tap ! on the stone in his lap,
 For an hour or so, in cold weather,
 You *may* catch him at work,
 Nose and knees, like a Turk,
 Singing "Oh ! there is nothing like leather."
 Singing "Oh ! there is nothing like leather."

The Clerk and he, they never agree,
 For, Kit at the "Parson" mocks ;
 And the cause of his wrath is, that one of the cloth,
 Once put Master Kit in the stocks.
 For Tory or Whig, he "don't care a fig ;
 The one is as bad as the other,"—
 "A ten pound note he *will have* " have for his vote,
 He "he wouldn't take less from his brother,"
 So, rap ! rap ! "down with it slap,
 A man should stick to his tether ;
 If I was rich, oh ! I'd not do a stitch,
 But sing "Oh ! there is nothing like leather."
 But sing "Oh ! there is nothing like leather."

Kit has a wife, as keen as his knife,
 And as sharp as a bristle too ;
 And the folks do say she *will have* her way,
 As wives, now and then, will do ;
 At night she'll wait at the little front gate,
 Till she hears him lift the latch ;

Then out she'll fly—and Kit slips by
 For he knows what he's like to catch,
 Whack! whack! down it comes on his back,
 And that not as light as a feather;
 For he rubs and swears as he stumbles upstairs,
 "Confound it, there's nothing like leather!"
 "Confound it, there's nothing like leather!"

THE EMIGRANT SHOEMAKERS;

OR, A TRIP TO ALGOA BAY.

Tune—"Oh, cruel!"

Two gentlemen shoemakers, my shopmate Jack and
 me,
 Took a start to Algoa Bay, a precious way by sea;
 We went among the blacks, to make our fortins, you
 must know,
 For mayn't shoemakers look for trade where people
barefoot go? Tol de rol, &c.

We took a stock of boots and shoes, some leather and
 that 'ere,
 Took *leaf* of friends, and jump'd on board; the wind
 and weather fair;
 We had a quick sail to the Cape, (our ship was a quick
hand),
 And hoped our boots and shoes would have as quick a
 sale on land. Tol de rol, &c.

When at Algoa Bay we landed, we *see* such lots of
 blacks,
 As neither had shoes to their feet, nor yet shirts to
 their backs!
 Caffres, or *Gaffers*, they are called, or some such sort
 of name,
 And people *as* don't know 'em, says the *savages is tame*.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Algoa Bay is not like London, no houses nor *no streets*,
 You *has* to build your house yourself, dig wells, and all
them treats;
 We built a house, and opened shop, and thought *as* we
 should *do*,
 And so we did *do*—*nothink*, for we never *sold* a shoe.
 Tol de rol, &c.

No wonder *as* we *nothink* sold, for *Gaffers* never *buys*,
 They *comes* in droves, and *burns* your house, and *steals*
your merchandise;
 They *comes bang!* with their *banging* clubs, and *bangs*
 your heads about,
 Oh, *them's* the *Gaffer singing clubs*, *as* makes you soon
sing out.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Ten thousand *Gaffers* stormed our house, and robbed
 and beat us too,
 And we to save our lives *run out*, and *out-run* all the
 crew;
 And all the way we run from them, we heard great
 lions roar,
 Which made us both expect *no less* than soon to be *no*
more.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Then sitting down to dine, two lions *come* on us,
 And soon they had their bellies full—*from our blun-*
derbuss;
 It is the lion's custom to pop on you unawares;
 We wanted *custom* bad enough, but wanted none o.
 theirs.
 Tol de rol, &c.

So much for emigration! we found it a bad *spec*,
 And coming home to England we tasted a shipwreck;
 But now in our own country safe, we'll no more castles
 build,
 If we cannot make our *fortins*, we can *live*, and not be
 killed.
 Tol de rol, &c.

THE CHARMING WOMAN.

[LADY DUFFERIN.]

So Miss Myrtle is going to marry,
What a number of hearts she will break ;
There's Lord George, and Tom Brown, and Sir Harry,
Are dying of love for her sake.
'Tis a match that we all must approve,
Let the gossips say all that they can—
For indeed she's a charming woman,
And he's a most fortunate man.

Yes, indeed, she's a charming woman,
And she reads both Latin and Greek,
And I'm told that she solved a problem
In Euclid before she could speak.
Had she been but a daughter of mine,
I'd have taught her to hem and to sew—
But her mother (a charming woman !)
Couldn't think of such trifles, you know.

Oh, she's really a charming woman—
But I think she's a little too thin ;
And no wonder such very late hours
Should ruin her beautiful skin.
Her shoulders are rather too bare,
And her gown's nearly up to her knees—
But I'm told that these charming women
May dress themselves just as they please.

Yes, she's really a charming woman—
But have you observed, by the by,
A something that's rather uncommon
In the flash of that very bright eye ?
It may be a fancy of mine,
Though her voice has rather a sharp tone,
But I'm told that these charming women
Are apt to have wills of their own.

She sings like a bullfinch or linnet,
 And she talks like an archbishop, too—
 She can play you a rubber, and win it—
 If she's got nothing better to do.
 She can chatter of poor-laws and tithes,
 And the value of labour and land—
 'Tis a pity when charming women,
 Talk of things which they don't understand.

I'm told that she hasn't a penny—
 Yet her gowns would make Maradan stare;
 And I fear that her bills must be many—
 But you know that's her husband's affair.
 Such husbands are very uncommon—
 So, regardless of prudence and pelf—
 But they say such a charming woman
 Is a fortune, you know, in herself.

She has brothers and sisters by dozens,
 And all charming people, they say,
 And she has several tall Irish cousins,
 Whom she loves—in a sisterly way.
 Oh, young men—if you'd take my advice—
 You would find it an excellent plan;
 Don't marry a charming woman,
 If you are a sensible man.

BEN BATTLE AND NELLY GRAY.

THOMAS HOOD.]

[Tune—"The Washing Day."]

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
 And used to war's alarms,
 But a cannon ball took off his legs,
 So he laid down his arms.
 Now as they bore him off the field,
 Said he "Let others shoot,
 For here I leave my second leg,
 And the Forty-second Foot."

The army surgeons made him limbs,
Said he, "They're only pegs,
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs."
Now Ben he lov'd a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray ;
So he went to pay her his *devours*,
When he'd devour'd his pay.

But when he call'd on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff ;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off.
"O Nelly Gray, O Nelly Gray !
Is this your love so warm ?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform."

She said, "I lov'd a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave ;
But I will never have a man,
With both legs in the grave.
Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now.

"O Nelly Gray ! O Nelly Gray !
For all your jeering speeches ;
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches."

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms."

"O false and fickle Nelly Gray,
To you a long farewell ;
For you will be my death—alas !
You will not be my *Nell* !

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
 His heart so heavy got ;
 And life was such a burden grown,
 It made him take a *knot*.

So round his melancholy neck,
 A rope he did entwine ;
 And for his *second* time in life,
 Enlisted in the line !
 One end he tied around a beam,
 And then remov'd his pegs,
 And as his legs were off, of course
 He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung 'till he was dead
 As any nail in town ;
 For though distress had cut him up,
 It could not cut him down !
 A dozen men sat on his corpse,
 To find out why he died ;
 And they buried Ben in four cross roads,
 With a *stake* in his inside.

“HOUSEHOLD WORDS.”—“ALL THE
 YEAR ROUND.”

JAMES BRUTON.] [*Air*—“Susannah, don't you cry for me.”

A fine thing 'tis to have a wife most learned, some
 folks think—

A stocking-blue, who all night thro' wont let one sleep
 a wink ;

A Cyclopædia on two legs—a fount of wisdom rare—

A British Museum in herself and a Library to spare!

Oh ! “all the year round,” she plays the
 Dickens quite—

I take in his “Household Words” by day,
 and her “Half-hours” by K-night !

A Leviathan of Literature is mine, and most abstruse—
 In short, I'm sure she's quite the *sage*, and I am quite
 the *goose!*
 O'er musty tomes of learning she loves to prate and
 pore—
 And if she's not "a learned *pig*" she is a learned *bore*.
 Oh! "all the year round," &c.

Rare bards of every time and place, she knows them all
 by turn—
 First mayhap she getteth Gay, and then she getteth
 Sterne;
 She talks of funny poets I laugh loud at my bride—
 To wit, she'll bring a Tickell first, and then an Aken-
 side. Oh! "all the year round," &c.

When I sit down to take a meal all learnedly she'll
 jaw, sir;
 For all the time she sees me chew, her conversation's
 Chaucer;
 And when she feeds herself, she reads, and never seems
 mistaken—
 "At dinner, I admire," says she, "my Plato, Lamb,
 and Bacon." Oh! "all the year round," &c.

Great author-lawyers she'll bring in, nor gives to any
 quarter—
 She, mixing them together, says, "I like Burton, Hale,
 and Porter;"
 Whilst looking at her Butler, perhaps, a glass of wine
 she'll need,
 And sipping off old port, she'll praise "the venerable
 Bede." Oh! "all the year round," &c.

I urge her not to read so much, but still she does it daily—
 She's oft inclined to Wither, and I see her turn o'er Paley;
 Her "Night Thoughts" she esteemeth much—she says
 they're good as gold—
 And trusts she always shall get Young, as she is get-
 ting old. Oh! "all the year round," &c.

To go into deep works of thought, she often opens
 Locke's,
 And when she careful Essays makes, she does, indeed,
 use Knox;
 She loves one genius of song—droll—serious—as the
 case is—
 Who makes one smile and weep by turns, the Hood
 that shows two faces.
 Oh! "all the year round," &c.

GUY FAWKES!

OR, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN IF IT HADN'T
 BEEN OTHERWISE.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Bow, wow, wow."]

I sing a doleful tragedy—Guy Fawkes, the prince of
 sinisters,
 Who once blew up the House of Lords, the King, an
 all his ministers;
 That is—he would have blown them up, and folks will
 ne'er forget him—
 His will was good to do the deed—that is, if they'd
 have let him!

Bow, wow wow,
 Tol lol de riddle fol de rol lol de ray!

He straightway came from Lambeth side, and wish'd
 the state was undone,
 And crossing over Vauxhall Bridge, that way com'd
 into London;
 That is—he would have come that way to perpetrate
 his guilt, sirs,
 But a little thing prevented him—the bridge it was not
 built, sirs.

Bow, wow, &c.

Then searching through the dreary vaults, with portable gas-light, sirs,
 About to touch the powder train, at witching hour of night, sirs ;
 That is—I mean, he would have used the gas, but was prevented,
 'Cause gas, you see, in James's time, it had not been invented.

Bow, wow, &c.

And when they caught him in the fact, so very near the crown's end,
 They straightway sent to Bow-street for that brave old runner Townsend ;
 That is—they would have sent for him—for fear he is no starter at—
 But Townsend wasn't living then—he wasn't born till arter that.

Bow, wow, &c.

So then they put poor Guy to death, for ages to remember ;
 And boys now kill him once a year, in dreary dark November.
 That is—I mean his effigy, for truth is strong and steady—
 Poor Guy they cannot kill again, because he's dead already.

Bow, wow, &c.

Then bless her gracious Majesty, and bless her royal son, sirs,
 And may he never get blown up, we can't spare such an one, sirs ;
 And if he's king, I'm sure he'll reign, so prophesies my song, sirs,
 But if he don't, why then he wont—and so I can't be wrong, sirs.

Bow, wow, &c.

DOMESTIC ASIDES;

OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.

T. HOOD.]

[Tune—"Yankee Doodle."]

I really take it very kind—
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner—
 I have not seen you such an age—
 (The wretch has come to dinner!)
 Your daughters, too—what loves of girls—
 What heads for painters' easels!
 Come here, and kiss the infant, dears—
 (And give it, p'rhaps, the measles!)

 Your charming boys I see are home,
 From Reverend Mr. Russell's—
 'Twas very kind to bring them both—
 (What boots for my new Brussels!)
 What! little Clara left at home?
 Well, now I call that shabby!
 I should have lov'd to kiss her so—
 (A flabby, dabby babby!)

 And Mr. S., I hope he's well—
 But, though he lives so handy,
 He never once drops in to sup—
 (The better for our brandy!)
 Come, take a seat—I long to hear
 About Matilda's marriage;
 You've come, of course, to spend the day—
 (Thank Heaven! I hear the carriage!)

 What! must you go? next time, I hope
 You'll give me longer measure.
 Nay, I shall see you down the stairs—
 (With most uncommon pleasure!)
 Good bye! good bye! Remember, all,
 Next time you'll take your dinners—
 (Now, David—mind, I'm not at home,
 In future, to the Skinners.)

THE TEA-TABLE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Tune—"The Washing Day."]

I'm glad you've come, my dear Miss B.,
 (You've made it rather late)—
 We'd better have a cup of tea,
 And then a tête-à-tête.

I've got a deal of news in store,
 And some you'll ne'er be guessing;
 The odious Mrs. P.'s no more—
 "It's really quite distressing."

I heard last night—I cannot say
 I know it is the case,—
 That Julia Clare has run away
 To Gretna, with young Chase.
 I think she might have wedded here,
 And ask'd her father's blessing :
 Chase at her fortune aims, 'tis clear—
 "It's really quite distressing."

I've had "a tiff" with Mrs. Gore,
 The quarrel rose about
 The tawdry jewels that she wore,
 At Lady Barwick's rout.
 She call'd them brilliants—I *did* say
 (For Julia was so pressing)
 She borrow'd them of Mrs. Kay—
 "It's really quite distressing."

Such a misfortune! wait a bit—
 You'll pardon me these tears?
 I never can get over it,
 For many—many years!
 You know my milk-white poodle "Pride,"
 You've seen me oft caress him;
 He caught cold—wagg'd his tail—and died—
 "It's really quite distressing."

But these are gloomy thoughts—suppose,
 (I've got it here quite handy)
 In our last cup I would propose
 A leetle drop of brandy.
 I hope you'll not refuse—alas!
 I must for once be pressing;
 (The creature's taken half a glass)—
 "It's really quite distressing."

THE CHANCERY SUIT.

JACOB BEULER.]

[Tune—"Vulcan's Cave."]

It's nearly thirty years ago
 A signal favour I did do
 A gentleman, which pleased him so,
 I was in his will remembered;
 A house worth thirteen pounds a year
 Was left to me, it was quite clear,
 But next of kin did doubt the will
 Which soon produced a Chancery bill.
Subpœnas issued on my part,
Defendants showed contempt of court,
Attachment then was the resort
 To get their heads in Chancery.
 Two years of litigation, oh,
 Sleepless misery, endless woe!
 Ruin! despair! oh, demons below,
 Beware of a suit in Chancery.

They *put in answers* which were found
 All *insufficient* on this ground,
Excepted against, and they were bound
 To *swear* fresh ones in Chancery.
 And when their *answers* did suffice,
 And I at length could *file replies,*
 And *give the rules,* my case for *hearing,*
 My best *witness* not *appearing,*

It was delay'd another year,
Which cost me ninety pounds, oh dear !
And I began to quake with fear,
And find myself in Chancery.

Five years, &c.

In *Court* my cause was heard at last,
And a *decree* for me was past,
And all *accounts*, up to be cast,
Referred to the Master in Chancery.

The Master his *report* kept long,
And when it came 'twas made up wrong;
This he was *order'd to amend*,
Which to my cause did put an end—
For one of the defendants died ;
Executors his place supplied
And from beginning must be tried
Again my suit in Chancery.

Nine years, &c.

From year to year so often crost,
I would have given it up at last,
But then I must have paid the cost
Of all the suit in Chancery.
So on I went by *bill of reviver*,
Against executor and survivor,
Until my cause came on quite nice,
Before *his honour*, the Chancellor's *Vice*,
Who is his wig look'd wise and wary,
But his *opinion* went contrary,
And then an *appeal* was necessary
To save my suit in Chancery.

Twelve years, &c.

In two years more the case "my lord"
With every condescension heard,
And by his words he much inferr'd
I'd gain my suit in Chancery.
He had some doubts still on his mind,
Or he'd directly for me *find* ;

But would, he said, with cheering smile,
Consider my case at home—meanwhile
 A ministerial change took place,
 The Chancellor was in disgrace,
 And he went out and left my case
 In statu quo—in Chancery.
 These fifteen years, &c.

For twenty years my cause has been
 In hands re-heard, and heard again,
 And during this time it has seen
 Three Chancellors out of Chancery!
 The house was never worth, at most,
 Two hundred pounds, but it had cost
 Four thousand, and ere the suit be o'er,
 It perhaps may cost as many more.
 I'm now in full despair, I own,
 For all my miseries to crown,
 Last night the old house tumbled down,
 And left me still in Chancery!
 These twenty years, &c.

FREEDOM OF OPINION.

JAMES BRUTON]

[Air—"Polly Glover."

My name's Augustus Brutus Nutts,
 None of his self is fonder!
 'Tis true I stand but four feet ten,
 But in soul I reach up yonder!
 By my profession I'm a snob,
 My mind is my dominion,
 I'm a upright individual, and
 I'm for freedom of opinion!

I never suffers in my walk,
 Not nothink wot's unlegal!
 I've got a eye just like an hawk,
 Or, rather, like a eagle!

Those I don't like I blows 'em up
 Like peelings of a inyon;
 Now I'm for vote by ballast, and
 For freedom of opinion!

The parlour of the Blue Pig, I
 O'nights seeks for my pleasure;
 And stoutly I maintains my pint
 On every public measure!
 The drink I patronize is beer,
 My backer is Wirginian;
 I'll have the seat next to the fire—
 I'm for freedom of opinion!

My word is lor! no other one
 Is so well up, or tells life;
 They say that I knows every think
 I'm quite a walking "Bell's Life!"
 If any feller arguing, dares
 (A fat 'un, or a skinny 'un)
 To doubt my word, I'll punch his head—
 I'm for freedom of opinion!

I rise above my feller-men,
 But not only with that ere sex;
 I flatter myself, rayther—I
 Stand A 1 with the fair sex!
 They comes a crying arter me,
 As if each used a inyon;
 I've had four wives, and two's alive—
 I'm for freedom of opinion!

I never throws a chance away,
 For to "self" I have a good eye;
 I never gives the wall to none
 When walking out—why should I?
 If in a train a trav'ler would
 O'er the window hold dominion,
 And wants it down, I'll have it up—
 I'm for freedom of opinion!

I was a Chartist once ; said the Beak,
 "I *could* send you to prison !"
 Says I, " You can't ! " says he, " I can ! "
 And of two ways he took hisen.
 I went three months for doubting ; but
 The pint I'll bet a guinea on ;
 To this day, I don't think he could—
 I'm for freedom of opinion !

EXTRA VERSE BY JACOB COLE.

If to a public feed I goes—
 I goes for my enjoyment,
 And don't I make them waiter chaps
 Just stick to their employment !
 And if a man strikes up a song,
 And the people cheer the ninny on,
 Do you think I'll stop a cracking nuts?—
 I'm for freedom of opinion.

FREEDOM OF OPINION.

A NEW VERSION OF MR. BRUTON'S POPULAR SONG.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Tune—"Polly Glover."]

My name's Augustus Brutus Nutts,
 Perhaps you've heard of sich, sirs,
 But things is altered now with me,
 I've suddenly grown rich, sirs ;
 An uncle died and left me all
 His property, Virginian,—
 So, wont I make my niggers work!—
 I'm for freedom of opinion.

A fine estate in Warwickshire
 He also left me heir to,
 And in the House of Commons that
 A seat has given me there too ;

To raise a dinner formerly
 I my watch oft got a guinea on,—
 I never take *no pledges* now—
 I'm for freedom of opinion.

My tenant farmers storm at me
 And clamour for protection,
 I tell them to "protect themselves"
 Of course I've no objection;
 But where I can I *raise* the rent,
 Still each goes like a ninny on;
 D'ye think *I* give back ten per cent.?
 I'm for freedom of opinion.

They ask me on what side I am,
 And then the use I feel, sirs,
 Of being on both sides—or none—
 Like some I could reveal, sirs;
 For if the poet-chaps speak true,
 "My mind is my dominion,"
 I *never* do as *others* do—
 I'm for freedom of opinion.

I think the Ballot now a farce,
 I call that man a brick, too,
 Who's not ashamed to own his vote,
 And what he says will stick to;
 But ev'ry man I could *command*
 Or placeman fat, or skinny 'un,—
 I'd make *him* vote the *way I chose*—
 I'm for freedom of opinion.

The sanitary measures too,
 On them I'm rather shirty,
 Why force the people to be clean,
 If they wishes to be dirty?
 When deputations they come *up*,
 P'raps stinking like a inyon,
 Were I Lord John I'd put 'em *down*;
 I'm for freedom of opinion.

I'd put all Sunday trading down,
 All railways and such riot,
 For Sunday is the day I like
 To read "Bell's Life" in quiet;
 I'd clap a fine on all who stay,
 Throughout the Queen's dominion;
 Away from Church three times a day,
 I'm for freedom of opinion.

If one thing more than t'other there's
 On which I come out stronger,
 The Catholic aggression 'tis,—
 I wont stand that much longer;
 When Smithfield market they have turn'd
 From the Lord Mayor's dominion,
 'Tis there I'd have all Papists burn'd;
 I'm for *freedom* of opinion.

THE BLUE-TAILED FLY!

Air—"A Hungry Fox," &c.

A hungry fish once chanced to spy
 Fal de ral, &c.
 A little wicked blue-tailed fly,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 This fly unto the fish did say,
 As in the flood he saw him play,
 "If you can bite my tail, you may."
 Fal de ral, &c.
 This hungry fish then made a spring,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 But he could not catch this blue-tailed thing.
 Fal de ral, &c.
 So, like the fox, he lost a treat,
 For the fish the fly could not eat,
 So says he, "Your nasty tail's not sweet."
 Fal de ral, &c.

Said he, let others fancy slops,
 And talk in praise of tea;
 But I am no Bohemian,
 So I do not like *bohea*.
 If wine's a poison, so is tea,
 Though in another shape,
 What matters whether one is kill'd,
 By canister or grape.

Fol lol, &c.

According to this kind of state,
 Did he indulge his drought,
 And being fond of Port, he made
 A *port hole* of his mouth.
 A single pint he might have sipp'd,
 And not been out of sorts;
 In geologic phrase, the rock
 He split upon was *quarts*.

Fol lol, &c.

Full soon the sad effects of this
 His frame began to show,
 For that old enemy, the Gout,
 Had taken him in *toe*.
 And join'd with this, an evil came
 Of quite another sort,
 For while he drank himself, his purse
 Was getting something short.

Fol lol, &c.

For want of cash he soon had popp'd
 One half that he possess'd,
 And drinking show'd him duplicates
 Beforehand of the rest.
 So then his creditors resolv'd
 To seize on his assets,
 For why?—they found that his half pay—
 Did not *half pay* his debts.

Fol lol, &c.

But Luff contrived a novel mode
 His creditors to chouse,
 For his own execution he
 Put into his own house.
 A pistol to the muzzle charg'd,
 He took, devoid of fear—
 Said he, this *barrel* is my last,
 So now for my last *bier*.

Fol lol, &c.

Against his lungs he aim'd the slugs,
 And not against his brain,
 So he blew out his lights, and none
 Could blow them in again.
 A jury for a verdict met,
 And gave it in these terms—
 "We find as how as certain slugs,
 Has sent him to the worms."

Fol lol, &c.

BARNEY BRALLAGHAN'S COURTSHIP.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Music by J. BLEWIT.]

'Twas on a windy night
 At two o'clock in the morning,
 An Irish lad so tight
 All wind and weather scorning,
 At Judy Callaghan's door
 Sitting upon the palings,
 His love-tale he did pour,
 And this was part of his wailings—
 Only say
 You'll have Mister Brallaghan,
 Don't say nay,
 Charming Judy Callaghan.

Oh, list to what I say,
 Charms you've got like Venus,
 Own your love you may,
 There's only the wall between us;

You lay fast asleep
 Snug in bed and snoring,
 Round the house I creep
 Your hard heart imploring.
 Only say, &c.

I've got nine pigs and a sow ;
 I've got a sty to sleep 'em ;
 A calf and a brindled cow,
 And got a cabin to keep 'em ;
 Sunday hose and coat,
 An old grey mare to ride on,
 Saddle and bridle to boot,
 Which you may ride astride on.
 Only say, &c.

I've got an old Tom cat,
 Thro' one eye he's staring ;
 I've got a Sunday hat,
 Little the worse for wearing ;
 I've got some gooseberry wine,
 The trees had got no riper on ;
 I've got a fiddle fine,
 Which only wants a piper on.
 Only say, &c.

I've got an acre of ground,
 I've got it set with pratees ;
 I've got of backey a pound,
 And got some tea for the ladies ;
 I've got the ring to wed,
 Some whisky to make us gaily,
 A mattress feather-bed,
 And a handsome new shelalah.
 Only say, &c.

You've got a charming eye,
 You've got some spelling and reading,
 You've got, and so have I,
 A taste for genteel breeding.

You're rich, and fair, and young,
 As every body's knowing ;
 You've got a decent tongue,
 Whene'er 'tis set a-going.
 Only say, &c.

For a wife till death,
 I am willing to take ye—
 But, och, I waste my breath,
 The Devil himself can't wake ye ;
 'Tis just beginning to rain,
 So I'll get under cover,
 I'll come to-morrow again
 And be your constant lover.
 Only say, &c.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

J. W. ROSE, Esq.]

[*Music* by various Composers.]

The sea was calm and the wind was still,
 Not enough of the latter to turn a mill,
 And the sky above was bright,
 When Robinson Crusoe, advent'rous man,
 His very disastrous voyage began—
 His heart was happy and light.

But a breeze sprung up, and they furl'd each sail,
 And Robinson look'd uncommonly pale
 As the ship pitch'd to and fro ;
 Poor Crusoe was not a *fellow-de-sea*,
 But it made him feel as it always does me,
 And he staggered below.

The thunder roll'd, the lightning flash'd,
 Over the ship the billows dash'd,
 And they fired a gun of distress ;
 But this was only a waste of powder,
 Though the gun was loud, the waves roar'd louder,
 They were all in a precious mess.

Breakers ahead! down with the boat,
 With that heavy load she'll never float,
 See, already she's swamp'd by that wave;
 And now on that dreadful half-hidden rock,
 The ship has struck with a splitting shock,
 And sinks to her watery grave.

Poor Robinson got on a bit of a mast,
 And *Devotee*-like resolv'd to *keep fast*
 As long as his hands would hold;
 But soon, alas! he was forc'd to let go,
 The raging waves did buffet him so,
 And he felt so terribly cold.

Crusoe tried in vain to swim,
 Poor young Crusoe, poor young Crusoe,
 The briny waves so bruised him—
 Poor young Crusoe, poor young Crusoe;
 At last when he could try no more,
 Poor young Crusoe, poor young Crusoe,
 The billows cast him on the shore,
 Poor young Crusoe, poor young Crusoe.

By the sad sea-side he was wand'ring all alone.
 And humming o'er a stave in a sort of undertone,
 He walks on, ah! what is it makes him stare?
 What makes him look so grave by the sad sea wave?
 What foot is that upon my land?
 A corn upon that toe, who has been setting corn in
 sand?

“’Tis bootless”—I must go!

Some days had pass'd when, looking out,
 It almost drove him to insanity;
 He saw a savage motley group—assembled to *discuss*
 humanity;
 One of the subjects of debate, not wishing to remain,
 Slipp'd off his bonds, away he cut, but didn't come
 again;

He ran and left the spot, don't deem him ungenteel,
 He wish'd not, though in the *flower* of youth, to be
 dispatched for *meal*;

When he saw Crusoe coming near—
 He was in a dreadful stew;
 He kneel'd and kiss'd his feet in fear,
 Said Crusoe, "Who are you?"
 But the poor luckless wight—(unhappy black)
 A knowledge of the English tongue did lack;
 He look'd up though as if he would entreat him
 To pity, and at all events, not eat him.

Friday, with Crusoe, here liv'd many a day,
 And though he toil'd, he had his hours of play.
 A dance he taught his master, we might call
 A sort of native polka *Cannibale*.
 At length, when they began to tire of this humdrum,
 dull existence,
 One morning early they espied a large ship in the
 distance—
 'Twas bound for Crusoe's native land;
 And the captain said, with a grin—
 Although he didn't wish to cheat—
 He'd try to take both in.
 Now they sail with the gale, Robinson Crusoe and
 Friday, Oh!

THE TEE-TOTALIST.

J. C. DAVIDSON.]

[Tune—"Paddy O'Rafferty."]

John Jones was a farmer, and highly respectable;
 Always in spirits, and never dejectable;
 One of those men who would never annoy himself,
 But o'er his pipe and his glass would enjoy himself,
 Ever found sober, disliking a dizziness—
 Rising each morn with a clear head for business,
 He honoured his King, as he lov'd to be national,
 And liv'd like a being disposed to be rational.

John Jones had a wife full and pleasant in feature,
 A nice little woman—a good-hearted creature;
 She'd good worldly wisdom, could shrewdly defeat a
 plan,

In short, just the woman who knew how to treat a man.
 Children they had, too, all grown up and dutiful,
 Boys looking healthy, and girls looking beautiful;
 Not a brow there was o'erclouded by sappiness,
 But their fireside was the picture of happiness.

Thus John lov'd his home, nor did his spirits sink at
 all,

'Till some one told John 'twas a sin for to drink at all;
 And though he ne'er broke through the rules of sobriety,
 Got him to join a tee-total society.

John, from his feelings, would fain have evaded him,
 But the sanctified phiz of the fellow persuaded him—
 His wife 'gan to check him, but quick he did thwart
 her,

And vow'd from that time he'd drink nothing but water.

If John met a friend he always took tea with him,
 Though he felt at the time it didn't agree with him;
 All grog he forsakes now, good home-brew'd too, he
 leaves,

To go home and smoke his pipe over his tea-leaves.
 His wife saw with sorrow the change that took place
 in him,

Until she at length could no cheerfulness trace in him;
 He got dull and mopish, drank slops to satiety,
 Which made the dame curse the tee-total society.

The winter came on, his great coat he look'd thin in it,
 He still swallow'd water, without any gin in it;
 The consequence was, though not given to larketing,
 He died one cold night after coming from marketing.
 The wife, broken-hearted, to find thus her joys end,
 Call'd in the doctors, declar'd he'd been poison'd—
 His body they open'd and found, besides blow galls,
 His inside was stuff'd full of tea-leaves and snow-balls.

My moral is plain—had John liv'd and enjoyed him-
 self,
 He had ne'er like a fool or a madman destroyed himself.
 This proves his rank folly—from nature he caught a
 rub,
 Through changing his stomach clean into a water-tub.
 Since good liquor doubtless was sent for our uses,
 To gladden our hearts, while we shun its abuses—
 May each tee-totalist freeze until ice he's a lump of,
 For a man who drinks water I'd have made a pump of.

THE LOST CHILD.

THOMAS HOOD.]

[*Music* by GEORGE FORD.]

One day as I was going by
 That part of Holborn christen'd High,
 I heard a loud and sudden cry,
 That chill'd my very blood.
 Out from a court like one possest,
 A woman ran with heaving breast,
 She turn'd her east, she turn'd her west,
 And then bounced through the mud.
 At length her pent-up frenzy 'gan to reach
 That boiling-point just capable of speech;
 And with a cry as wild as ocean birds,
 With loud exclaim she gave her sorrow words.

“Oh Lord! oh dear! my heart will break! I shall go
 stick stark staring wild!
 Has ever-a-one seen anything like a lost-looking crying
 child?

Lawk help me! I don't know where to look or run, if I
 only knew which way;
 But a child as is lost in the Seven Dials is like a needle
 in a bottle of hay.

Oh! will no one tell me where he's gone?
 My bursting heart with grief is torn,
 I wish I never had been born!

I've lost, I've lost my child!”

"The last time as ever I see him was with my own two
blessed motherly eyes,
Sitting as good as gold in the gutter a making of little
dirt pies.

Why should he leave the court, where he was better
off than all the other boys?

With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and a
dead kitten, by way of toys.

"Oh! will no one tell me," &c.

"Do, good people, move on! and don't be staring like
a parcel of stupid stuck pigs!

Saints forbid! perhaps he's inveigled up a court, for
the sake of the clothes, by the prigs:

He'd got on nearly all his best, and they wasn't so very
much tore;

His jacket and breeches cost eighteenpence, but I
sha'n't see them nor him any more.

"Oh! will no one tell me," &c.

"He'd got on a very good pinafore, with two slits and
a burn on the breast;

But his shirt it's lucky I'd in the wash-tub, or it might
have gone with the rest.

He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sew'd in,
and not so much jagg'd in the brim;

With one shoe on, and the other shoe's a boot, and not
a fit, and you'll know it by that if it's him.

"Oh! will no one tell me," &c.

"And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie! but only as
a mother ought to speak;

I never set eyes on a handsomer face, only it hasn't
been wash'd for a week.

As for his hair, though it's red, it's the nicest hair
when I've time just to show it the comb;

I'll owe him five pounds and a blessing beside, as will
bring him safe and sound home.

"Oh! will no one tell me," &c.

"His blue eyes, not to be call'd a squint, though a
 little cast he has got,
 And his nose is still a good un, though the bridge is
 broke by falling over a pewter pint pot;
 Oh! I'd give the wide world, if the world was mine, to
 clap my two longing eyes on his face;
 He's my darling of darlings, and if he don't come back,
 you'll see me fall dead in this here place!
 "Oh! will no one tell me," &c.

"I only wish I'd got him safe in these arms, oh!
 wouldn't I hug and kiss him;
 I never thought how precious he was; but a child
 don't feel like a child till you miss him.
 Why, there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young
 wretch—it's that Billy as certain as sin;
 But just let me get him by the scruff of his neck, and
 I wont leave a whole bone in his skin.

"Oh! you little varmint, aint I riled!
 But saints be praised! I've found my child;
 With joy I shall go almost wild,
 I've found, I've found my child!
 I've found my child, I've found my child—
 I've found my child, I've found my child!"

WILLIAM AND MARY;

OR, THE DISSECTED SWEETHEART.

[T. HOOD.]

'Twas in the middle of the night,
 To sleep young William tried,
 When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
 And stood at his bedside.
 "Oh, William, dear! oh, William, dear!
 My rest eternal ceases—
 Alas! my everlasting *peace*,
 Is broken into *pieces*!"

I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute,
But though I went to my *long* home,
I did not stay *long* in it.
The *body-snatchers* they have come,
And made a *snatch* at me ;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a *body* be.

You thought that I was buried deep,
Quite decent-like and chary,
But from her grave in *Marybone*
They've come and *boned* your Mary.
The arm that us'd to *take* your arm,
Is *took* to Doctor Vyse,
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

I vow'd that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial—
You'll find it there at Doctor Bell's
In spirits and a phial.
As for my feet, the little feet,
You us'd to call so pretty,
There's one I know in Bedford-row,
And t'other's in the City.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Doctor Carpue can ;
As for my trunk, it's packèd up
To go by Pickford's van.
I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride ;
I don't half like the *outside* place
They've got for my *inside*.

The cock it crows—I must be gone—
My William, we must part—
But I'll be yours in death, although
Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
 And think that there I be—
Me they have not an *atom* left
 Of my *anatomie*.

KITTY MILES.

[J. E. CARPENTER.]

A *barmaid* gay was Kitty Miles,
 As any near or far:
 And people said it was her smiles
 Alone that *made the bar*.
 'Twas her good fortune to possess,
 To which add other merits,
 All calculated life to bless,
 A *sample of good spirits*.

A *Court of Justice* was "The Star
 And Garter," folks would stop,
 Like criminals before the bar,
 And then *they took a drop*.
 Then Kitty Miles from day to day,
 A *score* of proofs could show,
 To customers that didn't pay,
 She'd draw them *no, ye owe* (noyean).

Full many a *suitor* came to woo,
 But none to *suit her* taste;
 Each had his butt, though well they knew
 She'd *buts* and some to *waste*!
 Until a sexton tall and thin,
 Asked *gravely* for his *bier*;
 She quickly caught him *in her gin*,
 And made *game* of her *dear*.

She *hail'd* his presence with delight,
 Just as she did her *ale*!
 And with *brown* stout this merry *wight*,
 Would very oft regale.

Fair Kitty's heart was *warm* and *sweet*,
 Though *mixed* with fear and doubt ;
 It couldn't with her swains compete,
 For his was *cold without*.

One day he *settled* on a *seat*,
 That *seat* was called a *settle* ;
 He *told the belle* what to repeat,
 Proved him no man of *metal*.
 "Oh, Kitty, dear, you must be mine,
 Or else, to make life shorter,
 All day I'll take to *weep* and *whine*,
 By way of *wine* and *water* !

"No more I'll sit before my glass,
 No *portly* form I'll see ;
 Whene'er I name champagne, alas !
 No *sham pain* 'tis to me."
 To be his bride was her intent,
 So, easing his alarms,
 Her *chest*, the while she breathed consent,
 Was *locked* in both his arms.

So, they were wed, but Kitty she,
 As many women do,
 Turned out before a month to be
 A most outrageous shrew.
 That girl he did so much adore,
 And thought his taste had hit hers ;
 He used to drink *plain gin* before,
 But now has *gin* and *bitters* !

MY DAUGHTER'S AN ACCOMPLISHED GIRL.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by BLEWITT.]

"My daughter's an accomplish'd girl"—
 Now, Mary, that's absurd ;
 'Tis thus she always runs away,
 From one applauding word.

But, since she has thus left us, sir,
 I'll promise you a treat—
 And prove that such a gifted girl,
 You'll very rarely meet.

Her drawings, sir—all Poonah work—
 (The fashionable kind)—
 Her Poonah drawings—surely, sir,
 That girl's a deal of mind.
 Excuse a partial mother, sir—
 But think how she will please
 Her husband, should she ever wed,
 With Poonah works like these.

And look, sir, here is her guitar—
 Dear me, it wants a string!
 You're fond of music—after tea
 Prevail on her to sing.
 She has not got much voice, you know,
 But take the nearest chair,
 And stoop your head, and you will then
 Distinctly hear the air.

And here is all her worsted work—
 A pair of slippers, sir—
 I'm sure he'll be a happy man
 Who wins that gift from her.
 She made that rug—now do observe,
 How natural the cat!
 She work'd that screen—you must allow
 There's intellect in that.

And here's her album—bound in blue,
 With clasp, and lock and key—
 Oh, such sweet lines about—"How doth
 The little busy bee."
 I see you're struck—in truth she is
 A sweet, accomplished girl—
 Go woo her, sir, unless she *loves*
 She will not wed an earl.

WE LEFT HIM ALONE IN HIS GLORY.

PARODY ON "NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD."

[Poetry from "The Ingoldsby Legends," by the Rev.
R. H. Barham.]

Not a *sous* had he got—not a guinea or note,
 And he looked most confoundedly flurried,
 As he bolted away without paying his shot,
 And the landlady after him hurried:
 We saw him again, at the dead of night,
 When home from the club returning:
 We twigged the doctor beneath the light
 Of the gas-lamps brightly burning.

All bare and exposed to the midnight dews,
 Reclined in the gutter we found him,
 And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze,
 With his *Marshall* cloak around him.
 "The doctor's as drunk as the devil," we said,
 And we managed a shutter to borrow;
 We raised him, and sigh'd at the thought that his head
 Would dreadfully ache on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
 And we told his wife and daughter,
 To give him, next morning, a couple of red—
 Herrings, with soda-water.
 Loudly they talked of his money all gone,
 And his lady began to upbraid him;
 But little he reck'd—so they let him snore on,
 'Neath the counterpane—just as we laid him.

We tucked him in, and had hardly done,
 When, beneath the window calling,
 We heard the rough voice of a son-of-a-gun
 Of a watchman, "One o'clock" bawling.
 Slowly and sadly we all walked down
 From his room in the uppermost story;
 A rushlight we placed on the cold hearthstone,
 And we left him alone in his glory.

HE WORE A BRACE OF PISTOLS.

PARODY ON "SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES."

He wore a brace of pistols,
 The night when first we met ;
 His deep-lined brow was frowning
 Beneath a wig of jet ;
 His footstep had the moodiness,
 His voice the hollow tone,
 Of a bandit chief who tears his hair
 In silence and alone.
 I saw him but at half-price,
 And methinks I see him now,
 In the tableau of the last act,
 With the rose-pink on his brow.
 A private bandit's boots and belt,
 When next we met he wore ;
 His salary, he told me,
 Was smaller than before ;
 And standing at the O.P. wing,
 He strove (and not in vain)
 To borrow half a sovereign,
 Which I never saw again.
 I saw it but an instant,
 Yet methinks I see it now,
 As he buttoned up his pocket
 With a condescending bow.
 And once again I saw that man,
 No bandit chief was there ;
 His rouge was off, and gone his head
 Of once luxuriant hair.
 He lodges in a three-pair back,
 And at the public near
 He cannot liquidate his score,
 Nor wipe away his beer.
 I saw him sad and seedy,
 And don't I wish I saw him now !
 As when he nailèd my half sovereign,
 With a condescending bow.

THE PLEASURES OF A PIC-NIC PARTY.

[T. HOOD.]

If, sick of home and luxuries,
 You want a new sensation,
 And sigh for the unwonted ease
 Of *unaccommodation*—
 If you would taste as amateur,
 And vagabond beginner,
 The painful pleasures of the poor,
 Get up a pic-nic dinner.
 If you would taste, &c.

Presto! 'tis done! away you start,
 All frolic, fun, and laughter;
 The servants and provision cart,
 As gaily trotting after.
 The spot is reach'd—when all exclaim,
 With many a joyous antic,
 “How sweet a scene! I'm glad we came—
 How rural! how romantic!”
 If you would taste, &c.

Pity the night was wet—but what
 Care gipsies and carousers?
 So down upon the swamp you squat,
 In porous nankeen trousers.
 Stick to what sticks to you—your seat,
 For thistles round you huddle;
 While nettles threaten legs and feet,
 If shifted from a puddle.
 If you would taste, &c.

Half starved with hunger, parch'd with thirst,
 All haste to spread the dishes;
 When lo! 'tis found the ale had burst
 Among the loaves and fishes.

Over the pie a sudden hop
 The grasshoppers are skipping;
 Each roll's a sponge, each loaf a mop,
 And all the meat is dripping!
 If you would taste, &c.

Bristling with broken glass, you find
 Some cakes among the bottles—
 Which those may eat who do not mind
 Excoriated throattles!
 The biscuits now are wiped and dried,
 When squalling voices utter—
 "Look! look! a toad has got astride
 Our only pat of butter!"
 If you would taste, &c.

Your solids in a liquid state,
 Your cooling liquids heated;
 And ev'ry promis'd joy by fate
 Most fatally defeated.
 All save the serving-men are soured—
 They smirk—the cunning sinners—
 Having, before they came, devoured
 Most comfortable dinners!
 If you would taste, &c.

Still you assume, in very spite,
 A grim and gloomy gladness;
 Pretend to laugh—affect delight—
 And scorn all show of sadness!
 While thus you smile, but storm within,
 A storm without comes faster,
 And down descends in deafening din,
 A deluge of disaster.
 If you would taste, &c.

"Tis *sauve qui peut*—the fruit dessert
 Is fruitlessly deserted,
 And homeward now you all revert,
 Dull, desolate, and dirtied!

Each gruffly grumbling, as he eyes
 His soaked and sullen brother—
 "If these are *pic-nic* pleasantries,
 Preserve me from another!"
 If you would taste, &c.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

T. HOOD.]

[Tune—"Bob and Joan."]

Never go to France,
 Unless you know the lingo—
 If you do, like me,
 You will repent, by jingo!
 Staring like a fool,
 And silent as a mummy,
 There I stood, alone,
 A nation with a dummy.
 Never go, &c.

Chaises stand for chairs,
 They christen letters *Billies*,
 They call their mothers *mares*,
 And all their daughters *fillies*.
 Strange it was to hear,
 I'll tell you what's a good 'un,
 They call their leather *queer*,
 And half their shoes are wooden,
 Never go, &c.

Signs I had to make,
 For every little notion—
 Limbs all going like
 A telegraph in motion.
 For wine I reel'd about,
 To show my meaning fully,
 And make a pair of horns,
 To ask for "beef and bully."
 Never go, &c.

Moo! I cried for milk;
 I got my sweet things snugger—
 When I kiss'd Jeannette,
 'Twas understood for sugar.
 If I wanted bread,
 My jaws I set agoing;
 And ask'd for new-laid eggs
 By clapping hands and crowing.
Never go, &c.

If I wish'd to ride,
 I'll tell you how I got it—
 On my stick astride,
 I made believe to trot it.
 Then their cash was strange,
 It bored me ev'ry minute,
 Now here's a *hog* to change,
 How many *sows* are in it?
Never go, &c.

“THE SPITFIRE JOURNAL!”

[JAMES BRUTON.]

[*Air*—“The Man that couldn't get Warm.”]

I'll try and convey in a bit of a song,
 How a fortune I lost, and suffer'd wrong;
 I've cause to fill up the agony strong
 Through starting the “Spitfire Journal!”
 A doating Aunt left me by her will
 A moderate fortune—broad lands to till;
 But I loved literature—was fond of the quill,
 And I thought I'd witch the world with my skill!
 I'd no need by toil a living to seek—
 That quality in me, I fear, wasn't weak,
 The *Cacoethes Scribendi*!—just pardon the Greek!
 Has the man that edits a journal.

CHORUS.—Pity me, pity me, O! O! O!
 Life has its various phases of woe!
 But the greatest of all a mortal may know,
 Has that man that edits a journal!

I fixed, I thought, on a capital town—
 A title, as well—one sure to go down!
 Posted the walls—double royal and crown—
 “Look out for the ‘Spitfire Journal!’”
 A column I had for “original rhymes”—
 One for “reviews,” another for “crimes!”
 “Our own Correspondent” in all parts and climes;
 Thinks I, “There’s no doubt it’ll ruin ‘The Times!’”
 A first-born is joy to a Queen or a Prince,
 At my No. 1, I as much did evince—
 It sold like a good ‘un! it’s never done since!
 Still-born was the “Spitfire Journal!”

By day I was teased, flabbergasted, and crossed,
 And if I in sleep at night was lost,
 I was in my own blankets well tossed,
 Or the sheets of the “Spitfire Journal!”
 I went at last in hourly dread,
 For threats were held, and queer things said;
 I never knew, when I went to bed,
 If I shouldn’t wake and find myself dead!
 And out of doors if I chanced to jog,
 Two loaded pistols I carried *incog*.
 And at my side ran a big bull-dog—
 As sub-Editor of the Journal!

I oft walk’d miles, with aching feet,
 Reporting meetings for my sheet;
 Resolved no rivalry should beat,
 Or match the “Spitfire Journal!”
 The speeches, perhaps of fourth-rate class,
 I sat up half the night, alas!
 To make them sense, that they might pass;
 For which I got called “fool” and “ass!”
 I was a stiff-built fellow then,
 Near sixteen stone—now I’m but ten!
 With no more pith than my own pen,
 And weak as the “Spitfire Journal!”

Worse and worse, and worse than worse,
 My paper got—it seem'd a curse,
 And drew its slow length like a hearse,
 Few noticed the "Spitfire Journal!"
 My Chartist leaders were red-hot!
 All blood and blue-fire! all going to pot!
 To read 'em a Cuffy quite pleased had got;
 Yet, spite of all, I sale had not!
 Thinks I some other plan I'll try,—
 I'll turn and give myself the lie!
 The "Times" oft does so—why not I?
 To rescue the "Spitfire Journal?"

I thought this was a glorious thought,
 Into effect I had it brought;
 A bit at first the bait it caught—
 All right for the "Spitfire Journal!"
 Next morning all the town might see,
 This flaming notice—fierce and free—
 "Next week, instead of Chartists, we
 Shall unflinching ultra-Tory be!"
 This ruse, I thought would be a gem,
 But my few subscribers did condemn;
 And so by this, I lost e'en *them*:
 They turn'd up the "Spitfire Journal!"

At my *desk* daily I'd *desc*-ant;
 By pen made pensive, and near levant,—
 I couldn't do; though I toil'd like an ant—
 To keep up the "Spitfire Journal!"
 A fillip to give my print, egad!
 As men on betting seem'd quite mad,
 A prophet I got—a Vates lad!
 The only *profit* I ever had!
 My friends bet on his prescient lore,
 And dropt their tin, which griev'd them sore,
 They laid their ruin at my door,
 And my confounded Journal!

Oft going to press, an accident
 From publishing, perhaps, would prevent;
 Or forms got loose—to pieces went,
 And stopt the "Spitfire Journal!"
 I'd notes from many an unknown lout,
 With threats my luckless head to clout!
 And strict inquiries made about,
 'Til I afraid was to go out.
 Now daily, hourly, did I meet
 For sins a punishment complete;
 And I penance did in my own sheet—
 The sheet of the "Spitfire Journal!"

Now small, and smaller got my purse,
 The paper seem'd to be a curse,
 Like Macbeth it had now "become worse;"
 And hopeless the "Spitfire Journal!"
 I found myself beyond all aid,
 I saw my readers slowly fade,
 At last, so thriving was my trade,
 I had but four—who never paid!
 At length, did fate the matter crown,
 I lost my fortune—every brown!
 And got clean hooted from the town!—
 So ended the "Spitfire Journal!"

UMBRELLA COURTSHIP.

[J. C. DAVIDSON.]

A belle and beau would walking go,
 In love they both were pining;
 The wind in gentle gales did blow,
 An April sun was shining.
 Though Simon long had courted Miss,
 He knew he'd acted wrong in—
 Not having dar'd to steal a kiss,
 Which set her quite a longing.
 Tol de rol, &c.

It so occurred, as they did walk
 And view'd each dale so flow'ry,
 As Simon by her side did stalk,
 Declared the sky look'd show'ry ;
 The rain to her came like a drug,
 When loudly he did bellow—
 "Look here, my love, we can be snug,
 I've brought an umbrella.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Quick flew the shelter over Miss—
 Now Simon was a droll one,
 He thought this was the time to kiss,
 So from her lips he stole one.
 She blush'd: the rain left off, and he
 Th' umbrella closed for draining ;
 "Oh, don't," says she, "I plainly see
 It hasn't left off raining."
 Tol de rol, &c.

Now Simon, when he smok'd the plan,
 The umbrella righted ;
 He grew quite bold, talk'd like a man,
 And she seem'd quite delighted !
 Their lips rung chimes full fifty times,
 Like simple lovers training ;
 Says she, "These are but lovers' crimes ;
 I hope it wont cease raining."
 Tol de rol, &c.

He kiss'd her out of her consent,
 That she'd become his bride—hence
 To buy the ring was his intent,
 And then to buy the licence.
 They parted, but he took much pains,
 Where they should meet to tell her—
 Says she, "I'll meet when next it rains,
 So bring your umbrella,"
 Tol de rol, &c.

The wedding morn, no time to waste,
 He rose before 'twas yet day—
 And just as if to please her taste,
 It was a shocking wet day!
 They married were, had children dear,
 Eight round-faced little fellows;
 But, strange to state, the whole of the eight
 Were mark'd with umbrellas!
 Tol de rol, &c.

MISS ELLEN GEE, OF KEW.

[Tune—"There's nae luck."]

Peerless, yet hopeless maid of Q,
 Accomplish'd L N G;
 Never again shall I and U
 Together sip our T.
 For oh! the fates, I know not Y,
 Sent midst the flowers a B;
 Which, ven'mous, stung her in the I,
 So that she could not C.
 L N exclaimed, "Vile spiteful B,
 If ever I catch U,
 On Jess'mine, rosebud, or sweet P,
 I'll change your stinging Q.

I'll send you like a lamb or U,
 Across the Atlantic C;
 From our delightful village Q,
 To distant O Y E.
 A stream runs from my wounded I,
 Salt as the briny C,
 As rapid as the X or Y,
 The O I O or D.

L N exclaimed, &c.

Then fare thee ill, insensate B,
 Which stung nor yet knew Y,
 Since not for wealthy Durham's C
 Would I have lost my I.

They bear with tears poor L N G
 In funeral R A,
 A clay-cold corse now doom'd to B,
 Whilst I mourn her D K.
 L N exclaimed, &c.

Ye nymphs of Q, then shun each B,
 List to the reason Y;
 For should A B C U at T,
 He'll surely sting your I.
 Now in a grave L deep in Q,
 She's cold as cold can B;
 Whilst robins sing upon A U,
 Her dirge and L E G.
 L N exclaimed, &c.

HOT CODLINGS.

THE CLOWN'S SONG.

A little old woman a living she got,
 By selling hot codlings, hot, hot, hot!
 Now this little old womam, as I have been told,
 Though her codlings were hot, she was monstrously
 cold;
 So to keep herself warm, why she thought it no sin,
 For to go and take a small drop of gin.
 Tol de lol, &c.

Now this little old woman went off in a trot,
 To get her a quartern of hot, hot, hot!
 She swallow'd a glass, and it was so nice,
 That she tipped off another in a trice;
 She fill'd the glass till the bottle it shrunk,
 And this little old woman I am told got drunk.
 Tol de lol, &c.

Now this little old woman while muzzy she got,
 Some boys stole her codlings, hot hot, hot!

Put powder in the pan, and 'neath it round stones ;
 Cried this little old woman, "These apples are bones!"—
 The powder and the pan up they did send
 This little old woman on her latter end.
 Tol de lol, &c.

Now this little old woman went off in a trot,
 All in fury, hot, hot, hot !
 Sure such boys as these never were known,
 They never will let a poor old woman alone.
 There's a moral from this, so round let it buzz,
 If you want to sell hot codlings, you must never get
 muzz.

Tol de lol, &c.

HOW DO YOU THINK IT WILL LOOK?

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Air—"Major Longbow."]

It's a comical world you'll allow,
 Appearances govern us quite,
 We often do wrong when, somehow,
 We feel quite ashamed to do right ;
 The reason 'tis easy to name,
 We ridicule never can brook,
 Whatever we do, we exclaim—
 "How do you think it will look?"

The world and his wife ev'ry year
 To the seaside of course they must go,
 Apartments confoundedly dear,
 And trade it has been very slow ;
 No matter, her end to attain,
 Says dear Mrs. Jones—with a look—
 "If we were in town to remain,
 How do you think it would look?"

If Brown to the opera goes,
 Can Jones only go to the play?
 "I think we're as good, love, as those
 Stuck-up Browns who live over the way ;

They may have got orders, no doubt,
 But a couple of stalls you must book—
 If we meet anywhere when we're out,
 How do you think it will look?"

The Robinsons girls had set up
 That duck of a dear Spanish hat,
 For the Joneses how bitter the cup,
 Because both their noses were flat;
 No matter, the very next day
 The Joneses their bonnets forsook,
 For all their papa said his say—
 And—how do you think it will look?

The Robinsons girls both had beaux,
 The Joneses, who were very plain,
 At them would have turned up their nose,
 They tried, but the effort was vain;
 So envious were they, that when
 At church you could read in each look,
 If *we* were to flirt with the men,
 How do you think it would look?

The Whites, who resided next door
 To the Joneses, had managed to match
 Their daughter, a twelvemonth before,
 To a man who was thought quite a catch;
 Miss Jones nearly fainted with spleen
 As her view of the matter she took;—
 What! married! and scarce seventeen!
 Oh! how do you think it will look?

The Smiths, having plenty of cash,
 Were liberal, too, in their way,
 And so, without making a dash,
 Could afford what it pleased them to pay;
 But when to the Joneses came round
 Mr. Choker presenting his book,
 Of course they must give their ten pound,
 Or—how do you think it would look?

The Greens had a carriage and pair,
 The Joneses, who'd often to walk,
 They called it a shabby affair,
 And of starting their brougham would talk;
 They hired one oft for the day,
 And lessons in riding, too, took,
 But only that people might say—
 Well—how do you think now they look?

The Whites, and the Browns, and the Greens,
 Their way in the world pursue yet,
 While the Joneses, forgetting their means,
 Appeared in the *London Gazette*;
 A dividend shabby and small
 They paid when they brought them to book,
 But the worst of it was, after all—
 How do you think it will look?

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER CATS.

[THOMAS HUDSON.]

A very old woman once liv'd by herself,
 In a garret so monstrously high,
 Her cupboard was lined, well stored was each shelf,
 And in a sly pocket was plenty of pelf,
 To get a drop of liquor when dry.
 But the rats and the mice through the holes,
 Came into the cupboard in shoals,
 So free exercising their gums,
 On cheese-parings, candle-ends, and crumbs;
 And though it a strange thing may seem,
 They wash'd their tails in the cream,
 Which was shocking bad manners, you'll say:
 Alas, and alack-a-day!
 A curious moral I make,
 Listen, great and small!
 Better have some crumbs for the mice to take,
 Than to have no crumbs at all.

Plagued out of her life, ah, what could she do?

She collected of cats fifteen,
And went to bed with them all in her view;
There was black, white, and tabby, and tortoiseshell,
too,

With their gooseberry eyes so green;
But the candle was scarcely out,
They made such a confounded rout,
Seizing the victuals, and tearing,
Clawing, and spitting, and swearing:
Broke cups, plates, and dishes, all her store,
Lapp'd the cream up, and mollrow'd for more,
Which was shocking bad manners, you'll say.

Alas and alack-a-day!
A curious moral I make,
Listen, great and small!
Better have some crumbs for the mice to take,
Than to have no crumbs all.

They made such a noise, she awoke with affright,
Not dreaming the cause of the din,
Groped out her tinder-box, and then struck a light,
And the very first object that came in her sight,

Was—her bottle broke, and spilt all her gin.
She look'd in the cupboard in despair,
But the devil of anything was there,
Except plates and dishes, broken small,
Cups, saucers, and cream-jug, and all;
Each cat look'd as savage as a cur,
As if he could easy swallow her,
Which was shocking bad manners, you'll say,
So the poor old woman ran away.

A curious moral I make,
Listen, great and small,
Better have some crumbs for the mice to take,
Then to have no crumbs at all.

OUT, JOHN! OUT, JOHN!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.]

[Music by J. BLEWITT.]

Out, John! out, John! what are you about, John!
 If you don't say "Out" at once, you make the fellow
 doubt, John!

Say I'm out, whoever calls; and hide my hat and cane,
 John;

Say you've not the least idea when I shall come again,
 John.

Let the people leave their bills, but tell them not to
 call, John;

Say I am courting Miss Rupee, and mean to pay them
 all, John. Out, John! out, John! &c.

Run, John! run, John! there's another dun, John;
 If it's Prodger, bid him call to-morrow week at one,
 John.

If he says he saw me at the window, as he knock'd,
 John,

Make a face, and shake your head, and tell him you are
 shock'd, John;

Take your pocket-handkerchief, and put it to your eye,
 John;

Say your master's not the man to bid you tell a lie,
 John. Out, John! out, John! &c.

Oh! John, go, John! there's Noodle's knock, I know,
 John;

Tell him that all yesterday you sought him high and
 low, John;

Tell him, just before he came, you saw me mount the
 hill, John,

Say—you think I'm only gone to pay his little bill,
 John;

Then, I think, you'd better add—that if I miss to-day,
 John,

You're sure I mean to call when next I pass his way,
 John. Out, John! out, John! &c.

Hie, John! fly John! I will tell you why, John—
 If there is not Grimshaw at the corner, let me die,
 John
 He will hear of no excuse—I'm sure he'll search the
 house, John,
 Peeping into corners hardly fit to hold a mouse, John;
 Beg he'll take a chair and wait—I know he wont refuse,
 John—
 And I'll pop through the little door that opens on the
 mews, John. Out, John! out, John! &c.

COURTSHIP.—COMIC DUET.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by C. W. GLOVER.]

Both.—Oh! how happy we shall be when our fates we
 both combine,
 We will take a little villa, and invite our friends to
 dine;—
 With a little lawn in front, and a garden kept so neat,
 Our home will be the envy, love, of all we chance to
 meet.

Lady.—Yes! our wants will be so few, and our friends
 all so select,
 We shall save a little fortune in the first year, I expect;
 And if you give up your club, which you've promised
 me to do,
 I shall always stay at home, and attend alone to you.

Gent.—For my club I care no more, 'tis for you alone
 I live,
 But for fear we may grow dull, some little parties we
 must give—
 We'll ask charming Fanny Bell, and enchanting Jessy
 Gray,
 'Twill be so very nice, you know, to hear them sing
 and play.

Lady.—No! no, no! no Fanny Bells, no sweet Jessie
Grays for me,
The inside of our villa they at least shall never see;
You may ask your cousin Tom a cigar with you to smoke,
But no young-lady visitors—that's *quite* beyond a joke!

Gent.—What nonsense now you talk—when our fates
we both combine,
Then my friends will be your friends, and your friends
will be mine;
So put jealousy aside, for it only leads to strife,
And will finish all our happiness when we are man and
wife.

Both.—Oh! how happy we shall be, &c.

Gent.—Well, my dear, it shall be so, think no more of
Jessy Gray,
She's a precious little flirt, as you have often heard
me say;
Then her temper—while I've found such a treasure,
love, in you;
For you never say a word.

Lady (aside).— No! not just yet, it wouldn't do.
Well—I only wish to hint, for I *have* heard people say,
That you once liked Fanny Bell, and went mad for
Jessy Gray;
Let your old loves, when we're wed, be our villa
banished from,
Then how happy we shall be!

Gent.— If you don't ask cousin Tom.

Lady.—I shall want——

Gent.— And you shall have——

Lady.— Don't be foolish, let me speak.
When the fashions change, a bonnet.

Gent.— Oh! a new one ev'ry week.

Lady.—No extravagance, I beg.

Gent.— It will only be my pride
To see you "walk in silk attire" when you become my
bride.

Lady.—"In silk attire"? remember though, the song does not end there.

Gent.—Well, "You shall walk in silk attire, and siller have to spare."

Lady.—Oh! charming! then I shall outshine Miss Bell and Jessy Gray.

So nothing now remains to do—

Gent.— Yes! one thing, name the day.

Both.—Oh! how happy we shall be, &c.

MATRIMONY.—COMIC DUET.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Mrs. B.—Oh! it's really very strange, will you never, never change,

We've been married now a twelvemonth, very near,
But at home you never stay—I'm alone the livelong day,
Is it thus you keep your promises, my dear?

Mr. B.—Now, my darling Mrs. B. will never, never see,
That it's solely upon your account I roam;
In the City tied till four, and perhaps an hour more,
And all to make you happy here at home!

Both.—Oh! I never would wed had I guessed the life I've led!

A { wife } who always meets me with a frown,
A { man }

There is nothing in this life like a { discontented }
wife, { poor deserted }

A { woman with } a temper { Mrs. Brown! }
A { man with such } { Mr. Brown! }

Mrs. B.—Then our villa, Mr. B.? Is there comfort there for me?

There's not a chimney in it doesn't smoke;
Broken locks on all the doors, through the roof the rain
it pours,

But as you are never in it—that's the joke!

Mr. B.—Well! I do confess the club, but you know,
dear, one must rub

The business of the day off with a friend,
But I never yet denied you a week at the sea-side—

Mrs. B.—And *that* one was contrived at home to
spend.

Both.— Oh! I never would have wed, &c.

Mrs. B.—Oh! don't think that I complain, had you
but let me remain,

Of your parties but to vex me you might tell;
For your cousin Tom was there, and he took me ev'ry-
where,

For he said he was *my cousin now*, as well.

Mr. B.—What! Tom! and did he dare? After all,
it's only fair.

To be candid, I may just as well confess
That when you were away, who should call but Jessy
Gray.

Mrs. B.—And stayed?—

Mr. B.— To tea! Well, how could she do less?

Both.— Oh! I never, &c.

Mrs. B.—*Mr. B.*, you'll break my heart; you're a
brute—we'd better part.

Mr. B.—Very well, dear; but I had thought of a
plan,

To live rather nearer town, where the omnibus comes
down

Every day at four!

Mrs. B.— You charming little man!

Mr. B.—Then you never will regret when our villa is
"to let,"

Nor grumble if we are not quite so fine?

Mrs. B.—No! if you'll but stay at home, I shall never,
never roam,

All your wishes for the future shall be mine.

Both.—Yes! I'm very glad indeed, that at last we
have agreed

To live within an easy ride of town—

There is nothing in this life like a happy little wife,

And that I'm sure { You will be, Mrs. Brown.
I shall be, Mr. Brown.

GROVES OF BLARNEY.

R. A. MILLIKEN.]

[Air—"The last rose of summer,"

The groves of Blarney they are so charming,

All by the purling of swate silent brooks,

All decked with posies which spontaneous grow there,

Planted in order by the swate rock close.

'Tis there's the daisy, and the swate carnation,

The blooming pink, and the rose so fair,

Besides the lily, and the daffydown-dilly,

Flowers that scent the swate fragrant air.

Oh! illaloo, illaloo.

'Tis Lady Jeffers that owns this station,

Like Alexander, or Queen Helen fair;

There's no commander throughout this nation

For emulation can with her compare.

There's castles round her that no nine-pounder

Could dare to plunder her place of strength;

But Oliver Crummell, he did her pummel,

And made a breach in her battlements.

Oh! illaloo, &c.

There's grand walks there for contemplation,

And conversation in swate solitude;

'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or

The gentle plover in the afternoon;

And if a young lady should be so engaging,

As for take to walk in their shady bowers,

'Tis there her courter, he might transport her

To some dark fort or under ground.

Oh! illaloo, &c.

"Tis there's the cave where no daylight enters,
 But bats, rats, and badgers are for ever bred,
 All decked by natur', which makes it swater
 Nor a coach and six, or a feather bed.

"Tis there's the lakes that are stored with perches,
 And comely eels in the verdant mud,
 Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,
 All standing in order for to guard the flood.

Oh! illaloo, &c.

There is the stone there that whoever kisses,
 He never misses to grow eloquent—

"Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
 Or become a member of Parliament.

A clever spouter, he'll sure turn out, or

"An out-and-outer" to be let alone;

Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him—

Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone.

Oh! illaloo, &c.

"Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a fitch in,
 With the maids a-stitching upon the stair;
 Och the bread and biskie', the beef and whiskey,
 Faith! they'd make you frisky if you was but there.

"Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter,

A washing praties forenent the door,

With Nancy Casey, and Aunt Delany,

All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.

Oh! illaloo, &c.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,

All heathen goddesses so fair;

Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,

All mother-naked in the open air.

So now, to finish this brave narration,

Which I have not the genii for to entwine,

But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,

"Tis in every feature that I'd make it shine.

Oh! illaloo, &c.

PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN.

[JACOB BEULER.]

O pity my sorrows, a poor old man's!
I will no longer tarry;
Oh! say you'll wed—I'll put up the bans,
And we will go and marry.
When I was young, I often ran
With girls to dance and mingle;
Then pity the sorrows of a poor old man
Who fears he shall die single.

When young, a maid made me afraid
Lest she should pop the question;
But now I'm old I am more bold,
Oh! wedded life's the best one.
I'm growing tired, I'll change my plan,
A single life is folly;
Then pity the sorrows of a poor old man
Who's getting melancholy.

At night, black sprites give fears and frights;
I'm poor with all my treasures;
I'm cold—I'm worse! I want a nurse!
I want sweet wedlock's pleasures!
I mope and mump, do all I can,
For want of woman near me;
Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
I want a wife to cheer me.

When I go out, the people shout,
Pull, push, and tease, and flout me;
I have no son, I have no one
That cares at all about me;
I'll have a wife, whate'er her tan,
I'll have a son and daughter;
Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Don't let him die a martyr.

I'm not much more than seventy-four,
 So now's your time, young ladies;
 Though old, I'm young, I feel quite strong;
 Then, damme! who afraid is?
 Oh! smile consent behind your fan,
 Remember time is precious;
 Oh, pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 And let the parson bless us,

PEOPLE I DON'T CARE TO MEET.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by CHAS. HODGSON.]

In my journey through life many people I see,
 Some I like, some with whom I can never agree,
 Some gen'rous and kind, and some proud of their pelf,
 Caring nothing for others and wrapped up in "self;"
 I've often observed, in my walks through the town,
 These queer sort of people and noted them down:
 So, ladies and gents, as my list is complete,
 I'll tell you the people I don't care to meet.

I don't care to meet, when I go to the play,
 A stupid young man who's got nothing to say;
 Who lisps when I say that the music's divine,
 "He thinks that—haw—dancing is more in his line."
 Through his opera-glass who does nothing but stare,
 Hands his lady her shawl with the grace of a bear;
 Lights up his cigar ere he gets in the street—
 Oh! these are the people I don't care to meet.

I don't care to meet with those aged young girls
 Who ought to wear caps though they come out in curls,
 Who screw up their waists till they're ready to faint,
 And "make up" with "just a sensation" of paint;
 Who if you're just civil themselves half "propose,"
 Then turn very red (at the tip of the nose),
 Call their sisters "the children" and "hope you're
 discreet;"
 Now these old young ladies I don't care to meet.

I don't like to meet, though I frequently do,
 With a lady who sets herself up as a "*blue*,"
 Quotes all the new poets as well as she can,
 A strong-minded woman who talks like a man ;
 I don't like to meet with young ladies who dote
 On a "duck of a hat" or a "love of a coat,"
 Wear paletôts and strive with their beaux to compete—
 Now these are the people I don't like to meet.

I really do *not* like to meet one of those
 White-choker'd young gents who look straight down
 their nose,
 Wear Puseyite coats that come down to their shoes,
 Who shave off their whiskers and sherry refuse ;
 I don't like to meet with a clerical "beau"
 Who, in lavender kids, preaches brimstone and woe,
 Perhaps, after all, it is scarcely discreet
 To say that *such* people I don't care to meet.

I really don't care to meet one of those brutes
 That at parties one does meet, all collar and boots,
 Hair parted in front, o'er the forehead to curl ;
 You ask if the thing is a man or a girl ?
 I don't like to meet with "the young man who sings,"
 Yet don't know a note of the music he brings ;
 Who fancies himself and Sims Reeves none can beat ;
 Yes ! these are the people I don't care to meet.

I don't like to meet with a boarding-school Miss
 Who thinks that it's "*slow*" her own brother to kiss ;
 A forward young lady just entered her teens,
 Who talks without knowing one half what she means ;
 Who wears a red petticoat, *saying* it suits
 The weather, but *meaning* her ankle and boots,
 That gets pretty well "chaffed" by the boys in the
 street—

Now these are the people I don't care to meet.

I don't care to meet with a plotting mamma
 With daughters to marry, though many there are ;

I don't care to meet an old maid who'll insist
 On quadrilles breaking up for the sake of short whist:
 I don't care to meet—though my list's nearly done—
 With those who are shocked at a pure bit of fun;
 Which is all that I mean while I venture to treat
 Of a few of the people I don't care to meet!

—
**WHEN A MAN'S A LITTLE BIT
 POORLY.**

[THOMAS HUDSON.]

When a man's a little bit poorly,
 He makes a fuss,
 Wants a nurse,
 Thinks he's going to die most surely,
 Sends for a doctor and makes him worse;
I only caught a bit of a cold,
 My wife did make
 Me gruel to take,
 Cuddled me up between kindness and scold,
 And with her own hands my pillow did shake,
 When a man, &c.

I three days with fever was furnaced,
 Balmy sleep
 To me'd not creep,
 Obligated to send for the doctor in earnest,
 Hopes of recovery faintly peep;
He with long and serious face
 Pronounced me ill,
 Sent bolus—pill—
 Draught—powder—and all the race
 Of drugs compounded to make a long bill.
 When a man, &c.

Leech'd—cupped—bled—and blister,
 Slips and slops,
 Eating stops,
 So low, each pill was a twister;
I swallowed about three doctors' shops;

Countenance turn'd a cadaverous tint,
 A bitter pill,
 Grew weaker still,
 Through the nurse had a bit of a hint,
 Shouldn't die sooner for making my will.

When a man, &c.

Worse and worse was my condition,
 My body sore,
 Life a bore,

The doctor call'd in a physician,
 Who physic'd and bolused me ten times more,
 Relations round with sighs and tears—

Each nephew—niece—
 Disturb my peace—

Even my wife changed hopes for fears,
 Fervently wished me a happy release.

When a man, &c.

Then physician's consultation.

They view my face—
 Hopeless case,

Pronounced, with much deliberation,
 That I, alas! had run my race;
 Skeleton-like my bones peep through;

My eyes I fix,
 I hear death-ticks,

To wife and friends I bade an adieu,
 Expecting with Charon to cross the Styx.

When a man, &c.

Wishing to leave the world in quiet,
 Of drugs and such
 I'd had too much,

So I took a meal of my usual diet,
 Got better, and 'scaped from Death's cold clutch:
 Physic since to the dogs I throw,

Happy and gay
 I pass each day,

And when I'm summon'd where all must go,
 I'm resolved to die in the natural way.

When a man, &c.

ONE BOTTLE MORE.

Assist me, ye lads, who have hearts void of guile,
 To sing in the praises of old Ireland's isle,
 Where true hospitality opens the door,
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more ;
 One bottle more, arrah, one bottle more,
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear ;
 With our bulls and our brogues we are true and sincere ;
 For if but one bottle remains in our store,
 We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.
 That bottle &c.

At Candy's, in Church-street, I'll sing of a set
 Of six Irish blades who together had met ;
 Four bottles a-piece made us call for our score,
 And nothing remained but one bottle more.
 One bottle, &c.

Our bill being paid, we were loth to depart,
 For friendship had grappled each man by the heart,
 Where the least touch, you know, makes an Irishman
 roar,
 And the whack from shillelah brought six bottle more.
 Six bottles more, &c.

Slow Phœbus had shone through our window so bright,
 Quite happy to view his blest children of light ;
 So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor sore,
 Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.
 Twelve bottles more, &c.

 BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MRS. CROP.

JACOB BEULER.]

[Music by N. J. SPORLE.]

Young Christopher Crop was a farmer,
 When he took it into his head
 To fall deep in love with a charmer,
 Who was all he could wish for, he said ;

For dumplings she made to perfection,
 Mock-turtle and prime ginger pop,
 And would make, as said all his connexion,
 A beautiful young Mrs. Crop.
 Oh! most beautiful, &c.

She understood singing and sewing,
 And pianofortes, puddings, and ploughs,
 And Berlin woolwork and beer-brewing,
 And music and milking the cows;
 She could play the guitar and cure bacon,
 In phrenology she was tiptop,
 So there wasn't a doubt of her making
 A beautiful young Mrs. Crop.
 Oh! most beautiful, &c.

For stoves she could cut out such paper
 As really astonished the Crops;
 She danced, and made pickles and capers,
 And understood growing of hops;
 So, Christopher's father and mother
 Both urged him the question to pop,
 Which he did, and without any bother
 She agreed to become Mrs. Crop.
 Oh! most beautiful, &c.

Her wedding-dress was her own making,
 'Twas figured lace, seven yards wide;
 And proudly his shoes began creaking,
 As he walk'd in the church with the bride:
 And, as most lasses do in such cases,
 She blush'd and was ready to drop;
 Yet the blushing but added fresh graces
 To beautiful young Mrs. Crop.
 Oh! most beautiful, &c.

They were married almost without knowing,
 To her it appeared like a dream,
 And 'twas not till from church she was going,
 She found she had altered her name;

When the bells of the village 'gan ringing,
 As if they never intended to stop ;
 And they sounded as if they were singing,
 Oh! beautiful young Mrs. Crop.
 Oh! most beautiful, &c.

She proved a good wife, for her learning
 To him is a fortune, because
 She knows the improvements in farming,
 As well as the waltzes of Strauss.
 And his spouse and his farm loving dearly,
 He's growing as proud as a fop,
 And praising them both, he says yearly
 He's blest with a beautiful *Crop*.
 Oh! most beautiful, &c.

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.

A frog he would a-woeing go,
 Heigho, said Rowley,
 A frog he would a-woeing go,
 Whether his mother would let him or no,
 With a rowly powly,
 Gammon and spinage,
 Heigho, said Anthony Rowley.

Off he set with his opera-hat,
 Heigho, said Rowley,
 On the road he met with a rat,
 With a rowly powly, &c.

They soon arrived at the mouse's hall,
 Heigho, said Rowley,
 They gave a loud tap, and they gave a loud call!
 With a rowly powly, &c.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
 Heigho, said Rowley;
 "Yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin,"
 With a rowly powly, &c.

- "Come, Mrs. Mouse, now give us some beer,"
Heigho, said Rowley,
"That froggy and I may have some good cheer,"
With a rowly powly, &c.
- "Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"
Heigho, said Rowley,
"Let the subject be something that's not very long,"
With a rowly powly, &c.
- "Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied the frog,"
Heigho, said Rowley,
"A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog,"
With a rowly powly, &c.
- "Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog," Mousy said,
Heigho, said Rowley,
"I'll sing you a song that I have just made,"
With a rowly powly, &c.
- As they were in glee and a merry-making,
Heigho, said Rowley,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in,
With a rowly powly, &c.
- The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
Heigho, said Rowley,
The kittens they pull'd the little mouse down,
With a rowly powly, &c.
- This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, said Rowley,
He took up his hat and he wished them good-night,
With a rowly powly, &c.
- As froggy was crossing it over a brook,
Heigho, said Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up,
With a rowly powly, &c.
- So here's an end of one, two, and three,
Heigho, said Rowley,
The rat, the mouse, and little froggy,
With a rowly powly, &c.

JOE IN THE COPPER.

[G. FORDE.]

I'm going to tell a story,
 The truth of which I know,
 Of Mary Anne, a servant girl,
 Whose sweetheart's name was Joe.
 Of her mistress and her six-roomed house,
 She was by no means proud ;
 For 'twas one of those strict places
 Where—*No followers are allowed.*

I heard her once relate
 How her mistress she did *do*,
 One evening when her Joseph came—
 And he was nigh *done* too !
 "One night," said she, "my missus went
 Quite early to the play ;
 And just as if it was to be,
 My Joseph came that way.

"He threw stones at the window—
 I ope'd the area gate,
 And let him in, and laid the cloth
 For supper, ere 'twas late ;
 As nice a ham as ere you clapp'd
 Your two eyes on we'd there ;
 And, as luck would have it, on that day
 The man had brought the beer.

"When all at once came missus back—
 Whatever should I do ?
 (She'd chang'd her mind about the play)
 So down the stairs I flew ;
 Poor Joseph creeping like a cat
 Into the copper slid ;
 (Ah, lucky thought)—but how I felt
 As I popped down the lid.

“Then down came missus, and said she,
 ‘We wash to-morrow morn—
 You’d better light the copper fire,
 And make the water warm.’
 I nearly dropp’d down with affright,
 But I was forced to go
 And dip the water, which I poured
 Into the copper on poor Joe.

“I whispered to dear Joseph
 As the first pail roused his ire,
 ‘Don’t never mind the water, dear,
 I wont make up much fire.’
 My Missus brought the lucifer,
 And I was forced to strike it,
 And to light the fire—while poor Joe
 Kick’d as if he didn’t like it.

“I nearly sank while he got hot,
 When a thought came in my head—
 I shrieked ‘Oh! save the baby, ma’am;
 He’s tumbled out of bed.’
 She took the candle in her hand,
 And by its flickering glimmer,
 Joe bolted up the area steps
 Just as he began to *simmer*.”

JOE’S SECOND DILEMMA.

[J. E. CARPENTER.]

Well, that time we were not found out,
 My mistress went to bed,
 But I meant to give her warning
 If another word was said.
 Next morning, when she came downstairs,
 (She helps me when it suits),
 What should she in the copper find,
 But one of Joseph’s boots.

"What's this?" said she, "whose can it be?"

A boot, I do declare!"

"It must be master's, ma'am," I said;

"But how could it get there?"

I only wish you could have seen

Her temper, how it riz—

"Your master don't wear highlows,

So it can't be one of his!"

Of course I then began to cry,

Could I my tears control?

"I am not given to boiling boots,

I ain't, upon my soul.

Some thief who wished to rob the place

Perhaps belongs to that;

It must have been brought in the house—

O, please, mem, it's the cat."

It was not till long after that,

I dare let Joseph come,

Till missus down to Margate went,

And master was from home;

They'd put me on board wages,

An' I felt so very low,

I did not like to sit alone,

So to tea invited Joe.

Well, after tea, Joe said that he

Should like to have a smoke,

About Returns and Mary-Laud

He made the usual joke;

His right arm it was round my waist,

With his left he blowed his cloud,

When, what a shock! 'twas master's knock,

It was so long and loud!

I pointed to the copper, but

Said Joe, "No! if I do,

May I be"—boiled, I think he meant,

I was in such a stew;

Says I, then there's the cistern,
 And it's empty, I declare !
 And while I let my master in,
 Joe sily crept in there.

'Twas not that master often did
 Come down the kitchen stairs,
 Except when missus was from home,
 But then 'twas unawares ;
 I think he had been dining out,
 He was so full of joking ;
 When all at once he stopped and said—
 " Why, Mary, who's been smoking ? "

I did not know what to reply,
 I was in such a state—
 Till finding courage, I exclaimed—
 " Oh, please, sir, it's the grate ! "
 " The grate, " said he— " now don't tell me,
 You know you tell a cracker,
 It's very clear there's some one here,
 For the grate don't smoke tobacco ! "

We all at once heard such a noise,
 My master had not gone—
 The stupid turncock he had been
 And turned the water on.
 Poor Joseph stood it like a man,
 Till the cistern it was filled,
 Then like a half drowned rat jumped out,
 For fear he should be killed.

Well, like a stuck pig there I stood,
 I'd not a word to say !
 But my master paid my wages,
 And I left that very day.
 If any here a servant want,
 Of the place I should be proud,
 But mind, it must be one of those
 Where followers are allowed.

THE YOUNG LADY WITH "NOTHING TO WEAR."

[Adapted from the Poem by W. A. BUTLER, and partly written by J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by C. HODGSON.]

The heart of Miss Flora M'Flimsey I gained,
With all the fine dresses that to it pertained,
So I thought in the property I'd the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night ;
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball,
I considered it only my duty to call,
As the cards had been out for a fortnight or so,
To see if Miss Flora intended to go.

I wish you had seen how she pumped up a tear,
As she tenderly answered, " Why, Harry, my dear,
I should like, above all things, to go with you there ;
But really and truly, I've *nothing to wear!*"

" You've nothing to wear ! Why, go just as you are,
You'll be the most bright and particular star
Of the Stuckups' grand party." She turned up her nose :
" How very absurd for a man to suppose
That a young lady ever a party could meet
In the very same dress that she wears in the street !
But men have no thought—they make any pretence—
I suppose were we married, you'd quote the expense !"
Still I ventured again : " Wear your crimson brocade."
" For an evening party !—too dark by a shade ;
It never did suit my complexion—you stare,
But really and truly, I've nothing to wear."

" You've nothing to wear ! Why, dear Flora," I said,
" There's your new watered silk." " Do I look well
in red ?"

" Your blue ?" " That's too heavy." " Your pink ?"
" That's too light."

" Wear *tulle* over satin !" " I can't endure white."

" Your rose-coloured, then ? that's the best of the batch."

" I've got no point lace to wear with it to match."

"Your new *moire antique*? you so well in it look."

"So well, me you once for a Quakeress took!"

"Your purple, then, wear, or that lovely bright green?"

"Not one of all which, sir, is fit to be seen;

It's perfectly plain, you not only don't care,

But you do not believe I have nothing to wear."

"Dear Flora," I said, "you my feelings quite shock,
You've got dresses enough for a milliner's stock!"

Perhaps the expression it was rather rash,

But, to speak in plain language, it "settled my hash."

"I wonder," she said, "that the ceiling don't fall

And crush you; but men have no feelings at all.

You're a brute, and a monster; you're—I don't know
what;

Our engagement is ended, sir! Yes, on the spot."

And then her abuse, and with all its arrears,

She brought up at once in a torrent of tears;

So I bowed, took my hat, and rushed into the square,

And left the young lady with nothing to wear.

When I got out of doors it was quite a relief,

Had I married her, soon she'd have brought me to grief.

She'd have led me about, as a showman an ape,

So I thought, after all, 'twas a lucky escape;

I vowed that the Stuckups, who'er they might be,

Henceforward might go to Old Harry for me;

Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,

And resolved to live single the rest of my days;

And I said to myself, as I lit my cigar,

"Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar,

On the whole, do you think he would have much to
spare,

If he married a woman with *nothing to wear*?"

Oh, ladies, dear ladies, a moment pray pause,

Don't you think that you grumble without any cause?

Don't you think we could leave you much more in our
wills,

Were it not for the length of your milliner's bills?

Those bonnets, in which you all look very nice,
 Have been lately enlarged in the shape, *and the price*,
 And as to the petticoats, every one knows
 A lady's are dearer the more that she shows.
 It's all very well to say men are all wrong,
 That the question of dress is as *broad as 'tis long*;
 From the width of your crinolines something pray spare,
 Or, at least, don't persist you have *nothing* to wear!

MRS. CRUISER; OR, TAMING A TARTAR.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Air—"Dicky Johnson."]

I thought when first I fell in love,
 My Julia was a *gentle* dove,
 A maid all others far above,
 I nothing could refuse her;
 So mild, so meek, so wond'rous fair,
 Such soft blue eyes, such silken hair,
 I thought, if she'd my heart but share,
 I'd make her Mistress Cruiser.

I took her oft to balls and plays,
 And likewise (on the shilling days)
 The Crystal Palace, which displays
 So much that does amuse her.
 We linger'd once till evening's close,
 And when "the dew hung on the rose,"
 As she observ'd, I did "propose"
 To make her Mrs. Cruiser.

She said, in accents sweeter far
 Than mandolin's soft measures are,
 "Oh! Thir you must arsk my papa;"
 I did, "if he would lose her?"
 "My boy, I give you joy!" he cried;
 And then I *thought* he said—*aside*,
 "By Jove! he's got the Tartar!" I'd
 Proposed for Mrs. Cruiser.

'Twas at St. George's, in the Square
 Called Hanover, we married were,
 And Jenkins of the *Post* was there,
 That fashionable newser :
 "The happy pair," as he did say,
 "The bridegroom's carriage bore away ;"
 'Twas only hired for the day,
 Unknown to Mrs. Cruiser.

Three weeks we passed of perfect bliss,
 But very shortly after this,
 Do what I would, it went amiss ;
 Yet how could I ill-use her ?
 I thought her temper rather queer,
 In fact, almost began to fear
 She *would* prove to me *very* dear
 Now she was Mrs. Cruiser !

About the carriage she found out,
 And then at once began to pout,
 Hysterics ! then of tears a bout,
 But nothing would amuse her.
 I filled my purse, she pulled the strings,
 She made me buy her chains and rings,
 And dresses with those whalebone things ;
 In short, she *was* a Cruiser.

The dinner ne'er was to her taste,
 The servants never would make haste,
 Say what I would my breath I'd waste,
 Oh, wherefore did I choose her.
 "How dare you talk to me !" she'd cry ;
 "You brute ! you'd like to see me die !"
 There's no such luck as that, thought I,
 Now you are Mrs. Cruiser.

I bought a book, and there read through
 What Mr. Rarey had to do
 To tame the horse called "Cruiser," too,
 That vicious, spiteful Bruiser.

So I resolved a plan to try
 To tame my wife of temper high,
 And you will find out by and by—
 How I tamed Mrs. Cruiser.

Well! first of all, I joined a club,
 Took there what fast men call my grub,
 And there enjoyed of whist my rub,
 Though very oft a loser;
 I had a latchkey, stayed out late,
 And at the door I wouldn't wait
 When I arrived, in such a state!
 It quite shocked Mrs. Cruiser.

I let her storm—I didn't care,
 I only called out "order"—"chair"—
 I once or twice slept on the stair,
 Because I'd not abuse her.
 I brought home fellows, jolly boys,
 Who ne'er had tasted wedlock's joys,
 And we all night kicked up a noise,
 And toasted Mrs. Cruiser.

A week or two of noise and din,
 For which I didn't care a pin,
 Soon proved to me I'd *broke her in*,
 To my ways I could use her.
 She soon found that a quiet life
 Was better far than constant strife,
 And owns she is a happy wife,
 Quite *tamed*, although a Cruiser.

THE ONE-HORSE SHAY.

Mistress Bubb was gay and free,
 Fair, and fat, and forty-three,
 And blooming as a peony in buxom May;
 The toast she long had been
 Of Farringdon Within,
 And she fill'd the better half of a One-Horse Shay.

Mrs. Bubb said to her lord,
 " We can very well afford
 Whate'er a common-councilman in prudence may ;
 We've no brats to plague our lives,
 And the soap-concern it thrives,
 So we'll take a trip to Brighton in the One-Horse Shay."

When at Brighton they were hous'd,
 How they revell'd and carous'd ;
 Mr. Bubb, to his spouse, he next did say,
 " I've ascertain'd, my dear,
 The mode of dipping here,
 From the ostler what is rubbing up the One-Horse Shay."

" Old Nobbs I am sartin,
 May be trusted gig or cart in,
 And shillings for machines we sha'n't have to pay,
 He'll stand like a post
 While we daddle on the coast,
 And return to dress in our One-Horse Shay."

So out they drove all drest,
 So gaily in their best ;
 And finding in their rambles a snug little bay,
 They uncas'd at their leisure,
 And paddled at their pleasure,
 And left everything behind in their One-Horse Shay.

But while so snugly sure
 That all things were secure,
 They founced about like porpoises or whales at play,
 Some young unlucky imps
 Who prowled about for shrimps
 Stole all their little articles out of the One-Horse Shay.

When our pair were sous'd enough,
 And returning " in their buff,"
 Oh, there was the vengeance and old Nick to pay ;
 Madam shrieked in consternation !
 Mr. Bubb he swore damnation !
 To find the empty state of the One-Horse Shay.

"Come bundle in with me,
 We must squeeze for once," said he,
And manage this here business the best we may ;"
 So like two dismal dummies,
 Heads and hands stuck out like mummies,
They crept behind the apron of the One Horse Shay.

Mr. Bubb gee-up'd in vain,
 And strove to jerk the rein ;
Nobbs found he had his option to work or play,
 So he wouldn't mend his pace,
 Though they'd fain have run a race,
To escape the merry gazers at the One-Horse Shay.

Now good people laugh your fill,
 And fancy if you will,
For I'm fairly out of breath, and have had my say ;
 The trouble and the rout,
 To wrap and get them out, [Shay.
When they drove up to their lodgings in the One-Horse

MERRY LITTLE GRAY FAT MAN.

J. BLEWITT.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

There is a little man
 Dress'd all in gray,
 He lives in the City,
 And is always gay.
 He's round as an apple,
 And plump as a pear,
 He has not a shilling,
 Nor has he a care,
 And he sings and he laughs,
 And he laughs and he sings,
 Oh, what a merry, little
 Fat, fat, gray man.

He drinks without counting
 The number of glasses,
 He sings merry songs,
 And he flirts with the lasses.

He has debts, he has duns,
 But no bailiff he fears,
 He shuts up his door,
 And he shuts up his ears.
 Then he sings and he laughs,
 And he laughs and he sings,
 Oh, what a merry, little
 Fat, fat, gray man!

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

[EDWARD LYSAGHT.]

Och! love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
 He love's all that's lovely, loves all that he can,
 With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.
 His heart is right honest, he's open and sound,
 No malice nor envy is there to be found,
 He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
 For love, all for love—for in that he delights,
 With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
 An Irishman all in his glory is there,
 With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.
 His clothes spick and span new without e'er a speck,
 A neat Barcelona tied round his white neck,
 He goes to a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,
 Comes out, meets his friend, and for love knocks him
 down
 With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.

In the evening returning, as homeward he goes,
 His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows
 From a sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.
 He meets with his Sheelah, who frowning a smile,
 Cries "Get you gone, Pat," yet consents all the while:
 To church they soon go,—and nine months after that,
 A young baby cries—"How do ye do, father Pat?"
 With your sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.

Long life to the land that gave Patrick his birth,
To the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
 Where grow the shillelah and shamrock so green.
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the
Shannon
Thrash the foes that would plant on their confines a
cannon ;
United and happy at Liberty's shrine,
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine
Round the sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green,

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY!

THOMAS HUDSON.] [*Air*—"Will you come to the bower?"
 "Will you walk into my parlour?" said a spider to a
 fly,
 "'Tis the prettiest little parlour sure that ever you did
 spy ;
 You've only got to pop your head within side of the
 door,
 You'll see so many curious things you never saw before.
 Will you walk in, pretty fly ?

My house is always open," says the spider to the fly,
 "I'm glad to have the company of all I see go by ;"
 "They go in, but don't come out again,—I've heard of
 you before,"—
 "Oh yes, they do, I always let them out by my back
 door.
 Will you walk in, pretty fly ?"

"Will you grant me one sweet kiss, then ?" says the
 spider to the fly,
 "To taste your charming lips, I've a cu-ri-o-si-ty."
 Said the fly, "If once our lips did meet, a wager I
 would lay,
 Of ten to one, you would not after let them come away."
 Will you walk in, pretty fly ?

"If you wont kiss, you will shake hands?" says the spider to the fly,

"Before you leave me to myself, with sorrow sad to sigh."

Says the fly, "There's nothing handsome unto you belongs,

I declare you should not touch me, even with a pair of tongs."

Will you walk in, pretty fly?

"What handsome wings you've got," says the spider to the fly,

"If I had got such a pair, I in the air would fly;

'Tis useless all my wishing, and only idle talk,

You can fly up in the air, while I'm obliged to walk.

Will you walk in, pretty fly?

"For the last time now I ask you—will you walk in Mr. Fly?"

"No, if I do may I be shot, I'm off, so now good-bye."

Then up he springs, but both his wings were in the web caught fast;

The spider laughed, "Ha! ha! my boy, I have you safe at last.

Will you walk *out*, pretty fly?"

"And pray how are you *now*?" says the spider to the fly,

"You fools will never wisdom get, unless you dearly buy;

'Tis vanity that ever makes repentance come too late,

And you who into cobwebs run, surely deserve your fate.

Listen to me, listen to me, foolish fly."

MORAL.

Now all young men take warning by this foolish little fly,

Pleasure is the spider that to catch you fast will try;

For altho' you may think that my advice is quite a
bore,
You're *lost* if you stand *parleying* outside of *Pleasure's*
door.

Remember, oh remember, the foolish little fly.

FOLLOW THE DRUM.

[THOMAS HUDSON.]

"Twas in the merry month of May,
When bees from flower to flower did hum,
Soldiers through the town march'd gay,
And all resolved to follow the drum.

From windows lasses look'd a score,
Neighbours met at every door ;
Soldier lads charm'd every sight,
For eyes beam'd pleasure, hearts danced light.

"Twas in the merry month of May,
When bees from flower to flower did hum,
Soldiers through the town march'd gay,
And all resolv'd to follow the drum.

Roger swore he'd leave his plough,
His team and tillage—"all, by gum!"
O' a country life he' had enow—
He'd leave it all and follow the drum.

He'd leave his threshing in the barn,
To thrash his foes right soon he'd larn ;

He swore he never would turn tail,
When he'd a musket for his flail. "Twas in, &c.

The pedagogue his school forsook,
And with the others forth did come ;
He give up pencil, pen, and book,
And sally forth and follow the drum.

He'd never more return again,
His sword to come should be his pen ;

He'd try to do his country good,
'Stead of black ink, he'd use red ink—blood.

"Twas in, &c.

Robin he laid by his scythe,
 For soldier's life he'd leave his oam;
 He'd march away to music blithe,
 From town to town, and follow the drum,
 Like conqueror, he would never yield,
 For barley he'd seek the battle-field;
 "Our foes I'll quickly bring to book,
 When I've a sword for reaping-hook."
 'Twas in, &c.

The cobbler he threw by his awl,
 When all were glad he'd ne'er be glum,
 But quick attend to glory's call,
 He'd leave his work and follow the drum.
 No more at home he'd be a slave,
 But take his seat amid the brave;
 He'd leather our foes, they'd find—good Lord,
 When he'd changed for his awl a sword!
 'Twas in, &c.

The tailor he got off his knees,
 And to the ranks did boldly come;
 He said he'd never sit at his ease,
 But like a man would follow the drum.
 The French should find he didn't wheedle
 When he'd a musket for a needle;
 He'd face his foes right well abroad,
 When for his bodkin he'd a sword.
 'Twas in, &c.

The lasses all look'd down and sigh'd,
 To stay behind they would be glum;
 But one and all, at last they cried,
 "We'll follow the men, and follow the drum."
 And when they got to battle, then
 They every one would fight like men!
 Our foes they'd very soon defeat,
 And make them kneel down at their feet.
 'Twas in, &c.

ENCORE VERSES.

The bricklayer he threw by his hod,
 His level, his square, his trowel, and plumb,
 And off he ran to join the squad,
 To beat his foes to the beat of the drum.
 The ladder of glory he said he'd climb,
 His gun his hod—present and prime ;
 "Our foes," said he, "shall soon cry quarter,
 For I'll stick to them like bricks and mortar."
'Twas in, &c.

The barber he shut up his shop,
 And with the others forth did come,
 The enemy's ears he swore he'd crop,
 And make 'em run 'fore the sound of the drum.
 From honour's call he'd never lag,
 But on his pole he'd stick his flag ;
 He'd never be backward in the fray, sir,
 But strap his foes instead of his razor !
'Twas in, &c.

The blacksmith he left off his work,
 And came as black as an Indian's chum ;
 He'd fight with Dutchman, French, or Turk,
 Or the devil himself, to the sound of the drum.
 He'd strike the iron while 'twas hot,
 When one of the foes for an anvil he'd got ;
 He'd hammer away well in the fight,
 He'd deal his blows out left and right.
'Twas in, &c.

The carpenter he left his bench,
 To face the foe with their cannon and bomb ;
 He'd saw his way through the ranks of the French,
 Or through the world, to the sound of the drum.
 He'd hammer his foes on the head like a nail,
 To drive them home he'd never fail ;
 He'd knock away with his hammer and chisel,
 That they'd soon all be glad to mizzle !
'Twas in, &c.

The publican he left his bar,
 His brandy, his wine, his gin, his rum ;
 A soldier's life was best by far ;
 He'd follow their trade, and he'd follow the drum.
 He'd load his gun without dread or fear,
 Although his barrel might be his bier ;
 Some 'bacco in the muzzle he'd poke it,
 For his enemies' pipe, and tell 'em to smoke it.
'Twas in, &c.

Says the parson, " Here's an empty church,"
 So closed his book, and out did come ;
 He swore he'd ne'er be left in the lurch,
 He'd follow his flock, and follow the drum.
 Like priests of old, in the Holy Land,
 The Saracens beat 'til they couldn't stand ;
 " Our foes," says he, " I'll soon caphoozle 'em,
 I'll beat 'em from Jericho to Jerusalem."
'Twas in, &c.

GOING A SHOOTING.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Air—"Vulcan's Cave,"

Come listen to me, one and all,
 I'll tell you what did to me befall,
 When I left my shop in Leadenhall,
 And toddled out a-shooting.
 I call'd upon a friend or two,
 To go in style, as gem'men do,
 Our shooting-jackets all vere new,
 With pockets made to hold a few ;
 Our dogs they vere of diff'rent kind—
 Spaniels! bulldogs! never mind,
 Ve'd got one pointer, though 'twas blind,
 It *had* been out a shooting.
 So valking, talking, all the day,
 And roving o'er the fields so gay,
 I'm sure ve Cockneys have a vay
 Of going out a-shooting.
So valking, &c.

Ve didn't take a bit of game,
 Although ve valked till nearly lame,
 So ve thought as how ve'd been to blame,
 By going out a-shooting.
 Just then a sportsman coming past—
 A bag vas o'er his shoulders cast—
 Ve bought the lot, and held 'em fast,
 O'erjoyed to have some game at last;
 Ve vowed ve'd shot 'em, every one,
 And then to ope the bag begun—
 'Twas filled vith cats—so ve vere done
 By going out a-shooting,
 So valking, &c.

[NOTE.—This song became very popular on its first publication, and both title and idea were recklessly plagiarized: the same remark will apply to Mr. Cole's "Overseer," and other songs in this collection, to which the *originals* only are admitted.—ED.]

VILLIKINS AND HIS DINA.

In London's fair city a merchant did dwell,
 He had but one daughter, an unkimmon nice young
 gal:
 Here name it were Dina—just sixteen years old,—
 With a very large portion of silver and gold.
 Singing, 'Too ral la loo ral, &c.

As Dina vas a-valking in the gardin one day,
 Her papa he came to her, and thus he did say:—
 "Go, dress yourself, Dina, in gorgeous array,—
 For I've got you an 'usband, both gallant and gay."
 Singing, 'Too ral la loo ral, &c.

"Oh, papa, oh, papa! I've not made up my mind,
 And to marry just yet I'm not quite inclin'd;
 And all my large fortin I'll gladly give o'er,
 If you'll let me be single just one year or more."
 Singing, 'Too ral la loo ral, &c.

"Go, go, boldest daughter," the parient replied,
 "If you wont consent for to be this man's bride,
 I'll give all your fortin to the nearest of kin,
 And you sha'n't reap the benefit of one single pin."
 Singing, Too ral la loo ral, &c.

As Villikins vas a-vaiking in the gardin one day,
 He spied his dear Dina lying dead on the clay—
 And a cup of cold pison vas a-lying by her side,
 And a billet-dux to say that for Villikins she died!
 Singing, Too ral la loo ral, &c.

He kiss'd her cold corpis a thousand times o'er;
 He call'd her his Dina, though she were no more:
 And swallowed the pison like a lovier so brave,
 And Villikins and his Dina were buri-ed in one grave.
 Singing, Too ral la loo ral, &c.

MORALE.

Now all ye young ladies, take heed to what I say,
 And never, not by no means, your guv'nors disobey;
 Now all ye young men, mind whom ye cast your eyes
 on,—
 Think of Villikins and his Dina, and the cup of cold
 pison. Singing, Too ral la loo ral, &c.

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN!

T. HOOD.]

[Air—"John White,"

Well, I confess, I did not guess
 A simple marriage vow
 Would make me find all womankind
 Such unkind women now;
 They need not, sure, as distant be
 As Java or Japan;
 Yet every Miss reminds me this,
 I'm not a single man!

One us'd to stitch a collar then,
 Another hemm'd a frill ;
 I had more purses netted then
 Than I ever hope to fill.
 I once could get a button sewn,
 But now I never can ;
 My buttons then were bachelor's—
 I'm not a single man !

Ah, me ! how strange it is, the change
 In parlour and in hall ;
 They treat me so, if I but go
 To make a morning call.
 If they had hair in papers once,
 Bolt up the stairs they ran ;
 They now sit still in dishabille—
 I'm not a single man !

Some change, of course, should be in force,
 But surely not so much ;
 There may be hands we may not squeeze,
 Yet surely we may touch ;
 Must I forbear to hand a chair,
 And not pick up a fan ?
 But I have been picked up myself—
 I'm not a single man !

Others may hint, a lady's tint
 Is purest red and white ;
 May say her eyes are like the skies,
 So very blue and bright ;
 I must not say that she has eyes,
 Or, if I so began,
 I have my fears about my ears—
 I'm not a single man.

Well, I confess, I did not guess
 A simple marriage vow
 Would make me find all womankind
 Such unkind women now.

I might be hash'd to death, or smash'd
 By waggon, cart, or van,
 Without one single tear, I fear—
 I'm not a single man!

THE CORK LEG.

[THOMAS HUDSON.]

I'll tell you a tale without any flam,
 In Holland dwelt Mynheer Von Clam,
 Who every morning said, "I am
 The richest merchant in Rotterdam."
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

One day he had stuff'd him as full as an egg,
 When a poor relation came to beg;
 But he kicked him out without broaching a keg,
 And in kicking him out he broke his own leg.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

A surgeon—the first in his vocation—
 Came and made a long oration;
 He wanted a limb for anatomization,
 So finish'd his jaw by amputation.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

Said Mynheer, says he, when he'd done his work,
 "By your sharp knife, I lose one fork,
 But on two crutches I'll never stalk,
 For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

An artist in Rotterdam, 'twould seem,
 Had made cork-legs his study and theme;
 Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
 The springs a compound of clockwork and steam.
Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

The leg was made and fitted tight,
 Inspection the artist did invite ;
 The fine shape gave Mynheer delight,
 As he fix'd it on, and screw'd it tight.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

He walk'd through squares, and past each shop,
 Of speed he went to the utmost top ;
 Each step he took with a bound and a hop,
 Till he found his leg he could not stop.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

Horror and fright were in his face,
 The neighbours thought he was running a race !
 He clung to a post to stay his pace,
 But the leg remorseless kept up the chase.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

He call'd to some men with all his might,
 "Oh, stop me, or I'm murdered quite !"
 But though they heard him aid invite,
 He in less than a minute was out of sight.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

He ran o'er hill, and dale, and plain,
 To ease his weary bones he fain
 Did throw himself down, but all in vain—
 The leg got up, and was off again.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

He walked of days and nights a score,
 Of Europe he had made the tour ;
 He died,—but though he was no more,
 The leg walked on the same as before.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

In Holland sometimes he comes in sight,
 A skeleton on a cork leg tight ;—
 No cash did the artist's skill requite,
 He never was paid—and it sarv'd him right !

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

My tale I've told both plain and free,
 Of the richest merchant that could be ;
 Who never was buried, though dead, you see,
 And I have been singing his L E G.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

THE HARD-HEARTED MOTHER OF JOAN!

[THOMAS HUDSON.]

Och, whack! mischief is brewing,
 Though brisk as a bee once, I'm now like a drone ;
 Good luck! I'm gone to ruin,
 Thro' love, and the hard hearted mother of Joan.
 I had a fat pig, paid the rent of my cabin,
 And Joan liv'd next door, like a rose that's just
 blown ;
 Her mother dwelt with her, was always a crabbin,
 Snarling at her like a dog at a bone!
 Och, whack! and I'm gone to ruin, through
 Love, and the hard-hearted mother of Joan.

One day—how very strange fate is,
 My pig took a walk, och, to me 'twas unknown ;
 So gay, he grubb'd up some pratees
 That grow'd in the ground of the mother of Joan.
 Tempted like Eve, with the fruit, faith he ate 'em,
 Then laid himself down in the bed all alone ;
 But the ould woman caught him, and och, how she did
 bate him,
 Whilst he ran away with a grunt and a groan !
 Och, whack, &c.

Och, ruch! while the pig was a squealing,
 The ould woman's heart was as hard as a stone !
 So black and without any feeling,
 She finished her bating, by bating my Joan.

The tears down her cheeks added charms to her beauty;
 I said to myself in a soft little tone,
 She's a pattern of meekness, and mildness, and duty,
 A wife so obedient shall soon be my own.
 Och, whack, &c.

I vow, and 'tis past all believing,
 This wicked ould woman, to make me atone
 For my sow, took me up for thieving,
 And I went before the big Justice Malone!
 No money had I, so the case was decided,
 A warrant was sent out by Justice Malone;
 They took up my pig—he was killed and divided
 'Twixt the lawyer, the justice, and mother of Joan.
 Och, whack, &c.

I bad, while they were all friskin',
 For love and my pig, then I made my sad moan!
 Only had a small bit of griskin,
 'Twas sent as a token of love by my Joan.
 Now sleeping or waking, I feel very stupid,
 Her mother wont let her be bone of my bone;
 And so I have lost between her and Cupid,
 My peace, and my heart, and pig, and my Joan!
 Och, whack, &c.

WIDOW MACHREE.

[SAMUEL LOVER.]

Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown,
 Och hone! Widow Machree;
 Faith! it ruins your looks, that dirty black gown,
 Och hone! Widow Machree;
 How altered your air,
 With that close cap you wear:
 'Tis destroying your hair,
 Which should be flowing free;
 Be no longer a churl
 Of its black silken curl,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
 Och hone! Widow Machree;
 When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?
 Och hone! Widow Machree.
 See the birds go in pairs,
 And the rabbits and hares,
 Why, even the bears
 Now in couples agree!
 And the mute little fish,
 Though they can't spake, they wish,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
 Och hone! Widow Machree;
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.
 Sure the shovel and tongs
 To each other belongs,
 While the kittle sing songs
 Full of family glee;
 Yet alone with your cup,
 Like a hermit you sup,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

And how do you know with the comforts I've towld,
 Och hone! Widow Machree;
 But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld.
 Och hone! Widow Machree.
 With such sins on your head,
 Sure your peace would be fled,
 Could you sleep in your bed,
 Without thinking to see
 Some ghost or sprite,
 That would haunt you each night,
 Crying, Och hone! Widow Machree.

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,
 Och hone! Widow Machree;
 And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

You'd have me to desire
 Then to stir up the fire,
 And sure, Hope is no liar,
 In whispering to me
 That the ghosts would depart,
 When you'd me near your heart,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

I'M QUITE A LADIES' MAN. (1832.)

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

I'm quite a ladies' man, in fact
 The belles they all declare,
 They never had a beau before,
 Who walked so militaire.
 My whiskers and moustachios too,
 Resist their charms who can?
 It is their fascinations make
 Me quite a ladies' man.
 I'm a ladies' man, ha, ha,
 A ladies' man!
 I'm quite the ladies' man.

'Tis pleasant, when the heart is free,
 To watch the maidens' smile,
 To mark her eyes' bewitching glance
 The youthful heart beguile.
 And I can gaze on beauty bright,
 But I'd much rather than
 Peru's rich mines were mine to boast,
 Be thought a ladies' man.
 I'm a ladies' man, &c.

I'm partial to a moonlight walk,
 Or to a morning ride,
 With Lady Mary Cavendish,
 All in her youth and pride.

I love to lounge in the bazaars,
 The trifles there to scan,
 I never bet at Tattersall's,
 For I'm a ladies' man.
 I'm a ladies' man, &c.

Once I could live on balmy sighs,
 'Twas foolish—I was young,
 I spoke the language of the eyes,
 But now I've found my tongue.
 I was a simple lover then,
 I've now a better plan—
 I flatter, swear, write sonnets, and
 I'm quite the ladies' man.
 I'm a ladies' man, &c.

NEW VERSION. (1862.)

[J. E. CARPENTER.]

My boots are irreproachable,
 And of my gloves I'm proud,
 My coats are always *à la mode*,
 My vests are never *loud*;
 I never smoke—I dance, of course,
 But on the modern plan,
 That is, I merely walk and talk
 As should a ladies' man.

I'm useful in a thousand ways;
 Whatever would they do
 Who have no beaux to take them to
 The play or the review;
 To flower-shows I don't object,
 I pic-nics sometimes plan,
 And what would morning concerts be
 Without the ladies' man?

There's Fanny Bell—and Jessie Grey
 They're single still, you see,
 I *have* been told the reason is
 They're waiting, both, for me;

But Hymen's fetters? oh dear, no!
 I wear them never can,
 It *may* be cruel—but I must
 Remain a ladies' man.

This military movement, it
 Is really quite a bore,
 I've been obliged, against my will,
 To join a rifle corps;
 The drill completely knocks me up,
 The sun my face will tan,
 But then it is *the uniform*
 That *makes* the ladies' man.

THERE'LL BE TIME ENOUGH FOR THAT.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by J. PARRY.]

When I was a schoolboy, aged ten,
 Oh! mighty little Greek I knew;
 With my short strip'd trowsers, and now and then
 With stripes upon my jacket too.

When I saw other boys to the playground run,
 I threw my old *Gradus* by,
 And I left the task I had scarce begun—
 "There'll be time enough for that," said I.

When I was at college my pride was—dress,
 And my groom, and my bit of blood;
 But as for my study, I must confess
 That I was content with my *stud*.
 I was deep in my tradesmen's books, I'm afraid,
 Though not in my own, by the bye;
 And when rascally tailors came to be paid—
 "There'll be time enough for that," said I.

I was just nineteen when I first fell in love,
 And I scribbled a deal of rhyme;
 And I talked to myself in a shady grove,
 And I thought I was quite sublime.

I was torn from my love, 'twas a dreadful blow !
 And the lady she wiped her eye ;
 But *I* didn't die of grief, oh ! dear me, no—
 "There'll be time enough for that," said I.

The next was a lady of rank, a dame
 With blood in her veins, you see ;
 With the leaves of the peerage she fanned the flame
 That now was consuming me.
 But though of her great *descent* she spoke,
 I found she was still very *high*,
 And I thought looking up to a wife no joke—
 "There'll be time enough for that," said I.

My next penchant was for one whose face
 Was her fortune, she was so fair !
 Oh ! she spoke with an air of enchanting grace,
 But a man cannot live upon *air*.
 And when poverty enters the door, young Love
 Will out of the casement fly ;
 The truth of the proverb I'd not wish to prove—
 "There'll be time enough for that," said I.

My next was a lady who lov'd romance,
 And wrote very splendid things ;
 And she said, with a sneer, when I asked her to dance,
 "Sir, *I* ride upon a horse with wings."
 There was ink on her thumb when I kiss'd her hand,
 And she whispered "If you should die,
 I will write you an epitaph gloomy and grand"—
 "There'll be time enough for that," said I.

I left her, and sported my figure and face
 At the opera, party, and ball ;
 I met pretty girls at ev'ry place,
 But I found a defect in all.
 The first did not suit me, I cannot tell how,
 The second, I cannot say why ;
 And the third, bless me, I will not marry now—
 "There'll be time enough for that," said I.

I look'd in the glass, and thought I could trace
 A sort of a wrinkle or two :
 So I made up my mind that I'd make up my face,
 And come out as good as new.
 To my hair I imported a little more jet,
 And I scarce could suppress a sigh ;
 But I cannot be *quite* an old bachelor yet—
 No, "There's time enough for that," said I.

I was now fifty-one, yet I still did adopt
 All the airs of a juvenile beau ;
 But somehow, whenever the question I popp'd,
 The girls, with a laugh, said "No !"
 I am sixty to-day, not a *very* young man,
 And a bachelor doom'd to die ;
 So youths be advised, and wed while you can—
 "There's no time to be lost," say I.

BRYAN O'LYNN.

Bryan O'Lynn was a gentleman born,
 He lived at the time when no clothes there were worn ;
 But as fashion walk'd out, of course Bryan walk'd in ;
 Whoo ! I'll soon lead the fashion, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
 So he got a sheepskin to make him a pair,
 With the fleshy side out, and the woolly side in ;
 Whoo ! they're pleasant and cool, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no shirt to his back,
 He went to a neighbour's and borrowed a sack ;
 Then he pucker'd the meal-bag up under his chin ;
 Whoo ! they'll take them for ruffles, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no hat on his head,
 He stuck on the pot which served him instead,
 Then he murdered a cod for the sake of its fin ;
 Whoo ! 'twill pass for a feather, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn was hard up for a coat,
He borrowed a skin from a neighbouring goat,
With the horns sticking out from the oxters, and then,
Whoo! they'll take them for pistols, says Bryan
O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no stockings to wear,
He bought a rat-skin to make him a pair,
He then drew them over his manly shin ;
Whoo ! they're illigant wear, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no brogue to his toes,
He hopp'd in two crabshells to serve him for those,
Then he split up two oysters that match'd like a twin ;
Whoo! they'll shine out like buckles, says Bryan
O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no watch to put on,
He scooped out a turnip to make himself one,
Then he planted a cricket right under the skin ;
Whoo! they'll think it's a ticking, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn to his house had no door,
He'd the sky for a roof, and the bog for a floor,
He'd a way to jump out, and a way to swim in ;
Whoo ! it's very convaynient, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn went a courting one night,
He set both the mother and daughter to fight,
To fight for his hand they both stripped to the skin ;
Whoo ! I'll marry you both, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn, his wife, and wife's mother,
They all went home o'er the bridge together,
The bridge it broke down, and they all tumbled in ;
Whoo ! we'll go home by water, says Bryan O'Lynn.

THE GÖTTINGEN BARBER.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by W. WEST.]

A long while ago—you the date must suppose—
 A barber there lived ; he was not one of those
 Who shaved for a penny, when other shops close,
 All the Göttingen students he took by the nose.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

One day when the college was closed for the night,
 A little fat stranger, a horrible fright,
 Walked in and demanded—by no means polite—
 'That the Göttingen barber would shave him outright.

The hair on his chin did like bristles appear,
 As if he had never been shaved for a year ;
 Says the Göttingen barber, " My friend, it's quite clear,
 I shave students alone, so you don't get shaved here !"

" Not shave me !" the stranger roared out with a curse—
 " Not shave me !!" again, and his anger grew worse ;—
 " Not shave me !!!"—he then seemed to feel for his
 purse,
 But a pistol pulled out, looking black as a hearse.

Then the pistol he cocked, put it down on a chair—
 " You either shave me, or I you, I declare !"
 Then seizing the barber, ere he was aware,
 He set to and lathered him in his own chair.

The barber got up with the lather half choked ;
 The stranger sat down, which the barber provoked ;
 He consented to shave him, for somehow he hoped
 To get rid of him ; then for his razor he groped.

The stranger he grinned him a horrible grin,
 If he left but one stubble, he vowed, on his chin,
 Or cut but a pimple, or scratched but his skin,
 The pistol's contents thro' the barber should spin.

The barber got nervous, he shook like a leaf,
So he lathered away, just to get some relief;
And the longer he lathered, the more his belief
That his customer looked very much like a thief—

“Brush away! for I like it,” the little man cried;
To get at his razor the barber he tried;
But shave him the barber *could not*, had he died—
So he lathered away, his emotion to hide.

The clock it struck nine, the clock it struck ten,
Still the barber kept brushing away in his den;
“Brush away!” cried the queerest of queer little men—
Eleven it struck, he was soaping him then.

The lamp it went out, and the fire it grew dim;
Thought the barber, “At last I shall get rid of him,”
When a couple of lamps, that no mortal could trim,
Became both the eyes of the stranger so grim.

The barber, exhausted, no more could be civil,
He shook, for he dreaded the worst of all evil;
He rushed to the door, o’er court-yard so level—
“Oh, dear!” he exclaimed, “I’ve been shaving the
Devil!”

He ran thro’ each street, and he flew thro’ each square,
“Brush away!” cried his foe, as he followed him there;
He gained the Cathedral, ascended each stair—
“Brush away! brush away!!”—still it followed him
there.

He rushed up the steeple, the stranger gave chase,
He was close at his heels, with the soap on his face;
The city below him the barber could trace,
“Brush away!”—and the stranger got up in the race.

The barber he sank, quite exhausted and dumb,
The stranger came up—with his finger and thumb,
Held him out by the nose (he was forced to succumb),
Then dropped him, not caring to what he might come.

The barber spun round, and his danger was rife,
 As he felt himself fall at the end of the strife—
 When, just as he thought he was *settled for life*,
 He found he was only *in bed with his wife!*

A moral, perhaps, you may think only right,
 From the Göttingen barber and his awkward plight;
 'Tis this—that, like him, it will serve you all right,
 If you dream, when hot suppers you take late at night.

THE STEAM ARM.

[H. V. SMITH.]

Oh! wonders sure will never cease,
 While works of art do so increase—
 No matter whether in war or peace,
 Men can do whatever they please.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

A curious tale I will unfold
 To all of you, as I was told,
 About a soldier stout and bold,
 Whose wife, 'tis said, was an arrant scold.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

At Waterloo he lost an arm,
 Which gave him pain and great alarm;
 But he soon got well, and grew quite calm,
 For a shilling a day was a sort of balm.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

The story goes, on every night,
 His wife would bang him left and right;
 So he determin'd out of spite,
 To have an arm, cost what it might.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

He went at once, strange it may seem,
 To have one made, to work by steam;
 For a ray of hope began to gleam,
 That force of arms would win her esteem.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

The limb was finish'd, and fixed unto
 His stump of a shoulder, neat and true,
 You'd have thought it there by nature grew,
 For it stuck to its place as tight as glue.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

He started home, and knock'd at the door,
 His wife her abuse began to pour ;
 He turn'd a small peg, and before
 He'd time to think, she fell on the floor.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

With policemen soon his room was fill'd,
 But every one he nearly kill'd ;
 For the soldier's arm had been so drill'd,
 That once in action, it couldn't be still'd.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

They took him at once before the mayor,—
 His arm kept moving all the while there ;
 The mayor cried, " Shake your fist, if you dare !"
 When the steam arm knock'd him out of his chair.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

This rais'd in court a bit of clamour,
 The arm going on like an auctioneer's hammer :
 It fell in weight like a paviour's rammer,
 And many with fear began to stammer.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

He was lock'd in a cell from doing harm,
 To satisfy those who had still a qualm,
 When, all at once, they had an alarm,—
 Down fell the walls, and out popp'd the arm.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

He soon escap'd, and reach'd his door,
 And knock'd by steam-raps half a score ;
 But as the arm in power grew more and more,
 Bricks, mortar, and wood soon strew'd the floor.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

With eagerness he stepp'd over each chair,
 Popp'd into the room,—his wife was there :
 "Oh, come to my arms !" she cried, " my dear ;"
 When his steamer smash'd the crockery-ware.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

He left his house at length outright,
 And wanders about just like a sprite ;
 For he can't keep still, either day or night,
 And his arm keeps moving with two-horse might.
 Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

JACK AT GREENWICH.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

We tars are all for fun and glee,—
 A hornpipe was my notion ;
 Time was I'd dance with any he
 That sails the salt-sea ocean ;
 I'd tip the roll, the slide, the reel,
 Back, forward, in the middle ;
 And roast the pig, and toe and heel,
 All going with the fiddle.
 But one day told a shot to ram,
 To chase the foe advancing,
 A splinter queer'd my larboard gam,
 And, damme ! spoil'd my dancing.
 Well, I'm, says I, no churlish elf,—
 We messmates be all brothers ;
 Though I can't have no fun myself,
 I may make fun for others ;
 A fiddle soon I made my own,
 That girls and tars might caper ;
 Learn'd " Rule Britannia," " Bobbing Joan,"
 And grow'd a decent scraper :
 But just as I'd the knack on't got,
 And did it pretty middling,
 I lost my elbow by a shot,
 And, damme ! spoil'd my fiddling.

So sometimes as I turn'd my quid,
I got a knack of thinking
As I should be an invalid,—
And then I took to drinking:
One day call'd down my gun to man,
To tip it with the gravy,
I gave three cheers, and took the can
To drink the "British Navy;"
Before a single drop I'd sipp'd,
Or got it to my muzzle,
A langridge off my daddle whipp'd,
And, damme! spill'd the guzzle.

So then I took to taking snuff,—
'Cause how, my sorrows doubled,
And pretty pastime 'twas enough,
D'ye see, when I was troubled:
But fortune, that mischievous elf,
Still at some fun or other—
Not that I mind it for myself,
But just for Poll and mother—
One day, while lying on a tack,
To keep two spanking foes off,
A broadside comes, capsizes Jack,
And, damme! knocks my nose off.

So in misfortune's school grown tough,—
In this same sort of knowledge,
Thinking, mayhap, I'd not enough,
They sent me here to college:
And here we tell old tales, and smoke,
And laugh, while we are drinking:—
Sailors, you know, will have their joke,
E'en though the ship were sinking:
For I, while I get grog to drink
My wife, or friend, or king, in,
'Twill be no easy thing, I think,
Damme! to spoil my singing.

LORD LOVEL.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
 Combing his milk-white steed,
 When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
 To wish her lovier good speed, speed, speed,—
 Wishing her lovier, &c.

“Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel?” she said,
 “Oh, where are you going?” said she;
 “I’m going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
 Foreign countries for to see-e-e,”—
 Foreign countries, &c.

“When will you come back, Lord Lovel?” she said,
 “When will you be back?” said she;
 “In a year or two, or three, or four,
 I’ll come back to my Lady Nancee-e-e,”—
 I’ll come back, &c.

He had only been gone twelve months and a day,
 Foreign countries for to see;
 When languishing thoughts came into his head,
 Lady Nancy Bell he would go see-e-e,—
 Lady Nancy Bell, &c.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
 Till he came to London town—
 And there he heard Saint *Pancridge’s* bells,
 And the people a-mourning around,—
 And the people, &c.

“Oh! what is the matter?” Lord Lovel, he said,
 “Oh! what is the matter?” said he;
 “A lord’s lady is dead,” the people all said,
 “And some call her Lady Nancee-e-e,”—
 And some call her, &c.

Then he order’d the grave to be open’d wide,
 And the shroud to be turned down—
 And then he kiss’d her clay-cold lips,
 While the tears came trickling down,—
 While the tears, &c.

Then he flung *hissself* down by the side of the corpse,
 With a shivering gulp and a guggle;
 Gave two hops, three kicks, heav'd a sigh, blew his
 nose,
 Sang a song, and then died in the struggle!
 Sung a song, &c.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day—
 Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow—
 Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
 And Lord Lovel, he died out of sorrow,—
 And Lord Lovel, &c.

Lady Nancy was laid in Saint *Pantridge's* church,
 Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
 And out of her *buzzum* there grew a red rose,
 And out of her *lovier's* a briar-iar-iar,—
 And out of her, &c.

So they grew, and they grew, to the church-steeple
 top,
 And they couldn't grow up no higher;
 So they twin'd themselves in a true *lovier's* knot,
 For all *loviars* true to admire-ire-ire,—
 For all *loviars*, &c.

LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

[GEORGE COLMAN.]

O whack, Cupid's a mauikin,
 Smack on my heart he gave me a poulter,
 Good lack! Judy O'Flanikin,
 Dearly she loves nate Looney Mactwolter.
 Judy's my darling, my kisses she suffers;
 An heiress 'tis clear, for her father sells beer,
 He keeps the sign of the Cow and the Snuffers.
 She's so smart, from my heart I cannot bolt her.
 O whack, Judy O'Flanikin,
 She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter,
 O whack, Judy O'Flanikin,
 She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

With *sugar*, as we get it now, I am disposed to cavil,
 For when the grocer sells it you he does *give you the*
gravel ;
Broadcloth to be made of *wool* you cannot always
 trust,
 For they grind up the old toggery, and then use *devil's*
dust. Then listen, &c.

Ostend rabbits, tho' a trade that's great in them
 prevails,
 Are nothing else but *pussy cats* denuded of their tails ;
Veal pies are mostly made of calves that died for
 want of breath ;
Sausages are *doubtful*, and *life-pills*—*sudden death*.
Then listen, &c.

THE OLD COMMODORE.

Odd's blood ! what a time for a seaman to skulk,
 Under gingerbread hatches ashore ;
 What a hang'd bad job that this batter'd old hulk
 Can't be rigged out for sea once more ;
 For the puppies as they pass,
 Cocking up a quizzing-glass,
 Thus run down the old Commodore,—
 That's the old Commodore,
 The rum old Commodore,
 The gouty old Commodore—
 He ! he ! he !
 Why the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd his hull about,
 That he'll never more be fit for sea.

Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,
 Not a tow-rope at hand, or an oar,
 I'm left by my crew, and may I be flogg'd,
 But the doctor's an ass and a bore ;
 While I'm swallowing his slops,
 How nimble are his chops,

Thus queering the old Commodore—
 Bad case, Commodore,
 Can't say, Commodore,
 Mustn't flatter, Commodore, says he,
 For the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd your hull about,
 That you'll never more be fit for sea.

What! no more be afloat?—blood and fury, they lie,
 I'm a seaman and only threescore;
 And if (as they tell me) I'm likely to die,
 Odzooks! let me not die ashore.
 As to death, 'tis all a joke,
 Sailors live in fire and smoke,
 So at least says the old Commodore,—
 The rum old Commodore,
 The tough old Commodore,
 The fighting old Commodore, he
 Whom the bullets and the gout,
 Nor the French dogs to boot,
 Shall kill, though they grappled him at sea.

BILLY TAYLOR.

Billy Taylor was a gay young fellow,
 Full of fun, and full of glee,
 And his mind he did discover,
 To a lady fair and free.
 Tiddy iddy ol tol lol tol do,
 Tiddy iddy ol tol lol ti dey.
 Tiddy iddy ol tol lol i do,
 Tiddy iddy ol tol lol ti dey.

Four-and-twenty brisk young fellows
 Dress'd they were in rich array,
 And they took poor Billy Taylor,
 Whom they press'd and sent to sea.
 Tiddy iddy ol, &c.

And his true love follow'd after,
 Under the name of Richard Carr,
 Her lily-white hands were bedaub'd all over,
 With the nasty pitch and tar.
 Tiddy iddy ol, &c.

Now, behold, in the first engagement,
 Bold she fought among the rest:
 Till the wind did blow her jacket open,
 And discovered her lily-white breast.
 Tiddy iddy ol, &c.

When the captain came for to view it,
 Says he, "What wind has blown you here?"
 "Sir, I am come to seek my true love,
 Whom you press'd, and I love so dear."
 Tiddy iddy ol, &c.

"If you be come to seek your true love,
 Tell to me his name, I pray."
 "Sir, his name is Billy Taylor,
 Whom you press'd and sent to sea."
 Tiddy iddy ol, &c.

"If his name is Billy Taylor,
 He is both cruel and severe,
 For rise up early in the morning,
 And you will see him with his lady fair."
 Tiddy iddy ol, &c.

With that she rose up early next morning,
 Early at the break of day,
 And there she saw bold Billy Taylor,
 Dancing with his lady gay.
 Tiddy iddy ol, &c.

With that she called for sword and pistol,
 Which did come at her command,
 And there she shot bold Billy Taylor,
 And his love at his right-hand.
 Tiddy iddy ol, &c.

When that the captain came for to know it,
 He very much applauded her for what she had done,
 And immediately made her first lieutenant,
 Of the glorious Thunder bomb.

SKYING A COPPER.

[Adapted from THOMAS HOOD.]

Old legends, ballads, grandmothers, and all the ancients
 say,

There is no luck about the house upon a washing day.

As Mr. B. and Mrs. B.

One night were sitting down to tea,

With toast and muffins hot!

They heard a loud and sudden bounce!

That made the very china flounce,

And they could not at the time pronounce,

If they were safe or shot!

It was a voice from below, then all was still; then a
 rush of footsteps!

The door opened, and first

Rush'd in the frantic cat,

Steaming like a brewer's vat,

And then as white as my cravat,

Poor Mary Ann, the slavy.

Mary's explanation was as follows:

"We was, marm, in the wash-us, marm, a standing at
 our tubs,

And Missis Brown was seconding what little things I
 rubs;

"Mary," says she to me, "I say,"—and then she
 stopped for coughing,

"That copper flue has took of late to smoking very
 often;

But please the pigs," for that's her way of swearing in
 a passion,

"I'll blow it up! and not be set a coughing in this
 fashion."

Well, down she takes my master's horn—I mean his
 horn for loading—
 And empties every grain alive, to set the flue exploding ;
 "Lawk, Mrs. Brown," says I, and stares, "that
 quantum is unproper,
 I'm sartin sure it cannot take a pound to sky a *copper*."
 "Before ever you was born," says she, "I was used to
 things like these,
 I shall put it in the copper *whole* and let it burn up by
degrees."

So in it goes, and bounce, O lawk, it gives us such a
 rattle,
 I thought we both were *cannonized*, like soldiers in a
battle ;
 Up goes the copper like a squib, and us on both our
 backs,
 And bless the tubs! they bundled off, and split all into
 cracks.
 Well, there I fainted dead away, and might have been
 cut shorter,
 But Providence was kind, and brought me to with
 scalding water.
 I first look'd round for Missis Brown, and sees her at a
 distance,
 All stiff and stark and looking dead, as anything that's
 in existence ;
 All scorched and grimed, and worse than that, I sees
 the copper slap
 Right on her head, for all the world like a percussion
copper-cap ;
 So I gives myself to scramble up the linen for a minute,
 "Lawks ! such a shirt," says I, "it's well that master
 wasn't in it."

There was bodies all split, and torn to rags, it was a
 sight most shocking,
 Here was a leg, and there a leg, I means (you know) a
 stocking ;

Well, I crook'd her little fingers up, and crump'd them
 well about,
 And burnt her nose with feathers, as humanity points
 out ;
 But for all as I could do, to restore her to mortality,
 She didn't give a sign of a return to sensuality.
 A groan burst from her as she lay, with a crazy sort of
 cry,
 A staring at the washus roof, laid open to the sky,
 She beckon'd with her finger, so down to her I reaches,
 And put my ear agin her mouth to hear her dying
 speeches,
 Well, marm, you wont believe it! but it's gospel fact
 and true,
 The last words that she utter'd was, " Where is the
powder blue?"

THE CHARMING MAN.*

J. E. CARPENTEE.]

[Music by J. BLEWITT.]

I meet him at every party,
 He's present wherever I go,
 They all with civility treat him,
 And to him the preference show ;
 I can't tell the reason—I've often
 Endeavour'd his merits to scan,
 I ask why it is, and they answer,
 " He is really a *charming* man."
 I own that his looks are attractive,
 His figure is good, I confess,
 It doesn't need much to imagine
 What can be accomplish'd by dress ;
 Some people are fortunes to tailors,
 And others don't pay when they can,
 But patronage does not mean payment,
 And he is such a *charming* man.

* This song was written as a companion to the "Charming Woman."

His hair it is jet-black, and curly,
 His dark eyes, as diamonds, are bright;
 His teeth, which he's constantly showing,
 Are as *real ivory*, white:
 I know he *had* lost the two front ones,
 And his hair *was* as ruddy as tau,
 But who could suspect *he'd* wear false ones,
 When he is such a *charming* man.

He has plenty to say to the women,
 And more than they ought to believe,
 Though a few pretty names I *could* mention,
 Have reason to know he'll deceive:
 He don't even hint about marriage,
 'Tis not, of course, part of his *plan*,
 What a pity it is pretty women
 Will encourage a *charming* man.

He writes in their albums fine sonnets,
 Of which he's a stock of a score,
 Their authorship stands undisputed
 But he gets the *ideas* from Tom Moore;
 But they do very well, and much better
 Than Byron's or Tom Moore's e'er can,
 For the verses are thought rather pretty,
 And the author, a *charming* man.

'Tis not to the daughters though, always,
 His calls are intended to be,
 There are several young married ladies,
 With whom he, at times, will take tea;
 The husband proposes a rubber,
 And the wives then lose all that they can,
 How strange he's the only winner,
 But then—he's a *charming* man.

Some say he's a latin scholar,
 And some that he's versed in Greek,
 But he seldom quotes the former,
 Of the latter he'll never speak;

He talks about foreign authors,
 And speak *of the* French, he can ;
 But what if he isn't clever,
 He still is a *charming* man.

Some say he's a younger brother,
 And others he's something more ;
 But he's seen in the city often,
 Between ten o'clock and four :
 He *may be* a fortune hunter,
 But, ladies,—be this your plan,
 Unless you're a *charming* woman,
 Don't marry a *charming* man.

KITTY MAGGS AND JOLTER GILES.

Kitty Maggs was a servant to Farmer Styles,
 And a buxom wench was she ;
 And her true lover was Jolter Giles,
 A ploughman so bold was he ;
 Giles had wages five pounds, due at Candlemas tide,
 And then he told Kitty he'd make her his bride.
 Ding dong, bo !

Betty Blossom she wore a high-caul'd cap,
 Which caught fickle Jolter's eye :
 And poor Kitty Maggs, O, dire mishap !
 Mourn'd his incon-stan-cy !
 And high on the bough of an apple tree,
 When they married, Kate finish'd her misery,
 Ding dong, bo !

At the supper Giles gave for Betty his bride,
 An apple pudding had they,
 And from the same bough on which poor Kitty died
 The apples were plucked they say ;
 The pudding pies on it grew deadly cold,
 The death-watch ticked, and the church-bell tolle
 Ding dong, bo !

To carve the pudding was Giles's post,
 He cut, and from the gap
 Popped the head of poor Kitty Maggs' ghost,
 All in a new-fashioned shroud cap;
 Said Giles, "Who be you?" said the ghost, "I be I,
 A coming to punish your par-jury!"
 Ding dong, bo!

"O, Kitty," said Jolter, "pray alter your note!"
 "I von't" the ghost replied;
 When plump flew the pudding down Giles's throat,
 And on the spot he died.
 Now his ghost, once a year, bolting pudding is seen,
 While blue devils sing every mouthful between.
 Ding dong, bo!

LORD BATEMAN AND THE FAIR SOPHIA.

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

He sailed east, and he sailed west,
 Until he came to proud Turkey,
 Where he was taken and put to prison,
 Until his life was almost weary.

And in this prison there grew a tree,
 It grew so stout and strong,
 Where he was chained by the middle,
 Until his life was almost gone.

This Turk he had one only daughter,
 The fairest creature my eyes did see,
 She stole the key of her father's prison,
 And swore Lord Bateman she would set free,

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

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

O then she took him to her father's hall,
And gave to him the best of wine,
And every health she drunk unto him,
"I wish Lord Bateman that you were mine."

"Now in seven years I'll make a vow,
And seven years I'll keep it strong,
If you'll wed with no other woman,
I will wed with no other man."

O then she took him to her father's harbour,
And gave to him a ship of fame,
"Farewell, farewell, to you Lord Bateman,
I'm afraid I ne'er shall see you again."

Now seven long years are gone and past,
And fourteen days well known to thee,
She packed up all her gay clothing,
And swore Lord Bateman she would go see.

But when she came to Lord Bateman's castle,
So boldly she rang the bell,
"Who's there, who's there?" cried the proud porter,
"Who's there, come unto me tell?"

"O is this Lord Bateman's castle,
Or is his lordship here within,"
"O yes, O yes," cried the young porter,
"He's just now taken his new bride in."

"O tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine,
And not forgetting the fair young lady,
Who did release him when close confin'd."

Away, away, went this young proud porter,
Away, away, and away went he,
Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber,
Down on his bended knees fell he.

"What news, what news, my proud young porter,
What news hast thou brought unto me?"

"There is the fairest of all young creatures,
That e'er my two eyes did see.

"She has got rings on every finger,
And round one of them she's got three,
And as much gay clothing round her middle,
As all Northumberland would buy.

"She bid you send her a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine,
And not forgetting the fair young lady,
Who did release you when close confin'd."

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

Then up spoke the young bride's mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free,
"You'll not forget my only daughter,
If that Sophia has crossed the sea."

"I own I made a bride of your daughter,
She's neither the better nor worse for me,
She came to me with her horse and saddle,
She may go back in her coach and three."

Lord Bateman prepared another marriage,
With both their hearts so full of glee;
"I'll range no more in foreign countries,
Now my Sophia has crossed the sea."

PADDY DENNY'S PIG.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Ally Croker."]

In Dublin town with great renown,
 Lived Mr. Patrick Denny;
 By Cupid's shove, he got in love
 With a lady from Kilkenny;
 She was an Irishman born and bred,
 Her name was Judy Rafter;
 His love did burst, so he married first,
 And went a courting after.

'Tis very true what I tell you,
 Or else I would not bawl now;
 Upon my word and credit faith,
 You may believe it all now.

When they did wed in a fine flock bed,
 To be sure they laid in clover;
 And she full soon in the honeymoon,
 Felt strange and queer all over:
 She long'd for fat, for this and that,
 For ale to bake her toast in:
 And what was best among the rest,
 For a little pig a roasting.

'Tis very true, &c.

To give her aid, he got a spade,
 And built her up a pig-stye,
 Rail'd like a pound, and square all round,
 It wasn't a very big stye:
 Says he, "don't fret, a pig I'll get,
 And one for breeding fitten;
 No loss I'll gain, 'twill ease your pain,
 For the sow will be with kitten."

'Tis very true, &c.

But as his purse was all the worse
 For matrimony's searches,
 To gain his ends he got two friends
 To job him in the purchase;

They did agree that both all three,
Should go halves in the store pig;
But faith, somehow, instead of a sow,
They went and bought a *boor* pig.
 'Tis very true, &c.

A pig by fate is obstinate,
And always makes a pother;
And if you say, "do go one way,"
He's sure to run the other;
And Paddy could not get him on
By leading—by blows—*nor* words:
So by the tail he pull'd him back,
And that made him go forwards.
 'Tis very true, &c.

Next morning he got up to see
If the pig was 'sleep or waking;
And there he found him on the ground,
And in a grievous taking;
His friend was nigh, says he, "'twill die,
That's sure;" says Paddy, "will it?
To stop this strife, and save its life,
I think we'd better kill it"
 'Tis very true, &c.

Now in a stew with the hubbuboo,
Before the knife did cross flesh,
They call'd the other partner in,
'Cause he was a judge of horse flesh;
He rubb'd him with some boluses,
And drench'd him with some ointment;
Told Pat, not to be disappointed
At his disappointment.
 'Tis very true, &c.

But you know all a pig will squall,
Like any other vermin;
And they saw plain 'twas all in vain,
As to die he did determine;

So the knife did stick, and made him sick,
 And ended all his riot ;
 At first he bled, but when he was dead,
 He laid down very quiet.

'Tis very true, &c.

They saw, och hone, the life was gone,
 And that was nought to boast of ;
 But that the cost might not be lost,
 And the meat to make the most of,
 They put it in a barrow,
 And to market then they roll'd it ;
 And as it did not look like pork,
 For mutton, faith, they sold it.

'Tis very true, &c.

Irishmen, twelve out of ten,
 Are all birds of a feather ;
 And never on such friendly terms,
 As when they fight together ;
 And so it proved, for Paddy moved
 By whisky, a great flame to,
 He *bate* them both genteely,
 And they—served him the same too.

'Tis very true, &c.

Now Judy all the while got stout,
 And after that got stouter ;
 And then she was decently put to bed,
 With her neighbours all about her :
 To Paddy's joy she brought a boy,
 And och ! how he was boasting,
 For upon one eye it had a stye,
 And t'other a pig a roasting !

'Tis very true what I tell you,
 Or else I would not bawl now ;
 Upon my word and credit faith,
 You may believe it all now.

THE GIRLS OF THIS AGE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Air—"Irish Washerwoman."]

Oh! the girls of this age put me quite in a rage,
 They care not for fathers or brothers;
 And who shall pretend to say where 'twill end
 Now they think they know more than their mothers!
 French, Latin, and Greek, now they all want to speak—
 As to music 'tis easy—quite easy—
 Learn painting and chinks, and each one she talks
 About singing and thinks she's a Grisi.
 I don't know what's come to girls of their age
 At their mothers they always are mocking,
 With all sorts of nonsense themselves they
 engage
 It really is shocking—quite shocking.

When I was sixteen, with the rest I was seen
 Doing plain work, and hemming and sewing;
 Of a needle and thread, now each girl has a dread,
 And their *dear* Berlin wool-work's quite ruin;
 They work patterns so large—never heeding the charge
 And still their designs they get bolder—
 In my day I declare, an accomplishment rare,
 Was a cat on a small kettle-holder.
 I don't know what's come, &c.

I hear people say that we live in the day
 Of intellect, steam, and improvement;
 Each new bonnet or shawl no longer they call
 A new fashion, but say it's "a movement."
 As to bonnets—oh law! all the good they are for!
 The sight in my mind still it rankles;
 Don't you think I am right when I say that they might
 Just as well have been tied round the ankles?
 I don't know what's come, &c.

Sometimes, though, they go to the other extremes,
 For at all the famed watering places
 The hats that they wear have such brims, I declare,
 That you can't see a bit of their faces.

They surely can't know, if they wish for a beau!
 That this is the plan ne'er to gain one;
 For the gentlemen vow that they cannot tell now
 Which a pretty girl is from a plain one.
 I don't know what's come, &c.

Then for dancing, oh, dear! every month in the year
 From France comes some modern invention,
 Some polka or valse, in a style that's quite false,
 With a name one don't know how to mention;
 'Twas but t'other day that my youngest did say
 She a bran new diversion had found now,
 She sings through her nose, makes balloons of her
 clothes,
 And that she calls "*bobbing around*" now.
 I don't know what's come, &c.

Since the Empress of France has had the rare chance
 To set all the fashions, what mean they?
 The young ladies say that they dare not display
 A dress that's not *à la Eugènie*;
 Then the flounces one meets as one walks thro' the
 streets!
 (In a carriage my daughter wont risk hers)
 And under her hair she has taken to wear
 A gentleman's pair of *false whiskers*!
 I don't know what's come, &c.

THE RAAL OULD IRISH GINTLEMAN.

ADAMS.]

[Air—"The Fine Old Country Gentleman."]

I'll sing you a dacent song, that was made by a Paddy's
 pate,
 Of a raal ould Irish gintleman who had a fine estate;
 His mansion it was made of mud, wid thatch and all
 compleate,
 Wid a hole at top through which the smoke so graceful
 did retrate,
 Like a raal ould Irish gintleman, a boy of the
 oulden time.

His walls so cold were cover'd wid the divil a thing for
 show,
 Except an ould shillelah, which had knocked down
 many a foe ;
 And there ould Barney sat at ease, without his shoes
 or hose ;
 And quaff'd his noggin of potteen to warm his big red
 nose.

Like a fine ould Irish gintleman, a boy of the
 oulden time.

To Donnybrook his custom was to go to every fair,
 And though he'd seen a few score years, he still was
 young when there ;
 And tho' the rich had feasted him, he still among the
 poor,
 Would sing, and dance, and hurl, and fight, and make
 the spalpeens roar.

Like a raal ould Irish gintleman, a boy of the
 oulden time.

But, och ! movrone ! once at a row ould Barney got a
 knock,
 And one that kilt him, 'cause he couldn't overget the
 shock ;
 They laid him out so beautiful, and then set up a groan,
 Och ! Barney, darlint, jewel dear—why did you die ?
 och hone !

Then they waked this Irish gintleman, the
 boy of the oulden time.

Though all things in their course must change, and
 seasons pass away,
 Yet Irish hearts of oulden time were just as at this day ;
 Each Irish boy he took a pride to prove himself a man ;
 To serve a friend and bate a foe it always was the plan
 Of a raal ould Irish gintleman, a boy of the
 oulden time.

MY SISTER JANE!

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by JOHN VALENTINE.]

My sister Jane is quite a blue,
She's read Lord Byron through and through;
And none more fervently adore,
The glowing melodies of Moore.
In fact she squanders half her time,
In reading, and in scribbling rhyme,
And says the beauty of the mind
Leaves charms of person far behind;
But think not so the men, 'tis plain,
For none came courting Sister Jane.

My sister Jane an album keeps,
For which she many a stanza reaps,
From "Ancient maids," whose venom'd pen,
Declaims against the sins of men.
Or, youths without cravats who rave,
In *sotto voce* of the grave;
And fish for an invite to dine,
With pa, and quaff his choicest wine,
Make hearty dinners, drink Champagne,
But never think of Sister Jane.

My sister Jane has had in print,
A poem that would melt a *flint*,
But though she visits play and park,
It failed to conjure up a *spark*!
Perchance she'll from her lattice look,
But ne'er is seen without a book;
And then she each debate attends,
Calls literary folks her friends;
But each device is quite in vain,
For none come courting Sister Jane.

My sister Jane is very fair,
With azure eye and auburn hair,
Her brow as polished marble white,
Her eyes are bathed in liquid light.

And Jane is slightly form'd and young,
 But then my sister *has* a tongue,
 With which she loves dispute to wage,
 With all a forward critic's rage;
 Her learning seems her greatest bane,
 For none come courting Sister Jane!

IRISH HISTORIAN.

T. HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Callaghan Brallaghan."]

Oh, och! what a treasure is learning,
 So listen each ignorant elf,
 And, if you've got any discerning,
 I'll make you as wise as myself.
 I went to O'Donoghoo's college,
 With my sister and a great many more;
 And learn'd such a rare stock of knowledge,
 As never was got at before.
 No science to me is a myst'ry,
 I know ev'ry book through and through;
 But I always was fondest of hist'ry,
 Because, we all know it is true.

Alexander the Great was a hero,
 For fighting there never was such;
 He and the Emperor Nero
 Conquer'd the French and the Dutch.
 To come over here they intended,
 With shipping they tried to make port;
 But their progress was safely prevented
 By Queen Bess at Tilbury Fort.
 No science, &c.

Blind Homer, he was a great scholar,
 As ever in England was seen,
 A pug-dog he led by the collar,
 And lived somewhere near Bethnal-green.

One Dryden, he was his first cousin,
 A very great man in those days;
 Sermons he wrote by the dozen,
 And was author of Sheridan's plays.
 No science, &c.

William the Conqueror (sly fox)
 Discover'd the gunpowder plot,
 Cut off the head of poor Guy Fawkes,
 Who did not at all like his lot;
 Whittington's cat had its day out
 (It was a most beautiful tabby),
 George Barrington found Bot'ny Bay out,
 And was buried in Westminster Abbey.
 No science, &c.

Doctor Johnson invented gunpowder,
 Learning his time did employ;
 Dean Swift made the cannons fly louder,
 He was kill'd at the fam'd siege of Troy.
 Noll Cromwell did never like sleeping
 Alone, for of girls he'd a store,
 Took Lady Gray into keeping,
 And afterwards married Jane Shore.
 No science, &c.

Billy Shakespeare was surely a wonder,
 King Charles he got up in an oak,
 Saw hump-back'd Richard go under,
 And the deuce of a word did he spoke;
 But Richard got him in his power,
 Had him smother'd 'twixt two feather beds,
 Lock'd him up safe in the Tower,
 And kept watch with a dog with three heads.
 No science, &c.

Mr. Argus had only got one eye,
 And that in the centre was bor'd—
 The Cyclops were all much more funny,
 For they with a hundred were stor'd;

Now I'll leave off for the present,
 Though I've not half exhausted my lore;
 And if my short stories are pleasant,
 To-morrow I'll tell you some more.
 _____ No science, &c.

DICKY JOHNSON.

[JACOB BRULER.]

Some folks are never satisfied,
 For if they have a horse to ride,
 They still will want a coach beside,
 And such was Dicky Johnson.
 If when a boy you gave him tops,
 And whips, and nuts, and milks, and sops,
 Still want some tarts and lollipops,
 Would Master Dicky Johnson.
 Some boys are never satisfied,
 But give them all for which they cried,
 They then would want the moon beside.
 And such was Mr. Johnson.

His appetite, at every stage
 Of life, did much increase in rage,
 At fifteen, want to be of age,
 Did Master Dicky Johnson.
 And when of age, he was at strife
 With his papa, to fix in life,
 For want a tidy little wife
 Did Master Dicky Johnson.
 Some boys, &c.

When married, there was something still,
 Which he would have, and tell I will,
 He wasn't pleas'd nor settled till
 There was a Master Johnson.
 But soon as e'er he had a son,
 To want a girl he then begun,
 And when his lady brought him one,
 Much gratified was Johnson.
 Some men, &c.

Now with two children and a spouse,
 Just such as any man would choose,
 Want soon a more commodious house,
 Did Mr. Dicky Johnson,
 Which when he got, another maid
 He wanted soon, and when he had,
 Want with her (which was rather bad)
 To romp, did Mr. Johnson.

Some men, &c.

Soon Mrs. Johnson did suspect,
 By servant Betty's mark'd neglect,
 That there was something not correct
 Respecting Mr. Johnson.
 She put herself upon the watch,
 Peep'd in the kitchen, and did catch,
 A kissing (Oh, the naughty wretch!)
 The maid, was Mr. Johnson!

Some men, &c.

She soon bounc'd in, you may suppose,
 And gave the servant's chops a dowse,
 And cried, "You hussey, quit the house!"
 And then turn'd round to Johnson,
 And on his face her claws did pounce,
 In fact, her fists so well did trounce,
 That perfectly satisfied for once
 Was this said Mr. Johnson.

Some men, &c.

MORAL.

Ye married men a warning take,
 Be satisfied, and do not rake,
 Nor too free with the servants make,
 Like Mr. Dicky Johnson.
 If to deceive your wives you try,
 And think to cozen them so sly,
 You soon will find it all my eye,
 And me, all Dicky Johnson.

Some men, &c.

MISTER BARNEY.

Mister Barney one day went to Limerick fair,
 And hired a noddy to carry him there,
 To meet pretty Shelah Megan.
 But Shelah had waited some time for the boy,
 And thought he'd been playing with Katty Molloy,
 To tell him her mind thus began :
 Och ! Mister Barney,
 None of your carney ;
 Hands off, and don't be so free ;
 You've been with the girls,
 Your muffin face tells,
 And the devil may have you for me, Mr. Barney.

Mister Barney, who little thought thus to be used,
 Made an oath that his honour and word she abus'd,
 And could she be Shelah Megan ?
 Then running to kiss her—she cried, if you're wise,
 Don't touch me, or, Barney, I'll scratch out your eyes,
 I know you're a vile wicked man,
 So, Mister Barney,
 None of your carney ;
 Hands off, and don't be so free ;
 You've been with the girls,
 Your baby-face tells, &c.

Mister Barney then pull'd out a bit of a rope,
 And told her that since he had nothing to hope,
 He'd hang up for Shelah Megan.
 But Shelah, grown softer, his purpose to check,
 Cried, No: if you hang, let it be round my neck,
 Though Barney, arn't you a sad man ?
 Och ! Mister Barney,
 Pretty-faced Barney,
 And is it the ring there I see ?
 We'll ride in the noddy,
 To Father O'Toddy,
 And married, och ! no, we wont be—Mister Barney.

C A T C H.

Chairs to mend! old chairs to mend!
 Rush or cane bottom, old chairs to mend!
 New mackerel! new mackerel!
 Old rags! any old rags!
 Take money for your old rags!
 Any hare skins, or rabbit skins!

N O T H I N G.

T. HUDSON.]

[Air—"The Irish Washerwoman."]

When rhyming and verses at first were in fashion,
 And poets and authors indulged in their passion;
 Select what they might for their subject, 'twas new,
 And that's more than our modern scribblers can do.
 The ancients have wrote upon each thing in nature,
 Describ'd its variety, genius, and feature;
 They have exhausted all fancy could bring,
 And as *nothing* is left—why of *nothing* I sing.

From *nothing* we came, and whatever's our
 station,

To *nothing* we owe an immense obligation;
 Whatever we gain, or whatever we learn,
 In time we shall all into *nothing* return.

This world came from nothing, at least so says history,
 Of course about *nothing* there's something of mystery:
 Man came from *nothing*, and by the same plan,
 Why, woman was made from the rib of a man.
 Since, then, a man thinks a *nothing* of taking
 A woman to join, and again his rib making;
 There's *nothing* can give so much joy to this life,
 (For *nothing's* so rare) as a good-humour'd wife.

From *nothing* we came, &c.

Thinking of *nothing* is some folks' enjoyment,
 Doing of *nothing* is many's employment;

The love of this *nothing* have some folks so strong,
 That they say *nothing*, do *nothing*, all the day long.
 Some folks do pass their time, *nothing* beginning,
 By *nothing* losing, and by *nothing* winning ;
Nothing they buy, and *nothing* they sell,
Nothing they know, and of *nothing* they tell.
 From *nothing* we came, &c.

There's something in *nothing* exceedingly clever,
 For *nothing* will last out for ever and ever ;
 Time will make everything fade away fast,
 While *nothing* will certainly durable last.
 You may talk about anything, but its condition
 With *nothing* for certain can't bear competition ;
 And so I praise *nothing*, for *nothing* my gains,
 And *nothing* I certainly get for my pains,
 From *nothing* we came, &c.

That life is all *nothing* is plainer and plainer,
 So he that get's *nothing* is surely a gainer ;
 All about *nothing* I prove pretty plain—
 Take *nothing* from *nothing* there'll *nothing* remain.
 Thus with this *nothing* the time out I'm spinning,
 And *nothing* will sometimes set many folks grinning ;
 Believe me, in this there is *nothing* so true,
 The author who wrote this had *nothing* to do.
 From *nothing* we came. &c.

ENCORE VERSES.

What strange things from *nothing* are every day rising,
Nothing has really got very surprising ;
Nothing is moving, and *nothing* is still,
 There's a fuss about *nothing* go which way you will ;
 If a man begins business with *nothing*, the chance is
 All through his long life, for *nothing* he dances ;
 But if he owes *nothing*, he makes himself gay,
 And if he has *nothing* he's *nothing* to pay !
 For from *nothing*, &c.

When a young lady's face getteth paler than batter,
 She flatters herself there is *nothing* the matter ;

But nothing with Cupid can plainly compare,
 The place where her heart was proves nothing is there.
 Her lover love talks about, nothing is telling,
 The while her poor bosom with nothing is swelling;
 They marry, and then all their pleasure and pain,
 Dwindles down very soon into nothing again.
 For from nothing, &c.

There's nothing in many a great man's oration;
 There's nothing in guiding affairs of the nation;
 Nothing is known oftentimes to have weight,
 To manage and alter the matters of State;
 So nothing all over the land plainly ranges,
 Nothing can cause great political changes;
 Nothing has something to do with wise saws,
 And if nothing's effected—why nothing's the cause.
 For from nothing, &c.

How many young men having nothing to boast of,
 Pass their time well, and make nothing the most of;
 With nothing they manage to raise the supplies,
 They say nothing, making folks think they are wise.
 I'm sure against nothing they ne'er should be railers,
 For with the said nothing they pay all their tailors;
 On nothing they live, and on nothing grow old,
 And find nothing so useful as silver and gold.
 For from nothing, &c.

THE PENSIVE OYSTERMAN.

[OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, U.S.A.]

There was a pensive oysterman liv'd by the river
 side,
 His hut was built upon the bank, his boat was on the
 tide;
 The daughter of a fisherman, who was both tall and
 slim,
 Liv'd over on the other side, right opposite to him.
 Ri tol di rol di rol di rol di ri do.

It was this pensive oysterman who saw a lovely maid,
 All on a moonlight evening a-sitting in the shade;
 He saw her wave her handkerchief—as much as if to
 say,
 “There’s plenty room for courting now that daddy’s
 gone away.” Ri tol, &c.

Up jump’d this pensive oysterman, and to himself said
 he,
 “I’d better leave my skiff behind, for fear that folks
 should see;
 I’ve read it in a story book, that for to kiss his dear,
 Leander swam the Hellespont, and I will swim this
 here.” Ri tol &c.

He jump’d into the water, and quickly cross’d the
 stream;
 And then he clamber’d up the rocks, all in the moon’s
 pale beam;
 The moon that moment shone out bright—to be sure it
 was a sin,
 For then he heard her daddy’s step, and he popp’d in
 again. Ri tol, &c.

Out spoke this aged fisherman, “Oh, what is that my
 daughter?”
 “It’s nothing but a brick-bat, sir, that I flung in the
 water!”
 “What then is that funny thing that’s swimming o’er
 so fast?”
 “It’s nothing but a porpoise, sir, that’s just a-swimming
 past!” Ri tol, &c.

“Run,” said the ancient fisherman, “and fetch me my
 harpoon,
 And I will jump into my boat, and fix the fellow soon!”
 Down fell the lovely damsel as falls a slaughtered flock—
 Her hair hung round her pallid cheeks like seaweed
 round a rock. Ri tol, &c.

Alas! and for this loving one she woke not from her swoond,
 Her swain was taken with the cramp, and in the water drown'd,
 But fate has metamorphos'd them in pity for their woe,
 And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.
Ri tol, &c.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

[SAMUEL FOOTB.]

When I was a lad,
 I had cause to be sad,
 My grandfather I did lose, oh!
 I'll bet you a can,
 You have heard of the man,
 His name it was Robinson Crusoe!

Perhaps you have read in a book,
 Of a voyage that he took,
 And how the raging whirlwind blew so—
 That the ship with a shock,
 Drove plump on a rock,
 Near drowning poor Robinson Crusoe.

Poor soul! none but he,
 Remain'd on the sea,
 Ah, Fate, Fate! how could you do so?
 'Till ashore he was thrown,
 On an island unknown,
 Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!

He wanted something to eat,
 And he sought for some meat,
 But the cattle away from him flew so—
 That, but for his gun,
 He'd been surely undone,
 Oh, my poor Robinson Crusoe!

But he saved from aboard,
 An old gun and a sword,
 And another odd matter or two, so—
 That by dint of his thrift,
 He manag'd to shift—
 Well done, Robinson Crusoe!

And he happen'd to save,
 From the merciless wave,
 A poor parrot—I assure you 'tis true so;
 That when he'd come home
 From a wearisome roam,
 She'd cry out "Poor Robinson Crusoe!"

He got all the wood,
 That ever he could,
 And stuck it together with glue so,
 That he made him a hut,
 In which he might put
 The carcase of Robinson Crusoe.

He used to wear an old cap,
 And a coat with long nap,
 With a beard as long as a Jew, so—
 That by all that is civil,
 He look'd like a devil
 More than like Robinson Crusoe.

And then his man Friday
 Kept the house neat and tidy,
 To be sure 'twas his duty to do so—
 They liv'd friendly together,
 Less like servant than neighbour—
 Lived Friday and Robinson Crusoe.

At last an English sail
 Came near within hail—
 Oh, then he took to his little canoe, so—
 That on reaching the ship,
 The captain gave him a trip
 Back to the country of Robinson Crusoe

CHAPTER ON NOSES.

T. HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Lord Cathcart."]

'Tis a very queer thing I'm going to sing,
 As you'll find ere I come to a close ;
 Whether mankind, all those who are blind,
 Are the better or worse for a nose.
 I've bother'd my brains, and taken great pains,
 To grapple each thought as it rose,
 And now, as you'll find, I have made up my mind,
 A man is a gainer by losing his nose.
 A good reason is here—it makes him see clear,
 At least so I think and suppose,
 As, if he is wise, he'll go by his eyes,
 For he never can follow his nose.

He bears without rout the loss of his snout,
 It does not exempt him from woes,
 But into the cares of his neighbours' affairs,
 He ne'er can be poking his nose ;
 And though in his dress he cannot do less
 Than wear, just like other folks, clothes ;
 Pocket-handkerchiefs he does without, and we see
 There's a saving in soap, for he ne'er blows his nose ;
 And to say it I'm bold, if he catches a cold,
 By winds, by rains, or by snows,
 He may make his heart glad, for though ever so bad,
 He's never stuffed up in the nose.

He smokes well enough, though he cannot take snuff,
 And when he's inclin'd for a doze,
 He sits in his chair, goes to sleep without care,
 For no one can tickle his nose.
 And farther, now, mark, if he runs in the dark,
 Though darkness will many folks pose,
 He may by surprise knock out both his eyes,
 But you know very well that he can't break his nose.
 Should he drink day and night, and in liquor delight,
 'Till he cannot stand up on his toes ;
 Though his neighbours may say whatever they may,
 They can't say he's got a red nose.

If he gets a nickname, he comes off the same—
 They can't call him "Nosey," he knows ;
 And though he is vex'd, and by trouble perplex'd,
 He never can bite off his nose ;
 And though his false friends, for their own private ends,
 His suspicions may lull to repose,
 Disappointment they'll gain, and find it in vain,
 And useless to try to lead him by the nose.
 Nay more—this is sure, if he's rich or he's poor,
 When fighting with five or six foes,
 He'll bear off the belle, for proud I'm to tell,
 Not one can take him by the nose.

Perhaps you'd surmise he'll be weak in the eyes,
 But ere blind he entirely goes,
 Think with what grace he bedecks his odd face,
 With a bran span new famous false nose ;
 With spectacles on, he looks quite like a Don,
 And his head up he tosses and throws ;
 His mind to amuse, reads over the news,
 Whilst all folks admire his astonishing nose.
 He smiles at each scoff, takes his spectacles off,
 Not minding the "ah's" nor the "oh's,"
 But firmly does stand, puts up his right hand,
 And silently pockets his nose.

THE RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER.

Not long ago in Vestminstier,
 There liv'd a ratcatcher's daughter,
 But she didn't quite live in Vestminstier,
 'Cause she liv'd t'other side of the vater ;
 Her father caught rats, and she sold sprats,
 All round and about that quarter ;
 And the gentlefolks all took off their hats,
 To the purty little ratcatcher's daughter.
 Doodle dee ! doodle dum ! di dum doodle da !

She wore no hat upon her head,
 No cap nor dandy bonnet,
 The hair of her head all hung down her back,
 Like a bunch of carrots upon it.
 Ven she cried sprats in Vestminstier,
 She had such a sweet loud voice, sir ;
 You could hear her all down Parliament-street
 As far as Charing-cross, sir.

Doodle dee, &c.

Now, rich and poor, both far and near,
 In matrimony sought her,
 But at friends and foes she turn'd up her nose,
 Did the purty little ratcatcher's daughter ;
 For there was a man sold lily-vite sand,
 In Cupid's net had caught her,
 And right over head and ears in love
 Vent the purty little ratcatcher's daughter.

Doodle dee, &c.

Now lily-vite sand so ran in her head,
 As she vent along the Strand, oh !
 She forgot as she'd got sprats on her head,
 And cried, " D'ye vant any lily-vite sand, oh !"
 The folks amaz'd, all thought her craz'd,
 As she vent along the Strand, oh !
 To see a gal vith sprats on her head
 Cry, " D'ye vant any lily-vite sand, oh ?"

Doodle dee, &c.

Now ratcatcher's daughter so ran in his head,
 He couldn't tell vat he was arter,
 So instead of crying, " D'ye vant any sand,"
 He cried, " D'ye vant any ratcatcher's darter ?"
 His donkey cock'd his ears and laughed,
 And couldn't think vat he vas arter,
 Ven he heard his lily-vite sandman cry,
 " D'ye vant any ratcatcher's daughter ?"

Doodle dee, &c.

They both agreed to married be
 Upon next Easter Sunday,
 But the ratcatcher's daughter she had a dream
 That she wouldn't be alive on Monday.
 She vent vunce more to buy some sprats,
 And she tumbled into the vater,
 And down to the bottom, all kiver'd up with mud,
 Vent the purty little ratcatcher's daughter.
 Doodle dee, &c.

Ven lily-vite sand he heard the news,
 His eyes ran down vith vater,
 Said he, "In love I'll constiant prove ;
 And—blow me if I'll live long arter."
 So he cut his throat vith a pane of glass,
 And stabb'd his donkey arter ;
 So here is an end of lily-vite sand,
 Donkey, and the ratcatcher's daughter.
 Doodle dee, &c.

I'VE NOT A SINGLE CHANCE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by BLEWITT.]

This is my birthday—I'm afraid
 As I so long have tarried,
 'Tis just as my papa has said,
 I never shall get married.
 Oh, I could cry to think that I,
 Who travell'd Spain and France,
 Should thus be left alone to sigh,
 Without a single chance.

When I came out—nine years ago,
 (Nine years ago!—how vexing,
 That folks *can* count the seasons so,
 I'm twenty-nine!—perplexing !
 I'd many beaux, but no one chose,
 Would I had never flirted ;
 Not one of them *could* e'er propose,
 And now I'm quite deserted.

There's Mr. Jones I thought too old,
 Has married a young wife ;
 And Mr. Belton, as I'm told,
 Is also tied for life ;
 But worst of all, is Mr. Thrall,
His children visit us,
 I own I liked him best of all,
 Why did he use me thus ?

Young Mr. Watkins courted me,
 But ran off with my sister,
 One ev'ning while I made the tea,
 And wedded ere we missed her.
 How often, too, they gave me rings,
 But yet I ne'er was told,
 That I should change such gaudy things,
 For one of pure plain gold.

Would I had half a chance !—alas,
 I who had once a score,
 Study in vain before my glass,
 In hopes to catch one more.
 You whose young hearts are light and gay,
 Whose love-lit eyes entrance,
 Take heed lest you should have to say,
 I've not a single chance !

'TIS A BIT OF A THING THAT A BODY
 MAY SING, OR "THE CATALOGUE."

[CAPT. CHARLES MORRIS.]

[*Tune*—"The Bunch of Green Rushes."]

Och ! is that what you mean, now—a bit of a song ?
 Faith I'll not keep you waiting, or bother you long ;
 I don't need no teasing, no pressing, no stuff,
 By my soul, if you're ready I'm willing enough ;
 But to give you an end I must make a beginning,
 In troth, though the music is not mighty fine,
 'Tis a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
 Just to set you a going, and season the wine.

I once was a lover, like some of you here,
 And could feed the whole day on a smile or a tear;
 No sunshine I knew but in Katty's black eye,
 And the world was a desert when she was not by;
 But, the devil knows how, I grew fond of Miss Betty,
 And Katty slipped out of this bosom of mine.
 'Tis a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
 Just to set you a going, and season the wine.

Now Betty had eyes soft and blue as the sky,
 And the lily was black when her bosom was by;
 Oh! I found it was fix'd, and for ever her own
 Sure I was, soul and body were Betty's alone;
 But a sudden red shot from the golden-hair'd Lucy
 Burnt Betty quite out, with a flame more divine—
 It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
 Just to set us a going, and season our wine.

Now Lucy was stately, majestic, and tall,
 And in feature and shape what a goddess you'd call:
 I adored, and I vowed if she'd not a kind eye
 I'd give up the whole world, and in banishment die;
 But Nancy came by, a round, plump little creature,
 And fixed in my heart quite another design—
 It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
 Just to set us a going, and season our wine.

Little Nance, like a Hebe, was buxom and gay,
 Had a bloom like a rose, and was fresher than May;
 Oh! I felt if she frowned I must die by a rope,
 Or my bosom would burst if she slighted my hope;
 But the slim, taper, elegant Fanny look'd at me,
 And truth, I no longer for Nancy could pine—
 It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
 Just to set us a going, and season our wine.

Now Fanny's light frame was so slender and fine,
 That she skimm'd in the air like a shadow divine;
 Her motion bewitched, and to my loving eye
 'Twas an angel soft gliding 'twixt earth and the sky;

"Twas all mighty well till I saw her fat sister,
 And that gave a turn I could never define—
 It's a bit of a thing for a body to sing,
 Just to set us a going, and season our wine.

'Tis thus I go on, ever constantly blest,
 For I find I've a great store of love in my breast,
 And it never grows less, for whenever I try
 To get one in my heart, I get two in my eye;
 Thus to all kinds of beauties I pay my devotion,
 And all sorts of liquors by turns I make mine;
 So I'll finish the thing, now you see that I sing,
 With a bumper to woman, to season our wine!

THE OLDEN TIME.

J. E. CARPENTER.] [Air—"Old English Gentleman."

I'll sing you a modern song if you'll listen to my
 rhymes,
 About what our forefathers did in the, so called, good
 old times;
 When folks were not afraid to walk, and didn't mind
 the rain,
 And people only used to *cut* where they could *come*
again.

In the merry days of England, the days of the
 olden time.

Those days of old the barons bold had each their castle
 strong,
 And there were not any newspapers to tell us right
 from wrong;
 And when they forth to battle went, and gave the foe
 no quarter,
 'Twas all the same if they lost or won, for the *times*
 had no reporter. In the merry days, &c.
 When folks got rich, which, by-the-bye, they very
 seldom did,
 They placed their *earnings* in an *urn*, which in the
 ground they hid;

Of course they got no interest, which we moderns
would provoke,

But then they this advantage had, the *banks* they never
broke. In the merry days, &c.

The ladies of the olden time, would we such dames
could view,

They learnt the art of surgery, and all could bake and
brew ;

They never kept late hours then, but went to bed at nine,
And for breakfast used to drink strong ale, and on
venison could dine. In the merry days, &c.

The learned monks their time then spent the chro-
nicles composing,

And lords and ladies never cared for rhyming or for
prosing ;

Indeed they only made their marks, for they didn't
know their letters—

But they never interfered with trade—can we say so of
their betters? Since the merry days, &c.

And now, though I've endeavoured of the past times to
rehearse,

I really don't know if we're changed for better or for
worse ;

For simple ways make simple wants—not much need be
lamented,

If we take the best the world affords and so remain
contented.

There'll be merry days in England like those
of the olden time !

L, A, W.—L A W !

[THOMAS HUDSON.]

Come list to me for a minute,
A song I'm going to begin it ;
There's something serious in it,
So pray your attention draw ;
'Tis all about the law,
Which has such a deuce of a claw ;

Experience I have bought it,
 And now to you have brought it—
 Will you or not be taught it?—

L, A, W—Law :

I sing the charms of law,
 Which has such a deuce of a claw ;
 If you're fond of pure vexation,
 And sweet procrastination,
 You're just in a situation
 To enjoy a Suit at Law.

When your cause is first beginning,
 You only think of winning,
 Attornies slily grinning

The while your cash they draw ;
 Your cause goes on see-saw,
 As long as your cash they draw.

With brief and consultation,
 Bill and replication,
 Latin and botheration—

While the counsel loudly jaw ;

J, A, W—Jaw,

Is a very great thing in law.
 So if you're fond, &c.

Snail-like your cause is creeping,
 It hinders you from sleeping ;
 Attorneys only reaping,

For still your cash they draw ;

D, R, A, W—Draw,

Is the mainspring of the law :

Misery, toil, and trouble,
 Make up the hubble bubble,
 Leave you nothing but stubble,

And make you a man of straw :

S, T, R, A, W—Straw,

Divides the wheat from the straw,
 So if you're fond, &c.

And when your cause is ending,
 Your case is no ways mending,
 Expense each step attending—
 And then they find a flaw :
 Then the judge like any jackdaw,
 Will lay down what is law.
 In a rotten stick your trust is,
 You find the bubble burst is,
 And tho' you don't get justice,
 You're sure to get plenty of law ;
 And L, A, W—Law,
 Leaves you not worth a straw.—So if, &c.

So if life's all sugar and honey,
 And fortune has always been sunny,
 And you want to get rid of your money,
 I'd advise you to go to law ;
 Like ice in a rapid thaw
 Your cash will melt awa' ;
 Comfort tis folly to care for,
 Life's a lottery—therefore
 Without a why or wherefore
 I'd advise you to go to law ;
 And L, A, W—Law,
 Does like a blister draw.
 So if you're fond, &c.

A M O A M A S.

[JOHN O'KEEFE.]

Amo Amas, I love a lass,
 As a cedar tall and slender,
 Sweet cowslips grace her nominative case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.
 Rorum corum, sunt divorum,
 Harum scarum divo ;
 Tag rag, merry derry, periwig and hatband,
 Hic hoc horum genitivo.

Can I decline a nymph so divine?
 Her voice like a flute is dulcis,
 Her oculus bright, her manus white,
 And soft, when I tacto, her pulse is.
 Rorum corum, &c.

O how Bella, my puella,
 I'll kiss in secula seculorum,
 If I've luck, sir, she's my uxor,
 O dies benedictorum!
 Rorum corum, &c.

MISTER SIMPKIN.

Mister Simpkin liv'd at Leeds, and he had a wife
 beside,
 Who, as she wore the breeches, would often wish to ride.
 She ask'd him for a horse; he yielded to her folly,
 And said, "I'm always mollified by you, my dearest
 Molly."

This horse he had six legs, and I will prove it true,
 He lifted up his fore legs, yet still he stood on two:
 Down tumbled Mrs. Simpkin,—her frightened spouse
 averr'd,
 My lamb's as dead as mutton, for she does not say a
 word.

He popt her in a coffin, and bade them nail it fast;
 In funeral array to the parish church they pass'd.
 Says Simpkin, "To the church-yard I'll follow at my
 leisure,
 For why, my friends, should I make a labour of a
 pleasure?"

At night, a resurrection-man, resolv'd the corpse to
 raise,
 With his pick-axe op'd the coffin, and at the fair did gaze;
 The noise awak'd the lady, "What, in Heaven's name,"
 says she,
 Are you with that pick-axe about?" "Why, axe about,"
 said he.

Away she ran, he after her, and to the stable hied,
 There she saw her spouse caressing that horse by
 which she died;
 When in came neighbour Horner, and said, "I'll buy
 that beast,
 If you think he'll do for my wife, as he did for the
 deceas'd."

"I thank you, sir," said Simpkin, "but cannot take
 your pelf,
 Nor sell a nag that promises such service to myself;
 For tho' he kill'd my first wife, I do not feel much
 vexed,
 And as I mean to wed again, shall keep him for my
 next."

"You dog," cried Mrs. Simpkin, as she seiz'd him by
 the hair,
 'Disown your lawful wife, now, you villain, if you dare;
 I'm neither dead, nor buried, and you must not marry
 two,
 Tho' you buried me alive, I shall live to bury you."

Then turning round his head, Mr. Simpkin cried,
 "Good lack!"
 Behold the resurrection man, now waiting with his sack,
 When he ask'd him what he wanted? "Such a man
 and wife," he said,
 "Can never live together, so I'm waiting for the dead."

The digger look'd so grave, and his hints so well in
 season,
 Though told to me in rhyme, brought the loving pair
 to reason;
 Then Simpkin kiss'd his wife, "I'm yours till death,"
 he cried,
 "So when, my dearest life, will you take another ride?"

MOLLY CAREW.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[Music by S. LOVER.]

Och, hone! oh, what will I do?
 Sure my love is all crost
 Like a bud in the frost,
 And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
 For 'tis dhrames, and not sleep that comes into my head;
 And 'tis all about you,
 My sweet Molly Carew,—
 And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame.
 You're complater than Nature
 In every feature;
 The snow can't compare
 With your forehead so fair;—
 And I rather would spy just one blink of your eye,
 Than the purtiest star that shines out of the sky:
 And, by this and by that,
 For the matter o' that,
 You're more distant, by far, than that same.
 Och, hone! wierasthru,
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och, hone! but why should I speak
 Of your forehead and eyes,
 When your nose it defies
 Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme,
 Tho' there's one Burke, he says, who would call it
snub-lime:
 And then for your cheek,
 Throth! 'twould take him a week
 Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather.
 Then your lips, oh! machree!
 In their beautiful glow,
 They a patthern might be
 For the cherries to grow!
 'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
 For apples were *scarce*, I suppose, long ago;

But at this time o' day,
 'Pon my conscience I'll say,
 Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
 Och, hone! wierasthru,
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och, hone! by the man in the moon,
 You tease me all ways
 That a woman can plaze,
 For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,
 As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,
 'Tho' the piper I bate,
 For fear the ould chate
 Wouldn't play you your favourite tune:
 And when you're at mass,
 My devotion you crass;
 For 'tis thinking of you,
 I am, Molly Carew!

While you wear, just on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
 That I can't at your sweet pretty face get a peep;
 Oh! lave off that bonnet,
 Or else I'll lave on it
 The loss of my wandering sowl.
 Och, hone! wierasthru,
 Och, hone! like an owl,
 Day is night, dear, to me, without you.

Och, hone! don't provoke me to do it,
 For there's girls by the score
 That loves me—and more,
 And you'd look very quare, if some morning you'd meet
 My wedding all marching in pride down the street.
 Throth! you'd open your eyes,
 And you'd die of surprise,
 To think 'twasn't you was come to it;
 And, faith, Katty Naile.
 And her cow I go bail,
 Would jump if I'd say,
 "Katty Naile, name the day."

And tho' you're fair and fresh as the blossoms in May,
 And tho' she's short and dark like a cowld winther's day;
 Yet, if you don't repent
 Before Easter, when Lent
 Is over, I'll marry for spite!
 Och, hone! wierasthru,
 And when I die for you,
 My ghost will haunt you every night.

PADDY CAREY.

ANDREW CHERRY.]

[*Music* by WHITTAKER.]

'Twas at the town of nate Clogheen,
 That Sergeant Snapp met Paddy Carey;
 A claner boy was never seen,
 Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy;
 His brawny shoulders four feet square;
 His cheeks like thumping red potatoes;
 His legs would make a chairman stare!
 And Pat was lov'd by all the ladies.
 Old and young, grave and sad,
 Deaf and dumb, dull or mad,
 Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting,
 Light, brisk, and airy—
 All the sweet faces at Limerick races,
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,
 At Paddy's beautiful name would melt!
 The sows would cry, and look so shy,
 Och! Cushlamachree, did you never see
 The jolly boy, the darling joy, the ladies' toy,
 Nimble-footed, black-eyed, rosy-cheek'd, curly-headed
 Paddy Carey!
 O, sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy!
 Nate little, tight little, Paddy Carey!

His heart was made of Irish oak,
 Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney,
 His tongue was tipt with a bit of the brogue,
 But the deuce a bit at all of the blarney.

Now Sergeant Snapp, so sly and keen,
 While Pat was coaxing duck-legg'd Mary,
 A shilling slipt, so nate and clane,
 By the powers! he listed Paddy Carey!
 Tight and sound—strong and light—
 Cheeks so round—eye so bright—
 Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,
 Light, tight, and airy—
 All the sweet faces, &c.

The sowls wept loud, the crowd was great,
 When waddling forth came Widow Leary;
 Tho' she was crippled in her gait,
 Her brawny arms clasp'd Paddy Carey!
 "Och! Pat," she cried, "go buy the ring:
 Here's cash galore, my darling honey."
 Says Pat, "You sowl, I'll do that thing;"
 And clapt his thumb upon her money.
 Gimblet eye—sausage nose—
 Pat so sly—ogle throws—
 Leering, tittering, jeering, frittering,
 Sweet Widow Leary!
 All the sweet faces, &c.

When Pat had thus his fortune made,
 He press'd the lips of Mistress Leary,
 And mounting straight a large cockade,
 In captain's boots struts Paddy Carey!
 He grateful prais'd her shape, her back,
 To others like a dromedary;
 Her eyes, that seem'd their strings to crack,
 Were Cupid's darts to Captain Carey!
 Nate and sweet—no alloy—
 All complete—love and joy.
 Ranting, roaring, soft adoring,
 Dear Widow Leary!
 All the sweet faces at Limerick races,
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,
 At Paddy's promotion sigh and melt;

The sows all cry, as the groom struts by,
 Och! Cushlamachree, thou art lost to me.
 The jolly boy! the darling boy!
 The ladies' toy! the widow's joy!
 Long sword girted, nate short skirted,
 Head cropt, whiskers chopp'd, Captain Carey!
 O sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy!
 White-feather'd, boot-leather'd, Paddy Carey!

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T GET WARM.

[JACOB BEULER.]

All you who are fond, in spite of price,
 Of pastries, creams, and jellies nice,
 Be cautious how you take an ice

When you are over-warm!

A merchant, who from India came—
 And Shiver and Shakery was his name—

A pastrycook did once entice
 'To take a cooling, luscious ice;
 The weather, hot enough to kill,
 Kept tempting him to eat, until
 It gave his coppers such a chill,
 He never again felt warm.

Shiver and Shakery, oh! oh! oh!

Criminy, crickety, isn't it cold?

Woo, woo, woo, oh! oh! oh!

Behold the man who couldn't get warm.

Close to a burning fire he got,
 And tock to drinking brandy hot;
 And sent for doctors, such a lot,

The man that couldn't get warm,
 Who recommended chamois leather—

Flannel—shoes of India-rubber;

Mustard, chilis, and cayenne!

But nothing seemed to warm the man.

And when the doctors took their fees,
 It chill'd their blood full twelve degrees,
 And really made their fingers freeze—
 The man that couldn't get warm.
 Shiver and Shakery, &c.

His room was hot enough to bake,
 And yet he still with cold did ache,
 Nay, made his servants shiver and shake—
 The man that couldn't get warm.
 The nursery-maid, the scullion-cook,
 Even John, the coachman, shiver'd and shook,
 And all kept crying night and morning,
 "We really must give master warning!"
 What's worse, his wife began to pout,
 And left his home, quite chill'd, no doubt,
 For it even froze his gardener out—
 The man that couldn't get warm.
 Shiver and Shakery, &c.

To make his wife come home again,
 He Doctors' Commons tried in vain,
 For there his looks did soon condemn
 The man that couldn't get warm.
 The proctors' feet with cold did shuffle,
 Learned brothers learn'd to snuffle;
 The clerks for warmth their bodies thump'd,
 And round the court the crier jump'd.
 The judge had nigh a frozen nose,
 And he, in haste the case to close,
 Dece'd against—you may suppose—
 The man that couldn't get warm.
 Shiver and Shakery, &c.

Then he, with grief fill'd to the brim,
 Resolv'd to go abroad by steam;
 But not a ship could move with him,
 The man that couldn't get warm.
 He went into the engine-room, I'm told,
 And gave the stoker sudden cold;

Condensed the steam, which stopp'd the wheels
 And gave the passengers the chills.
 The vessel ice-bound seemed, and so
 The captain, shivering from top to toe,
 Affirm'd on shore again must go
 The man that couldn't get warm.
 Shiver and Shakery, oh! oh! oh!
 I say, messmates, isn't it cold, &c.

The morning after he was drowned,
 While in a hot-bath he was found,
 The water frozen all around
 The man that couldn't get warm.
 The jury prov'd it in a trice,
 He died of indigested ice;
 And then the foreman, Patrick Rice,
 The verdict gave with this advice—
 "Oh! have ice creams when you will,
 But do not eat them till you're ill,
 And always first take off the chill,
 And swallow your ices warm!"

I WISH HE WOULD DECIDE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. HARROWAY.]

I wish he would decide, mamma,
 I wish he would decide :
 I've been a bridesmaid twenty times—
 When shall I be a bride ?
 My sister Ann, and cousin Fan,
 The nuptial knot have tied ;
 Do what I will, I'm single still—
 I wish he would decide !

I throw out many hints, mamma,
 I speak of other beaux,
 I talk about domestic life,
 And sing, "They don't Propose;"

But ah! how vain each piteous strain
 His youthful heart to guide;
 Do what I will, I'm single still—
 I wish he would decide!

I really shall insist, mamma,
 If nothing intervenes,
 My brother Thomas questions him,
 And asks him what he means;
 And if he means to break, mamma,
 My passion or my pride,
 Unconquered yet, shall scorn regret;
 Yet I wish he would decide!

THE TWINS.

JACOB COLE.]

[Tune—"Derry Down."]

Oh dear, what a troublesome world is this,
 From one end to t'other all things go amiss;
 From my birth my misfortunes began to appear,
 Which showed very plain that I'd no bus'ness here.
 Derry down, &c.

Jack and I were born twins, but Jack was born heir
 To the few things that mother had made up to wear;
 I came unexpected an hour after Jack,
 And nothing provided to cover my back.
 Derry down, &c.

We both went to school to get flogging and learning—
 Where they soon found as I hadn't got much dis-
 cerning;
 I don't know how much Jack in learning might shine,
 But of flogging I'm certain I'd his share and mine.
 Derry down, &c.

We were so much alike both in shape and in size,
 That to know us apart you must have some good eyes
 Thus I very often got horsewhipped and chid
 For mischievous things that my brother Jack did!
 Derry down, &c.

We grew up alike, only my brother Jack
 Of pleasing the maidens had got the best knack;
 He'd a great many sweethearts, but one did for me,
 And Patty, the old miller's daughter, was she.

Derry down, &c.

I used of an evening to sit with her feyther,
 And talk about horses, and corn, and the weather,
 And I thought by these means I to Patty should prove
 What I never could tell her—that I was in love.

Derry down, &c.

But she met brother Jack in the meadows one night,
 And she thought it was I, so he ne'er set her right;
 But in my name he kissed her and made very free,
 And I dare say she kissed him too—thinking 'twas
 me.

Derry down, &c.

Next morning Jack told me the trick he'd been at,
 So I ne'er spoke to Patty again after that;
 The miller he died a rich man it was clear—
 So Jack married Patty in less than a year.

Derry down, &c.

So you see my misfortunes have never come single,
 I've had no sweet drops with my bitters to mingle;
 So I'll go to her father's deep mill-pond and drown,
 Where the weight of my troubles will soon sink me
 down.

Derry down, &c.

A WIDOW'S LIKE A WEATHERCOCK.

THOMAS HUDSON.] [*Air*—"I'll gang na mair to yon Town."

Mr. Mouldy died,
 Although rich as a don, so late,
 Mrs. Mouldy cried,
 Unhappy and disconsolate,
 Follow'd to the grave;
 Recalling all his merits up,
 Did nought but sigh and rave,
 And couldn't keep her spirits up.

Wish'd too, she was dead ;
 Saw the earth sinking on him,
 Went home—went to bed,
 And couldn't sleep for thinking on him.
 Cupid's nose !

Does always to one tether cock ;
 If love's gale blows,
 A widow's like a weathercock !

A week pass'd away,
 Grief turn'd her phiz awry ;
 Day after day
 Brought nought but misery.
 Her weeds, 'tis true,
 Were in fashion's high perfection ;
 And though she knew
 Black suited her complexion,
 It gave no relief,
 Memory still was clinking on him ;
 Smother'd in grief,
 She couldn't sleep for thinking on him ;
 Cupid's nose ! &c.

One Sergeant Bluff
 Met her with his sword by's side ;
 Saw charms enough,
 And knew she had a hoard beside.
 A soldier by trade
 From woman ne'er will flinch his eye,
 He was well made,
 Six feet seven inches high.
 It gave her delight,
 Unconscious, she was winking on him ;
 All that night
 She could not sleep for thinking on him.
 Cupid's nose ! &c.

Her heart was caught :
 This was on Sunday morn ;
 The ring he bought,
 And married on the Monday morn.

Love does thrive;
 Pale cheeks turn'd to red ones;
 (One spouse alive,
 Is worth a dozen dead ones.)
 Time flies away,
 Her loving eyes are blinking on him;
 Night and day,
 She's always happy thinking on him.
 Cupid's nose! &c.

THE PARSONS AND THE CORKSCREW.

W. T. MONCRIEFF.]

[Tune—"Derry Down."]

Twelve parsons once went to a squire's to dine,
 Who was famous for giving good venison and wine,
 All great friends to *the cloth*, with *good living* in view,
 Quite *grace full* they sat down, as parsons should do.
 Derry down, &c.

A wicked young whipster, our worthy squire's cousin,
 Whispered, "Cousin, I boldly will lay rump and dozen,
 Though here we've a dozen staunch priests, of the lot
 Not one of the twelve here a prayer-book has got."
 Derry down, &c.

," Agreed!" cried the squire. "Coz, we must not be
 loth

Such a wager to lay for the sake of the cloth,
 The parsons, no doubt, to confute you are able,
 So we'll bring, with the dinner, the bet on the table."
 Derry down, &c.

Dinner served; cried the squire, "A new grace I will
 say,
 Has any one here got a prayer-book, pray?"
 Quite glum looked the priests, coughed, and with one
 accord
 Cried, "Mine's lost"—"Mine's at home"—"Mine's at
 church, 'pon my word."

Derry down, &c.

Quoth our cousin, "Dear squire, I my wager have
 won,
 But another I purpose to win ere I've done ;
 Though the parsons could not bring a prayer-book to
 view,
 I'll bet the same bet, they can find a corkscrew."
 Derry down, &c.

"Done! done!" roared the squire. "Hilloa! butler,
 bring nearer
 That excellent magnum of ancient Madeira ;"
 'Twas brought—let's *decant* it; "A corkscrew, good
 John,"
 Here *each* of the parsons roared out "I've got one!"
 Derry down, &c.

But let us not censure our parsons for this,
 When a thing's in its place, it can ne'er come amiss ;
 Prayer-books wont serve for corkscrews, and I'm such
 a sinner
 Though a sermon I like, I don't want it at dinner!
 Derry down, &c.

J E A L O U S Y.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Mr. O'Gallagher."]

Mister Fairchild was a dark and dingy man,
 Had been a purser on board of a Hingyman ;
 So often he'd been, that he well knew the track again,
 From Gravesend to Bengal, and all the way back again.
 But anchor'd on shore, with a wife young and beautiful,
 Whose heart to the brim up was with love and duty full,
 You could not in Limehouse a more happy fellow see,
 'Till by Madam Fate made unhappy by jealousy.

A gent, Mr. White, was a very great bore to him,
 He kept the first floor, and the parlour next door to
 him ;
 He tried to cut in two their love and their unity,
 By ogling the lady at each opportunity.

And fair Mrs. Fairchild, instead of her spurning it,
 Ne'er had an ogle, but she was returning it:
 So poor Mr. F., when he went to the alehouse, he
 Did not dare stay long, on account of his jealousy.

So bad got to worse, Mr. White went on teasing her,
 Ogling and leering, and when he could—squeezing her;
 Whispering stuff, which she took with urbanity,
 For being a woman, it tickled her vanity.
 She was in fine silks and satins a figuring,
 While her good man was a plotting and negirring,
 And although he scorned to blubber or bellow, he
 Could get no sleep of a night through his jealousy.

While Mr. White's heart with desire was a hankering,
 Mr. F.'s felt as if his had a canker in;
 Which, of course, gave him a deal of uneasiness,
 'Cause of a day he could not mind his business.
 So he wrote him a letter saying, "Sir, you shall rue
 by all

The powers above, if you mar love connubial;
 The world shall a worse scene than that in Othello see;
 So, when we meet, mind, beware of my jealousy."

Mrs. F. when she knew it, 'gan crying and blubbering,
 He loved, and he was not a humour to snub her in;
 So kissing her—something about truth he uttered,
 And asked her on which side her bread it was buttered.
 Then seeking his rival, he, with such a stiff high way
 Kicked him from Limehouse all up to Ratcliff Highway,
 Nearly half killed him, and neighbours there tell us, he
 By kicking his rival, quite kicked out his jealousy.

So wives all, who wish to be happy in marriage,
 Walk with a sober demeanour and carriage;
 So you shall find you will steer from all sappiness
 In connubiality making your happiness;
 Ne'er let a stranger be making a jawing room
 Of bedroom, or kitchen, or parlour, or drawing-room;
 Then in your spouse you'll a most happy fellow see,
 And prove that true love is much better than jealousy.

THE BOWLD SOJER BOY.

[SAMUEL LOVER.]

Oh, there's not a trade that's going,
 Worth showing or knowing,
 Like that from glory growing,
 For a bowld sojer boy.
 Where right or left we go,
 Sure you know, friend or foe,
 Will have the hand or toe
 From the bowld sojer boy.

There's not a town we march through
 But ladies looking arch through
 The window panes, will search through
 The ranks to find their joy.
 While up the street, each girl you meet,
 Will look so sly, will cry, "My eye,
 Oh, isn't he the darling,
 The bowld sojer boy."

But when we get the route,
 How they pout and shout,
 While to the right about
 Goes the bowld sojer boy.
 'Tis then that ladies fair,
 In despair tear their hair,
 For the devil a one I care,
 Says the bowld sojer boy.

For the world is all before us,
 Where the landladies adore us,
 And ne'er refuse to score us,
 But chalk us up with joy.
 We taste her cup, we tear her cap,
 "Oh, that's the chap for me," says she,
 "Oh, isn't he the darling,
 The bowld sojer boy."

Then come along with me,
 Gramachree, and you'll see,
 How happy you will be
 With your bowld sojer boy.

Faith, if you're up to fun,
 With me run, 'twill be done
 In the snapping of a gun,
 Says the bowld sojer boy.

And 'tis then that without scandal,
 Myself will proudly dandle
 The little farthing candle
 Of our mutual flame and joy.
 May his light shine as bright as mine,
 Till in the line he'll blaze and raise,
 The glory of his corps,
 Like the bowld sojer boy.

JACK AT THE OPERA.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

At Wapping I landed, and called to hail Mog,
 She had just shaped her course to the play,
 Of two rums and one water I ordered my grog,
 And to speak her soon stood under way;
 But the Haymarket I for old Drury mistook,
 Like a lubber so raw and so soft,
 Half a George handed out, at the change did not look,
 Manned the ratlines, and went up aloft.

As I mounted to one of the uppermost tiers,
 With many a coxcomb and flirt,
 Such a d—nable squalling saluted my ears
 I thought there'd been somebody hurt;
 But the devil a bit, 'twas your outlandish rips,
 Singing out with their lanterns of jaws,
 You'd a swore you'd been taking of one of they trips
 'Mongst the Caffrees or wild Catabaws.

What's the play, ma'am? says I to a good-natured tit:
 The play—'tis the Uproar, you quiz.
 My timbers! cried I, the name on't you've hit,
 For the devil of an uproar it is;
 For they pipe and they squeak, now below, now aloft;
 If it wa'n't for the petticoat gear,
 With their squeaking so Mollyish, tender, and soft,
 One should scarcely know ma'am from monsieur.

Next at kicking and dancing they took a long spell,
 All springing and bouncing so neat,
 And speciously one curious mad'moiselle,
 Oh! she daintily handled her feet;
 But she hopped, and she sprawled, and she spun round
 so queer;
 'Twas, you see, rather oddish to me;
 And so I sung out, Pray be decent, my dear,
 Consider, I'm just come from sea.

'Ta'intan Englishman's taste to have none of these gocs,
 So away to the playhouse I'll jog,
 Leaving all your fine Bantams and ma'am Pharisoes
 For old Billy Shakspeare and Mog;
 So I made the theatre, and hailed my dear spouse,
 She smiled as she saw me approach;
 And when I'd shook hands, and saluted her bows,
 We to Wapping set sail in a coach.

THE WHISTLING THIEF.

[SAMUEL LOVER.]

When Pat came o'er the hills, his colleen for to see,
 His whistle, loud and shrill, his signal was to be,
(Shrill whistle.)
 "Oh! Mary," the mother cried, "there's some one
 whistling sure,"
 "Oh! mother, you know it's the wind that's whistling
 through the door." (Whistle "Garry Owen.")

"I've lived a long time, Mary, in this wide world, my
 dear,
 But the wind to whistle like that, I never yet did hear ;"
 "But, mother, you know the fiddle hangs just behind
 the chink,
 And the wind upon the strings is playing a tune, I
 think."
(Dog barks.)

"The dog is barking now, and the fiddle can't play
 that tune ;"
 "But, mother, you know that dogs will bark, when
 they see the moon ;"
 "Now, how can he see the moon, when you know he's
 old and blind ?
 Blind dogs can't see the moon, nor fiddles be played by
 the wind."
(Pig grunts.)

"And now there is the pig onaisy in his mind ;"
 "But, mother, you know they say that pigs can see
 the wind ;"
 "That's all very well in the day, but then I may remark,
 That pigs, no more than we, can see anything in the
 dark."

"Now I'm not such a fool as you think, I know very
 well it is Pat—
 Get out you whistling thief, and get along home out of
 that !
 And you be off to your bed, and don't bother me with
 your tears,
 For tho' I've lost my eyes, I have not lost my ears."

MORAL.

Now boys too near the house, don't courting go, d'ye
 mind,
 Unless you're certain sure the old woman's both *deaf*
 and blind ;
 The days when they were young, forget they never can,
 They're sure to tell the difference 'twixt a fiddle, a dog,
 or a man.

THE YOUNG ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Tune—"Old English Gentleman."]

I'll sing you a prime new song,
 Made by a young chap's pate,
 Of a fine young English gentleman,
 Who'd come to an estate;
 Who kept his hunters and his hounds
 At a most expensive rate,
 With servants gay, to drive away
 The poor folks from his gate.
 Like a fine young English gentleman,
 Born in the modern times.

His study it was strew'd around
 With—what Lord only knows—
 Foils, boxing-gloves, and pistols,
 Which he us'd with friends and foes.
 And 'twas there the squire took his wine,
 And cigar whene'er he chose,
 Perusing "Life in London,"
 Or "Blackwood's" tedious prose.
 Like a fine, &c.

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

But cash, alas! too soon takes flight,
 And sov'reigns roll away,
 And creditors who have long bills,
 At last they cry for "pay."

They came upon him tranquilly,
 They caught him out one day,
 "My cash is gone," he cried, "so I
 Must in the Queen's Bench lay."
 Like a fine, &c.

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

THE WATCHMAKER'S SONG.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Tune—"Derry Down."]

A bit of a song I am going to sing,
 And from it I hope some amusement will *spring* ;
 A song's like a *clock*, as you'll find by my rhyme,
 The *maker* and singer should *always keep time*.
 Derry down, &c.

I'll *wind* up my thoughts since I've found out the *key*,
 The *Watchmaker's* Pension my *mainspring* shall be,
 A *society* based upon amity's rock,
 Whose *hands* by their works plainly show what's *o'clock*.
 Derry down, &c.

The *chain* of my argument does not end there,
 In charity's cause they're *ne'er out of repair* ;
 Their heart's *regulator* relieves ev'ry case,
Enamell'd is charity on ev'ry face.
 Derry down, &c.

The poor and the aged they struggle to save,
 Whom the *finisher* calls to the *verge* of the grave ;
 And as life's *pendulum* ceases to beat,
 Endeavour adversity's frowns to defeat.
 Derry down, &c.

As we all by old *Time* shall be called before long,
 The better for us if we *never go wrong*;
 If our *movements* are right, a reward we shall meet,
 And fate to our pleasures will *strike a repeat*.

Derry down, &c.

My song is not *polished* nor *engine-turned*—I
 Only hope what I've said may be found to apply,
 May you all *go like clock-work* through life's troubled
 sea,

And I hope all your wives *capp'd and jewell'd* may be.

Derry down, &c.

KATTY MOONEY.

M. M. BRYANT.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

I courted Katty Mooney, dear,
 A girl so neat and cozy ;
 Her eyes they were so bright and clear
 Her lips were ripe and rosy.
 I bought a pig to live with us,
 I got a stick to mind it,
 'Twas a beauty, too, but like the rest
 It carried its tail behind it.
 Och ! hubbaboo ! och phillaloo,
 Wasn't I a spooney,
 Ochone, ochone, to grunt and groan,
 And all for Katty Mooney.

Och, we were glad when we made one,
 In love we were a dozen ;
 But very soon she brought to town
 Her thirty-second cousin ;
 I made him eat, I made him drink,
 With compliments he lined me,
 But the reason why I ne'er could think
 Till he stayed one day behind me.
 Och, hubbaboo, &c.,

I don't know why that I went back,
 I wish'd I hadn't seen thim,
 For they were giving smack for smack,
 And the pig was sitting between thim;
 He ran away, och hubbaboo!
 May the devil catch and bind him.
 And my wife may go to the devil too,
 If they leave the pig behind thim!
 Och, hubbaboo, &c.

RICHARD SHORT'S HISTORY.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Air—"The Legacy."]

Did you ever hear one Richard Short's history!

If you didn't, I'll tell you it now;

All over our parts it was thought quite a mystery—

He was a young man that followed the plough.

But he got tired of that kind of life did,

Was hired as ostler at the sign of the Crown:

Fell in love with the maid, want her for a wife did,

'Twas very well known to the folk in our town.

This lass, Nelly Long, she was dressish and dapper,

And though our Dick was a good-looking lad;

She snubbed him, scoffed him, for she was a snapper,

And told him quite plumpish, she warn't to be had.

For she loved a man much more handsome and bigger,

And he came fra Lunnon, and warn't a clown;

His name it was Sly, and he was a grave-digger,

And wur very well known to all the folk in our town.

As Nelly right flat like, his wife did refuse to be,

Richard he lost all his comfort and hope,

And said as he didn't feel like what he used to be,

He'd hang himself up, if he could find him a rope.

He hunted about, while with love he did falter,

But the devil a rope could he find up or down—

So he twisted a hayband, and made him a halter,

'Twas very well known to all the folk in our town.

He hung himself up to a tree in a meadow,
 He felt all over he didn't know how ;
 His neck was a stretching, but feet couldn't tread O,
 When up came by chance, Farmer Giles' old cow ;
 She smelt at the hay, and caught hold of the band fast,
 Plucked out a mouthful, which brought Dicky down,
 He jumped on his legs, and away then he ran fast,
 And was never more seen by the folk in our town.

Now mark what a judgment came on that lass, Nelly,
 For being so hard-hearted to that poor lad ;
 She by the grave-digger deceived was, I tell'ee,
 And he ran away leaving her all so sad.
 She found, when too late, that she was betray'd, and
 Relations they all turn'd their backs with a frown :
 This is the tale of the cow and the hayband,
 'Twas very well known to all the folk in our town.

TOM KELSON.

[JACOB BEULER.]

Tom Kelson was as tight a tar
 As ever sail'd in man of war ;
 He laughed like fun, and leap'd like a frog,
 He play'd the fiddle, and he lov'd good grog.
 With his yeo ! yeo ! pull away yeo,
 He play'd the fiddle and he lov'd good grog.

Whatever was with him was right,
 He'd go to sleep, or he'd go to fight ;
 Or whether the weather was foul or fair,
 'Twas all the same, Tom did not care.
 With his yeo, &c.

One day, while sailing on a cruise,
 The man aloft bawl'd out this news—
 "I see a four-decker bearing down,
 As don't belong to the British crown."
 With his yeo, &c.

This was a sort of feu-de-joie
 To every sailor—man and boy—
 And all cried out, “the Lord be granted,
 It is the very thing we wanted.”
 With his yeo, &c.

Now sartain facts I shall not tell,
 As how the enemy came full sail,
 And how she prov'd of very heavy force,
 And how we took her—for that's of course.
 With his yeo, &c.

All I shall say is, in the fight
 Tom Kelson fit with all his might;
 Until the splinters flew in swarms,
 And shiver'd his legs and both his arms.
 With his yeo, &c.

Poor Tom said nought, but “here's a go!”
 Till he was taken down below,
 And then to him the surgeon stated,
 “Tom, you must have 'em amputated.”
 With his yeo, &c.

“What must be, must be,” then said Tom,
 “But only give me a glass of rum,
 And tip us a leaden bullet to chew,
 Then go work and hold your jaw.”
 With his yeo, &c.

Now whether the surgeon tickled him,
 While cutting off each precious limb,
 I cannot tell—but he wasn't half done
 When Tom a chuckling laugh begun.
 With his yeo, &c.

The doctor ax'd, “What are you after?”
 And Tom replied with hearty laughter—
 “My eyes! when off my limbs are took,
 Oh, what a guy I then shall look!”
 With his yeo, &c.

THE GAME COCKS.

[Tune—"Oh! cruel."]

Two game cocks liv'd in Westminster, one black, the
other brown,

They both lov'd a little white hen, with feathers all of
down,

So ev'ry morning to her roost these rivals went to woo,
And rous'd her from her pleasant dreams with "cock-
a-doodle doo." Doodle, doodle, &c.

Little hens love little cocks, because they're bold and
tough;

But for one little tender hen one little cock's enough,
So tho' she liked the brown cock's shape, his manners,
and his hue,

The black cock was her favourite, with his cock-a-
doodle doo. Doodle, doodle, &c.

No wonder that the black cock and brown cock us'd to
fight,

Miss Hen look'd *black* at the brown cock tho' she was
lily white,

At last, the jealous brown cock cried, "Black cock, I
challenge you,

To battle for the white hen,—death or cock-a-doodle
doo." Doodle, doodle, &c.

The black cock and the brown cock met, the white hen
stood to view;

The rival cocks fought furiously, and out their feathers
flew,

They peck'd and spurr'd, and spurr'd and peck'd, and
blood like butcher's drew,

Till the brown cock kill'd the black cock, and crow'd,
"cock-a-doodle doo." Doodle, doodle, &c.

The victor brown cock sought his prize, the white and
pretty hen,

And saw her with a dunghill cock running off just
then:

He lost his prize, so bravely won, too wounded to
pursue,
And died, while loud the dunghill cock crow'd, "cock-
a-doodle doo." Doodle, doodle, &c.

Now cocks and hens remember when you together
flock,
(For every cock will have his hen, and every hen her
cock,)
If peaceful hens join fighting cocks divisions will ensue,
So match your tempers when you wed, and "cock-a-
doodle doo." Doodle, doodle, &c.

MEG OF WAPPING.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

'Twas landlady Meg that made such rare flip,
Pull away, pull away, my hearties ;
At Wapping she liv'd, at the sign of the Ship,
Where tars met in such jolly parties ;
She'd shine at the play, and she'd jig at the ball,
All rigg'd out so gay and so topping ;
For she married six husbands and buried them all,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say—
What d'ye think of my Meg of Wapping ?
The first was old Bluff, with a swinging purse,
Pull away, pull away, jolly boys,
He was cast away ; says Meg, who cares a curse ?
As for grieving, why, lud, that's a folly, boys.
The second in command was blear-eyed Ned,
While the surgeon his limb was a lopping,
A nine-pounder came, and smack'd off his head,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say ;
Rare news for my Meg of Wapping.
Then she married to Sam, and Sam lov'd a sup,
Pull away, pull away, brother ;
So groggy Sam got, and the ship it blew up,
And Meg had to look for another.

The fourth was bold Ben, who at danger would smile,
 Till his courage a crocodile stopping,
 Made his breakfast on Ben, on the banks of the Nile ;
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 What a fortunate Meg of Wapping !

Stay, who was the fifth ? oh, 'twas Dick, so neat ;
 Pull away, pull away, so merry !

And the savages Dick both kill'd and eat,
 And poor Meg she was forc'd to take Jerry :
 Death again stood her friend, for kill'd in a fray,
 He also the grave chanc'd to pop in.

So now with my song I shall soon do away,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, belay,
 The six husbands of Meg of Wapping.

But I did not tell you how she married seven ;
 Pull away, pull away, so neatly !

'Twas honest Tom Trip, and he sent her to heav'n,
 And her strong box he rummag'd sweetly ;

For Meg growing old, a fond dotard she prov'd,
 And must after a boy needs be hopping :

So she popp'd off, and Tom with the girl he lov'd,

Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 Spent the shiners of old Meg of Wapping,

BALLINAMONA ORA.

Wherever I'm going, and all the day long,
 At home and abroad, or alone in a throng,
 I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
 That your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my song.

Sing Ballinamona Ora,
 A kiss of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose,
 I sleep all the day to forget half my woes ;
 So hot is the flame in my bosom that glows,
 By St. Patrick ! I fear it will burn through my clothes.

Sing Ballinamona Ora,
 Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience I fear I shall die in my grave,
 Unless you comply, and poor Phelim do save,
 And grant the petition your lover does crave,
 Who never was free till you made him your slave.

Sing Ballinamona Ora,
 Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day when I made you my bride,
 With a swinging long sword how I'll strut and I'll
 stride,

In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
 As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Sing Ballinamona Ora,
 Your lily white fist for me.

NOTHING LIKE GROG. .

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

A plague of those musty old lubbers,
 Who tell us to fast and to think,
 And with patience fall in with life's rubbers,
 With nothing but water to drink:
 A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,
 'Twould have set them with pleasure agog.
 And, spite of the rules
 Of the schools,
 The old fools

Would have all of 'em swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea
 Return'd with abundance of wealth,
 Cry'd, Jack, never be such a ninny
 'To drink—said I, Daddy your health;
 So I show'd him the stuff and he twigg'd it,
 And it set the old codger agog;
 And he swigg'd, and mother,
 And sister, and brother,

And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

T'other day as the chaplain was preaching,
 Behind him I curiously slunk,
 And while he our duty was teaching,
 As how we should never get drunk ;
 I show'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
 And it soon set his rev'ence agog ;
 And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
 And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me, there's nothing like drinking,
 So pleasant on this side the grave ;
 It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
 And makes e'en more valiant the brave :
 As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
 The good stuff has so set me agog,
 Sick or well, late or early,
 Wind foully or fairly,
 Helm a-lee or a-weather,
 For hours together,
 I've constantly swigg'd it,
 And dam'me, there's nothing like grog.

LADIES' TONGUES.

[J. JOHNSON.]

In poesy's measured lines, I've read of many times,
 How beautiful the ladies are, how lovely is each lip ;
 That their cheeks the roses shame, and my heart has
 caught the flame,
 Thinks I, it's here, if anywhere, that pleasure one
 may sip.
 Then since the eyes and lips have been describ'd—oh,
 dear !
 There is nothing left for me to do that's clear ;
 So to make description free, I am puzzled as you see,
 For what a lady's tongue is like you know as well
 as me.

When a lady's pleased, her tongue can charm both old
and young,
Like music from aloft by fairy maidens sung;
If its sounds you chance to hear, your poor heart is
gone I fear,
No man is there on earth who from its wiles is ever
clear.

If she's vexed, 'tis like the clapper of a bell, I ween,
Egad, it goes so fast you'd think it went by steam;
'Tis as nimble as a flea—as stinging as a bee,
But what a lady's tongue is like you know as well
as me. So to make, &c.

When first I fell in love, like an angel from above,
I thought the little charming girl I then did so adore;
She would kiss me, it is true, say "there's none I love
like you,"
But so I found the little devil said to twenty more.
"Since there's twenty more that seek you," said I,
"my love,
I never more will see your face, by all above."
I thought I'd let her see, in what a passion I could be,
For what a lady's tongue is like you know as well
as me. So to make, &c.

'Twas on a summer's day, in the merry month of May,
When jealous little Patty I chanc'd to give the slip;
And with pretty little Sue, I cross'd a field or two,
And plenty were the kisses that I planted on her lip;
But Kitty met us on the road, oh! lack-a-day—
She look'd as spiteful as a toad, she was in such a
way!
She her clack let loose at me, such a termagant was she,
But what a lady's tongue is like you know as well as
me. So to me, &c.

As I hate good time to waste, I married Kate in haste,
And dreamt of all the joys of matrimony I should
taste;

But my comfort to subdue, Miss Kitty proved a shrew,
 And I may say I've tongue all day, and curtain
 lectures too ;
 Egad, but her clapper's going night and morn,
 It's never still, I curse the hour that I was born ;
 So you that still are free, and you that married be,
 I hope a lady's tongue will never know as well as me
 For to make, &c.

THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Air*—"Monsieur Nong Tong Paw."]

In every passing scene of life,
 With pleasure or with sorrow rife,
 No matter which the case may be
 You still require the £ S. D. ;
 As schoolboy first, who homeward hies,
 You spend your pence in cakes or pies,
 On hoops, or peg-tops—arrows—bows—
 And that's the way the money goes !

Then childish toys are cast aside
 And you resolve to take a bride,
 You "pop the question" to some fair,
 And then for keeping house prepare ;
 Of goods you order not a few,
 With tables, chairs, a child's-chair too,
 And small etceteras such as those,
 And that's the way the money goes !

Now older but not wiser grown,
 You find a married life is prone
 To drain your coffers, mar your peace,
 Expenses ev'ry day increase :
 You try in vain your wife to please,
 Pay servants, nurses, doctor's fees,
 Buy cordials, dresses, baby's clothes,
 And that's the way the money goes !

Your wife's for ever gadding out
 To concert, opera, ball, or rout,
 And when you ever hint of blame
 She tells you others do the same :
 Your daughters, too, who're growing up,
 Invite a host of folks to sup,
 You treat their friends, and feast their beaux,
 And that's the way the money goes.

You speculate for worldly gain
 And try a fortune to obtain,
 Buy shares in each attractive scheme,
 Of fame and wealth, and honour dream :
 Some Bank—quite safe—attention claims,
 You calculate a world of gains,
 But ere a year the shutters close,
 And that's the way the money goes !

Or if perchance you should contrive
 To make each speculation thrive,
 Then poor relations by the score
 Come up to town your life to bore,
 Upon your kindness they prevail,
 You're bound for one, another bail,
 They both abscond, on you impose,
 And that's the way the money goes !

You're just enjoying life when death
 Comes in and robs you of your breath,
 You've spent in toil a whole life through
 To save a thousand pounds or two :
 Then all the cash, so hardly got
 Goes to some rakish, drunken sot,
 As soon as you have "cock'd your toes ;"
 And that's the way the money goes !

ENCORE VERSES.

You patronize some "fancy fair,"
 And take your wife and daughters there,
 But find as they your pockets clear,
 That taking pleasure's very dear :

To Epsom with some quondam friend,
 You go "the Derby Day" to spend,
 A hundred lose to calm your woes,
 And that's the way the money goes!

Again your troubles to renew
 There's rent for ever coming due,
 And taxes, tithes, and rates combine
 Each frugal plan to undermine;
 Another *bar* to your delight,
 Your largest tenant *bolts* by night,
 Three quarters' rent, of course, he owes,
 And that's the way the money goes!

In ev'ry lane and ev'ry street,
 You're alteration sure to meet,
 For building up, and pulling down
 Employs the cash of half the town.
 Gin palaces by scores abound,
 In ev'ry quarter they are found,
 The liquor there like water flows,
 And that's the way the money goes!

You try in vain whate'er you do
 To save a hundred pounds or two,
 The army and the navy all
 For their support upon you call;
 In powder'd wig and gown array'd
 The placeman struts,—'tis you who've paid
 To grease his worship's ruby nose,
 And that's the way the money goes!

ALL TO ASTONISH THE BROWNS.

JACOB BEULER.]

[Air—"Major Longbow."]

There lived, and may be living still,
 In one of the streets of the town,
 A respectable man, who was called
 By the neighbourhood "Gentleman Brown;"

Very often grand parties he gave,
 At which in champagne you might drown,
 Nay, he cut such a dash, all the street
 Was jealous of Gentleman Brown.
 Jokery, jeering, quiz!
 To the story I'm telling, oh, list,
 How happy we mortals might be
 If jealousy didn't exist.

The Caggs, who resided next door,
 Were ever in sneers and in frowns,
 And bursting with spleen when they saw
 Such fine goings on at the Browns.
 One night Mrs. C. said to Caggs—
 "Some husbands are sich stingy clowns,
 Or they would give dinners and balls,
 And show off as well as the Browns!"
 Jokery, jeering, quiz!
 In the course of your life find you may
 That a man has no power, when his wife
 Is determined to have her own way.

"Consider my income!" said Caggs,
 "Don't talk in that way, Mr. C.
 I warrant I'd make it suffice,
 If you would but leave it to me;
 Last Monday I saw well enough,
 When the tradesmen were going their *roun's*,
 Although they had money from us,
 I'm sure they got none from the Browns!"
 Jokery, jeering, quiz!
 It's one of the greatest of ills
 When tradesmen will send in their bills
 And nothing else but their bills!

Caggs submitted to his better half,
 Or rather *two thirds* I should say,
 And she soon sent her orders about
 Determined to make a display:

Her daughters were full of delight,
 On Sunday they sported new gowns,
 And exclaimed, as they went to church,
 "How we shall astonish the Browns!"
 Jokery, jeering, quiz!
 What pleasures arise in the breast,
 When we, as we walk through the streets,
 Are conscious of being well drest!

Preparations were made for a feast;
 Tinted cards, highly glaz'd and embossed,
 Invited the neighbours, who came,
 And many in wonder were lost.
 Champagne, claret, ices, milk punch,
 And cakes ornamented with crowns,
 Soups, jellies, and scented pastilles,
 And all to astonish the Browns!
 Jokery, jeering, quiz!
 Most people are fond of a feast,
 And they love those who give 'em the most,
 More than those folks who give 'em the least!

One party soon drew on another,
 And then to continue the game,
 As the Browns were a-going to the races,
 The Caggs must, of course, do the same.
 "Lauk! how surprised they will be,
 When they see us appear on the downs,
 We will go in a carriage and four,
 And we shall so astonish the Browns!"
 Jokery, jeering, quiz!
 The neighbours said, "Caggs is clever,
 But as sure as eggs be but eggs,
 Sich things wont continue for ever."

Whatever was done by the B's,
 The C's tried to do more than equal;
 But as they had not the same means,
 They fail'd as you'll see by the sequel.

They were forced to run off from the street,
 For fortune looked on 'em with frowns,
 And what was more galling than all,
 It did not astonish the Browns!
 Jokery, jeering, quiz!
 Many folks in this world's ups and downs,
 Very often astonish themselves,
 When they try to astonish the Browns!

My tale I'll conclude with a proverb
 In which there's a great deal of sense:
 "Your pounds may be left to themselves
 If you will take care of your pence."
 In this you'll discover my moral,
 A moral worth mitres and crowns,
 If you would save silver and gold,
 You must always beware of the *Browns*.
 Jokery, jeering, quiz!
 Be cautious in great London town,
 Or in trying to do, you'll get done,
 And not only done, but *done brown!*

THE GHOST OF A GRIM SCRAG OF MUTTON.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

A scholar one time, though I can't tell you *when*,
 Nor can I tell *where* too, just now;
 And he learnt—why I can't tell you *what*—ay, and then
 He liv'd—Oh, I can't tell you *how*.
 He lodg'd by an inn, in the street I'm not right,
 And the sign it don't matter a button;
 But this inn it was haunted, at twelve every night,
 By the ghost of a grim scrag of mutton!
 O, la, fal de ral, &c.

The landlord was in a most terrible fright,
 He'd no peace by night nor by day,
 So he sent for this mirror of learning so bright,
 To see if the ghost he could lay.

Says the scholar, "I can—for at magic I dash,
 Nor e'en for Old Nick care a button;
 So don't be in a *stew*, for I'll settle the *hash*
 Of this ghost of a grim scrag of mutton!

O, la, &c.

He made a great fire, and he put on the pot,
 Put in turnips, thyme, parsley, and leeks,
 The clock it struck twelve as the water grew hot,
 And the casement upon its hinge creaks.
 The moment was awful—a terrible job!
 When, with a long neck, like a glutton,
 And a grin monstrous ghastly, popp'd in the queer nob
 Of the ghost of a grim scrag of mutton.

O, la, &c.

Says the scholar, "You're welcome—some mutton I
 want

For my broth, ere the pot it boils faster,
 So prithee come in;" said the mutton, "I sha'n't,
 For I'm certainly meat for your master."
 Then the scholar he caught up a fork in great wrath,
 Stuck it under his rib like a glutton,
 Sous'd him into the boiler, and finish'd his broth,
 With the ghost of the grim scrag of mutton!

O, la, &c.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF ST. ANTHONY.

[THE REV. R. H. BARHAM.]

Saint Anthony sat on a lowly stool
 A large black book he held in his hand,
 Never his eyes from the page he took,
 With steadfast soul the pages scanned;
 The devil was in the best humour that day
 That ever his highness was known to be in,
 That's why he sent out his imps to play,
 With sulphur and tar, and pitch and rosin;

They came to the saint in a motley crew,
 Twisted and twirled themselves about,
 Imps of every shape and hue,
 A devilish strange and rum-looking rout.
 Yet the good Saint Anthony kept his eyes
 So firmly fixed upon his book,
 Shouts nor laughter, sighs nor cries,
 Could never win away his look !

A quaint imp sat in an earthen pot,
 In an earthen big-bellied pot sat he,
 Thro' holes at the sides his arms outshot—
 Rather a comical sight to see ;
 He drummed his belly so fair and round,
 And drumm'd his belly so round and fair,
 Brought forth a rumbling, mingled sound—
 Rather a comical sound to hear.
 And he hopp'd, and haw'd, and wink'd, and grinn'd,
 As birth to a bit of a song gave he,
 Keeping time with the tune as he gallop'd along,
 Till his eyes fairly stood out with glee.
 Yet the good, &c.

Another imp came with a trumpet snout,
 That was both nose and mouth in one ;
 And he twang'd his nasal melodies out,
 In many a quaver, shake, and run,
 And his head mov'd backwards and forwards still,
 Upon his long and snaky neck,
 He sneezed his octaves out, until
 You'd think his nose was ready to break ;
 And close to St. Anthony's ear he came,
 And squeak'd and piped his music in—
 The shock ran thro' the good saint's frame,
 He shook and shivered with the din.
 Yet the good, &c.

An imp came next with a skeleton form,
 Just come out of a charnel vault ;
 His jaws with gristle were black and deform,
 And his teeth were large and as white as salt.

He grinn'd full many a lifeless grin,
 And wagg'd and rattled his bony tail—
 His skull was deck'd with gill and fin,
 And his eyes were like the eyes of a snail.
 He took his stand at the good saint's back,
 On tiptoe rum he stood a space,
 And cock'd down his India-rubber eyes,
 To squint and gaze upon his face.

But the good, &c.

Spiders with an ugly guise,
 Hung from every creek and nook,
 Stared at the saint with their eight eyes,
 Danced a hornpipe on his book;
 Beetles and slow-worms crawled about,
 Forty feet, a full span long;
 Thro' holes in the wainscot mice popp'd out,
 And danc'd in and out in an endless throng.
 A sly old rat with whisker'd snout,
 With a toad on his head, did squat demure,
 There never was seen such an extravagant rout,
 From that to the present time I'm sure.

Yet the good, &c.

A thing with horny eyes was there,
 With horny eyes just like the dead,
 While fish bones grew instead of hair
 Upon its bald and skinless head;
 Last came an imp, how unlike the rest,
 A lovely looking female form;
 And whilst with a whisper his cheeks she prest,
 Her lips felt downy, soft, and warm.
 As over his shoulders she bent the light
 Of her brilliant eyes upon his page,
 His soul was fill'd with mild delight,
 And the good old chap forgot his age.
 And the good St. Anthony boggled his eyes
 So quickly o'er his old black book,
 Ho! ho! at the corners they 'gan to rise,
 And he couldn't choose but have a look.

There are many devils that walk this world,
 Devils so meagre and devils so stout,
 Devils that go with their tails uncurl'd,
 Devils with horns, and devils without;
 Serious devils, laughing devils,
 Devils black, and devils white,
 Devils uncouth, devils for revels,
 Devils meek, and devils polite;
 Devils with feathers, devils with scales,
 Devils with blue and warty skins,
 Devils with claws like iron nails,
 Devils with fishes' gills and fins;
 Devils foolish, devils wise,
 Devils great, and devils small,
 But a laughing woman with two bright eyes,
 Proves to be the worst devil of all.

DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY.

[GEORGE COLMAN.]

I was born once at home, when my mother was out,
 In her reck'ning an accident brought it about,
 As for family honours and such kind of fun,
 Though some boast of forefathers, faith! I had but one.
Derry down, &c.

Our cottage was fill'd, tho' 'twas not very big,
 With poultry and pictures, three chairs and a pig;
 Our dog was call'd Dennis, our cow Paddy Whack,
 But, till christen'd, I hadn't a name to my back.
Derry down, &c.

When I went to be christen'd, my poor mother saw
 On my face our dog Dennis was setting his paw;
 "What's his name?" says the priest.—"Down! Dennis,"
 says she;
 So Dennis Brulgruddery they christen'd me.
Derry down, &c.

I grew up, I got married, and left in the lurch,
 For my wife died before I could get her to church,
 I with her was too late, with my second too soon,
 For she brought me a son in the first honeymoon.

Derry down, &c.

I was vext, and says I, "Not to make a great fuss,
 Three months the priest reckons since he coupled us,
 "That's right reck'ning," says she, "for 'tis three
 months by mine,

And three by your own, which together make nine."

Derry down, &c.

To bury this lady came next in my head,
 For no other cause but because she was dead,
 So married once more (I suppose you guess now)
 The beautiful cratur that keeps the Red Cow.

Derry down, &c.

My lambkin she scolds when the brandy I sup,
 Till some husband would foolishly tuck himself up;
 But though in a noose I am fast with a wife,
 Yet thank fortune I never was hang'd in my life.

Derry down, &c.

But away with complaints, for myself ne'er intends
 To grieve, while my house holds such bushels of friends,
 So my fortune I'll pocket, whatever it be,
 And say, "Ladies and gentlemen, thank ye for me."

Derry down, &c.

MY LORD TOMNODDY.

[THE REV. R. H. BARHAM.]

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day,
 And his lordship called for his cabriolet;
 Tiger Tim was clean of limb,
 His boots were polished, his jacket was trim;
 With a very smart tie in his cravat,
 And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;

Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
 He stood in his stockings just four feet ten :
 And he asked, as he held the door on the swing,
 " Pray did your lordship please to ring ?"
 " Yes, Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
 What may a nobleman find to do ?"

Tim bit his lip, Tim scratched his head,
 Tim let go the handle, and thus Tim said,
 As the door released behind him banged,
 " An't please you, my lord, there's a man to be
 hanged :"

My Lord Tomnoddy jumped up at the news,
 And ran to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
 Took a squint at his watch—'twas half-past two,
 So he ran to MacFuse and Lieutenant Tregoo :
 " Rope-dancing a score I've seen before,
 Blondin himself, and a lot of sights more ;
 But to see a man swing at the *end* of a string,
 With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing."

My Lord Tomnoddy stepp'd into his cab—
 'Twas dark rifle-green, with a lining of drab—
 Through street and through square his high-trotting
 mare,

Like one of Old Batty's when pawing the air,
 A down Piccadilly and Waterloo-place
 Went the high-trotting mare at a deuce of a pace :
 She produc'd some alarm, but she didn't do harm,
 Save fright'ning a nurse with a child on her arm ;
 Knocking down, very much to the sweeper's dismay,
 An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way ;
 And upsetting a stall near Exeter Hall,
 Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall.

Now eastward afar through Temple Bar,
 My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car,
 Never heeding their squalls, their calls, or their bawls,
 And merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's ;
 Turns down the Old Bailey, in front of the gaol, he
 Pulls up at the door of a gin-shop, and gaily

Cries,—“ What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
 For the whole first floor of the Magpie and Stump?”
 The clock struck Twelve—’tis dark midnight,
 But the Magpie and Stump’s one blaze of light ;
 The parties are met, the table’s are set,—
 There’s punch, cold without, hot with, heavy wet ;
 Ale-glasses and jugs, and rummers and mugs,
 And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs ;
 Cold fowl and cigars, pickled onions in jars,
 Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws.
 The clock struck One,—the supper is done,
 And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun ;
 My Lord Tomnoddy is drinking gin-toddy,
 And laughing and joking at everybody ;
 All singing and drinking, save Captain MacFuse,
 Who’s dropping his head and taking a snooze,
 While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
 Blacking his nose with a piece of burn’d cork.

The clock struck Two, and the clock struck Three,—
 Who’s so merry, so merry as we ;
 The clock struck Four—round the debtors’ door
 Are gather’d a couple of thousand or more ;
 The clock struck Five—the sheriffs arrive,
 And the crowd is so great the streets seem alive.
 Sir Carnaby Jenks blinks and winks,
 A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks ;
 While Lieutenant Tregoo and my Lord Tomnoddy
 Are nodding their heads through drinking their toddy ;
 And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
 The whole of the party are fast asleep.

The clock struck nine, the finishing stroke,
 And then my Lord Tomnoddy awoke ;
 And Tregoo and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
 And Captain MacFuse with the black on his nose :—
 “ Halloa ! halloa ! here’s the devil to pay,—
 The fellow’s been cut down, and taken away !
 They’ll laugh at and quiz us all over the town ;
 We’re all of us done so uncommonly brown ;”

What was to be done?—'Twas perfectly plain,
 They couldn't well hang the man over again;
 What was to be done? the man was dead,
 So my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Out of the grog-shop I've stepp'd in the street;
 Road! what's the matter? you're loose on your feet;
 Staggering, swaggering, reeling about,
 Road! you're in liquor, past question or doubt.

Gas lamps, be quiet—stand up, if you please,
 What the deuce ails you? you're weak in the knees;
 Some on your heads—in the gutter some sunk—
 Gas lamps, I see it, you're all of you drunk!

Angels and ministers! look at the moon,
 Shining up there like a paper balloon,
 Winking like mad at me,—moon! I'm afraid—
 Now I'm convinc'd—oh! you tipsy old jade!

Here's a phenomenon—look at the stars,
 Jupiter, Ceres, Uranus, and Mars,
 Dancing quadrilles; caper'd, shuffled, and hopp'd!
 Heavenly bodies! this ought to be stopp'd.

Down come the houses! each drunk as a king—
 Can't say I fancy much this sort of thing;
 Inside the bar it was safe and all right—
 I shall go back there, and stop for the night.

OH NO, I NEVER MENTIONED IT.

A PARODY.

[Air—“Oh no, we never mention her.”

Oh no, I never mentioned it,
 I never said a word,
 But lent my friend my five-pound note,
 Of which—I never heard:

He said to me, he borrowed it
 To pay another debt;
 And since I've never *mentioned* it,
 He thinks that I *forget!*

Whene'er we ride, *I* pays the 'pike—
I settles every treat;
 He rides my cob—he drives my cab!
 But *cuts me* when we meet.
 My new umbrell' I lent him too,
 One night 'twas very wet,
 Though *he* forgets it ne'er came back,
 Ah, me! *I* don't forget!

To Sally Sims, my own true love,
 Few visits can I pay;
 But think how *kind* my friend behaves,
He calls on her each day!
 By him I've sent rich pearls and rings,
 With fruits and flowers a lot;
 The fruits and flowers came safe to hand,
 The rest my friend—*forgot*

PADDY THE PIPER.

[GEORGE COLEMAN.]

When I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,
 Tender and bare as a pig in a sty,
 Out at the door as I look'd with a steady phiz,
 Who but Pat Murphy, the Piper, came by?
 Says Paddy, "Few play this music; can you play?"
 Says I, "I can't tell, for I never did try;"
 He told me that he had a charm,
 To make the pipes prettily speak,
 Then squeezed a bag under his arm,
 And sweetly they set up a squeak;
 With a farala, larala loo, och! honey, how he handled
 the drone,
 And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have
 melted the heart of a stone.

"Your pipes," said I, "Paddy, so neatly come over me,
 Naked I'll wander wherever it blows ;
 And if my father should try to recover me,
 Sure it wont be by describing my clothes.
 The music I hear now takes hold of my ear now,
 And leads me all over the world by the nose."
 So I follow'd his bagpipe so sweet,
 And sung, as I leap'd like a frog,
 Adieu to my family seat,
 So pleasantly plac'd in a bog.
 With my farala, larala loo, how sweetly he handled the
 drone,
 And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have
 melted the heart of a stone.

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could sunder us,
 Till he one morning had taken a sup,
 And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us,
 Souse to the bottom just like a blind pup.
 I roar'd out, and bawl'd out, and lustily call'd out,
 "O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up?"
 He was dead as a nail in a door ;—
 Poor Paddy was laid on the shelf ;
 So I took up his pipes on the shore,
 And now I've set up for myself.
 With my farala, larala loo, to be sure I have not got
 the knack,
 To play farala, larala loo, ay, and bubaroo didaroo
 whack.

LOOK AT THE CLOCK.

[THE REV. R. H. BARHAM.]

"Look at the clock," said Winnifred Pryce,
 As she opened the door at her husband's knock,
 And paused to give him a bit of advice—
 "You nasty warment ! look at the clock.

Out all night, me in a fright,
 Tumbling home as it's just getting light;
 You drunken brute! you insensible block!
 Look at the clock, do look at the clock."

Winnifred Pryce was tidy and clean,
 Gown was a flowered one, petticoat green;
 Her buckles were bright as her milking cans,
 Her hat was a beaver, made like a man's;
 Little dark eyes, set in their socket-holes,
 Gown tail was turned up, and stuck thro' her pocket-
 holes:

To end, Mrs. Pryce was not over young,
 Had very short legs, but a very long tongue.

This very same clock had long been a bone
 Of contention between this Darby and Joan,
 Often among their pother and rout,
 When this otherwise amiable couple fell out;
 'Tired of the clock he'd drop a cool hint
 Of uncle and spout, with an ominous squint.

That horrid word spout no sooner came out,
 Then Winnifred Pryce would turn her about,
 With scorn on her lip and a hand on each hip;
 Spout till her nose grew red at the tip.

You may spout all you please, you may spout all the
 stock,

But I'm hang'd if you spout my grandmother's clock.
 He gave her a pat and down she fell flat,
 Her case I should say was not mended by that;
 When sobered by fright to assist her he ran,
 He found Mrs. Pryce as dead as Queen Anne.

The fearful catastrophe named in my last strophy,
 Adding to death's exploits such a vast trophy,
 Made a great noise, and the shocking fatality
 Quickly ran over the whole principality;
 Then came Mr. Ap Thomas, the Coroner,
 Jury to sit some dozen or more on her.
 Pryce to commence his ingenious defence,
 Made a powerful appeal to the jury's good sense;

THE GENTLEMAN OF THE ARMY.

JACOB BEULER.]

[Air—"Wha'll be King but Charlie."]

I'm Paddy Whack, of Ballyback,
 Not long ago turn'd soldier ;
 In grand attack, in storm or sack,
 None will than I be bolder.
 With spirits gay, I march away,
 I please each fair beholder ;
 And now they sing, "He's quite the thing,
 Och! what a jovial soldier!"
 In Londonderry, or London merry,
 Och! faith, ye girls, I charm ye ;
 And there ye come at beat of drum,
 To see me in the army.

Rub a dub dub, and pilli li loo,
 Whack! fal de lal la, and trilli li loo,
 I laugh and sing, God bless the King,
 Since I've been in the army.

The lots of girls my train unfurls
 Would form a pleasant party ;
 There's Kitty Lynch, a tidy wench,
 And Suke, and Peg M'Carthy ;
 Miss Judy Baggs, and Sally Maggs,
 And Martha Scraggs, all storm me,
 And Molly Magee is after me,
 Since I've been in the army !
 The Sallys and Pollys, the Kittys and Dollys,
 In numbers would alarm ye ;
 E'en Mrs. White, who's lost her sight,
 Admires me in the army.
 Rub a dub dub, &c.

The roaring boys who made a noise,
 And thwack'd me like the devil,
 Are now become before me dumb,
 Or else are very civil ;
 There's Murphy Roake, who often broke
 My head, now daresn't harm me ;

But bows and quakes, and off he sneaks,
 Since I've been in the army.
 And if one neglect to pay me respect,
 Och! another tips the blarney;
 With "Whist! my friend, and don't offend
 A gentleman of the army."
 Rub a dub dub, &c.

My arms are bright, my heart is light,
 Good-humour seems to warm me:
 I've now become with ev'ry chum
 A favourite in the army.
 If I go on as I've begun,
 My comrades all inform me,
 They soon shall see that I will be
 A general in the army.
 Delightful notion, to get promotion,
 Then, ladies, how I'll charm ye;
 For 'tis my belief, Commander-in-Chief
 I shall be in the army.
 Rub a dub dub, and pilli li loo,
 Whack! fal de lal la, and trilli li loo;
 I laugh and sing, God bless the King,
 My country and the army!

CALAGHANS, BRALAGHANS.

To be sure I can't sing an oration,
 To show how I'm greatly allied,
 But a pair of black eyes, botheration!
 Has bother'd my family pride.
 My mother ne'er did as they bid her,
 Such rank did her lineage adorn,
 And she took just nine months to consider,
 Before she would let me be born.
 Yet I'm akin to the Calaghans, Bralaghans,
 Dowlans and Nowlans likewise,
 But what's birth to the lustre of beauty
 That peeps from my lady's black eyes.

My father sold mouse-traps and rabbits,
 Pigs, treacle, and all other game,
 Would you know the sweet town he inhabits ?
 'Tis jolly Dungarvon by name.
 My grandfather there married a quaker,
 My uncle made hay with a fork,
 My brother's a great grand brogue-maker,
 In that beautiful city call'd Cork.
 Yet I'm akin to the Calaghans, &c.

At chapel I first saw my darling,
 I'll ever remember the day ;
 She sung like a peacock or starling,
 Which made me unto her to say—
 I'm related to all the Macartneys,
 All meniality I do disdain,
 If you miss such a husband, so hearty,
 You never will get him again.
 For I'm akin to the Calaghans, &c.

These words being moving and tender,
 Which no female woman could stand,
 I determined a letter to send her,
 So took up my pen in my hand ;
 But just on the point of inditing,
 By the powers it was rather too bad,
 I forgot that I hadn't learnt writing,
 And she could not read if I had.
 Yet I'm akin to the Calaghans, &c.

Oh! Judy, arrah, you're my honey,
 Your coldness sets me in a flame,
 I'll marry you if you have money,
 In spite of my family name.
 Myself I was rear'd very tender,
 A gentleman born, too, and bred,
 And my sister now lives in great splendour
 With one Justice Mooney, that's dead.
 Yet I'm akin to the Calaghans, &c.

So now, without any bother,
 My mind on the thing being bent,
 I'll marry herself, and no other,
 And afterwards ask her consent.
 Politeness an Irishman's trade is,
 So, on that sweet day that we're wed,
 I'll hand cakes and tea to the ladies,
 And dance till we're all put to bed.
 And we'll visit the Calaghans, &c.

THE BOLD DRAGOON.

There was an ancient fair, and she lov'd a nate young
 man,
 And she couldn't throw sly looks at him, but only
 through her fan ;
 With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,
 Her quizzing-glass, her leer, and sidle,
 O, she lov'd a bold dragoon, with his long sword,
 saddle, bridle, Whack ! row de dow.

She had a rolling eye, its fellow it had none ;
 Would you know the reason why ? it was because she
 had but one ;
 With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,
 She couldn't keep her one eye idle,
 So she leer'd at this dragoon, with his long sword,
 saddie, bridle, Whack ! row de dow.

Now he was tall and slim, she squab and short was
 grown ;
 He look'd just like a mile in length, and she like a
 milestone ;
 With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,
 Her quizzing-glass, her leer, and sidle,
 O, she sigh'd to this dragoon, bless your long sword,
 saddle, bridle, Whack ! row de dow.

Soon he led unto the church the beauteous Mrs. Flinn,
 Who a walnut might have crack'd 'tween her lovely
 nose and chin ;

O, then such winks, in marriage links,
 The four-foot bride from church did sidle,
 As the wife of this dragoon, with his long sword,
 saddle, bridle, Whack ! row de dow.

A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd, when he laid her in
 the ground ;

Soon he threw the onion from his eyes, and touch'd ten
 thousand pound ;

For her winks and blinks, her money chinks,
 He does not let her cash lay idle ;
 So long life to this dragoon, with his long sword,
 saddle, bridle, Whack ! row de dow.

PADDY'S GRAVE.

M. M. BRYANT.]

[Air—"Death of Nelson."]

RECITATIVE.

O'er Paddy's grave the boys and girls all pressed,
 To have a peep, and lull the boy to rest ;
 But all their sighing, and their bitter woes,
 Was turned from mourning into kicks and blows.
 Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh !

AIR.

'Twas at the Pig and Cat,
 Where Judy met her Pat,
 With his big nose so red ;
 Oh, says she, you are untrue,
 And faith I'll punish you ;
 And then she broke his head !
 Her brother Ted was standing by,
 Who nately blacked her father's eye,
 For he was bold and frisky ;
 Yet through the bogs this was the cry—
 Ireland expects you wont be shy,
 But die for love and whisky !

The whisky now went round,
 While hundreds decked the ground,
 With many a broken crown ;
 Then Judy, danger mocking,
 A stone put in her stocking,
 To knock the devils down.
 She beat Tim Connor o'er the sconce,
 Floored Dirty Dick and Joe at once,
 And she killed poor Corney Dickey !
 Yet through, &c.

At last a dreadful row
 Began, I'll tell you how,
 And Paddy's nose it bled ;
 It was a dreadful knock,
 And Patrick felt the shock,
 And then he lunged his head.
 " Oh Lord," he cries, " I'm kilt, I fear ;
 See how my nose is bleeding here,
 But still, my boys, I'm frisky !"
 He died blind drunk upon the field,
 Crying—" Ireland expects you will not yield,
 But die for love and whisky !"

THE FAMILY MANSION.

DUET.

[T. H. BAYLY.]

- Miss G.*—Not go to town this spring, papa?
 Mamma! not go to town?
 I never knew you so unkind,
 You chill me with that frown.
 Do, pray, mamma, indulge your pet,
 Entreat papa to go ;
 Ah, now I see that you're in tears,
 We shall succeed, I know.
- Mrs. G.*—Alas! my child, I've done my best,
 And argued all day long ;
 But men are always obstinate,
 Especially when wrong.

'Tis for my girl I urge the trip,
 Not for myself, alas!
 But when I married, *had I known*,—
 No matter, let *that* pass.

Mr. G.—My dear, you know that I abhor
 These silly discontents;
 You're quite absurd, why don't you make
 The people pay their rents?
 I can't afford a house in town—
 Nay, don't put on that sneer,
 For once be happy where you are,
 We'll go to town next year.

Mrs. G.—Your conduct, sir, is most absurd,
 We went last year in June;
 But Fanny really had no chance,
 You took us home so soon.
 Sir Charles was evidently struck,
 I'm sure he would have popp'd;
 But then he saw no more of us,
 And so the matter dropt.

Mrs. G.—Of course, my dear, you stay with us?

Mr. G.—No, darling, no, not so,
 My duties, parliamentary,
 Force me, alas! to go.

Mrs. G.—You can't afford a house in town?

Mr. G.—No, sweetest! there's the rub;
 For I shall sleep at Batt's, you know,
 And dine, love, at the club.

Mrs. G.—The club! I hate that odious word,
 The bane of wedded life;
 For well the roving husband fares,
 No matter how the wife.
 And then the thing's a vile excuse,
 Which we must take perforce;
 Where have you been this afternoon?
 Oh, at the club, of course.

Mr. G.—Why rail at clubs, dear Mistress G.?
 You know I never play;
 I only meet some college friends,
 And spend a quiet day.
 For when at home I nothing hear,
 But parties, dress, and balls,
 Except it's when you scold the maids,
 Or Fanny thrums and squalls.

Mrs. G.—I hate all clubs, but I abhor
 The Athenæum most!
 They ask the *ladies* We'nesday night,
 It's all a braggart boast.
 To show their gilt and *or-molu*,
 Each anxious member strives,
 And seems to say, snug quarters these,
 What do we want with wives?

Mr. G.—Come, dearest Fanny, dry your tears,
 A little rouge put on;
 I'll order you a sweet chapeau,
 From Maradon Carson.
 The races and the archeries
 Will very soon be here;
 Come, dearest, you shall not be vex'd,
 We will go to town next year!

ADVERTISING!

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Tune—Bow, wow, wow.

In former times, when people took in life a higher
 station,
 Our merchants and our traders thriv'd by honest specu-
 lation;
 They've since the march of intellect a quicker way of
 rising,
 By puffing in the papers, and all kinds of advertising.
 Oh, dear, oh!
 Living by advertisements is all the go!

Now when each man of fashion has quite run through
his estate, sir,

He feels no inconvenience, for he's sure to get a mate,
sir ;

Five shillings in the *Herald* does the bus'ness in a
trice, sir,

Or he may try the *Sunday Times*, if he's not over-nice,
sir. Oh, dear, oh, &c.

Perchance in staring capitals you see "*A good in-
vestment,*"

You lay out a few hundred pounds, and think 'tis for
the best meant ;

You find out in a few short months you've not a *leg* to
stand on,

Although it was a *black leg* caused you fortune to
abandon. Oh, dear, oh, &c.

The very bishop whom you thought was cast in pious
mould, sir,

You find him advertising may, for sermons to be sold, sir,
And just below, as if to aid the wishes of the writer,

"The sons of Bacchus ev'ry night meet at the Crown
and Mitre !" Oh, dear, oh, &c.

A suitable companion if you want, it no disgrace is,
To look the post-paid column down where those are
who want places ;

You find a maid who's not afraid, if you're not of abuse
full,

To take a place where she'd herself make *generally*
useful. Oh, dear, oh, &c.

Sometimes the ladies advertise, whose husbands have
grown jealous,

"A young man wanted"—thus awhile they tantalize
the fellows ;

And then the sole advertisement, if they intend to gain
cook,

As handsome women would not do, 'tis always for a
plain cook. Oh, dear, oh, &c.

"Reform your tailor's bills!" and "Patronize the true cut!"

Oft head advertisements of those who're living by the *New Cut*—

Surprise no longer it affords our swells that tailors trust 'em,

For they care not for their cash, and give a premium for their custom. Oh, dear, oh, &c.

The hairdressers they advertise they ready are and willing,

To make moustachios in the mode, and only charge a shilling;

They've patent wigs with metal springs to keep them safe and steady,

As if we didn't know the WHIGS *had* BRASS *enough* already. Oh, dear, oh, &c.

THE ORIGIN OF "CAT'S-HEAD" APPLES.

[THOMAS HUDSON.]

The Widow Tomkins had a back room on the second floor,

Her name was on a neat brass plate on one side of the door.

Many ladies rich in pride were circumstances worse in, For she was independent—all by going out a nursing.

Companion she had only one—a beautiful tom-cat, Who was a famous mouser, and a devil for a rat; His colour was a tabby, and his skin as soft as silk, And she would lap him every day while he lapp'd the milk.

The Widow Tomkins kept herself aloof from every neighbour,

Her pleasure all consisting in assisting at a labour.

One day she was disturbed from sleep with double rat, tat, tat,

And she went in such a hurry, that she quite forgot her cat.

Poor Tom, as soon as daylight came, walk'd up and
 down the floor,
 And heard the dogs'-meat woman cry cats' meat at
 the door ;
 And when he heard the well-known cry, to mew he did
 begin,
 In vain—for he could not get out, and she could not
 get in.

Confined to this one single room, he could not roam the
 house,
 He wanted a companion, if it only was a mouse ;
 He watch'd a hole in vain, for no mouse came his hopes
 to crown,
 Either he was too much up, or the mouse was too much
 down.

With hunger he got fairly wild, though formerly so
 tame,
 Another day passed slowly by—another just the same,
 With hunger he so hungry was, it did so strong assail,
 That although very loath, he was obliged to eat his tail.

This whetted quite his appetite, and though the stump
 was sore,
 The next day he was tempted (sad!) to eat a little
 more ;
 To make his life the longer, then he made his body
 shorter,
 And one after the other 'gad he ate his hinder quarter.

Hunger is a spur which has such long and pointed
 rowels,
 It spur'd him on next day—and next, to gobble all his
 bowels ;
 He walk'd about on two fore legs—alas! without be-
 holders,
 Still more and more by hunger pressed, he dined on both
 s shoulders.

Next day he found (the cannibal!) to eating more a
 check,
 Although he tried, and did reach all, he could reach of
 his neck!
 But as he could not bite his ear, all mournfully he cried,
 Towards the door he turned his eyes, cock'd up his nose,
 and died!

The widow did at last return, and oh! how she did
 stare—
 She guess'd the tale as soon as she saw Tom's head
 lying there;
 With grief sincerely heartfelt, as she own'd his fate a
 hard'un,
 She buried it beneath an apple-tree just down her
 garden.

Now mark what strange effects from little causes will
 appear—
 The fruit of this said tree was changed, and strangely,
 too, next year;
 The neighbours say ('tis truth, for they're folks who go
 to chapels),
 This cat's head was the sole first cause of all the cat's
 head apples!

MAJOR LONGBOW.

[HAYDN CORRI.]

I'm a general 'tis well known,
 For ever in a bustle;
 My head's as hard as a stone,
 And, damme, lot's of muscle.
 Nothing hurts me, d'ye see,
 I can either walk or fly,
 Upon my life it's true,—
 What will you lay it's a lie?

I swam from Dublin Bay
 To the middle of the sea,
 With three men on my back,
 For, damme, nothing hurts me.

I fought a shark in my way,
 And bunged up his left eye,
 Upon my life it's true,—
 What will you lay it's a lie?

I met with a ship in distress,
 Bumping among the rocks,
 I lifted her up (you may guess)
 And carried her safe in the docks.
 There I drank a whole puncheon of rum,
 Ate an ox and a half, or nigh;
 Upon my life it's true,—
 What will you lay it's a lie?

To the mermaids taught the quadrilles,
 Their assembly-room the sea,
 Their light the glorious sun,
 More brilliant what could be?
 They danced and they got hot,
 These fish began to fry;
 Upon my life it's true,—
 What will you lay it's a lie?

By way of a savoury dish,
 I toasted a whale on a fork,
 Drank thirty dozen of wine,
 In the time you would draw a cork.
 Picked my teeth with a unicorn's horn,
 Which by chance came trotting by;
 Upon my life it's true,—
 What will you lay it's a lie?

In the East, I dined with a friend,
 Where they have no window-sashes,
 The sun-beams entered the room,
 And burnt his wife to ashes;
 "Sweep your mistress away," said he,
 "Bring wine for my friend and I;"
 Upon my life it's true,—
 What will you lay it's a lie?

I came home on a Congreve rocket,
 And cross'd the seas in the dark ;
 I landed safe near Achilles,
 The figure that stands in Hyde Park ;
 With joy I shook hands with the statue,
 Which instantly wink'd it's eye ;
 Upon my life it's true,—
 What will you lay it's a lie ?

ENCORE VERSES.

What! want this song again ?
 Well, well, then I will try ;
 To please you's my delight—
 Who'll lay *that* is a lie ?
 With those around me now,
 I'd wish to live and die :
 Upon my soul it's true,—
 What will you lay it's a lie ?

I called on the man in the moon,
 And took an early lunch,
 Ate part of a fried baboon,
 With a tumbler of whisky punch.
 Coming down I fell in with the stars,
 Where a comet ran into my eye ;
 Upon my life it's true—
 What will you lay it's a lie ?

I went to a play in Florence,
 Where I saw such a tragedy fellow ;
 From the boxes tears fell in such torrents,
 In the pit I put up my umbrella ;
 But the tears filled the pit with water,
 Not a thread on my clothes was dry ;
 Upon my life it's true—
 What will you lay it's a lie ?

Such muscle, I've got, d'ye see,
 That in the fighting ring,
 It is but a few weeks ago,
 That I bang'd both Sayers and King.

I took Algiers by surprise,
Which made the old Dey cry:
Upon my life it's true—
What will you lay it's a lie?

O'BLARNEY.

(PARODY.)

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Air—"Kate Kearney.

Oh! have you not heard of O'Blarney,
Who came all the way from Killarney,
If you fear a black eye,
Take warning and fly,
For a broth of a boy is O'Blarney.

When the potteen, that's whisky, is steaming,
'Tis nought but of fighting he's dreaming,
And, och, I can tell
Where mischief does dwell—
The shillelah of Paddy O'Blarney.

Then should you e'er meet this O'Blarney,
Who rode all on foot from Killarney,
Beware of his smile,
Mind your eye all the while,
A shillelah has Paddy O'Blarney!

Though he looks so bewitchingly simple,
Och, faith! but he'd soon crack your pimple,
And should he inhale
A drop of the *rale*,
Then fatal's the blow of O'Blarney!

THE THREE FLIES.

[THOMAS HUDSON.]

There were three flies, once on a time,
Resolv'd to travel and change their clime;
For they neither cared for father nor mother,
For uncle, nor aunt, nor sister, nor brother.

The first was a yellow one, the second was blue,
 And the third was a green one to the view ;
 So off they set with their merry hums,
 In search of sugar and of plums.
 But they too saucy were, by half—
 I can't sing if you do laugh.
 So shut your mouths, and list to me,
 Tiddle liddle lol, and tiddle liddle lee,
 And take a lesson from a fly,
 Don't give way to lux—u—ry.

They had not got far when the yellow one cries,
 Look down, my boys, a dinner I spies.
 But the bluebottle answer'd—upon my word,
 I see nothing but a large dead bird.
 A dead bird, well, there's good in that—
 I'm sure it looks *monstracious* fat ;
 And I wish as how I may go to Davy,
 If I don't have some of that rich gravy.
 But the others too dainty were by half—
 I can't sing, &c.

Away then flew the other two,
 Jacky Green and Tommy Blue ;
 They *flow'd* on fast, and did not stop,
 Till they came opposite to a butcher's shop.
 "Oh, oh," says the bluebottle, "here's a treat !
 I'm particularly fond of butcher's meat."
 Says t'other, says he, "Then off I go,
 For I don't care for meat, you know."
 But he too dainty was by half—
 I can't sing, &c.

Far off then by himself he *flow'd*,
 And into a grocer's shop he *goed* ;
 And there he play'd some saucy rigs,
 For he danc'd among the sugar, and the plums, and
 the figs.
 The day being hot, he took a whim,
 And thought in some treacle he should like to swim ;

So, without considering consequences, in he goes,
 And didn't even stop to take off his clothes,
 But the treacle he found too thick by half—

I can't sing, &c.

The other two pass'd by the door,
 And heard a voice they'd heard before;
 So nearer to the sound they got,
 Till they 'lighted on the treacle-pot.

There they saw him almost dead,
 And thus to him the bluebottle said :
 "O, Greeny, all our powers can't save ye,
 You'd better have had our beef and gravy,
 But you too dainty were by half"—

I can't sing, &c.

MORAL.

Now all young men inclined to roam,
 Take my advice, and stay at home ;
 And be your fortunes dry or wet,
 Be content with what you get,
 And 'bout trifles make no fuss,
 Farther on you may fare worse ;
 And mayhap when a great way off you've got,
 Like that poor fly, you'll go to pot ;
 For he too dainty was by half, &c.

THE TAXES OFF KNOWLEDGE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Air—"Drops of Brandy."]

Since reading is now quite the rage,
 And folks need no other adviser,
 If you list to my song, I'll engage
 To show they get wiser and wiser!
 Useless is now ev'ry school,
 We soon sha'n't require a college,
 Nobody studies by rule,
 For they've taken the taxes off knowledge.
 Useless, &c.

No longer have playthings and toys
 Their charms for the young generation ;
 'Stead of peg in the ring—all our boys,
 Forming clubs, play at ruling the nation.
 Fly the garter has come to an end,
 With all that once banished their vapours,
 And now all their pennies they spend
 By taking in penny newspapers!
 Useless, &c.

The Bakers they now are *high-bred*,
 And to make of their merits the least,
 Through life's *flow'ry* paths they have sped,
 So they're call'd the wise men of the *yeast* !
 Musicians all read the *Corsair*,
 A work more than others diviner,
 And the Staffordshire warehouse man's care
 Is to know the whole *Hist'ry of China*.
 Useless, &c.

The Sweeper knows Patterson's *roads*,
 Though his trade is decidedly murkey,
 A Poulterer—well it forbodes—
 Has written an *Essay on Turkey*.
 And I once in an oyster-shop spied,
 To show that folk's minds are creative,
 In letters of three inches wide,
 "The French language taught by a *native* !"
 Useless, &c.

Most Tinkers were ignorant once,
 But reading and learning they try on,
 He's call'd by the others a dunce,
 Who's not well acquainted with *Ion* (Iron).
 Each watchmaker asks for the *Times*,
 The Publican—'t isn't a crammer—
 Now thinks it not one of his crimes
 To live by the *regular drammer*.
 Useless, &c.

The dealers in old marine stores,
 They are not exempt from those doings,
 For they prove by the things at their doors
 They acquainted are with *Volney's ruins*.
 The Fireman—waterman too,
 Though he is both callings by turns,
 Has read all the *Water Witch* through,
 And a knowledge has, perfect, of *Burns*.
 Useless, &c.

The Glazier prefers *Mrs. Glass*,
 Baked-tatermen *Murphy* surprises,
 And often it does come to pass,
 The sweep from the *Black Dwarf* he rises.
 The *Hours of Idleness* meets
 An unlimited number of readers,
 And the *Times* coachman says they are treats
 Whene'er he can find *two good leaders*.
 Useless, &c.

THE JACK DAWS.

As an Old Jack Daw and a Young Jack Daw
 Vere a valking out together,
 As you very vell know vat birds vill do
 That are of the same feather ;
 Says the Old Jack Daw to the Young Jack Daw,
 I von't valk another stride,
 For I sees a cow in yonder mead—ow,
 So let us get up and ride.

As the Old Jack Daw and the Young Jack Daw
 Vere a riding up a-top of the cow,
 Says the Young Jack Daw to the Old Jack Daw,
 I can ride as vell as thou ;
 Says the Old Jack Daw to the Young Jack Daw,
 Vhy, you can't ride half so vell ;
 Then, says the young Jack Daw to the Old Jack Daw,
 If I can't, vhy, then I vill cut a great swell.

As the Old Jack Daw and the Young Jack Daw
 Vere going on with their dispute,
 Says the Old Jack Daw to the Young Jack Daw,
 I vishes as how you'd be mute ;
 Says the Young Jack Daw to the Old Jack Daw,
 I von't, for I'll kick up a row ;
 Vhy, then, says the Old Jack Daw to the Young Jack
 Daw,
 I'll kick you off of the cow.

As the Old Jack Daw and the Young Jack Daw
 Felt their passions begin for to rise,
 Says the Old Jack Daw to the Young Jack Daw,
 I'll peck out both your eyes ;
 Says the Young Jack Daw to the Old Jack Daw,
 Fie on you, you vicked old bird ;
 Vith that, the Old Jack Daw kick'd the Young Jack
 Daw,
 And tumbled him into the road.

Vhen the Old Jack Daw saw the Young Jack Daw,
 He vas sorry for vhat he had done ;
 Says the Old Jack Daw to the Young Jack Daw,
 Oh ! indeed it was only in fun ;
 Says the Young Jack Daw to the old Jack Daw,
 I'll go home and I'll tell my mammy ;
 Vhy, then, says the Old Jack Daw to the Young Jack
 Daw,
 If I care for the old witch, damme.

MORAL.

Attend, all good people, both old and young,
 To vat I vould say to you now,
 And vhenever you goes for to valk out together,
 Don't get up a-top of a cow ;
 And, don't, like the poor dicky-birds, quarrel an l fi ht,
 Lest you gets a bloody nose ;
 You may be sent home in the very same plight,
 With a nastiness over your clothes.

THE WEDDING OF BALLYPOREEN.

Descend, ye chaste nine, to a true Irish Bard,
 You're old maids, to be sure, but he sends you a card,
 To beg you'll assist a poor musical elf,
 With a song ready made, he'll compose it himself,
 About maids, boys, a priest, and a wedding,
 With a crowd you could scarce thrust your head in,
 A supper, good cheer, and a bedding,
 Which happen'd at Ballyporeen.

'Twas a fine summer's morn, about twelve in the day,
 All the birds fell to sing, all the asses to bray,
 When Patrick the bridegroom and Oonagh the bride,
 In their best bibs and tuckers set off side by side :
 Oh ! the piper play'd first in the rear, sir,
 The maids blush'd, the bridesmen did swear, sir,
 Oh ! Lord, how the spalpeens did stare,
 At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

They were soon tack'd together and home did return,
 To make merry the day at the sign of the Churn,
 When they sat down together, a frolicsome troop,
 Oh, the banks of old Shannon ne'er saw such a group !
 There were turf-cutters, thrashers, and tailors,
 With harpers, and pipers, and nailors,
 And pedlers, and smugglers, and sailors,
 Assembled at Ballyporeen.

There was Bryan Macdermot, and Shaugnessy's brat,
 With Terence, and Triscol, and platterfaced Patt;
 There was Norah Macormick, and Bryan O'Lynn,
 And the fat red-hair'd cook-maid who lives at the inn;
 There was Sheelah, and Larry the genius,
 With Patt's uncle, old Darby Dennis,
 Black Thady, and crooked Macgennis,
 Assembled at Ballyporeen.

Now the bridegroom sat down to make an oration,
 And he charm'd all their souls with his kind botheration.

They were welcome, he said, and he swore, and he
curs'd,

They might eat till they swell'd, and might drink till
they burst.

The first christening I have, if I thrive, sirs,
Here again I do hope you'll all drive, sirs,
You'll be welcome, all dead or alive, sirs,
To a christening at Ballyporeen.

Then the bride she got up to make a low bow,
But she twitter'd and felt so—she could not tell how—
She blush'd and she stammer'd—the few words she let
fall,

She whisper'd so low, that she bother'd them all—
But her mother cried, "What, are you dead, child,
Oh, for shame of you, hold up your head, child,
Though I'm sixty, I wish I was wed, child,
Oh, I'd rattle at Ballyporeen!"

Now they sat down to meat, Father Murphy said grace;
Smoking-hot were the dishes, and eager each face,
The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters did
play,

And they elbow'd and jostled, and wallop'd away:
Rumps, chines, and fat sirloins did groan, sirs,
Whole mountains of beef were cut down, sirs,
They demolish'd all to the bare bone, sirs,
At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was spoil'd,
Potatoes dress'd both ways, both roasted and boil'd;
Hogs' puddings, red herrings, the priest got the snipe;
Culcannon, pies, dumplings, cod, cow-heels and tripe!

Then they ate till they could eat no more, sirs,
And the whisky came pouring *galore*, sirs,
Oh, how Terry Macmanus did roar, sirs,
Oh, he bother'd all Ballyporeen.

Now the whisky went round, and the songsters did roar,
Tim sung "Paddy O'Kelly," Nell sung "Molly Astore;"

"Till a motion was made that their songs they'd forsake,
 And each lad take his sweetheart their trotters to shake;
 Then the piper and couples advancing,
 Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a-prancing,
 Such piping, such figuring, and dancing,
 Was ne'er known at Ballyporeen.

Now to Patrick the bridegroom, and Oonagh the bride,
 Let the harp of Old Ireland be sounded with pride,
 And to all the brave guests, young or old, gay or green,
 Drunk or sober, that jigg'd it at Ballyporeen.
 And when Cupid shall lend you his wherry,
 To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,
 I wish you may be half so merry,
 As we were at Ballyporeen.

BETSY BAKER.

THOMAS HUDSON.] [Air—"Head Man at Mrs. Grundy's."
 From noise and bustle far away, hard work my time
 employing,
 How happily did I pass each day, content and health
 enjoying;
 The birds did sing, and so did I, as I trudg'd o'er each
 acre,
 I never knew what 'twas to sigh, till I saw Betsy
 Baker.

At church I met her drest so neat, one Sunday in hot
 weather,
 With love I found my heart did beat, as we sung
 psalms together:
 So piously she hung her head, the while her voice did
 shake,—Ah!
 I thought if ever I did wed, 'twould be with Betsy
 Baker.

From her side I could not budge, and sure I thought no
 harm on't,
 My elbow then she gave a nudge, and bade me mind
 the sarment;

When church was over on she walk'd, but I did overtake
her,
Determin'd I would not be baulk'd, I spoke to Betsy
Baker.

Her manners were genteel and cool; I found, on con-
versation,
She'd just come from boarding school, and finish'd her
education;
But love made me speak out quite free, says I, "I've
many an acre,
Will you give me your company?" "I sha'n't," said
Betsy Baker.

All my entreaties she did slight, and I was forced to
leave her,
I got no sleep all that there night, for love had brought
a fever;
The doctor came, he smelt his cane, with long face
like a Quaker,
Said he, "Young man, pray where's thy pain?" says I,
"Sir, Betsy Baker."

Because I was not bad enough, he bolus'd and he
pill'd me,
And if I had taken all his stuff, I think he must ha'
kill'd me;
I put an end to all the strife, 'twixt him and the under-
taker,
And what d'ye think 'twas saved my life? why—
thoughts of Betsy Baker.

I then again to Betsy went, once more with love
attack'd her,
But meantime she got acquainted wi' a ramping mad
play-actor,
If she would have him, he did say a lady he would
make her,
He gammon'd her to run away, and I lost Betsy
Baker.

I fretted very much to find my hopes of love so undone,
 And mother thought 'twould ease my mind if I came
 up to London;
 But tho' I strive another way, my thoughts will ne'er
 forsake her,
 I dream all night, and think all day of cruel Betsy
 Baker.

THE SOVEREIGN BANK.

[JACOB BEULER.]

[Tune—"A Farmer down in West Countree."]

A ploughman down in Somersetshire,
 Who'd saved up ten pound-notes, I'm told,
 Hearing how bankers fail'd, did swear
 He'd have his notes all chang'd for gold.
 Ri tooral, looral, looral, looral, &c.

He got his purse, but was so cross,
 'Cause his son smiled, he wopp'd the younker;
 Then took and begg'd the farmer's horse,
 And off he gallop'd to the banker.
 Ri tooral, &c.

He soon got to the banker's shop.
 And there he said—"Though they be old,
 You know these notes again, so c'up,
 Change them for *soverines* of gold.
 Ri tooral, &c.

When they'd paid him ten pounds in cash,
 He was so pleas'd at the bright show,
 He said, "I hope 'twont make you *smash*,
 But charity 'gins at home, you know."
 Ri tooral, &c.

Quite pleas'd, he to the inn did spank,
 To treat him with a mug of *yale*;
 When some one said, "The sovereign bank
 Had fail'd—or it was like to fail!"
 Ri tooral, &c.

When he heard this, he in a crack
 Return'd to bank with might and main,
 And said, "C'up, take your *soverines* back,
 And just give me my notes again."
 Ri tooral, &c.

When he'd his notes, he did begin
 To blow them up, and said, "You crew!
 You thought to take a poor man in,
 But, dang it, d'ye see, I's as cunning as you."
 Ri tooral, &c.

"You seem'd dang'd quick your gold to pay,
 You knew the *soverine* bank was broke;
 But I've my notes, and so good day,
 And I to your *soverines* wish good luck!
 Ri tooral, &c.

THE POACHERS.

H. CORRI.]

[*Music* by HAYDN CORRI.]

When I was bound apprentice in famed Northampton-
 shire,
 I served my master truly for almost seven year,
 Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly hear—
 Oh, it is my delight of a shiny night, in the season of
 the year.

As me and my comrades were setting of a snare,
 The game-keeper was a-watching us—for him we did
 not care;
 For we can wrestle, fight, my boys, jump over any-
 where;
 For it is my delight of a shiny night, in the season of
 the year.

As me and my companions were setting four or five,
 And taking of them up again, we took the hare alive;
 We popped him into the bag, my boys, and through the
 wood did steer;
 For it is my delight of a shiny night, in the season of
 the year.

We threw him over our shoulders, and wandered through
the town,
Called into a neighbour's house and sold him for a
crown;
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell
you where;
For it is my delight of a shiny night, in the season of
the year.

Well, here's success to poaching, for I do think it
fair,
Bad luck to every game-keeper that would not sell his
deer;
Good luck to every game-keeper that wants to buy a
hare;
For it is my delight of a shiny night, in the season of
the year. ♣

THE WIDOW MAHONEY.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Irish Air.]

Oh! love it is murder, I wish it was further,
For faith I'm inclined to get rid of my life;
I'm out of my senses, arrah! beside the expenses,
And only because I'm in want of a wife.
The Widow Mahoney, she was my crony,
Only her heart was so hard and so stony;
Och! Widow, says I, stop my bachelor's trade,
Or as sure as I live, I shall die an old maid.
Och! Widow Mahoney.

The Widow Mahoney was tall, stout, and bony,
Her husband had left her to plough the salt seas—
He'd gone to the bottom, his guineas she got 'em,
So without any labour she liv'd at her ease;
A beautiful cratur as any in nature,
And just like myself, too, in every feature.
Och! Widow, says I, &c.

I scorn'd to be scaly, so treated her daily,
 As sure as the night came, to whisky and tea ;
 And there in a nobby, her beautiful body,
 Would sit cheek by jowl o' one side behind me.
 So to finish the matter, Mr. Rooney was fatter,
 And then with his blarney he throw'd his eye at her.
 Och ! Widow, says I, &c.

Ere long they had tarried, they 'greed to be married,
 So lovingly went to the priest to get wed,
 When who should be stalking to stop their sweet
 walking,
 But the widow's live husband, the man that was dead.
 Mr. Mike was confounded, the widow she swounded,
 The man pick'd her up, and the neighbours surrounded ;
 So there I was left to my bachelor's trade,
 And through Widow Mahoney must die an old maid.
 Och ! Widow Mahoney.

THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK.

[SAMUEL LOVER.]

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
 That St. Patrick at midnight he first saw the day ;
 While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
 And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn ;
 For mistakes *will* occur in a hurry and shock,
 And some blamed the babby, and some blamed the
 clock—
 Till with all their cross-questions, sure no one could
 know
 If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.
 Now the first faction-fight in Ould Ireland, they say,
 Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday,
 Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would
 die,
 And who wouldn't see right, sure they blackened his
 eye !

At last, both the factions so positive grew,
 That *each* kept a birthday—so Pat then had *two*;
 Till Father Mulcaley, who showed them their sins,
 Said, "No one could have two birthdays but a *twins*."
 Says he, "Boys, don't be fighting for eight or for nine,
 Don't be always dividing—but sometimes combine;
 Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
 So let that be his birthday." "Amen," says the clerk.
 "If he wasn't a twins, sure our hist'ry will show
 That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we
 know!"
 Then they all got blind drunk, which completed their
 bliss,
 And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

THE DREAM.

DUET.

J. MALLINSON.]

[Air—"The Blue-tailed Fly."]

He.—As I was a working at back o'my plough,
 Fal de ral la, &c.
 I felt all over I can't tell you how,
 Fal de ral la, &c.
 I thought I was dead—by the powers above—
 When I met Peggy Perkins, and found it was love.
 Fal de ral la, &c.

She.—As I was a singing a ditty one night,
 Fal de ral la, &c.
 I fell fast asleep, and woke in a fright,
 Fal de ral la, &c.
 I thought 'twas a sweetheart, so kindly and true,
 Look'd round and cried, Bless me! la, John, is that
 you? Fal de ral la, &c.

He.—Why, Peggy, what makes thee thus scar'd like
 an elf? Fal de ral la, &c.

She.—Why you'd be scar'd too, if you slept by your-
 self. Fal de ral la, &c.

He.—Not at all would I fear—give the devil his due,
It's only, dear maid, when I'm thinking of you.

Fal de ral la, &c.

She.—But maids, when they're maids, should not talk
to the men.

Fal de ral la, &c.

He.—Pray, Peggy, what would you have them to do,
then?

Fal de ral la, &c.

She.—Why, I'd have them get married, as honest girls
ought.

He.—Why don't you, then, Peggy?

She.—

It's none o' my fau't.

Fal de ral la, &c.

He.—You know I've been axing you all this long while,

Fal de ral la, &c.

She.—La, John, how you make a lone body to smile!

Fal de ral la, &c.

He.—I'm serious——

She.—

Now be ye?

He.—

Why do you doubt?

She.—I see very plain, then, my dream is made out.

Fal de ral la, &c.

He.—Well, what did you dream?

She.—

That the church was close by.

Fal de ral la, &c.

He.—The church! so it be—

She.—

And that you married I.

Fal de ral la, &c.

He.—How comical!

She.—

Be'ant it? and then the best joke,

Was when married——

He.—

What then?

She.—

Why, then, John—I woke.

Fal de ral la, &c.

He.—Well, now you're awake, let's to church in a
crack.

Fal de ral la, &c.

She.—I knew you would go ——

He.—

And when we come back?

Fal de ral la, &c.

Both.—We'll live as good-humour'd, and free from al
blame,
And I hope all you sweethearts will do just the same
Fal de ral la, &c.

SAILOR JACK AND THE QUEEN.

[J. E. CARPENTER.*]

You've heard of Sailor Jack, no doubt,
Who found our good King William out—
To Windsor Castle, too, he'd been,
A visiting the king and queen.
Ri too ral, &c.

Now Jack, who'd been for years away,
Returned to port the other day—
He turned his 'bacca o'er and o'er,
For he found the Sailor King no more.
Ri too ral, &c.

“Shiver my timbers! here's a breeze,
We've got a woman now to please;
So straight to London I must go,
To see who's got the craft in tow.”
Ri too ral, &c.

Now Jack he to the palace came,
He'd got no card—so he gave his name;
“Go back,” said they; “She wont see you;”
Says Jack, “No, hang me if I do.”
Ri too ral, &c.

“Stand back, you lubbers! not see me!—
The friend of his late Majesty!”
He floor'd them all, sprung o'er each star,
And got where the Court assembled were.
Ri too ral, &c.

* A very *early* song of the Editor's: it is slightly altered to suit the present time.

They in amazement view'd the scene—
Says Jack, "I want to see the Queen!"
When smiling, seated, from afar,
Says she, "Well, here I am, old tar."
Ri too ral, &c.

"All right!" says Jack, "this is no flam,
I've come here just to warn you, mam,
Don't you by courtier sharks be led—
For, d'ye see, I likes your *Figure-head*."
Ri too ral, &c.

"Don't fear me, Jack—it's all serene,
But I'm British born, and I am the Queen;
And if against my peace they strike,
I'll give 'em, Jack, what they wont like."
Ri too ral, &c.

"Hurrah!" says Jack, "your Majesty!
Just like your noble family!
You knows what's what, and I'll repeat
What you have said to all the fleet."
Ri too ral, &c.

"I like your manners," answered she—
"An admiral you soon shall be."
The Lords in Waiting there said "No!"
The Queen—"Why can't I make him so?"
Ri too ral, &c.

"You jealous swabs, what are you at?
I knows I am too old for that—
So one request instead I'll make,
Off pigtail you'll the duty take."
Ri too ral, &c.

The Queen, who quite enjoyed the fun,
Soon promis'd Jack it should be done;
Then Jack he turned again his quids,
And axed, "How is the royal kids?"
Ri too ral, &c.

"Why, hark'e Jack," the Queen replied,
 "The young uns are their country's pride."
 "They are, and if they'll view my ship,"
 Says Jack, "for all I'll stand some flip!"
 Ri too ral, &c.

Then to his messmates soon he hied—
 "I've seen her—it's all right"—he cried;
 "I'll prove to you she's wide awake—
 She's a trim-built craft, and no mistake."
 Ri too ral, &c.

They ordered grog, to crown the scene,
 And drank, "The Navy and the Queen!"
 Says Jack, "Our toast shall ever be,
 'God bless her gracious Majesty!'"
 Ri too ral, &c.

FAREWELL TO YOU, MY RORY TORIES.

[WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.]

Fare—vell to all you rory tories,
 To—London's great city farevell,
 Fare—vell to the scene of my glories,
 Where—I used for to cut such a swell.
 With my too ral, &c.

Sorrow—light upon you, Justice Bailey,
 You—gentlemen jury, also,
 For—a taking me off from my Polly love,
 A—cross the salt ocean to go.
 With my too ral, &c.

'Tisn't—leaving my cuntry I care for,
 Nor—crossing the salt seas I mind,
 But—it's leaving the arms of my Polly love,
 'Cos—I leaves her in sorrow behind.
 With my too ral, &c.

There's—the Cappen as vas our Kimmander,
 There's—the Boson and all the ship's crew,
 There's—the married men as well as the single ^{uns}
 Knows—vot we blessed conwicks goes through.
 With my too ral, &c.

Oh!—had I the vings of the turtle-dove,
 A—cross the salt ocean I'd fly,
 Slap—into the arms of my Polly love,
 And—on her soft bosom would die.
 With my too ral, &c.

A FEW WORDS AFTER MARRIAGE.

J. E. CARPENTER.] [Air—"Fanny Grey."

No, Hal! I'm not at all deceiv'd,
 So don't think that I am;
 Excepting that I *once* believ'd
 You far above—a sham!
 Is this your promis'd "Eden," then?
 Oh, bitter are its fruits!
 You are not worse than other men,
 But *all* mankind are brutes.

I know—don't interrupt me so—
 You *will* have a latch-key;
 "You *can't* disturb the servants," though
 You don't care much for me.
 Your foreign letters, posted late,
 All sham, sir!—idle tales;
 I know all letters after eight
 Do *not* go by the *Mails*.

Your club!—of course you can't be fined—
 You must obey the rules;
 You may not leave when you have dined
 With those "unmarried fools;"
 Your rubber, which "you *never* lose,
 The men are all such sticks!"
 Yet all *I* ask for you refuse;
 I'm up, sir, to your *tricks*.

You vow'd, you know, when we were wed,
 Your aunt should not come here,
 If she should take into her head
 With us to interfere ;
 But only yesterday she came,
 And said the fault was *mine*
 That you could get no peace at home,
 And *must* go out to dine.

And then she said, she thought it right
 Downstairs to take a look ;
 And I discover'd, long ere night,
 That she'd discharg'd the cook.
 I'll tell you what, Hal—things must mend,
 Or this I mean to do—
 If she comes here, then I intend
 To give *you* warning too.

She's rich, so you'd bear with her still:
 That makes me no atone :
 For me she's free to keep *her will*—
 I'll have one of *my own*.
 So don't expect it, for I can't
 Endure this kind of life :
 Abjure your club—offend your aunt—
 I'll be—or not—your wife.

THE MANSION-HOUSE BALL.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

A ball in the City ! papa, we must go,
 'Tis vain to deny us, we cannot hear " No ;"
 You must try and get tickets, of course for us all ;
 We shall only want *nine* for the Mansion-House Ball.

There are some little trifles you cannot refuse,
 I want a new dress, and new white satin shoes !
 My ear-rings too short are, and I'm rather tall,
 I must have a new pair for the Mansion-House Ball.

It will cost but a trifle, papa, at the best,
 And I'm sure you'd not have me look worse than the
 rest ;

Besides, you belong to the Council and all—
 So I must look my best at the Mansion-House Ball.

There's something I'd nearly forgot, I declare,
 Do buy me a wreath, work'd in gold, for my hair ;
 From which my long tresses may gracefully fall,
 To lure all the hearts at the Mansion-House Ball.

I'm sure, dear papa, to a useless expense
 You know I'd not put you on any pretence,—
 I at Evrington's saw such a love of a shawl ;
 And I mustn't catch cold at the Mansion-House Ball.

And so if you buy me these things by the way,
 I know, dear papa, we shall be very gay ;
 Then Jane, Ann, and Mary upon you will call—
 We must *all go alike* to the Mansion-House Ball.

There'll be Mrs. Figgins from Finsbury Square,
 Miss Figginses, too, they've all carrotty hair ;
 And as to their dancing—they can't dance at all,
 We shall cut them all out at the Mansion-House Ball.

Miss Garlick is going, and people do hint,
 She's an eye on young Lowe, with her terrible squint ;
 She has shocking bad feet—mine are pretty and small—
 I shall dance with her beau at the Mansion-House Ball.

And as to that vulgar Miss Emily Priest,
 I'm certain that she'll only go there to feast ;
 I've seen her at supper take wine with them all,—
 And there's lots of good things at the Mansion-House
 Ball.

We must go to the ball, for I doat on a crowd,
 The men are so pressing, the women so proud ;
 I'm determined to go in hysterics and squall,
 ta husband may get at the Mansion-House Ball.

MARRIED TO A MERMAID.

[ALBERT SMITH.]

It was in the Atlantic Ocean,
 At the Equinoctial gales,
 That a man he did fall overboard
 Among the sharks and whales;
 His ghost appeared at my bedside,
 Saying, "Weep no more for me,
 For I'm married to a mermaid
 At the bottom of the sea."

Singing, "Rule Britannia—
 Britannia rules the waves,
 Britons never, never, never"—
 "God save the Queen!"

"Surprised will be my messmates,
 And the friends I left on shore,
 And my dear parents, which, alas!
 I never shall see more;
 When they hear as I've been summoned
 Away quite suddenly,
 And am married to a mermaid
 At the bottom of the sea.

Rule Britannia, &c.

"A broken sixpence in my chest,
 Likewise a lock of hair,
 To Sally I solicites
 That you will quickly bear;
 That you will say unto her
 'Twas sheer necessity
 That made me wed this mermaid
 At the bottom of the sea.

Rule Britannia, &c.

"It is true that to refresh myself
 No 'bacca now I gets,
 But then as with regard to that,
 Myself I never frets;

For all the joys of life are
 Immaterial to me,
 Now I'm married to a mermaid
 At the bottom of the sea!"
 Rule Britannia, &c.

When I seed and heerd this drowned man,
 My joints with terror shook,
 I axed him questions,
 Cos the words my lips forsook;
 But immediately I swonded,
 And he said no more to me,
 For he dived down to his mermaid
 At the bottom of the sea.
 Singing, Rule Britannia, &c.

MR. BLACK, THE UNDERTAKER.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by J. VALENTINE.]

An undertaker—Mr. Black,—
 I'll sing of in my verse,
 But his sad death ere I relate
 His life I shall *re-hearse*;
 Though oft he was considered *grave*,
 A merry life he led,
 The reasons very clear, he got
 His *living* by the *dead*.
 Some folks call'd *Black* a merry *wight*,
 And thus it did appear,
 He often got—oh, name it not—
Dead drunk upon his *bier*,
 His friends attempted, but in vain,
 To wake him to his calling,
 He wouldn't take advice, altho'
 His *case* was quite a (p) *pall*-ing.
 Now time crept on—he got a wife,
 And care made him less merry;
 That she should be as *grave* as he,
 He took her out of *Bury*.

He mourn'd his fate, and found too late
 Her faults before were hid,
 And married, found, alas! the worst
Black job he ever did.

At length his better half, she got
 His name in ill-repute,
 For he beheld her one day make
Dumb motions to the mute.
 So Black spoke sternly to the mute,
 Who trembled for his place,
 And when he tried his guilt to hide,
He looked BLACK in the face.

She died, a sexton dug her grave,
 And this *grave* man in *mirth*,
 Cried "*King* death" now again has got
 "*A subject*" in the earth.
 Black wasted not, nor heaved a sigh,
 And thus he *kept his size*;
 He put her 'neath the turf—then got
 A drop in both his eyes.

If then he didn't weep at all,
 When trade and cash were failing,
 He went on board a South-Sea ship,
 And *wail'd* while he was *whaling*.
 Again fate sent him in *the shrouds*,
 (The vessel in the offing,)
 He caught a cold—and soon, alas!
 A *coffin* found through *coughing*.

A SPORTING CHARACTER.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Air—"William and Mary."]

I was a sporting character,
 And mingled with the gay,
 I used to hunt—but now those joys
 From me are *chased* away;

Tho' left and right, to ev'ry fight
 I went with Ward or Spring,
 I knew not till I took a wife,
 The *secrets of the ring*.

I used to gamble—but alas!
 Those *gambols* all are o'er;
 My *notes are changed* to humble pence,
 And I can play no more!
 I used to press each friend to chess,
 Away from worldly strife;
 Was fond of *draughts*, which is, I find,
 A failing in my wife.

Our pleasures quickly pass away,
 'Tis useless for them wishing,
 I've but one hobby left,—for now
 My *sole delight* is *fishing*.
 I have been *baited* by a *maid*,
 ('Twas *scaly* conduct—very!)
 To quit my *plaiice* at *Ponder's End*,
 And take her to *Fins-bury*.

I do remember—with a friend,
 (But more of him anon,)
 As I was short of stature—he
 Would call me *little John*;
 I saw no reason why the joke
 Should not be thus withstood,
 So told him when he made the pun,
 He must be *robbing Hood*.

'Twas two o'clock one chilly morn,
 On Waltonising bent,
 That like two angry schoolmasters,
 With *rod in hand* we went;
 We sneaked away, ere break of day,
 Our sleepy spouses dishing,
 Not only fixed to *fish in Kew*,
 But in *the cue for fishing*.

The morn was *heavy—wet* and *hail*
 In torrents like a sea
 Rush'd down the streets, at Christmas time
 'Twould seasonable be ;
 You'll ask—how I can prove the fact ?
 Quite easily 'tis done—
 For London is at Christmas time,
 With *currants* over-run.

At length we reached the destin'd spot,
 The storm and rain abated,
 And being *simple* men of course
 We both with *gentles* baited.
 I *dropped a line* just by the post
 That's nearly Kew bridge under,
 And hooked a—gudgeon?—*No! a cat,*
 Which broke my rod asunder.

Alas! those steam-boats on the Thames—
 They have my worst of wishes,
 They've turned the water into mud,
 And poison'd all the fishes ;
 Our sport that day—I grieve to say,
 Was worse than we expected,
 For like two would-be poets, we
 Soon found *our lines rejected.*

THE ELDER SON.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Air*—"I'm quite a Ladies' Man."]

I am an elder son—the heir
 To all our fine estate,
 I'm glad to hear the doctors say
 I can't have long to wait ;
 Alas! my father's earthly course
 Is very nearly run,
 Yet I am very, very glad
 That I'm an elder son.

Mothers of families who have
 Young daughters—often send
 Card after card—there's not a ball
 That I must not attend ;
 And girls with flowing tresses look
 More lovely than the sun,
 Breathing soft sighs, which seem to say,
 "Ah! he's an elder son."

They send me albums—those who know
 What poetry I write,
 Some of them beg my autograph,
 I'm plagued from morn to night ;
 Deserted lovers look at me
 As though I were a dun ;
 I've fought two duels in a week,
 For I'm an elder son.

Our patronage is very good,
 My principles—but hold ;
 I first must know the ministers
 Before *they* can be told :
 I mean to canvass for a seat
 In Parliament—'twill stun
 The younger branches of our house ;
 But I'm an elder son.

Oh, how I pity younger sons,
 I see them passing by,
 Wearing no smiles upon their brow,
 With an averted eye ;
 Uncared for and alone they stand
 Life's desert waste upon,
 I've reason to be very glad
 That I'm an elder son.

If I'm ill—a score of friends
 Come knocking at my door,
 And cards with kind inquiries
 In by the hundred pour ;

'Tis balm into my heart to be
 Such a beloved one,
 For, oh, 'tis honour, fortune, fame!
 To be an elder son.

PURTY MOLLY BRALLAGHAN.

Miss M'GHIE.] [*Music* arranged by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.]

Ab, then, mam dear, did you never hear of purty Molly
 Brallaghan?
 Troth, dear, I've lost her, and I'll never be a man
 again,
 Not a spot on my hide will another summer tan again,
 Since Molly she has left me all alone for to die.
 The place where my heart was, you might easy rowl
 a turnip in,
 It's the size of all Dublin, and from Dublin to the
 Devil's Glin,
 If she chose to take another, sure she might have sent
 mine back again,
 And not to leave me here all alone for to die.

Mam dear, I remember, when the milking time was
 past and gone,
 We went into the meadows where she swore I was the
 only man
 That ever she could love—yet, oh! the base, the cruel
 one,
 After all that to leave me here alone for to die!
 Mam, dear, I remember as we came home the rain
 began,
 I rowl'd her in my frize coat, tho' devil a waistcoat I
 had on,
 And my shirt was rather fine-drawn; yet oh! the base
 and cruel one
 After all that, she left me here alone for to die.

I went and told my tale to Father M'Donnell, mam,
 And thin I went and ax'd advice of Counsellor O'Con-
 nell, mam,
 He towld me promise-breaches had been ever since the
 world began,
 Now, I have only one pair, mam, and they are
 corduroy!
 Arrah, what could he mean, mam? or what would you
 advise me to?
 Must my corduroys to Molly go? in troth, I'm bother'd
 what to do.
 I can't afford to lose both my heart and my breeches too,
 Yet what need I care, when I've only to die!
 Oh! the left side of my carcass is as weak as water-
 gruel, mam—
 The divil a bit upon my bones, since Molly's proved so
 cruel, mam,
 I wish I had a carabine, I'd go and fight a duel, mam,
 Sure, it's better far to kill myself than stay here to
 die.
 I'm hot and detarmined as a live salamander, mam!
 Wont you come to my wake, when I go my long
 meander, mam?
 Oh! I'll feel myself as valiant as the famous Alexan-
 der, mam,
 When I hear yiz crying round me, "Arrah, why did
 you die?"

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

WILLIAM PITT, late of Malta.]

[Air—"Bay of Biscay."]

One night came on a hurricane,
 The sea was mountains rolling,
 When Barney Buntline slew'd his quid,
 And said to Billy Bowline:
 "A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill;
 Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
 Lord help 'em, how I pities them
 Unhappy folks on shore now!

" Foolhardy chaps as live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in ;
Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean !

" And as for them that's out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night returning home,
To cheer their babes and spouses ;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying !

" Both you and I have ofttimes heard
How men are kill'd and undone,
By overturns from carriages,
By thieves, and fires in London.
We know what risks these landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors ;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors."

THE LEATHER BOTTEL.

[ANONYMOUS, 1682.]

'Twas God above that made all things,
The heavens, the earth, and all therein ;
The ships that on the sea do swim,
To guard from foes, that none come in ;
And let them all do what they can,
'Tis but for one end—the use of man ;
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
That first found out the leather bottel.

Now what do you say to these cans of wood ?
 Oh, no, in faith they cannot be good ;
 For if the bearer fall by the way,
 Why, on the ground his liquor doth lay ;
 But had it been in a leather bottèl,
 Although he had fallen, all had been well ;
 So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
 That first found out the leather bottèl.

Then what do you say to these glasses fine ?
 Oh, they shall have no praise of mine ;
 For if you chance to touch the brim,
 Down falls the liquor and all therein ;
 But had it been in a leather bottèl,
 And the stopple in, all had been well ;
 So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
 That first found out the leather bottèl.

Then what do you say to these black-pots three ?
 If a man and his wife should not agree,
 Why, they'll tug and pull till their liquor doth spill :
 In a leather bottèl they may tug their fill,
 And pull away till their hearts do ache,
 And yet their liquor no harm can take ;
 So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
 That first found out the leather bottèl.

Then what do you say to these flagons fine ?
 Oh, they shall have no praise of mine ;
 For when a lord is about to dine,
 And sends them to be fill'd with wine,
 The man with the flagon doth run away,
 Because it is silver most gallant and gay ;
 So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
 That first found out the leather bottèl.

A leather bottèl we know is good,
 Far better than glasses or cans of wood,
 For when a man's at work in the field,
 Your glasses and pots no comfort will yiel

But a good leather bottel standing by,
 Will raise his spirits whenever he's dry;
 So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
 That first found out the leather bottèl.

At noon the haymakers sit them down,
 To drink from their bottels of ale nut-brown;
 In summer, too, when the weather is warm,
 A good bottel full will do them no harm.
 Then the lads and the lassies begin to tattle;
 But what would they do without this bottel?
 So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
 That first found out the leather bottèl.

There's never a lord, an earl, or knight,
 But in this bottel doth take delight;
 For when he's hunting of the deer,
 He oft doth wish for a bottel of beer.
 Likewise the man that works in the wood,
 A bottel of beer will oft do him good:
 So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
 That first found out the leather bottèl.

And when the bottel at last grows old,
 And will good liquor no longer hold,
 Out of the side you may make a clout
 To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
 Or take and hang it up on a pin,
 'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in;
 So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
 That first found out the leather bottèl.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

[Anonymous.]

In good King Charles' golden days,
 When loyalty no harm meant,
 A zealous high churchman I was,
 And so I got preferment:

To teach my flock I never miss'd
 Kings are by God appointed,
 And damn'd are those that do resist,
 Or touch the Lord's anointed.
 And this is law I will maintain
 Until my dying day, sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James obtained the crown,
 And Popery came in fashion,
 The penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the Declaration.
 The Church of Rome I found would fit
 Full well my constitution ;
 And had become a Jesuit
 But for the revolution.

And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
 To ease the nation's grievance,
 With this new wind about I steer'd,
 And swore to him allegiance ;
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance ;
 Passive obedience was a joke,
 A jest was non-resistance.

And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our queen,
 The Church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory :
 Occasional conformists base,
 I damn'd their moderation,
 Although the Church in danger was
 By such prevarication.

And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
 And moderate men look'd big, sir,
 I turned a cat-in-pan once more,
 And so became a Whig, sir.

And thus preferment I procur'd,
 From our new faith's defender ;
 And almost every day abjur'd
 The Pope and the Pretender.
 And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious House of Hanover
 And Protestant succession,
 To these I do allegiance swear—
 While they can keep possession ;
 For in my faith and loyalty
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful king shall be—
 Until the times do alter.
 And this is law, &c.

MY COOKERY BOOK.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Air—"Nothing."]

As cooking's a theme in which all take delight,
 I'll make it the theme of my ditty to-night ;
 I'll cook up a song, some amusement to give,
 Since by cooking and cookery all of us live.
 It is not in this simple song my intention
 The merit to claim of some grand new invention,
 But merely to give you a bit of a look
 In my new systematical Cookery Book.

There's nothing like system and organization,
 By system we manage to govern the nation ;
 So pray pay attention at what you may look
 In my new systematical Cookery Book.

To cook up a schoolboy, first take a dull lad,
 Who before has been spoiled by his mam or his dad,
 Just frighten him well with a score of harsh looks,
 Then let him stew over a lot of hard books ;
 Beat him up, like an egg, with a stout sprig of birch,
 Then baste him, and stick him a-top of a perch,
 With a cane or bamboo give him many a thump,
 And don't you forget to well pepper his rump.
 There's nothing like system, &c.

How to cook up a wedding I'll presently show,—
 First take two young people, a belle and a beau,
 Put them both in a room with a sofa and fire,
 See them settled, and then for an hour retire ;
 Let this be repeated for two or three days,
 Then send them together to three or four plays,
 Let them simmer awhile, and it soon will appear,
 They'll be ready to marry in less than a year.

There's nothing like system, &c.

To cook an old maid, first take sighs two or three,
 Take sheep's eyes, and plenty of gunpowder tea,
 Let them stand for a time, mind the fire don't catch 'em,
 With vinegar season the temper to match 'em ;
 Let these matters boil slowly, be sure you don't jar
 them,

But don't let a *man cook* ere meddle to mar them,
 In a skin of lean parchment your dish must be set,
 And an old maid complete you will presently get.

There's nothing like system, &c.

To cook up an alderman, take a poor cit
 Who hasn't much money, but plenty of wit,
 Set him up in a shop with a good stock of brass,
 And a capital fortune he'll quickly amass ;
 Then send him to several good turtle eatings,
 Let him pass through the roasting of all civic meetings,
 You'll be sure to succeed if he's not done too brown,
 And can, after a time, serve him up in his gown.

There's nothing like system, &c.

To cook up a lawyer, first catch a great rogue,
 If Irish, the better, because of his brogue ;
 Give him two or three briefs, but not brief let them be,
 And the strength of the animal quickly you'll see.
 Take essence of flummery four or five grains ;
 Let the heart be stewed hard—mind, take every pains—
 He must swear that black's white, white no colour
 at all ;

And, if lucky, he'll soon take his seat at Whitehall.

There's nothing like system, &c.

THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT GIPSYING.

A PARODY.

Oh! the days when we went gipsying,
 A long time ago,
 Though meant to be amusing trips,
 Proved nothing else but woe:
 The fire-place would never draw,
 The wood was always green,
 And nought but flies and creeping things
 Were in the milk-pot seen.
 And thus we pass'd the hours away,
 In pastime very slow,
 In the days when we went gipsying,
 A long time ago.

The tea was always very bad,
 The water never boiled;
 We wore the smartest things we had,
 And they were always spoiled;
 And if along the meadows damp
 We felt inclined to roam,
 It usually began to rain
 Before we got safe home.
 And thus we pass'd the hours away, &c.

We never mean to pay again
 A visit to the scene,
 And seat ourselves on emmets' nests,—
 We are not now so green;
 We do not love it overmuch,
 But when we want our tea,
 We'll take it on our table,
 Where it always ought to be.
 And thus we'll drink it properly,
 Provided 'tis not sloe,
 Much better than the gipsying,
 A long time ago.

ed
 I am not old, I am not plain,
 Nor awkward in my gait;
 I am not crooked, like the bride,
 That went from number eight:
 I'm sure white satin made her look
 As brown as any bun;
 But even beauty has no chance,
 I think, at number one.

At number six, they say, Miss Rose
 Has gained a score of hearts,
 And Cupid, for her sake, has been
 Quite prodigal of darts;
 The imp they show with bended bow—
 I wish he had a gun,
 But if he had he'd never deign
 To shoot for number one.

It's very hard, and so it is,
 To live in such a row,
 And here's a ballad-singer come
 To aggravate my woe;
 O take away your foolish song,
 And tones enough to stun;
 There is no luck about the house,
 I know, at number one.

IF I HAD A DONKEY WOT WOULDN'T GO.

JACOB BEULER.]

[Tune—"White Cockade."]

If I had a donkey what wouldn't go,
 D'ye think I'd wallop him? no, no, no;
 By gentle means, I'd try, d'ye see,
 Because I hates all cruelty;
 If all had been like me, in fact,
 There'd ha' been no occasion for Martin's
 Dumb animals to prevent getting erackt
 On the head—

For if I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
 I never would wallop him, no, no, no,
 I'd give him some hay, and cry, "Gee wo
 And "Come up, Neddy!"

What makes me mention this, this morn
 I seed that cruel chap, Bill Burn,
 Whilst he was out a crying greens,
 His donkey wallop with all his means;
 He hit him o'er his head and thighs,
 He brought the tears up in his eyes—
 At last my blood began to rise,
 And I said—
 If I had a donkey, &c.

Bill turn'd and said to me, "Then, perhaps,
 You're one of these Mr. Martin's chaps,
 Wot now is seeking for occasion
 All for to lie an information."
 Though this I stoutly did deny,
 Bill up and gave me a blow in the eye,
 And I replied, as I let fly
 At his head,
 If I had a donkey, &c.

As Bill and I did break the peace,
 To us came up the New Police,
 And hiked us off, as sure as fate,
 Afore the sitting magistrate.
 I told his worship all the spree,
 And for to prove the veracity,
 I wished he would the animal see;
 For I said—
 If I had a donkey, &c.

Bill's donkey was ordered into court,
 In which he caused a deal of sport;
 He cock'd his ears and ope'd his jaws,
 As if he wished to plead his cause.

I proved I'd been uncommonly kind,
The ass got a verdict—Bill got fined ;
For his worship and I were of one mind,
 And he said—
If I had a donkey, &c.

Bill said, " Your vorship, it's wery hard,
But 't isn't the fine that I regard,
But times are come to a pretty pass
When you musn't beat a stubborn ass."
His worship said nothing, but shut his book,
So Billy off his donkey took,
The same time giving me such a look ;
 For I said—Bill,
If I had a donkey, &c.

TIM TURPIN.

[THOMAS HOOD.]

Tim Turpin he was gravel blind,
And ne'er had seen the skies,
For Nature, when his head was made,
Forgot to *dot his eyes* ;
So, like a Christmas pedagogue,
Poor Tim was forced to do,
Look out for *pupils*, for he had
A vacancy for two.

There's some have specs to help their sight
Of objects dim and small ;
But Tim had specs within his eyes,
Yet could not see at all ;
Now Tim he wooed a servant-maid,
And took her to his arms,
For he, like Pyramus, had cast
A *wall-eye* on her charms.

By day she led him up and down,
 Where'er he wished to jog;
 A happy wife, although she led
 The *life of any dog*.
 But just when Tim had lived a month
 In honey with his wife,
 A surgeon oped his Milton eyes,
 Like *oysters*, with a knife.

But when his eyes were opened, thus,
 He wished them dark again;
 For when he *looked* upon his wife,
 He saw her *very plain*;
 Her face was bad, her figure worse,
 He couldn't bear to eat;
 For she was anything but like
 A *grace* before his meat.

Now Tim he was a feeling man,
 For when his sight was thick,
 He used to *feel* for everything—
 And that was *with a stick*;
 So with a cudgel in his hand,
 That was not light or slim—
 He knocked at his wife's head until
 "It opened unto him."

And when the corpse was stiff and cold,
 He took his slaughtered spouse,
 And laid her in a heap with all
 The *ashes* of her house.
 But, like a wicked murderer,
 He lived in constant fear,
 From *day to day*, and so he cut
 His throat from *ear to ear*.

The neighbours fetch'd a doctor in—
 Says he, "This wound, I dread,
 Can hardly be *sewed up*, his life
 Is hanging on a *thread*."

But when another week was gone,
 He gave him stronger hope—
 Instead of hanging on *a thread*
 Of hanging by a rope.

Ah! when he hid his murd'rous work,
 In *ashes* round about,
 How little he supposed the truth
 Would soon be *sifted* out;
 For when the parish dustman came
 His rubbish to withdraw—
 He found more *dust* within that *bin*
 Than he contracted for.

A dozen men to try the fact
 Were sworn that very day;
 And though they all were *jurors*, yet
 Non *conjurors* were they.
 Said Tim unto the jurymen,
 "You need not waste your breath,
 For I confess myself at once,
 The author of her death.

"And, oh! when I reflect upon
 The blood that I have spilt;
 Just like a *button* is my soul,
 Inscribed with *double gilt*."
 Then turning round his head again,
 He saw before his eyes
 A great judge and a little judge,—
 The judges of *assize*.

The great judge took his judgment cap,
 And put it on his head,
 And sentenced Tim, by law, to hang
 Till he was three times dead;
 So he was tried, and he was hung
 (Fit punishment for such)
 On Horsham drop, can any say
 Tim had *a drop too much*?

THE HOUSEHOLDER.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. HARROWAY.]

Was it ever your station to feel the vexation
 Of people who pester a householder's door?
 You never know quiet, for nothing but riot,
 Or trouble and sorrow for you are in store.
 Of a house, if you're master, you've nought but disaster,
 Though settled, you haven't a moment's repose—
 The calls and the knocking are really quite shocking!
 Oh! these are a part of the householder's woes.

They're really so pressing—you've scarcely done dressing
 When the servant comes up, she's instructed to say,
 "A man below axes about the Queen's taxes,
 And wishes to know if you're going to pay?"
 Perchance 'twill accrue then, a bill becomes due then,
 Just as he arrived so he back again goes—
 The calls and the knocking are really quite shocking!
 And these are a part of the householder's woes.

While at breakfast you're seated, the plague is repeated;
 A score or two tradesmen are certain to call,
 Demands they are heavy, you hold quite a levy,
 Discharging the charges they make in the hall.
 There's the "church" and the "poor-rates"—"police"
 and the "sewers rates"
 Are called for, of course, by collectors of those;
 And then comes a knave in for "lighting and paving"—
 Oh! these are a part of the householder's woes.

Then, as they're departing, you're thinking of starting,
 When up comes a man in a deuce of a way,—
 "I've come to remind you," says he, "that they bind you
 Upon the grand jury to serve all the day:"
 Uneasy your place is—so knotty some case is,
 You're locked up all night and debarred of repose—
 'Stead of eating and drinking, obliged to sit thinking,
 You're only enduring a householder's woes.

Now that scarcely over, you're seated in clover,
 Enjoying a sociable glass with a friend;
 It must be relinquished—you're called on an inquest,
 With scarce any notice obliged to attend.
 To view the remains then they make you take pains,
 To add to your sorrows the doctor's depose,
 They clearly can trace 'twas a cholera case,
 Oh! these are a part of the householder's woes.

Tho' strangers may vex you—annoy and perplex you,
 The people about you are always the worst;
 It seems that in cheating each one is competing;
 You search, but in vain, for a man you can trust;
 And tho' on board wages each servant engages,
 The women have always got a parcel of beaux,
 Who come when you're out to a grand feasting bout,
 And these are a part of the householder's woes.

Each parish proceeding your presence is needing,
 You're *rated* about every *rate* you propose;
 When a place is contested you're hourly molested
 By the friends of each party requesting your vote;
 You say to each suitor you mean to be neuter,
 For in party squabbles you'd not interpose;
 You're, *sans* satisfaction, abused by each faction—
 Oh! these are a part of the householder's woes.

In all kinds of weather collected together,
 To try weights and measures you mus'n't dispute,
 Your neighbours annoying, their light weights destroy-
 ing,
 Tho' by nature you're kind, till they call you a
 brute:
 In repairs p'raps you've laid out a fortune, you're
 paid out,
 A flaw in the lease is discovered by those
 Whose only pretence is to run up expenses,
 Which bring to a climax the householder's woes.

THE TOWN OF PASSAGE.*

"FATHER PROUT."]

[Air—"The Groves of Blarney."]

The town of Passage
Is both large and spacious
And situated

 Upon the say ;
'Tis nate and dacent,
And quite adjacent
To come from Cork

 On a summer's day.
There you may slip in
To take a dippin'
Forenent the shippin'
 That at anchor ride ;
Or in a wherry
Cross o'er the ferry
To Carrigaloe
 On the other side.

Mud cabins swarm in
This place so charmin',
With sailors' garments
 Hung out to dry ;
And each abode is
Snug and commodious
With pigs melodious
 In their straw-built sty.

'Tis there the turf is,
And lots of murphies,
Dead sprats and herrings,
 And oyster-shells ;
Nor any lack, oh !
Of good tobacco ;
Though what is smuggled
 By far excels.

There are ships from Cadiz,
And from Barbadoes,

* Now called Queenstown.

But the leading trade is
 In whisky-punch ;
 And you may go in
 Where one Molly Bowen
 Keeps a nate hotel,
 For a quiet lunch.
 But land or deck on,
 You may safely reckon,
 Whatsoever country
 You come hither from,
 On an invitation
 To a jollification
 With a parish priest
 That's called "Father Tom."

Of ships there's one fixt
 For lodging convicts,
 A floating "stone jug"
 Of amazing bulk ;
 The hake and salmon
 Playing at backgammon,
 Swim for divarsion
 All round this hulk ;
 There "Saxon" jailors
 Keep brave repailers,
 Who soon with sailors
 Must anchor weigh,
 From th' em'rald island
 Ne'er to see dry land,
 Until they spy land
 In sweet Bot'ny Bay.

JOHNNY SANDS.

JOHN SINCLAIR.]

[*Music* by JOHN SINCLAIR.]

A man, whose name was Johnny Sands,
 Had married Betty Haigh,
 And tho' she brought him gold and lands,
 She proved a terrible plague.

For, oh, she was a scolding wife,
 Full of caprice and whim,
 He said that he was tired of life,
 And she was tired of him.
 Says he, "Then I will drown myself—
 The river runs below."
 Says she, "Pray do, you silly elf,
 I wished it long ago."
 Says he, "Upon the brink I'll stand,
 Do you run down the hill,
 And push me in with all your might."
 Says she, "My love, I will."
 "For fear that I should courage lack,
 And try to save my life,
 Pray tie my hands behind my back."
 "I will," replied the wife.
 She tied them fast, as you may think,
 And when securely done,
 "Now stand," says she, "upon the brink,
 And I'll prepare to run!"
 All down the hill his loving bride,
 Now ran with all her force
 To push him in—he stepped aside—
 And she fell in of course.
 Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,—
 "Oh! save me, Johnny Sands."
 "I can't, my dear, though much I wish,
 For you have tied my hands."

BETTY SANDS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by JOHN SINCLAIR.]

When Johnny Sands his hands got loosed,
 Folks thought he was insane,
 But 'twas his conscience that produced
 The *water on the brain*;
 No helpmate now his home to share,
 But thrown on his own hands,
 He all at once became aware
 How dear was Betty Sands.

Now Betty as it did appear,
 Upon a bank soon stuck,
 Quoth she, "He called me of *this dear*,
 But now I am his *duck* :
 Oh ! wicked woman, there I stood
 That cruel knot to tie,
 I thought *a dip* would do him good,
 But he left me *to die*."

Then straightway to her home she flew,
 Poor Johnny, mad almost,
 Exclaimed, "Oh ! pray forgive me—do ?"
 He took her for a ghost ;
 No wonder : in a frightful mess,
 He knew not Mistress Sands,
 Till first of all she *wrung her dress*,
 And then she *wrung her hands*.
 "Oh ! Johnny, Johnny," she exclaimed,
 "I've caught a fearful cold,
 But now the past is all explained,
 I never more will scold,—
 Since love has tied our hearts secure,
 I'll never tie your hands."
 And this was the *cold-water cure*
 Of John and Betty Sands.

PEN AND INK.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music by F. WALLERSTEIN.*]

Of all the inventions the ancients e'er made
 That we moderns continue in use,
 There is none that a part so important has played
 As the one that we owe to *a Goose* :
 For a goose gave the quill that supplied the first pen,
 It must have been harmless, I think,
 Till some later professor, unfriendly to men,
 Added *gall* to the primitive ink.
 Pen and ink—pen and ink !
 Oh ! ever since then it is shocking to think
 What mischief's been made by the pen and the ink !

Pen and ink! only think how the lawyers oft trade
 On a name at the end of a will;
 Or would you but see how things *pleasant* are made;
 Put your own *at the back of a bill*;
 The thing's often done—just to serve a dear friend,
 It's an easy affair, you may think,
 What's the loan of a name? you'll find out in the end
 If you lend it in plain pen and ink!
 Pen and ink—pen and ink!
 To read and to write life's first aim is, some think
 But how many lament they e'er touched pen and
 ink.

Pen and ink once I used to the "girl of my heart,"
 And in writing implored her to say,
 When convenient 'twould be from her home to depart?
 To, in plain black and white, "name the day."
 I thought she'd a fortune, and anxiously hoped
 In my pocket to lodge all her *chink*;
 She *hadn't a penny*—she would have eloped;—
 Breach of promise—all through pen and ink.
 Pen and ink—pen and ink!
 You may *say* what you like, but don't *write* what
 you think,
 And when you're in love, never use pen and ink.

Still blessed be for ever the pen and the ink,
 For the many delights we've enjoyed,
 In themselves not the cause of our troubles, I think,
 But the way they are often employed.
 The mind that is noble will stain not the page
 That is sacred to liberty's cause,
 But the highest of boons, pen and ink, will engage
 In defence of our country and laws.
 Pen and ink—pen and ink!
 In spite of what all foreign nations may think,
 Here's success to our press—to the pen and the ink

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