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ONE SHILLING.

THE ENTERTAINER'S SONG BOOK



LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SON



600077485.







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THE
ENTERTAINER'S
SONG BOOK.

EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER:



"Speak sober truth with smiling lips; the bitter wrap in sweetness—
Sound sense in seeming nonsense, as the grain is hid in chaff;
And fear not that the lesson e'er may seem to lack completeness—
A man may say a wise thing, though he say it with a laugh."

ANONYMOUS.

LONDON:
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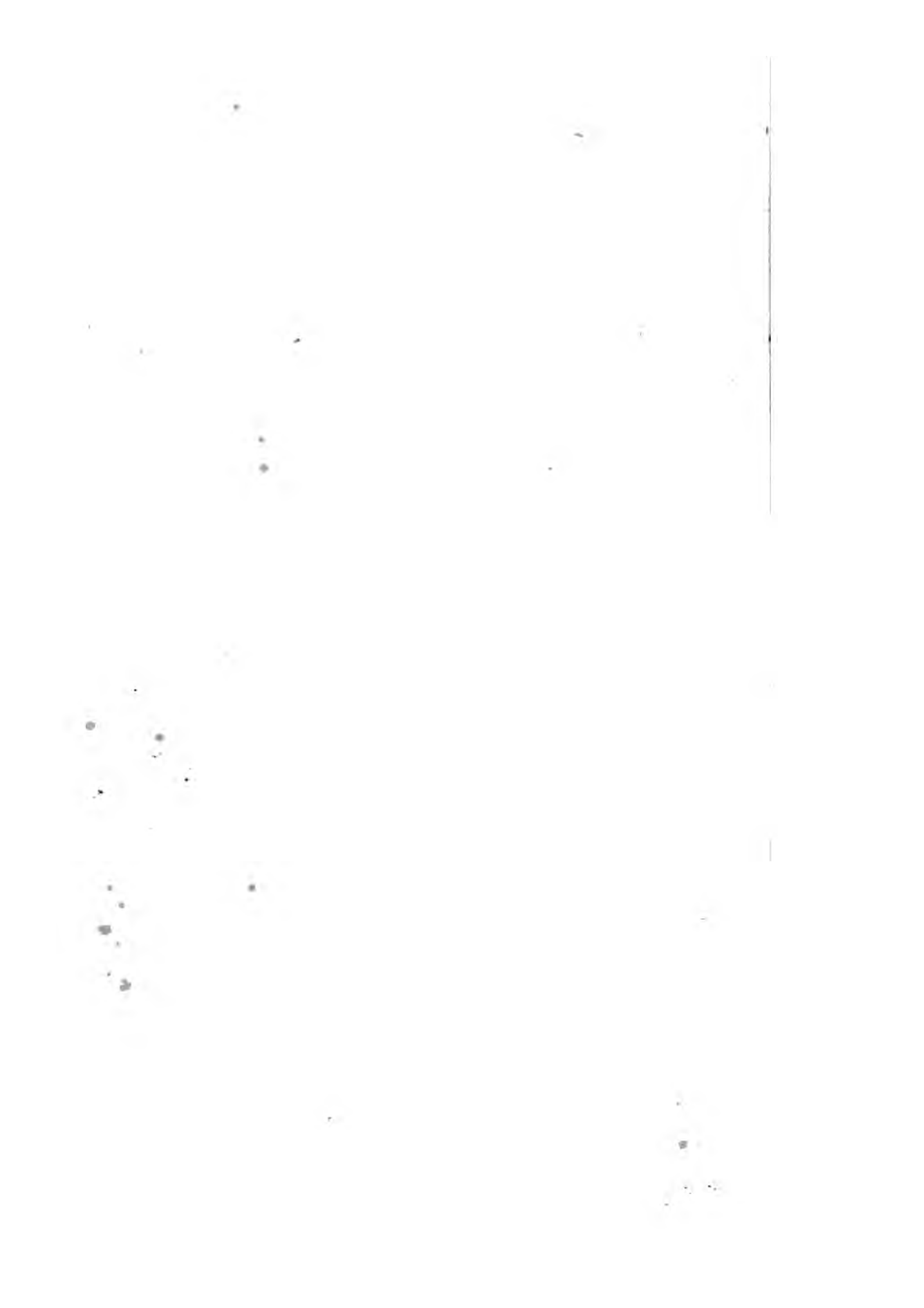
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PREFACE.

THE present forms the tenth volume of the Shilling Series of Routledge's Popular Song Books, and the fourth devoted to songs of wit and humour. In its compilation the Editor has again had the hearty co-operation of some of the best comic lyric writers of the day, and has once more to express his obligations to Jacob Beuler, Jacob Cole, E. L. Blanchard, James Bruton, and Edward Draper, Esqs., as well as to Messrs. Hopwood and Crewe, Mr. B. Williams, Mr. J. Williams, Mr. Shepherd, Messrs. Metzler and Co., and others, for their kind permission to include some of their best copyright songs. In one or two instances, where songs have been inserted without the author's permission, it has been occasioned by the inability of the Editor to obtain their addresses, and a sincere desire not to leave them unrepresented in a volume devoted to—what he hopes may be considered—sterling comic songs.

NOTTING-HILL, LONDON, 1867.



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THE
ENTERTAINER'S SONG BOOK.

THE NILE BOAT.

ALBERT SMITH.]

[*Air*—"Hunting the Hare."]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LITTLE BILLY.

[W. M. THACKERAY.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PUSH ABOUT THE JORUM.

[K. O'HARA.]

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

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

THE CHAIR.

JACOB COLE.]

[Tune--"Jim Crow."]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SAY "NO "

[J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE CHILD OF THE ABBEY.

JACOB COLE.]

[Tune—"The Mistletoe Bough."]

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

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

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

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

THE LADY ABBESS.

[MORTIMER COLLINS.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

A MEDLEY.

PROLOGUE.

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

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

FIRST AGE.

[Tune—"Young May Moon."]

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

SECOND AGE.

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

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

THIRD AGE.

[Tune—"Morgiana in Ireland."]

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

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

FOURTH AGE.

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

FIFTH AGE.

[*Tune*—"Malbrook."]
 Then the tormented mother,
 In everlasting pother,
 About some ill or other,
 Befalling her young brats :

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

SIXTH AGE.

[*Tune*—"Oh, dear, what can the matter be?"]
 Oh, dear, what is the matter now?
 Dear, dear, what is the matter now?
 Oh, dear, what is the matter now?
 In widow's weeds she *looks* so sad.
 All day a strong onion promotes the tears pouring,
 With dry eyes all night she is pleasantly snoring,
 A husband who down his throat's drink ever pour-
 ing,
 Can't make any *sober* dame glad.

SEVENTH AGE.

[*Tune*—"Oh, rest thee, babe."]
 Last enters poor Granny,
 But not to last long;
 For her faculties leave her,
 And leave her no tongue.
 But yet her tongue's loss
 Granny *quietly* brooks,
 For when *that* departs,
 She departs *off the hooks*.
 Oh, grandmother, grandmother! rest your old clay,
 So good by for ever! farewell! well-a-day!

FINALE.

[*Tune*—"Here's a health to all good lasses."]
 Thus ends my old woman's story,
 Of sweet woman, man's best glory,
 For 'tis she that blesses life.
 Woman ev'ry grief assuages,
 Soothes our cares in all her ages,
 Whether widow, maid, or wife!

MR. LOWE AND MISS CUNDY ;

OR,

CUTTING TOE-NAILS ON A SUNDAY.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Michael Wiggins."]

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

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

But alas, &c,

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

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

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

OH! MY LOVE'S DEAD.

WEST.]

[*Music by W. WEST.*]

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

I heard a young maid, making sorrowful sound—

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

Him I adore, and I never,

No never, shall see my love more !"

(Chorus repeated.)

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

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

I said I had silver, and gold, too, beside,
 In a cutch and six horses and me she should ride—
 "No, I never vill marry nor be any man's vife,
 But I'll mourn for my true love, as long as I've
 life"—

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

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

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

JUDY'S REPLY TO BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

W. WRIGHT.] [Tune—"Barney Brallaghan's Courtship."]

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

THE PARTY OF A. B. C.

[THOMAS HUDSON.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

EMIGRATION.

J. C. DAVIDSON.]

[J. MONRO.]

[*Music at JOHN SHEPHERD'S.*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. STIRLING COYNE.]

[*Music* by HENRY RUSSELL.]

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

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

I'm a gent, &c.

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

I'm a gent, &c.

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

I'm a gent, &c.

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

LOVE-SICK WILLY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—“Washing day.”]

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

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

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

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

A NATIONAL BEER SONG.

From "Punchinello."]

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

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

For scholarship's nothing to beer,
 And the best of all teachers is beer ;
 Men from A B C turn,
 And their letters they learn
 From the X's on barrels of beer.

 The patriot's zeal
 Is agreeable to feel,
 And men, who their country hold dear,
 Will submit to her laws,
 And will fight in her cause,
 But they love her for sake of her beer ;
 And they'll fight in defence of their beer ;
 And the foe they'll demolish for beer.
 But they wont care the least
 For affairs in the East,
 If the (y)east makes a rise in their beer.

 Our beer to forego,
 Would certainly throw
 The machine of the State out of gear ;
 For all engines are spoiled,
 Unless constantly oiled,
 And we lubricate ours with beer ;
 And all would go wrong without beer ;
 Society would not cohere ;
 Revolutions ensue,
 As they constantly do,
 In nations that haven't got beer.

 Then, oh ! if you'd see
 Our people still free
 And happy, this warning pray hear ;
 You may tax what you please—
 Our sugars, our teas —
 But beware how you tamper with beer ;
 For the national safeguard is beer.
 To the *butts* rusheth each Volunteer !
 So look out, we'd advise,
 For squalls, if you tries
 To rob a poor man of his beer.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Bow, wow, wow."]

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

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

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

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

Newts, geese, and rats, hawks, owls, and bats, had
each their Hieropolis,
And raining frogs, or cats and dogs, brought gods to
some metropolis.

One pious crowd to onions bow'd ; strong garlic
sway'd some coteries ;
And sacred leeks made tearful cheeks, if closely viewed
by votaries.

The crocodile forsook his Nile to dwell in priests' re-
fectories,
And crown their zeal at every meal, by eating up his
sectaries :

The young spring lamb about his dam might gamble
every minute—he
Need ne'er suspect they'd e'er connect mint sauce
with his divinity.

And bulls none bought to eat, but thought, " At
Memphis, in a cattle show,
When Apis dies, to take the prize, this beast all sleek
and fat I'll show."

But Amun, Ra, Osiris, Phtha, Thoth, Isis, Kneph, and
Anubis,
I swamp'd awhile, and made the Nile prosaic as the
Danube is ;

Sand hid from risk each obelisk, each monolith, and
pyramid,
And monarchs lay, conceal'd from day, with courtly
mummies near 'em hid.

Thus, too, I said, " I must have laid enough of earth
on Nineveh,
Semiramis shall be, I wis, as much a myth as
Guinever ;

Whate'er their store of written lore, pictorial or cunei-
form,
One general pall shall cover all with darkness thick
and uniform ;"

So, o'er the heaps where Ninus sleeps, and o'er what
 once was Babylon,
 "Shoot rubbish here!" I wrote, to cheer the dirt-col-
 lecting rabble on.

But when the feat appear'd complete, and Misraim's
 quaint monstrosities,
 And Assur's, too, were hid, a crew, agog for curiosi-
 ties,
 Rush'd in with pick and spade, and quick (success in
 guilt confirming 'em),
 From onches, rings, and torques of kings, got neat
 designs for Birmingham.

Such bowls as those which Flamens chose to quaff,
 when gravely muttering
 Their sacred spells, your Copeland sells to cool plebeian
 butter in.

As if my care from upper air had shut them all and
 hidden 'em
 In that snug berth, that mother Earth might keep 'em
 safe for Sydenham.

LARRY M'HALE.

[CHARLES LEVER.]

OH! Larry M'Hale he had little to fear,
 And never could want when the crops didn't fail;
 He'd a house and demesne and eight hundred a year,
 And the heart for to spend it, had Larry M'Hale!

The soul of a party—the life of a feast,
 And an illigant song he could sing, I'll be bail;
 He would ride with the rector, and drink with the
 priest,

Oh! the broth of a boy was old Larry M'Hale.

It's little he cared for the judge or recorder,
 His house was as big and as strong as a jail;
 With a cruel four-pounder, he kept all in great order,
 He'd murder the country, would Larry M'Hale.

He'd a blunderbuss too ; of horse-pistols a pair ;
 But his favourite weapon was always a flail :
 I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,
 For he handled it nately, did Larry M'Hale.

His ancésters was kings before Moses was born,
 His mother descended from great Grana Uaile ;
 He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenches to scorn :
 They were mushrooms compared to old Larry
 M'Hale.

He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,
 With cousins and uncles enough for a tail ;
 And, though loaded with debt, oh ! the devil a thinner
 Could law or the sheriff make Larry M'Hale.

With a larder supplied, and a cellar well stored,
 None lived half so well from Fair-Head to Kinsale,
 And he piously said, " I've a plentiful board,
 And the Lord he is good to old Larry M'Hale.

So fill up your glass, and a high bumper give him,
 It's little we'd care for the tithes or repale ;
 For ould Erin would be a fine country to live in,
 If we only had plenty like Larry M'Hale.

JOLTERING GILES.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by DIBDIN.

HARK ! with what glee yon merry clown
 Reasons, remarks, and sows ;
 To pain and care alike unknown,
 He whistles as he goes.
 From Nature's lore to reason taught,
 He knows not subtle rules,
 But ventures oft some pithy thought
 That might instruct the schools.

"This ground's just like the world," cries he,
 "And thezum zeeds its cares ;"
 "How's that ?" cries one—"Why, can'te zee
 As I be a zowing o' tares ?"
 Taw law rum low, de lo, de lo :
 For drill, or broadcast, none do know
 Better than jolt'ring Giles to zow :
 Be 't beans, or wheat, or whuts, or rye,
 Or barley, you mun come to I.
 Taw lull drull, lull drull, li.

Thus jolt'ring Giles, the merry clown,
 Reasons, remarks, and sows ;
 To pain and care alike unknown,
 He whistles as he goes.
 One day some dashing sprigs came by,
 Imported neat from town ;
 As they pass'd on, Giles heard them cry—
 "I say, let's quiz the clown !"
 And just as they their fun began,
 An ass was heard to bray—
 "Ichaw !"—"Here, fellow, clown !"—"Anon !
 One at a time, zur, pray."
 "We reap the fruit of all that's sown
 By fellows of your stamp ;"
 "That's very likely, zur, I own,
 Vor I be a zowing o' hamp !" Taw law, &c.

A vrend to all the country round,
 My labours all regale :
 'Twas I the barley put i' the ground,
 That brew'd th' exciseman's ale ;
 The wheat I zow with even hand
 To thousands shall give bread :—
 Why, there's no king or 'squire o' the land
 Zo many mouths ha' ved.
 I zaves zum zouls, vor aught I know—
 If how thou'dst wish to larn—
 The tithe of ev'ry grain I zow
 Goes to the parson's barn. Taw law, &c.

But what at last be all my pains?
 Just like to wheat or rye,
 A man comes vorward, counts his gains,
 And holds his head up high :
 And scarcely vull and ripe he's grown,
 However great he be,
 Death with his zickle cuts un down,
 And there be an end o' he !
 Zo, while a body's here below,
 Clean hands be sure to keep ;
 Vor, zure as death, as we do zow
 We zartainly shall reap ! Taw law, &c.

THE TAPPINGTON WITCHES !

JOHN LABERN.]

[Tune—"Good St. Anthony."]

ROB GILPIN resided in Tappington town,
 And though he a citizen was of renown,
 The neighbours around respected him not,
 He was too fond of dipping his *mug* in the pot.
 Guzzling and romping was ever this blade,
 With ladies that didn't stand nice to a shade ;
 Although this deceiver a sweetheart had he,
 Whom he solemnly promised to make Mrs. G.
 Now Robin Gilpin one night had made
 An assignation with Gertrude Slade,
 'Neath the trysting tree by the abbey ruin,
 Not dreaming of course that a storm was brewing.
 But Gertrude to go was very unwilling,
 For the rain fell in drops the size of a shilling ;
 So she took off her hat and mantle again—
 "He'll never expect me," says she, "in this rain."

Now Robin looks east, and Robin looks west,
 For the smart little lassie he says he loves best ;
 He stood till he trembled with cold and fright,
 When he spies in the ruins a twinkling light.
 With a hop, two skips, and a jump, and straight
 Rob stands within the portal gate.

There were witches fearful sitting within—
 Two were as old and as ugly as sin ;
 But the third was young and passing fair,
 With coal-black eyes and raven hair.
 As each one sat in that haunted room,
 In each one's hand was a long birch broom—
 On each one's nob was a sugar-loaf hat—
 On each one's knee was a large black cat—
 "Now riddle me right," says old Goody Jones,
 "What footsteps dare tread over these stones?"

Then up spoke young Madge Gray so clear—
 "Robin Gilpin is welcome here !
 So tread we a measure aloud," quoth she,
 "Roving Rob, will you dance with me ?"
 "Ay, lassie !" quoth Rob, as her hand he gripes,
 "Though the devil himself were blowing the pipes !"
 Now around they go, around and around,
 With a hop, skip, jump, and a frolicsome bound ;
 You would actually swear that Mounseer Gilbert,
 Or *Taggerlioni* was capering there.
 Says Goody Price, "Now riddle me right,
 Where shall we sup this frolicsome night ?
 I have it ! The vicar keeps excellent wine,
 And a capital larder of turkey and chine ;
 So mount your broomsticks without delay,
 Hey up the chimney ! away ! away !"

Now old Goody Price mounts hers in a trice—
 At showing her legs she's not over nice—
 And old Goody Jones—all skin and bones—
 Follows like vinking. Away go the crones !
 Knees and nose in a line with their toes,
 Stuck on their brooms like so many Ducrows.
 Latest and last the young witch pass'd,
 The glare of her coal-black eye she cast,
 And laughing loud, as she said with glee,
 "Robin, dear, will you ride with me?"

He seizes and mounts a broomstick too,
Crying, "Blackeyes, I'll ride to the devil with
you!"

It's a very fine thing, on a fine day in June,
To ride through the air in a Nassau balloon;
But a regular broomstick is best, I must say,
When, like Robin Gilpin, you've nothing to pay.

Though the vicar's walls are lofty and thick,
The copings are stone and the sides are brick;
The chimney-pot is open to view,
So down on their broomsticks the party flew.
The great house-dog begins to quail,
Between his hind legs droops his tail.
Yet down in the pantry the kit of 'em go,
And carry the grub to the cellar below.
Oh, 'twas a *scrumptious* sight to view,
In the snug little cellar the frolicsome crew;
Old Goody Jones, she couldn't touch bones,
She might as well mumble a parcel of stones:
She'd no teeth—so a pudding of marrow and plums
Was the dish that suited her blessed old gums;
While Madge Gray squinted at Robin so sly,
With his heart full of love, and his mouth full of pie.

And now the wine cup passes round,
Toasts and sentiments rebound,
So Rob gives a toast in a bumper of wine—
"Success to Old Noah, who planted the vine!"
Oh then what a sneezing, a coughing, and wheezing
Took place in a way that seem'd not over pleasing.
Goody Price, Goody Jones, and the pretty Madge
Gray,
Seem'd as though the liquor had gone the *wrong*
way.

But the best of the joke, the moment Rob spoke,
As by mentioning Noah some spell had been broke;
Every soul in the house woke, and hearing the din,
Made sure that a reg'ment of thieves was within;

So they made a rush on each chittle and chattel,
 And straightway prepared for a general battle.
 Up jump'd the cook and caught hold of the spit !
 Up jump'd the groom and seized bridle and bit !

Up jump'd the gard'ner, and shoulder'd his spade !
 Up jump'd the scullion, the footman, and maid !
 The two last occasion'd some very rude mockings,
 Because on their legs they had each other's stock-
 ings.

With a yell and a shriek, and a hullabaloo,
 Bang up the chimney the witches all flew,
 Leaving Robin behind to pay their bill—
 And they didn't forget to give him a pill.
 From this hour Robin's an alter'd man,
 Runs home to his lodgings as fast as he can ;
 Sticks to his trade and marries Miss Slade,
 And never runs after a witch or a maid.
 So remember my tale, and its moral likewise :
 Don't flirt with young ladies with coal-black eyes ;
 Don't meddle with broomsticks ; egad, if you do,
 Old Nick some fine morning will *nick* hold of you.

MECHANICAL ACADEMICS.

W. T. MONCRIEFF.]

[*Air*—"Mr. Simpkins."']

OH, Time ! how strange thy changes—
 Learning's now become mechanical ;
 Scientific men and scholars
 Are seized with a sudden panic all.
 The lower *classes* in the *classic* art
 Are *penny*-trating low ;
 And *operative learning* has
 So *work'd* its way, it's all the *go* !
 Tol lol lol, &c.

Now, thanks to "Penny Readings"
 And *Mechanics' Institutions*,
 The state of things are turning
Upside down, by *resolutions*.

Plain speaking now is banished quite,
 All patter metaphorical ;
 Each dirty court is styled a *place*,
 In manner *allegorical* !

Tol lol lol, &c.

Our *workmen*, now, all leave their *work*
 For verse, without apology ;
 Now, if you twice your 'prentice teach,
 He'll tell you 'tis *taught-ology*.
 Our journeymen, while *walking*,
 Are all studying *toe-pography* ;
 And all who *sell* last dying speeches,
 Prate about *Buy-ography*.

Tol lol lol, &c.

The barber takes you by the *nose*,
 And talks about *Conk-ology* ;
 While warehousemen, in Thames-street,
 Are adepts in *Crane-iology*.
 While mendicants and paupers,
 Quite consistent in their actions,
 While *breaking stones* upon the road,
 Still practise *Vulgar Fractions*.

Tol lol lol, &c.

Undertakers, o'er their coffins,
 The *dead* languages are studying ;
 While dustmen, with the *ground work*
 Of the arts, their brains are muddying.
 Clerks, with Pestalozzian systems
Pester us in lectures prolix—
 E'en waggoners, who *up hill* go,
 Are thinking of *High-draw-lics*.

Tol lol lol, &c.

O'er the *sky blue*, milkmen, turning *pale*,
 While studying astronomy,
 Call pouring on the *milky way*,
 Political Economy.

Our gardeners *cube roots extract*,
 Tired of earth's dull monotony,
 And leave to those who're bawling greens,
 The genteel art of *Botany*.
 Tol lol lol, &c.

Innkeepers practise *double entry*,
 Just to keep things agoing ;
 And carpenters and sawyers
 Are in *Log*-arithms knowing.
 Bricklayers' lab'ers, to make discoveries,
 On their *Poles* are stopping ;
 And butchers, o'er their *blocks*,
 With *hic, hæc, hoc*, are logic *chopping*.
 Tol lol, lol, &c.

Among our sweeps, the *climbing boys*
 Are, in their garrets, *attic all*,
 Whilst catsmeat-sellers, from their cellars,
 Answer most *dog*-matical.
 O'er their barrows feel the buyer's pulse,
 And bawl quite oratorical—
 Of their *barrow*-meters talking,
 In manner quite *cat*-egorical.
 Tol lol lol, &c.

Now tailors learn *subtraction*,
 For no *silly-gism* standing ;
 While cobblers labour to improve
 The *human understanding*.
 With compound interest in perspective,
 Money lenders traffic all—
 And ostlers, all their horses, for the road
 Clean *geo-gruffical*.
 Tol lol lol, &c.

Thus knowledge now so common is,
 In vain our wits would shirk us—
 The Arts are bound apprentices,
 Science now's brought to the workhouse.

And learning is so cheap,
 No barber's clerk complains of scarcity—
 Saint Giles will have its College,
 Tooley-street its University.

Tol lol lol, &c.

QUEER, BOYS, QUEER!

PARODY ON "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER."

[W. HERBERT.]

QUEER, boys, queer, is this happy land we live in,
 Dear, boys, dear, for everything you pay ;
 Queer, boys, queer, are the salaries they're giving,
 It's such a happy land, that I mean to cut away.
 Pulling and tugging, one against the other ;
 Living from hand to mouth, working might and
 main :

A scramble for food, brother against brother,
 Lots of hard labour, and very little gain.
 Queer, boys, queer, is this happy land we live in,
 Dear, boys, dear, for everything you pay ;
 Queer, boys, queer, are the salaries they're giving,
 It's such a happy land, that I mean to cut away.

Queer, boys, queer, is all the food we're buying,
 A compound of filth you swallow every day ;
 From here, boys, here, I think there's no denying,
 Genuine good food hath for ever passed away.
 Sausages delightful, doctored in "Sharp's Alley,"
 Good beef, no doubt, as any beef can be ;
 Real turpentine makes "cream of the valley,"
 Birch-brooms and sloe-leaves make delicious tea.

Queer, boys, queer, &c.

Queer, boys, queer, the clothes you cheap buy, those is
 Real rightdown rubbish made in a fashion gay ;
 I fear, boys, fear, you all pay through your noses,
 For all such trash you buy is but money thrown
 away.

Grinding to death each half-starved, ill-paid tailor,
 Toiling and stitching from early morn till night,
 Scarce food to eat, however hard they labour,
 Railing at the hour when first they saw the light.
 Queer, boys, queer, &c.

Queer, boys, queer, is the poor old curate's living,
 The hireling of fat vicars, who hold a despot sway ;
 Twenty pounds a year, and some cast-off clothes
 they're giving
 To a man with splendid talents, for our blessed souls
 to pray.
 Then they want to stop our chance of information,
 No Sunday papers—oh, what a glaring shame !
 But if the people stand this cleric innovation,
 Then I can but say, they'll have themselves to
 blame. Queer, boys, queer, &c.

Then here, boys, here, I do not mean to tarry,
 Tethered with taxation, bound in every way ;
 It's such a happy land, that I'd pitch it to Old Harry,
 I'm going to the land where the golden nuggets lay ;
 Where every man's well paid, if he will only labour,
 Reaping independence, which here he cannot gain ;
 No cause there for envy to your neighbour,
 For every hand that strives will gather golden
 grain. Queer, boys, queer, &c.

A TRAVELLER STOPT AT A WIDOW'S GATE.

A TRAVELLER stopt at a widow's gate,
 She kept an inn, and he wanted to bait,
 But the widow she slighted her guest,
 For when Nature was making an ugly race,
 She certainly moulded the traveller's face
 As a sample for all the rest.

The chambermaid's sides they were ready to crack,
 When she saw his queer nose and the hump on his
 back ;

A hump isn't handsome, no doubt ;
 And though 'tis confess'd that the prejudice goes
 Very strongly in favour of wearing a nose,
 Yet a nose shouldn't look like a snout.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid ;
 'T had a wondrous effect on the widow and maid !
 And they quickly grew marvellous civil.
 The money immediately alter'd the case :
 They were charm'd with his hump, and his snout, and
 his face,
 Though he still might have frighten'd the devil.

He paid like a prince ; gave the widow a smack ;
 And flopped on his horse, at the door, like a sack ;
 While the landlady, touching the chink,
 Cried " Sir, should you travel this country again,
 I heartily hope that the sweetest of men
 Will stop at the widow's to drink."

THE COBBLER.

A COBBLER there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
 Which served him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall ;
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy
 If at night he could purchase a cup of brown nappy ;
 He'd laugh then and whistle, and sing too most
 sweet,
 Saying, " Just to a hair I've made both ends meet."'
 Derry down, &c.

	TITLE.	
His Worship.....		N
Hunting.....		T
I'LL write to the <i>Times</i>		T
I'm a Ranting, Roving Blade		L
I'm a Gent, I'm a Gent		J
I'm just Eighteen and quite a Man		L
Isabel and her Page		B
JESSE McCree		
John White, the new Policeman		
Joltering Giles.....		
Judy McCarthy		
Judy's reply to Barney Brallaghan.....		
KING James the First		
King Richard the First.....		
LARRY McHale		
Leave off your Foolish Prating		
Lectured by Pa' and Ma'		
Little Billy		
Little Pigs		
Lord Charles Cleverley		
Love-sick Willy		
MADAME Tussaud's Exhibition		
Maggie Lauder		
Mary More		
Madame Fig's Gala.....		
Mamma wont let me Marry		
Mechanical Academics		
Mistress Judy Minnigin		
Mr. Head, Mr. Foot, and Miss Body		
Mr. and Mrs. Vite's Journey to Vindsor...		
Mr. Pumpkin and his Wife		
Mr. Frost and Miss Snow		
Mrs. McCarthy and the Doctor		
Mr. Lowe and Miss Cundy		
Murphey Delaney		
Murrough o' Monaghan.....		
My Husband means extremely well.....		
My Son Tom.....		
No Tradesmen are Allowed		
Not at Home		
Nothing at All.....		
No love without Money		
OH! let not your passion for Mary.....		
Oh! 'tis gold, 'tis gold		
Oh! my love's dead		
Old Ben, the Yankee		
PAT and his Leather Breeches.....		
Peggy Doolan and Dennis o' Doggerty ...		

[Faint, illegible text from the reverse page of the book, including a large heading 'BE BOLD AND AT A GLANCE' and several lines of small print.]

gano we're rippling,
g-machine under weigh ;
there, now lunching and tip-

attering—no time to stay—
the Mount Salvadore,
thing—noble and grand ;
see, the 'bus from Porlezza,
whirl you as soon as you land.

hen, you go to Menaggio.
ges note as you sail ;
you land at Bellaggio—
to see you wont fail—
chance if you bag any,
ou'll call if you stay ;
avelling, think this is fast

ed lakes you've done in a day !

HOW BY MY READING.

[Tune—"Bartlemy Fair."]

all Shakespeare's plays,
d days, and days ;
ed to come up here,
of a deer ;
t his *character*,
rned an *actor*—
y my reading.
in his prime,
t the time ;
n he was black,
up of sack,
eare and he
it with glee,
w by my reading.

But Love, the disturber of high and of low,
 That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau ;
 He shot the poor cobbler quite into the heart,
 I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.
Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
 Where a buxom young damsel continually lay ;
 Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every day,
 That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.
Derry down, &c.

He sang her love songs as he sat at his work,
 But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk :
 Whenever he spoke, she would flounce and would
 flare,
 Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.
Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
 And to make away with himself was resolved ;
 He pierced through his body, instead of the sole ;
 So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, &c.

THE ITALIAN LAKES AT A GLANCE.

J. ASHBY STERRY.]

[*Air*—"Hunting the Hare."]

ON Lago Maggiore we lazily steaming are,
 'Midst monks, priests, and populace of every grade,
 'Neath unclouded weather blue languidly dreaming
 are,
 And the town of Luino we quickly have made ;
 Then with much pleasantry, pounced on by pea-
 santry,
 Who thrust us by force in a shandramadan.
 We start helter-skelter, to lay there and swelter :
 We're off to Lugano as fast as we can.

Across the Lake of Lugano we're rippling,
 In boat like a bathing-machine under weigh ;
 We lounge at our ease there, now lunching and tip-
 pling,
 Now smoking and chattering—no time to stay—
 If it don't bore ye, note Mount Salvadore,
 Towering o'er everything—noble and grand ;
 Then sooner than said, see, the 'bus from Porlezza,
 To Lake Como will whirl you as soon as you land.

Across the blue lake, then, you go to Menaggio.
 And villas and villages note as you sail ;
 In about half an hour you land at Bellaggio—
 The Villa Serbelloni to see you wont fail—
 Perhaps fish for *agoni*, chance if you bag any,
 On fair Marcionni you'll call if you stay ;
 Whilst these rides unravelling, think this is fast
 travelling,
 Three very good sized lakes you've done in a day !

ALL THIS I KNOW BY MY READING.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Bartlemy Fair."]

I HAVE read all Shakespeare's plays,
 For days, and days, and days ;
 He was forced to come up here,
 For stealing of a deer ;
 He quite lost his *character*,
 And so he turned an *actor*—
 All this I know by my reading.
 Ben Jonson in his prime,
 Was living at the time ;
 In complexion he was black,
 He loved a cup of sack,
 And Shakespeare and he
 Would drink it with glee,
 And all this I know by my reading.

Demosthenes,
 Socrates ;
 Cato,
 Plato ;
 Ovid too,
 Comes to view,
 With his tricks,
 Youth to fix.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry, down,
 All this I know by my reading.

The books that I have read,
 All stick fast in my head ;
 Lost Paradise by Milton,
 Who was very fond of Stilton ;
 And Milton oysters came
 Entirely from his name,
 All this I know by my reading.
 Then there's old Johnny Dryden,
 Each scholar takes a pride in ;
 Rabelais and Chaucer,
 And Prior wrote paw, paw, sir ;
 'Twas very wrong to do so,
 Then there's Robinson Crusoe,
 And all this I know by my reading,
 Saved his neck
 From the wreck,
 On an island,
 Got on dry land ;
 Very tidy.
 His man Friday ;
 Canoes and boats,
 Guns and goats.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry, down,
 All this I know by my reading.

Spenser, poems wrote,
 Though he didn't wear a coat ;
 Savage was a sad man,
 Nat Lee was a mad man ;

Pope's imaginations,
 Hervey's Meditations,
 And fish sauce are proofs of my reading.
 Johnson's Dictionary,
 Songs by rhyming Carey ;
 Murphy's play and farce,
 Butler's Hudibras,
 To learning was a stopper,
 For he died not worth a copper,
 And all this I know by my reading.

Johnny Gay
 Had his day ;
 Tommy Brown,
 On the town ;
 Walter Raleigh,
 Always gaily,
 With his smoking,
 And his joking.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry, down,
 All this I know by my reading.

Then the French Voltaire,
 For morals did not care ;
 Sir Isaac Newton was a Jew,
 As his name must prove to you ;
 So we come by turns
 To Ramsay and to Burns,
 And all this I know by my reading.
 Cervantes lived in Spain,
 We sha'nt see his like again,
 For he is dead, alas !
 So is poor Gil Blas,
 Join'd by Rod'rick Random,
 Death did quite disband 'em,
 And all this I know by my reading.
 'Mong the moderns,
 Many odd ones,
 Charley Dickens,
 Wrote Pickwick 'uns ;

Bulwer Lytton,
 He's a fit 'un ;
 Then Miss Braddon,
 Not a bad 'un,
 Hey down, oh down, derry, derry, down,
 And all this I know by my reading.

THE PERFECT BORE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

THEY say I am a perfect bore,
 And all I do they blame ;
 So I annoy them all the more,
 For I glory in the name.
 I growl—I grumble—'tis my right,
 I've claimed it oft before ;
 And so I'll tell you all to-night
 Why I'm a perfect bore.
 A bore, a bore, &c.

I don't see any reason I
 Should study other men ;
 "Take care of No. 1," I cry,
 Though all the world condemn.
 I always think my own plan best,
 And stick to it the more
 It is opposed by all the rest,
 Till I'm a perfect bore.

If to a City tavern I
 Go with my friends to dine,
 No matter if it's "full" or "dry,"
 I never praise the wine.
 I say "It's corked ;" "it's not," they say ;
 "Come, bring a bottle more ;"
 But I for *that* refuse to pay—
 So I'm a perfect bore.

Of repartee and anecdote,
 A perfect store I've got,
 And these I do contrive to quote,
 Be they well-timed or not.
 What matter if I've told the tale
 A hundred times before?
 I say, "A good joke's never stale;"
 Though they think me a bore.

If to a concert I should go,
 And occupy a stall,
 D'ye think I take my hat off? No!
 Till "Turn him out" they call.
 If out of tune sings any chap,
 I always cry *encore*;
 The more they hiss, the more I clap,
 Till I'm a perfect bore.

At parish-meetings, I'm the one
 At ev'rything that kicks,
 Until at last there's nothing done,
 Then I leave 'em in a fix.
 The tradesmen's bills are all unpaid,
 Though loud for cash they roar;
 The vestry is of me afraid,
 I'm such a perfect bore.

When in an omnibus I ride,
 They think I am a bear:
 I wont make way for more inside,
 Of room I'll have my share.
 If but *two* ladies now can sit
 Where once there could sit *four*;
 I say—they must put up with it;
 They say, "You horrid bore!"

ENCORE VERSES.

If to a coffee-room I go,
 The *Times* I then engage;
 D'ye think I'd give it up? Oh no!
 Till I've read every page.

In vain the waiter says, "That gent,
 Sir, asked for it before ;"
 I hand him, then—the Supplement :
 He thinks me quite a bore.

Perhaps some friend a party gives,
 And I get no invite ;
 I'm sure to find out where he lives,
 And there I am that night.
 "I said I'd take you unawares ;
 I couldn't come before ;"
 "You'll join the company upstairs ?"
 "Of course." "Oh ! what a bore !"

I fix upon the fairest there,
 Her beau 'll upon me frown ;
 When *he* gets up I take *his* chair,
 And to supper take *her* down.
 I seat myself then by her side,
 He stands outside the door ;
 With champagne I get well supplied,
 So he thinks me a bore.

To sing some fav'rite song, our host
 A friend then does beseech,
 That moment is not to be lost—
 I rise to make a speech.
 Of course the singer must give way ;
 But long before it's o'er,
 I hear them to each other say—
 "Oh ! what a horrid bore ."

And now I've sung my ditty through,
 If for it you don't care,
 I've sung to please myself, not you,
 And your applause can spare.
 I think you'd better then refrain,
 For if you cry *encore*,
 I'll sing it all right through again,
 And that would be a bore.

THE WHISKERS.

EDWARD DRAPER.]

{ Air—"Cork Leg"—or
"Nix my Dolly."

A YOUTH with cheeks devoid of hair
The question popped to his lady fair ;
She sighed, "I love ; but never can
Consent to marry a whiskerless man."

But boldly he the matter braved ;
"They'd grow," said he, "but I keep 'em
shaved ;
For my artist friends all declare the line
Of my cheek and jaw is exceedingly fine."

He bade his fair awhile good-bye,
He knew he'd told a *barefaced* lie ;
But hoped to make some whiskers come
On cheeks as bald as a parchment drum.

He bought each grease the barbers praised,
Like calico his cheeks grew glaz'd ;
And he even purchas'd dye, 'tis said,
In case his whiskers should blossom red.

He sought the aid of a bearded friend,
Who thus advis'd him to gain his end :
"The way to grow your whiskers thick,
Is to rub your cheeks with a Flanders' brick."

A shave oft strengthens hair, they y,
He'd shave himself six times a day ;
And then he'd wait awhile—but no !
They'd made their minds up not to grow.

At length, by hope deferr'd, cast down,
He bought a pair for half-a-crown ;
They look'd as well as if they grew,
Held on by sticky stuff like glue.

He sought his love, who, nothing loth,
 Agreed the priest should join them both ;
 And he look'd when he wedded his lovely wife,
 As though he'd been whisker'd all his life.

Returning from the scene of bliss,
 He gave his wife her bridal kiss ;
 While she returning his fervid flame,
 Fell twitching his whiskers and off they came.

But greater woe befell him yet,
 When he saw his bride at her next toilet ;
 She wore false curls and rouged her cheeks,
 And her teeth were casts from fine antiques.

However he might swear and curse,
 He had her then for better or worse ;
 And when for deception his spouse he blames,
 She cries, " Remember your whiskers, James !"

[Can be sung to either of the airs mentioned in the heading.
 If to the latter, the last three syllables of the second line of
 each quatrain, and the two last lines are repeated.]

DICKY GOSSIP IS THE MAN.

[PRINCE HOARE.]

WHEN I was a younker, I first was apprenticed
 Unto a gay barber, so dapper and airy ;
 I next was a carpenter, then turned a dentist,
 Then tailor, good Lord ! then an apothecary.
 But for this trade or that,
 They all come as pat
 As they can ;
 For shaving and tooth-drawing,
 Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
 Dicky Gossip is the man.

Though tailor and dentist but awkwardly tether,
 In both the vocations I still have my savings ;
 And two of my trades couple rarely together,
 For barber and carpenter both deal in *shavings*.
 So for this trade or that,
 They all come as pat, &c.

But blunders will happen in callings so various ;
 I fancy they happen to some who are prouder ;
 I once gave a patient, whose health was precarious,
 A terrible dose of my best *shaving powder*,
 But no matter for that,
 My trades come as pat, &c.

THE IRON TIMES.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Air—"Age of Indian Rubber."]

To show the world, as in a glass,
 O ! for the pen of Byron !
 Some say this is the age of brass,
 But I think it is of iron ;
 Well, iron is a subject nice—
 I'll blacksmith turn, nor shirk it ;
 And, as I've got a little *vice*,
 Into a song I'll work it !

There still some Ramo Samees are,
 Who iron-eating follow ;
 They find themselves much better far,
 The more they iron swallow !
 For ride or walk, or stand or stoop,
 This metal is befriending,
 And like unto a boy's round hoop,
 There seems to be no ending.

In this same world of tears and smiles,
 Of kinds, and sorts, and grades, now,
 We often meet some queer old files,
 And odd queer-temper'd blades, now ;

Great screws are many in't and then,
 Dead-nails, too, it appears now ;
 Besides, we've lots of iron-men,
 But they're mostly overseers now !

This ore's the universal trade,
 For in it every soul stirs—
 Sheet-iron, and iron-bedsteads made—
 Iron pillows—iron bolsters !
 Iron coaches are amongst the things
 Of great improvement hinters ;
 And thus the rich have iron *springs*—
 The poor but iron winters !

We've iron boats that will not break—
 Iron piers, and iron lords now ;
 And that "iron tears down Pluto's cheek
 Once roll'd !" some bard records now,
 The quills we'd once from fowls and hens,
 Afford us now few uses—
 Our scribblers now all use steel pens,
 And tailors iron *gooses* !

Oxide of iron's in request—
 Which is hard as hide of oxes—
 Then we've a play, *The Iron Chest*,
 Iron safes, and iron boxes ;
 The works of Steele, if you've not read,
 They're good you may rely on,
 We've many tragedies of lead—
 And only one of *Ion* !

Sulphate of iron in our ink
 If put 'twill make it good, now ;
 And very learned doctors think
 We've iron in our blood, now.
 We've flat-irons, and we've iron flats,
 In railway schemes they're great, now,
 And then we've iron "footmen," that
 Attend the iron-grate now !

We'd once a Buonaparte renown'd,
 Who tricks with us did try on ;
 We all know well that he was crown'd
 With Milan's crown of iron.
 Our Iron Duke his hide did tan,
 And well he did his task, sir,—
 That duke another "iron man"
 In another "iron mask," sir !

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Oh, Cruel."]

LET others sing of times to come—
 Of joys that never will !
 My song shall be of days gone by :
 So, boys, a bumper fill
 To the good old times ! oh, the good old times !
 Their like we ne'er shall see :
 The world was full of honest hearts,
 And life went merrily.
 To the good old times ! &c.

In the days of youth, when all was flowers,
 And ev'ry month was May,
 And my spirits were light as the thistle down,
 And my heart was always gay,
 I loved a fair and gentle maid
 With all the constancy
 That a mutual flame in youth can inspire ;
 But, alas ! she jilted me.
 Oh, the good old times ! &c.

Friends of to-day, how vain are they !
 The partners of an hour,
 That fortune gathers round a man,
 As sunshine wakes the flow'r.

My friend and I, in infancy,
 Play'd 'neath the same old tree :
 One home was ours for long, long years,
 Till my friend arrested me.
 Oh, the good old times ! &c.

My country's cause was always mine—
 Britannia, ocean's bride !
 A patriot's name my dearest boast,
 A patriot's heart my pride.
 My leader was "the people's friend ;"
 'Twas thus he gain'd my vote :
 But they put him on the pension list,
 And *the patriot* turned his coat.
 Oh, the good old times ! &c.

'Twas then I felt that honour dwelt
 In noble ancestry ;
 That still in high and gentle blood
 Some secret virtues lie.
 My champion now I joy'd to hear
 Rail at the *parvenu* :
 But I soon found *him* on the Civil List—
 With his wife and cousins too.
 Oh, the good old times ! &c.

Disgusted with the city's vice,
 I to the country sped—
 A simple husbandman, my life
 Mid flocks and herds I led.
 The live-long day I'd pipe and play,
 Or on some thyme bank sleep :
 But at night they broke into my folds,
 And stole my cows and sheep,
 Oh, the good old times ! &c.

They told me 'twas my single state
 That harass'd thus my life ;
 And to the altar soon I led
 A young and lovely wife.

Oh! then what joys, what hopes were mine!
 Life seem'd a brighter heaven:
 But my wife eloped with her cousin Tom,
 And left me infants seven.

Oh, the good old times! &c.

WHACK! FOR THE PADDIES, THEIR MAMMIES AND DADDIES.

J. BEULER.]

{ *Tune*— "This London, sgrah!
 } it is the Devil's own Shop."

FOR tightness, for brightness,
 For wit and politeness,
 Old Ireland is famed since the world first began;
 For courage, humanity,
 Who has the vanity
 To set himself up by a neat Irishman?
 In love or in liquor,
 No man can get quicker;
 He ever feels grateful for women and wine;
 His foe to be roasting,
 Or nymph to be toasting,
 Pat's first to begin, and the last to resign.
 Sing whack for the Paddies!
 Their mammies and daddies!
 Be their hearts free from sorrow, their hands free
 from toil;
 May they fight for the freedom
 Of nations that need 'em,
 And Pat never want a potatoe to boil.

When Pat is a soldier,
 No one can be bolder;
 With gun on his shoulder, he marches to fight;
 Whack! filliloo! singing,
 He's first in beginning
 To fire on the foe, whether front, left, or right.

But when foeman, falling,
 For mercy is bawling,
 Though Pat's nose has been nearly cut off by his
 blows ;
 Pat's to him soon friendly,
 And argues thus kindly—
 "I wont cut off his head in revenge for my nose."
 Sing whack ! &c.

When Pat is in love,
 Och ! his arguments prove
 So just and so true, soon they conquer the fair ;
 With an Irish Paddy,
 Says every lady,
 For love and gentility none can compare.
 To lend one assistance,
 He ne'er minds the distance :
 He'll drink and he'll fight, and a joke's his delight ;
 Good humour attend him,
 And the man that offends him,
 He'll knock down with his *left* and pick up with
 his *right* !
 Sing whack, &c.

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

MR. DUNLOP.]

{ *Air*—"It's good to be off wi'
 the old love."

HERE'S to the year that's awa' !
 We will drink it in strong and in sma' ;
 And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed,
 While swift flew the year that's awa'.
 And here's to ilk, &c.

Here's to the sodger who bled,
 And the sailor who bravely did fa' ;
 Their fame is alive, though their spirits are fled
 On the wings of the year that's awa'.
 Their fame is alive, &c.

Here's to the friends we can trust,
 When the storms of adversity blow;
 May they live in our song, and be nearest our
 hearts,
 Nor depart like the year that's awa'.
 May they live, &c.

FOR FIFTEEN SPRINGS I HAVE BEEN OUT.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by GEORGE LINLEY.]

FOR fifteen springs I have been out, and I am thirty-
 three,
 I never get proposals now, what can the reason be?
 All strangers guess me twenty-one and praise me to
 the skies,
 Because I have such pearly teeth and animated eyes.
 Would none but strangers saw me now! Alas, it is
 my lot
 To dwell where I have always dwelt, half rooted to
 the spot!
 Children who shared my childish sports have children
 of their own,
 And brats I once look'd down upon, are men and
 women grown!

Last week a gallant son of Mars invited me to dance:
 We laughed, we talked! I really thought once more
 I had a chance!
 At length he said, "My dear Miss Smith, you don't
 remember me!
 I'm William Jones, twelve years ago, you danced me
 on your knee?"

When fashionably dress'd, some friend exclaims,
 "Miss Smith I know
 You must remember sleeves like these at least ten
 years age."

The sweetest fruit is that which hangs the longest on
the tree,
For fifteen springs I have been out, and I am thirty-
three !

I'M JUST EIGHTEEN, AND QUITE A MAN.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by GEORGE LINLEY.]

I'm just eighteen, and quite a man, I'm no Etonian now;
Don't call me boy ! such liberties I never will allow ;
One's own relations bore one so ; when we go out to
dine,

I wish my mother would not say, "John, don't take
too much wine."

My face is smooth, but bear's-grease brings musta-
chios and a tuft ;

I know my figure's rather slight, but then my coat is
stuff'd ;

My legs are long, and if they are as straight as
father's staff,

In black cloth trousers what's the use of having any
calf ?

Said Lady Trippet, when she asked my mother to her
ball,

"If your young people are at home, I beg you'll bring
them all ;"

The odious term included me ! I'll stay at home, I vow,
"Young people" means the boys and girls, I'm no
young person now.

My sister Kate in confidence has told me that Miss
King

Has raved about me ever since she saw me in the
spring ;

Poor girl ! I must contrive to be less pleasant if I can,
And Kate must tell her candidly I'm not a marrying
man.

MURPHY DELANEY.

CHARLES DIBDIN }
the Younger. }

[Tune—"In Ireland so frisky."]

IT was Murphy Delaney, so funny and frisky,
Popp'd in a sheebeen shop to get his skin full ;
And reel'd out again pretty well lined with whisky,
So fresh as a shamrock, and blind as a bull ;
But a trifling accident happen'd our rover,
Who took the quay-side for the floor of his shed,
And the keel of a coal-barge he just tumbled over,
And thought all the time he was going to bed ;
And sing fillaloo, hubbaboo, whack, botheration,
Every man in his humour, as Kate kiss'd the pig !

Some folks passing by, drew him out of the river,
And got a horse-doctor his sickness to mend ;
Who swore that poor Pat was no longer a liver,
But dead as the divil, and there was an end.
So they sent for the coroner's jury to try him,
But Pat, not half liking the comical strife,
Fell to twisting and turning the while they sat by
him,
And came (when he found it convenient) to life.
Sing fillaloo, &c.

Says Pat to the jury, "Your worships, an't please
you,
I don't think I'm dead ; so what is it you'd do ?"
"Not dead !" said the foreman, "you spalpeen, be
easy,
Do you think, don't the doctor know better than
you ?"
So then they went on in the business further ;
Examin'd the doctor about his belief ;
Then brought poor Delaney in guilty of murder,
And swore they would hang him in spite of his
teeth.
Sing fillaloo, &c.

But Paddy click'd hold of a clumsy shelaly,
 And laid on the doctor, who, stiff as a post,
 Still swore that it couldn't be Murphy Delaney,
 But was something *alive*, and so must be his
 ghost ;
 The jury began then with fear to survey him,
 While he like the divil about him did pay ;
 So they sent out of hand for the *clergy* to lay him,
 But Pat laid the *clergy*, and then ran away.
 Sing fillaloo, &c.

LEAVE OFF YOUR FOOLISH PRATING.

LEAVE off your foolish prating,
 Talk no more of Whig and Tory,
 But drink your glass, round let it pass,
 The bottle stands before ye.
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd ;
 Drink about—see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

If claret be a blessing,
 This night devote to pleasure ;
 Let worldly cares, and State affairs,
 Be thought on at most leisure.
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd ;
 Drink about—see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

If man is so zealous
 To be a party minion,
 Let him drink like me, we'll soon agree,
 And be of one opinion.
 Fill your glass, name your lass,
 See her health go swiftly round ;
 Drink about—see it out,
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd.

MAMMA WONT LET ME MARRY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"I should like to marry."]

MAMMA wont let me marry,
 I'm sure I can't tell why,—
 Now, isn't it provoking,
 And enough to make one cry ?
 Jemima says its jealousy,
 But she goes rather far ;
 My parent thinks herself too young,
 'To be a grandmamma.
 But she will not let me marry yet ;
 Oh dear, what shall I do ?—
 Now, isn't it a shameful thing
 To treat a daughter so ?
 Jemima's cousin's sister's maid,
 Who lives at number six,
 Says she, "If I was you, Miss Brown,
 The day I'd make her fix ;
 For captains now is very scarce,
 And husbands hard to find ;
 And if you do not hook your man,
 Perhaps he'll change his mind."
 But mamma wont let me marry yet ;
 Oh dear, what shall I do ?—
 Now, isn't it a shameful thing
 To treat a daughter so ?
 The captain says such pretty things,
 And calls me his heart's queen—
 I wonder he has not proposed
 A trip to Gretna Green.
 When I hint'd at it t'other day,
 He smooth'd his glossy hair,
 Said he loved me to distraction,
 But he could not live on air.
 Oh, mamma wont let me marry yet ;
 Oh dear, what shall I do ?—
 Now, isn't it a shameful thing
 To treat a daughter so ?

Miss Clark was married t'other day,
 (A nasty pert young jade) ;
 And now she's got an opera box,
 And keeps her lady's-maid.
 The spiteful thing has dared to say—
 Oh, dear, how very funny—
 That the captain does not care for me,
 But only wants my money.
 Mamma wont let me marry yet ;
 Oh dear, what shall I do?—
 Now, isn't it a shameful thing
 To treat a daughter so ?

Those guardians and executors
 Are all on mischief bent ;
 They too forbid my marrying
 Without mamma's consent.
 My fortune's at their mercy,
 So, like a lonesome nun,
 I must pine in single wretchedness,
 Until I'm twenty-one !
 For mamma wont let me marry yet ;
 Oh dear, what shall I do?—
 Now, isn't it a shameful thing
 To treat a daughter so ?

BE A GOOD BOY, AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

WHEN I was at home, with my father and mother,
 I bate the old couple, and Teddy my brother—
 At larning, I mane ; for I handled the spade,
 And so nately I followed the turfcutting trade :
 But old Father Murphey, our parish director,
 He now and then gave me a bit of a lecture ;
 " Arrab, Barney," says he, " you're a frolicsome elf,
 But be a good boy, and take care of yourself !"
 With your too ral lal loo, &c.

My Judy I loved, and oft gave her a kiss ;
 " Fie, Barney," says she, but ne'er took it amiss :
 One night I took leave ; says I, " Judy, I'm off,"
 But heard, as I thought, in the closet a cough ;
 So I opened the door, and, I stared like a pig,
 There stood old Father Murphey, without hat or wig ;
 " Arrah, Father," says I, " you're a frolicsome elf,
 But be a good boy, and take care of yourself !"

With your too ral lal loo, &c,

I was a going, when old Father Murphey cried
 " Stay ;

We'll settle this matter, I'll tell you the way,
 I'll marry you both, and then, Barney, you know——"
 " Thank'ee, Father," says I, " but I'd much rather go."
 So to old Father Murphey I bade a good night,
 And to Judy I said what you'll own was quite right ;
 " Arrah, Judy," says I, " you're a frolicsome elf,
 But I'll be a good boy, and take care of myself !"

With my too ral lal loo, &c.

A CUTTING STORY.

JACOB BEULER.]

{ *Tune*—" Molly Papps."
 { " Rifum tifum."

I NOW will lay before ye,
 A very cutting story ;
 It's of a beau, one Thomas Toe,
 Who loved Miss Tamer Tory.
 Indeed he did ; oh yes, he did.
 Rump'e, tump'e, toody iddy,
 Toe and Tamer Tory.

A milliner was she, sir,
 A linendraper he, sir,
 Genteel, polite, good looking, light,
 And very much like me, sir.
 Indeed he was ; oh yes, he was.
 Rump'e, tump'e, toody iddy,
 Toe and Tamer Tory.

Whene'er they had a meeting,
 With fruit she wanted treating ;
 She thought that loving was like a pudding,
 The proof was in the eating.
 Indeed she did ; oh yes, she did.
 Rumple, tumples, toody iddy,
 Toe and Tamer Tory.

His time was at her leisure,
 His shop was at her pleasure ;
 He served her first, and gave her trust,
 And very best of measure.
 Indeed he did ; oh yes, he did.
 Rumple, tumples, toody iddy,
 Toe and Tamer Tory.

One day he saw her pass, sir,
 And bowing to the lass, sir,
 He bow'd so low, his head somehow,
 Popp'd through a pane of glass, sir.
 Indeed it did ; oh yes, it did.
 Rumple, tumples, toody iddy,
 Toe and Tamer Tory.

No face then e'er could match his ;
 To heal his cuts and scratches
 The doctor chose, his cheeks and nose
 To cover with black patches.
 Indeed he did ; oh yes, he did.
 Rumple, tumples, toody iddy,
 Toe and Tamer Tory.

He, after this disaster,
 Became Miss Tory's laughter ;
 And in his shop, he looks cut up,
 For she cut him ever after.
 Indeed she did ; oh yes, she did.
 Rumple, tumples, toody iddy,
 Toe and Tamer Tory.

THE LAST MAN OF THE SEASON.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by GEORGE LINLEY.]

BEHOLD the last man of the season,
Left pacing the park all alone,
He'll blush if you ask him the reason,
Why he with the rest is nor gone?
He'll see you with shame and with sorrow,
He'll smile with affected delight ;
He'll swear he leaves London to-morrow,
And only came to it last night !

He'll tell you that nobles select him
To cheer their romantic retreats,
That friends from all quarters expect him
To stay at their elegant seats.
Invited by all, then, how can he know
Which he should favour or shun ;
He's sure of offending so many,
By paying a visit to one.

He'll say that the Yacht Club implore him
To cruise in their exquisite ships :
The ladies of fashion quite bore him
To join in their wandering trips :
That stewards of all races entreat him
To go to them ; what can he do ?
So odd you should happen to meet him,
So strange as he's just passing through.

In town, in the month of September,
We find neither riches nor rank ;
In vain we look out for a member
To give us a nod or look frank.
Each knocker in silence reposes,
In every mansion you find
One dirty old woman who dozes,
Or peeps through the dining-room blind !

Then hence, thou last man of the season ;
 Lest fashion the outrage should blab !
 Shrink back as if guilty of treason
 Within the dark depths of thy cab.
 If money be wanting, go borrow,
 Remain—and thy character's lost !
 Go print thy departure to-morrow :
 "Sir Linger from Longs to the coast!"

THE KNOWLENS AND O'NEILS.

THE sky was as clear as a whistle,
 The sun like a forge-fire shone,
 When the boys they came out for to wrestle,
 Last June down the county Tyrone.
 The prize was a pair leather breeches,
 That swung from a pole in the gale ;
 And the boy that expected to win them,
 Was tattering Paddy O'Neil.
 Tol lo do rol, &c.

Arrah, Tim you must know was a tripper ;
 Twelve stone he stood just in his hose,
 If you had given him your neck in his flipper,
 He'd soon shake the nails off your toes ;
 If a spalpeen dare stand up forenent him,
 He'd better go whistle—chew oatmeal,
 For he had no chance of standing forenent him,
 'Cept he wished him to drive home the nail.
 Tol lo do rol, &c.

Ned Knowlens the carpenter's son,
 Was the boy that first danced in the ring,
 He was always a devil for fun,
 Soul ! he'd fight just as soon as he'd sing.
 Then collars and elbows were taken—
 From their heels how they beat off the scales ;
 And they swore by the holy St. Patrick,
 They would skiver and thrash the O'Neils.
 Tol lo do rol, &c.

The ducks and the geese began squeaking,
 The chickens took wing and did fly,
 And the little pigs, to save their own bacon,
 Had a grand galley-pad through the sty ;
 While the children were hid in their cages,
 The Knowlens with pitchforks and flails,
 Sallied out like as many midges,
 To skiver and thrash the O'Neils.
 Tol lo do rol, &c.

Affection was soon congregated,
 Up hill and down hollow they came,
 The cry was O'Neil will be at him,
 He's a stout hard card in the game.
 The clubs and the spades were well handled,
 Like diamonds, some cut for the dale,
 And they fought till they were roaring for candles,
 To pick the Knowlens from the O'Neil.
 Tol lo do rol, &c.

The priest was sent for to the riot,
 And numbers he saved from being kill'd,
 In a minute he had them all quiet,
 But not till some blood had been spill'd.
 Arrah, boys, if you keep up this fighting,
 You never will gain the repeal,
 But the cackling was soon out of sighting,
 And each Knowlen shook hands with O'Neil.
 Tol lo do rol, &c.

DENIS DELANEY.

IN sweet Tipperary, the pride of the throng,
 I've danced a good jig and I've sung a good song ;
 On the green where I caper'd I scarce bent the grass,
 To my bottle a friend, and no foe to a lass ;
 At hurling, my fellow could never be found,
 For whoever I jostled soon came to the ground ;

As I came back again, quite sober and steady,
 I saw three or four buckeens attacking a lady ;
 With my slip of shillelah I made them forbear,
 For an Irishman always will fight for the fair ;
 But the police they call'd, who came great and small,
 " Devil burn me," says I, " but I'll leather you all ;"
 And though I was fighting them, this I will say,
 They were active fellows at—running away.

With my whack about, &c.

Then to see a fine play, which I ne'er saw before,
 To the playhouse I went with three or four more,
 And upstairs I walked to see things the better,
 The play-bill I bought, though I knew not a letter.
 But the crowd was so great and the players so funny,
 I laugh'd more, I'm sure, than the worth of my money ;
 Although with their noise they sent me quite mad,
 When the boys above stairs call'd for "Moll in the
 Wad."

With my whack about, &c.

MR. HEAD, MR. FOOT, AND MISS BODY.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"The Washing Day."]

OH, listen to a *tale* most true,
 Of which I've somewhere read ;
 And straightway I will tell to you
 The *tale* of *Mr. Head*.

This *Mr. Head*, tho' he was wise,
 Sly Cupid made a noddy ;
 He lost his *heart* all thro' the *eyes*
 Of beautiful *Miss Body*.

Miss Body children did improve
 In consonants and vowels ;
 Fond of *learning*, but for *love*,
Miss Body had no *bowels*.

Except for one *short* Suitor, who
 Long for her hand did beg,
A *Mr. Foot*, a charming man,
 Who had a *handsome leg*.

When *Mr. Head* found *Mr. Foot*
 Had got such *footing* there,
Too far a-*head* for him to move,
 His *heart* was all despair.
To catch his rival on the *hip*
 He watched with jealous *torters*,
But could not draw off *Mr. Foot*
 From sweet *Miss Body's quarters*.

So *Mr. Head* a letter wrote
 To *Mr. Foot* in spite,
That he should choose his weapons, and
 For sweet *Miss Body fight*.
Miss Body saw the challenge, and
 Her *heart* beat with alarms,
For fear that *Mr. Foot* might lose
 His *legs* by using *arms*.

But *Foot* he was a valiant *Man*,
 And to the ground he started ;
Sweet *Miss Body* got between,
 And *Head* and *Foot* she parted.
She would not let their pistols shoot,
 And so with *fists* instead,
Blows did go from *Head* to *Foot*,
 And *kicks* from *Foot* to *Head*.

To part, then, *Head* and *Foot* inclined,
 With bruises very sore—
Poor *Head's head* was crack'd behind,
 His *heart* was broke before.
Mr. Foot he footed off,
 Love would not let him linger ;
Next morning saw the wedding ring
 On sweet *Miss Body's finger*.

Now *Miss Body's Mrs. Foot*,
 And, bless'd with all her *charms*,
 In chaste embraces every night
 Her *Foot* sleeps in her *arms*.
 It will not bring out much surprise,
 Nor be astonishing,
 If from this *Mr. and Mrs. Foot*
 Some *little Feet* should spring.

KING JAMES THE FIRST.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Tune—"Washing Day."]

KING JAMES THE FIRST, Earl Darnley's son,
 Into a song I'll twist :
 Who changed our English *reign* into
 A regular "Scotch mist !"
 Chock full of self-esteem was he—
 Though seeming but a plain Scot ;
 He sent them all unto the wall
 Which show'd he was a *wain* Scot !

Queen Mary and King James did not
 Much in prefixes vary :
 The last being dubb'd a "crimson" James !
 The first, "Magenta" Mary !
 For Bessy's crown James claimant was—
 And strange there was no other—
 Yet strangeness none, to pass from one
 Old woman to another !

King James's reign, with incidents,
 Than others was *more fraught-er* !
 And truly may it be alleged,
 He "went through fire and water !"
 Sir "Hu-Mid"—Sir Hugh Myd-dleton—
 That monarch's period marks ;
 Whilst Faux's fireworks made the ground
 He walk'd on "James's-parks."

This Guy with diabolic mind—
 As one from history learns—
 Had with some private friends resolved
 To give "A Nicht wi' Burns!"
 This would attract the King they thought—
 The horrid wicked batch!
 All wished to do him hurt, and see
 A Scotchman go to "scratch!"

'Twas Messrs. Piercy, Catesby, Faux,
 Who'd laid their plans with nouse!
 The first said, "We've a 'Jemmy' got
 To open us the House!
 Old Guy shall be our engineer,
 To work with might and main—
 To put the steam on and send up
 The 'Parliamentary train!'"

"I have a '*Waults*,' a lively '*Waltz*!"
 Said Piercy; "and 'tis plain,
 That if they up the *middle* go,
 They'll ne'er come '*down again*!"
 I'll be myself a member *Bright*—
 Reform shall send its sweets,
 And they shall see a thorough '*Re-*
Distribution of their seats!"

And so these folks indulged their jokes,
 Though not wise or discreet;
 "'The Trial Stakes!' are on," said Guy;
 "This will be a *dead heat*!"
 But Sovereign James th' *early tip*
 Did from Monteagle cull:
 "I'm up to snuff!" said he; "this is
 A regular Scotch mull!"

Rome seem'd here whispering to the King—
 "Whichever way you *turn* your nose
 It will get scorched!" "But why?" asked James:
 When answered Rome, "*Hi-bern-ia knows*!"

King James saw now he'd met his match!—
 Saw in the glass his sand turn!—
 Saw in the very candle "thieves!"—
 Behind the Papal *hand turn!*

Said James unto his noble lords—
 "For this escape we're prouder!
 That by mistake we did not take
 This dose of James's powder!"
 Ye highest men—ye "Upper Ten"—
 Ye might have gone much higher;
 Been burnt, and heard your foes cry, "See,
 The *high 'uns in the fire!*"

So Faux and Co. were spared the *blow!*—
 Fail'd their intentions base;
 Their *matches* were not made in heav'n,
 But in the other place!
 And may all foes who would disclose
 Such diabolic phases,
 Instead of victims innocent—
 Be sent themselves to *blazes!*

(From "Comic Idylls of the Kings and Heroes.")

SIR ROBERT PEEL ON THE RIFLES.

EDWARD DRAPER.]

[Air—"Derry Down."]

SIR ROBERT arose in the Parliament Hall
 To fire a few shots at the Riflemen all;
 'Tis easy to see why his efforts were vain,
 His charge was blank cartridge, his priming champagne.
Down, &c.

Says he—"Mr. Speaker, I meet every day
 Our riflemen clad in their jackets of grey;
 I'll give 'em a jacketing, fitting and warm,
 Though it may not improve much the 'Riflemen form.'
Down, &c.

There's one corps the title of six foot has got,
 From four-footed beasts to distinguish the lot ;
 The Pimlico Fencibles, too, has again
 A most indefensible—(twig ?)—cognomen.

Down, &c.

St. John the Evangelist, too, by a fluke,
 Has muster'd a corps ; Mark ! how odd it must Luke
 To see a man taking a gun in his fist,
 To list in the corps of the Evange-*list*

Down, &c.

A crack shot at Hythe gained his practice, I find,
 By shooting at cats in his garden—behind ;
 But if ev'ryone shooting next-door cat we see,
 He may stuff it, and there'll be a cat-as-trophy.

Down, &c.

To lament the poor molrows you cannot refuse,
 To aid me, Melpomene—tragical *mews* ;
 Else, what heaps of dead cats at elections there'll be
 For pelting un-pop-ular members like me.

Down, &c.

The lawyers defend that fee simple, our shores,
 Neglecting their causes to join in the corps ;
In medio tutissimus ibis, says well—
 They'll be safer at home in the Middle Tem-pel.

Down, &c.

There's Downing, Q.C., will lay foes in the dust,
 While Parry's to balk every bayonet thrust ;
 And a third's very name the remembrance recalls
 Of bullets and shouting—I mean Dr. Balls.

Down, &c.

A rifleman bold, at a dangerous time,
 Must crawl on his belly, and trees he must climb ;
 But one of the sights I should most like to see
 Is a corpulent rifleman climbing a tree.

Down, &c.

I hear they proposed, at the new Floral Hall,
 To give what they term a grand Rifleman's Ball ;
 That's the sort of ball suits 'em much better than shot,
 Yah ! if I had my way I'd soon floor all the lot."
 Down, &c.

Then his speech being ended, Sir Robert sat down,
 'Mid cheers such as greet a theatrical clown ;
 As for us, we don't heed his satirical stroke,
 We shall never stand fire if we can't stand a joke.
 Down, &c.

THE LAY OF THE LAST ARTIST,

KEPT IN TOWN ALL THE AUTUMN.

J. ASHBY STERRY.]

{ *Tune*—"The Miseries of
 { a Lord Mayor."

OH ! how grimy the trees that one everywhere sees,
 As one's rounds in the squares now one happens
 to go ;
 Oh ! how hot and how crabbed, and almost gone rabid,
 Is the artist imprisoned in dingy Soho.
 Law has quitted his Coke, and has sported his oak,
 E'en police reports now are most wretchedly slow ;
 There's nought in the papers to drive off the vapours,
 And gladden the artist in dismal Soho.

I make calls on old friends, but in sorrow that ends ;
 "Left town, sir !" Alas ! yes, I feared it was so ;
 Maulsticke is from home, and M'Guilps gone to
 Rome—
 Ah ! a village deserted is gloomy Soho.
 There's Smith and there's Brown, and there's young
 Tonemdown,
 And old Tomkins, whose pictures are sadly so so ;
 Off this autumn again to Wales, Scotland, or Spain,
 Whilst I am imprisoned in dreary Soho.

Models all are at rest, and not one's in request,
 From piquant Miss Poser to pretty Miss Snow ;
 And the pugilist brawny, and Hindoo so tawny,
 Lounge at large now in publics in vacant Soho.
 I avoid the display in the windows so gay
 Of Winsor and Newton, and Rowney also ;
 And I shun like the measles the portable easles,
 And other art nicknacks to tempt poor Soho.

My picture's not sold—bad luck to those old
 Curmudgeons who placed it so horribly low ;
 To the hanging committee is due this sad ditty,
 Of the artist imprisoned in stagnant Soho.
 But for this the nice girls, whose far-flowing curls
 In the breezes of Brighton so pleasantly blow,
 Would (in spite of my wife) have been sketched to
 the life,
 By the wretched one pent up in dismal Soho.

THE IRISH CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

JACOB BEULER.]

[Tune—"Judy's Black Eyes."]

OCH ! sure, I've become quite a citizen,
 Or a cosmopolite of the world ;
 For all parts of the earth I've been visiting,
 East, west, north, and south I've been hurl'd.
 I've been ev'rywhere with the armies—
 I was beaten in Spain black and blue ;
 I was scorched by the fire of the Burmese,
 And wet through at famed Waterloo.
 I have travell'd from one end to t'other
 Of this globe, which is round as a ball ;
 Where one country's as good as another,
 But old Ireland is better than all.

From big Howth to the high hill of Shooter
 I've marched, and thought nought of the job, sir
 In the Thames and the great Burrampooter,
 I've many times swum like a lobster.

I've been drowned in the Atlantic Ocean,
At th' Equator been burnt to a coal ;
And though I went to bed with my clothes on,
I've been frozen to death at the Pole.

I have fed upon boil'd rice in Injy,
In France, fricassee and ragoo ;
I have lived with white, black, brown, and dingy,
In England I've eat Irish stew.
In Greenland I've seen many big whales—
English judges wear wigs to look wise ;
The Chinese wear very long pigtails—
They're a set of rare, rum looking guys.

In Injy they burn ev'ry widow
Along with the corpse of her spouse ;
In Yorkshire they think that a meadow's
The best place for fattening cows.
In Europe the ladies are taper,
In Asia they're plump and they're fat ;
In America brown as brown paper,
In Africa black as my hat.

In the ocean the great river Shannon falls,
Horse soldiers in London wear boots ;
The African people are *cannonballs*,
And eat one alive like the brutes.
The Cossacks and Tartars drink lamp oil,
So in England they burn only gas ;
In Kent, Romney Marsh is a damp soil,
Where they send sheep and horses to grass.

In Turkey the folks are called Mussulmen,
With their beards they are queer-looking fish ;
Injy planters e'er make a great bustle, when
Their slaves don't obey as they wish.
Och ! Lapland's more cold than the Prussias,
Abyssinia's a very hot clime ;
And as meat will not keep there, the butchers
Only kill half a pig at a time.

Irish ladies have feet very pretty,
 English ladies have their's very small ;
 French ladies' are dressish and natty,
 Chinese ladies have no feet at all.
 They must not taste whiskey in Turkey,
 And the Frenchmen make elegant bows ;
 In London they drink Irish whiskey,
 And have milk from the Alderney cows.

In China they folks call to prayers,
 With the sound of a great Chinese gong ;
 They don't seem to have any Lord Mayors,
 So I'll put an end to my song.
 I've been welcom'd by wise and by witty men,
 In all countries to which I've been hurl'd ;
 And now I've become quite a citizen,
 Or a cosmopolite of the world.
 I've travell'd from one end to t'other
 Of this globe, which is round as a ball ;
 Where one country's as good as another,
 But old Ireland is better than all.

MADAM FIG'S GALA.

CHARLES DIBDIN the Younger.] [*Tune*—"Drops of Brandy."]

I'ZE a Yorkshireman just come to town,
 And my coming to town were a gay day ;
 Dame Fortune has here set me down,
 Waiting-gentleman to a fine lady ;
 And madam gives galas and routs,
 While her treats of the town are the talk sheer,
 But nought that I'ze seed hereabouts
 Equals one that was given i' Yorkshire.

Rumpti, &c.

Johnny Fig was a green and white grocer,
 In business as brisk as an eel, sir,
 None than John to the shop could stick closer,
 But his wife thought it quite ungenteel, sir ;

Her neighbours resolv'd to cut out,
 And astonish the rustic parishioners ;
 So invited 'em all to a rout,
 And ax'd all the village musicianers.

Rumpti, &c.

The company met gay as larks,
 Drawn forth all as fine as blown roses ;
 The concert commenc'd with the clerk,
 Who chanted the " Vicar and Moses ;"
 The barber sung " Gall'ry of Wigs," sir ;
 The gemmen all said 'twas the dandy,
 While the ladies encor'd Johnny Fig, sir,
 Who volunteer'd " Drops of Brandy."

Rumpti, &c.

The baker he sang a good batch,
 While the lawyer, for harmony willing,
 With the bailiff he join'd in a *catch*,
 And the notes of the butcher were killing ;
 The wheelwright he put in his spoke,
 The schoolmaster flogg'd on with furor,
 The coalman he play'd the " Black Joke,"
 And the fishwoman roar'd a *bravura*.

Rumpti, &c.

To strike the assembly with wonder,
 The Miss Screams a quintette, loud as Boreas
 Sung, and wak'd farmer Thrasher's dog, Thunder,
 Who, jumping up, join'd in the chorus.
 A donkey, the melody marking,
 Popp'd in, too, which made a wag say, sir,
 " Attend to the rector of Barking's
 Duet with the vicar of Bray, sir."

Rumpti, &c.

A brine-tub, half full of beef salted,
 Madam Fig had trick'd out as a seat, sir,
 Where the tailor to sing was exalted,
 But the covering crack'd under his feet, sir ;

Snip was sous'd in the brine, but soon rising,
 He bawl'd, while they laugh'd at his grief, sir,
 Is't a matter so monstrous surprising
 To see pickled-cabbage with beef, sir ?
Rumpti, &c.

To a ball, then, the concert gave way,
 And for dancing no souls could be riper ;
 So struck up the "Devil to Pay,"
 But Johnny Fig paid the piper ;
 The best thing came after the ball,
 For to finish the whole with perfection,
 Madam Fig ax'd the gentlefolks all
 To sup off a cold *collection*.

Rumpti, &c.

I'LL WRITE TO THE "TIMES."

G. BENNETT.]

[*Tune*—"Irish Washerwoman."]

"OH, I'll write to the *Times*, and at once for redress,
 For it has such a vast circulation ;
 In its elegant columns my case I'll express,
 And appeal to the whole British nation."
 Thus saith my litigious old friend, Dr. Rudge,
 In a long-pending action nonsuited,
 Through the stolid obtuseness of counsel and judge,
 Who might the old thing have confuted.
 "Oh, I'll write to the *Times*, and at once for
 redress,
 For it has such a vast circulation ;
 In its elegant columns my case I'll express,
 And appeal to the whole British nation."

Says Paterfamilias, "Ill write to the *Times* ;
 These trains they all need supervision ;
 We're a minute too late by the three-quarter chimes ;
 Ah ! this is their railway precision !"

There's a traveller who's thundering the platform
along,

With a porter, fermenting and working—
“Where's my box? 'tis a relic—it came from Hong
Kong,
So produce it—no shuffling or shirking—
Or, I'll write to the *Times*,” &c.

Fitzguard, the right honourable, solemnly reels
From his club about two in the morning,
Where cabby an hour has stood cooling his heels
With the rain-pouring clouds for an awning.
“You'll drive—you know where.” They arrive there
all right.

“What's the fare?” “Three and sixpence, your
honour.
That's for time too.” “For time? Well, I'll pay
you to-night:
What's your badge?” “99. Tom O'Connor!”
“Oh, I'll write to the *Times*,” &c.

There's a Frenchman comes over; he finds an hotel,
Where all is *recherché* and splendid,
He partakes of the best, with a gusto and zest,
At the *table d'hôte*, lordlike attended.
“*Je suis ravi, mes amis*. I am so delight,
Ho garçon! une semaine I am staying.”
But the bill, ah, the bill, he is madden'd outright,
And “*Mon Dieu!*” he exclaims, while he's paying,
“I *vill* write to *de Times*,” &c.

Lawyer Deeds, who aspires to high place in his ward,
And has views most profound and extensive,
Caused a rupture last week at the Union Board,
Through some plans that were wildly expensive;
In his zeal for municipal progress, he cried,
“It is not for myself, but the City;
But you doubt, you oppose, you condemn, you deride,
While your chairman insults me with pity!
But, I'll write to the *Times*,” &c.

Mrs. White, the immaculate ; she, who could ne'er
 Even think without tears of her neighbours,
 Return'd from the Dorcas Committee to hear
 Mrs. Brown had made light of her labours ;
 Had questioned her motives, had doubted her heart,
 And of self-aggrandisement had hinted ;
 So her spirit was roused ; " I will take my own part ;
 The report and the facts shall be printed,
 And I'll write to the *Times*," &c.

Sairey Gamp, coming home from her " month " into
 town,
 For a 'bus half-an-hour is in waiting ;
 So she ties down her bonnet and pins up her gown,
 While she gives all around her a rating :
 " Here's a plight, with Saint Vipers's dance in my
 bones,
 And the sleet and the wind coming eastways ;
 What—' How's your poor feet ? ' why as cold as the
 stones,
 But I'll make you remember, or leastways
 I'll write to the *Times*," &c.

I've a bachelor friend has a seat in St. Jude's,
 He's not one of your crabs or refractories ;
 But he's warp'd from his regular tenses and moods
 By crinoline, hoops, and phylacteries.
 A small pew he shares with the two sisters Binks,
 He shares, too, a part of their dresses,
 More than's pleasant, or graceful, or decent he thinks,
 And each Sunday his ire thus expresses—
 " I will write to the *Times*," &c.

BILER BROWN.

JOHN POTTER.]

[Tune—" Ben the Carpenter."

IN Camden Town dwelt Biler Brown,
 A happy railway stoker ;
 He got his bread by heating coke
 And flourishing a poker.

He loved and was beloved again
By little Peggy Gaff,
And they agreed ere long to lead
A life of half-and-half.

In Birmingham one day he got
From blooming Peg a letter,
To say her mother was in town,
And she thought he'd have met her.
Her mother wrote another note
To tell this news again;
For Peggy's hand was like her face,
And anything but plain!

He took the coky *billets-doux*
To "General Blazer's Head,"
And from the throng he hired a tongue
To have his letters read.
"The morrow morn I shall return—"
"To-night, at least," he said,
"I'll have a quaff of half-and-half,
And hurry off to bed."

His resolution firmly bound—
Like ice in summer weather—
Just smil'd upon the warmth around,
Then vanish'd altogether!
Pot after pot got drank, and then
It was the same with him—
The liquor he imbib'd rose up
And taugt his head to swim.

The daylight found him aspen-limb'd;
And, careless of the warning,
He takes—what set him wrong last night,
To set him right this morning!
Then with his legs a-kimbo stuck
By porter on the brain,
He reeling seeks his coke-scuttle—
The 2 p.m. up-train.

The hour arrived, the train went off,
 The engine shrieked farewell ;
 He sprang as usual to his box,
 But stumbled, slipt, and fell !
 Amongst the slow-revolving wheels
 He thus became entangl'd ;
 The thought flashed through him—on the rails
 I'll soon be iron'd and mangled !

They stayed the train, but all in vain
 Their preterperfect actions ;
 His limbs were bruised, his head contused—
 In fact, he was in fractions !
 Those legs that oft had travelled miles,
 Intent his Peg to please,
 Were both cut off before their time,
 And just below their knees !

His mate Bill Jackson soon engaged
 (As touch'd at Biler's brandings)
 To learn if Peg would be one flesh
 With wooden understandings.
 Weeks passed—no Bill returned to say
 He might at doubtings laugh,
 For, though he'd lost two feet by three,
 She'd be a better-half.

At length quite cured—his life insured—
 He hastens up to town ;
 He sees, alas ! at Peggy's house
 The blinds are all drawn down !
 Amaz'd and shock'd, he, trembling, knock'd ;
 " O, is she dead ?" he cried :
 " Dead ! no, indeed !" her mother said,
 " She's Billy Jackson's bride !"

A wiser and a shorter man
 Is wretched Biler now ;
 He audits all his throat imbibes,
 And keeps a temperance vow.

And if he feels inclin'd to drink,
 Or roam about the streets,
 He locks his legs up in his drawers,
 And folds himself in sheets.

If e'er he meets a friend who greets
 With drinking invitation,
 He tells his woes, and makes a close
 With this one observation:
 "Don't let old ale your wits prevail,
 And stretch you on the flags,
 Or you may lose, when off your head,
 Your rib—and p'raps your legs!"

MR. AND MRS. VITE'S JOURNEY TO VINDSOR.

[J. RHODES.]

A VORTHY cit, von Vit-Sunday,
 Vith vife rode out in one-horse chay,
 And down the streets as they did trot
 Says Mrs. Vite—"I'll tell you vot,
 Dear Villiam Vite, 'tis my delight,
 Ven our veek's bills ve stick 'em,
 That, side by side, ve thus should ride,
 To Vindsor or Vest Vickham."

"My loving vife, full vell you know
 Ve used to ride to Valthamstow,
 But now I thinks it much the best
 That ve should ride towards the vest ;
 If you agree, dear vife, vith me,
 And vish to change the scene,
 Then, when the dust excites our thirst,
 Ve'll stop at Valham Green."

"Vell, then," says Mrs. Vite, says she,
 "Vat pleases you must sure please me,
 But veekly vorkings all must go
 If ve this day go cheerful through ;

For vell I loves the woods and groves,
 They raptures put me in,
 For you know, Vite, von Vitsun night
 You did my poor heart vin."

Then Mrs. Vite she took the vhip,
 And vacked poor Dobbin on the hip,
 Vich made him from a valk run fast,
 And reach the long-vished sign at last.
 So vhen they stopt, out vaiter popt,
 "Vat would you vish to take?"
 Says Vite, vith grin, "I'll take some gin,
 My vife takes vine and cake."

Ven Mrs. Vite had took her vine,
 To Vindsor they vent on to dine.
 Ven dinner over, Vite did talk,
 "My darling vife, ve'll take a valk ;
 The path is vide by vater-side,
 So ve will valk together ;
 While they gets tea for you and me,
 Ve vill enjoy the veather."

Some vanton Eton boys there vere,
 Vich marked for roguery this pair ;
 Mrs. Vite cried out—"Vat are they arter?"
 Ven in they popped Vite in the vater.
 The vicked vits then left the cits,
 Ven Vite the vaves sunk under—
 She vept, she squalled, she railed, she bawled,
 "Vill not none help, I vonder?"

Her vimpering vords assistance brought,
 And vith a boat-hook Vite they sought ;
 Ven she vith expectation big,
 Thought Vite vas found, but 'twas his vig.
 Vite vas not found, for he vas drowned ;
 To stop her grief each bid her,
 "Ah, no!" she cried, "I vas a bride,
 But now I is a vidder."

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.]

[Tune—"The Poacher."]

A WELL there is in the west country,
 And a clearer one never was seen ;
 There is not a wife in the west country
 But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.
 An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
 And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
 And a willow from the bank above
 Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne,
 Joyfully he drew nigh,
 For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
 And there was not a cloud in the sky.
 He drank of the water so cool and clear,
 For thirsty and hot was he,
 And he sat down upon the bank
 Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
 At the well to fill his pail ;
 On the well-side he rested it,
 And he bade the stranger hail.
 "Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
 "For an if thou hast a wife,
 The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day,
 That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
 Ever here in Cornwall been ?
 For an if she have, I'll venture my life
 She has drunk of the well of St. Keyne."
 "I have left a good woman who never was here,"
 The stranger he made reply,
 "But that my draught should be the better for
 that,
 I pray you answer me why?"

“St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornish-man, “many a time

Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angels summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell.
If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.”

“You drank of the well I warrant betimes?”
He to the Cornish-man said :
But the Cornish-man smil'd as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.
“I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch ;
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church !”

THE OBSTINATE MAN.

I'VE run against many strange folks in my time,
Some nervous, some absent, some queer, and some
prime ;
Some foolish, some witty, and some fond of chaff,
And others a great deal too clever by half ;
But the subject of my little song, if no fool,
Was as obstinate as a Jerusalem mule.
Of all stubborn buffers, beat him, if you can,
Did you ever come near such an obstinate man ?

Of obstinate fellows, he's surely the worst,
When going to bed he will get in feet first,
And come out head first, in the morning, 'tis said,
And lie with his nob at the foot of the bed ;
Put his trousers on bottom end up, and what's more,
'Tries to force on his Wellington's hind part before,
Of all, &c.

Like Paddy from Cork, when he feels in the mind,
 He actually wears his coat buttoned behind ;
 Whenever he reads a newspaper or book,
 Upside down, ten to one, but he'll hold it, oddzook !
 As a cure for the tooth-ache, he always gets bled,
 And his spectacles wears at the back of his head.
 Of all, &c.

When ill he was order'd a warm bath, 'tis said,
 So the obstinate fool had a *cold* one instead ;
 A lotion was sent him for bathing his skin,
 And a mixture likewise to be taken within—
 Though warn'd of the danger, yet all was no use,
 He *would* drink the lotion, which nigh cook'd his goose.
 Of all, &c.

He says it's all stuff 'bout the earth turning round,
 Ev'ry house in its proper place *he* always found—
 He's been up at all times in the night from his bed,
 But ne'er found himself standing atop of his head ;
 He vows if the world was to play such a prank,
 The sea would run over as safe as the bank.
 Of all, &c.

He won't eat when he's hungry, or drink when he's dry,
 And takes mustard and pepper with raspberry pie ;
 He says if pig's bacon it cannot be pork,
 And he's spoony enough to drink broth with a fork ;
 When he's dreadfully tired (it's no use to chide)
 He hires a cab, and then runs by the side.
 Of all, &c.

Old Methuselah (Stubborn Head offers to bet)
 Would have been alive now had his feet not got wet ;
 And Oliver Cromwell, he still will persist,
 Was nearly related to Oliver Twist ;
 And many years back, he declares above all,
 Lord Brougham swept a crossing not far from *Vaux-*
hall. Of all, &c.

Like pulling pigs backwards to go the right road,
 To treat such a fellow as this is your mode :
 For instance—you want him to go to the bank,
 You must tell him to go towards Kensington, spank !
 Or, if to Gravesend you would wish him to float,
 Advise him to go by the Twickenham boat.

Of all, &c.

On a soaking wet day for a walk out he'll roam,
 And leave his great coat and umbrella at home ;
 But in July or August, the obstinate goat,
 Wears a thick pilot buttoned close up to the throat ;
 And, would you believe it? whenever it snows,
 In a pair of nankeens, or white ducks, out he goes.

Of all, &c.

He laughs fit to burst at a serious play,
 And will have his hair cut on a bitter cold day ;
 'Cause his dad's and his birthday (the obstinate loon)
 Both happen to fall on the twentieth of June,
 No one can persuade him a jot, I'll engage,
 But that him and his father were both the same age.

Of all, &c.

ROBSON'S JIM BAGGS.

JOHN LABERN.]

[Tune—"Drops of Brandy."]

I'm a musical genius in rags—
 I beats the great music chaps hollow ;
 My natural name is Jim Baggs,
 But they calls me the modern Happollo.
 I takes all the nobs by surprise,
 Vith my clarynet hinstrumentation—
 On the continent—lor' bless your eyes !—
 I've created a stunning sensation.
 I'm a musical genius in rags—
 I plays in a out-and-out manner ;
 No gammon in me, I'm Jim Baggs,
 And I never stirs under a tanner.

I commands a respectable mob,
 Vith hexstasy I makes 'em tremble—
 You should hear me play "Solomon Lob,"
 Vot's sung by Miss Addlegg Kemble.
 I'm known from the East to the South—
 They carn't get sich notes from another—
 I can play *hairs* vun side of my mouth,
 And *hovertures*, too, on the t'other.
I'm a musical, &c.

Sometimes when I'm out on my beat,
 My strains overcomes their resistance—
 I'm paid to go in the next street,
 'Cos my music sounds best at a distance.
 I vunce soften'd a *hoverseer's* heart—
 And that vos a job far from silly—
 He into the *vorkus* did dart
 And sarv'd out double *jorums* of skilly.
I'm a musical, &c.

All London I daily *hexplore*,
 And strike up a *hair* wery clever,
 Where the roads are all kiver'd vith straw,
 And the knockers are tied up in leather.
 The flunkies all arter me stalk,
 If they don't vish their masters a croaker,
 And ax me purlitely to valk,
 So I does—vhen they forks out the *oker*.
I'm a musical, &c.

In ten flats I vunce play'd a *hair*,
 At the Hopperer House 'twas decided—
 But they vos the greatest *flats* there,
 'Cos they thought lesser on it than I did.
 I never plays common-place *hairs*,
 But into the classical dashes—
 Such as Balfe's famous "Gittin' up stairs,"
 And the "Cats' march out of the ashes."
I'm a musical, &c.

Some folks wouldn't cut me so short,
 Nor see me go through half sich trials,
 If they had an idea I'd been taught
 By Signnor Bill Smith on the Dials.
 I don't know vot ails 'em, by goles !
 They're a parcel of shabby garushers—
 No music they've got in their souls,
 Excepting the soles of their *Bluchers*.
 I'm a musical, &c.

T'other night, down in vun of the squares—
 (And precious ungrateful I took it !)
 Arter playin' 'em five or six *hairs*,
 They chuck'd thrums out, and told me to *hook it !*
 I began rather rusty to kick,
 To be treated in that kind of manner,
 So I stuck to the house like a brick,
 'Till the family made up a *tanner !*
 I'm a musical, &c.

Then patronize old Jimmy Baggs—
 My toggery arn't werry splendid,
 But talent's found often in rags—
 (If they're coppers I sharn't be offended).
 When I'm dead I knows how it'll be,
 You'll be sorry you sarv'd me so shabby ;
 You'll all go in mourning for me,
 Yes, and lay me in Vestminster *Habbey !*
 I'm a musical, &c.

THE ANATOMY OF THE OYSTER.

A STUDENT'S SONG.

PROFESSOR E. FORBES.] [Tune—"One Bumper at Parting."]

"OF all the conchiverous shell fish
 The oyster is surely the king ;
 Arrah, Mick ! call the people who sell fish,
 And tell them a dozen to bring.

For it's I that intend to demonstrate
 The cratur's phenomena strange ;
 Its functions to set every one straight,
 And exhibit their structure and range.

" Now, boys, I beseech, be attentive,
 On this Carlingford fasten your eyes,
 As I spread it before you so pensive,
 Its gape opened wide with surprise ;
 See that small purple spot in the centre,
 That's the heart, which is all on the move ;
 For though looking as deep as a Mentor,
 It is tenderly beating with love.

" The fringes that circle its body,
 Which epicures think should be clear'd,
 Are the animal's lungs ; for 'tis odd, he,
 Like a foreigner, breathes through his beard.
 And among all its *memorabilia*,
 Than this structure there's none half so queer,
 Though Sharpley may say they are *cilia*,
 A wiser contrivance to speer.

" Now these are the facts in the history
 Of an oyster I'd on you impress ;
 I've serv'd them up plain without mystery,
 To cook them would just make a mess.
 So now boys we'll fetch in the whiskey,
 Since the water is hot on the hob,
 Whilst we stir up our native so frisky,
 By sticking a knife in his gob !

YAWNING.

CHARLES DIBDIN the Younger.] [Tune—"Bob and Joan."

How I love to laugh !
 Never was a weeper,
 Tho' like a lazy calf,
 Have been a mighty sleeper.

Once I got a place,
 But lost it the same morning,
 'Cause, in my patron's face,
 I somehow fell a yawning.
 Yea, au, au, tol, lol, yea, au, au.

Then I fell in love,
 Hoping to get married,
 Tried my nymph to move,
 And near my point had carried,
 But lost her in a pet,
 'Cause, going to kiss one morning,
 Just as our lips had met,
 Something set me yawning.
 Yea, &c.

Now comes the worst mishap,
 Once being shav'd so nice, sir,
 I gap'd, and Mr. Strap,
 He gave me such a slice, sir,
 But all my griefs to tell
 Would take a summer's morning,
 So mum would be as well,
 Lest I should set you yawning.
 Yea, &c.

ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

CHARLES DIBDEN }
 the Younger. }

[Tune—"The Rogue's March."]

THERE ne'er was a name so bandied by fame,
 Thro' air, thro' ocean, and through land,
 As the one that is wrote upon every bank note,
 And you all must know Abraham Newland!
 Oh, Abraham Newland!
 Notified Abraham Newland!
 I've heard people say, "sham Abraham" you may;
 But you mustn't sham Abraham Newland.

For fashion or arts, should you seek foreign parts,
 It matters not wherever you land,
 Jew, Christian, or Greek, the same language they
 speak,
 That's the language of Abraham Newland :
 Oh, Abraham Newland !
 Wonderful Abraham Newland !
 Tho' with compliments cramm'd, you may die and be
 d—n'd,
 If you haven't an Abraham Newland !

The world is inclin'd to think Justice is blind,
 But lawyers know well she can view land ;
 But, Lord, what of that ! she'll blink like a bat,
 At the sight of an Abraham Newland !
 Oh, Abraham Newland !
 Magical Abraham Newland !
 Tho' Justice, 'tis known, can see thro' a millstone,
 She can't see thro' Abraham Newland !

Your patriots who bawl for the good of us all,
 Kind souls ! here like mushrooms they strew land ;
 Tho' loud as they drum, each proves Oratum Mum,
 If attack'd by stout Abraham Newland :
 Oh, Abraham Newland !
 Invincible Abraham Newland !
 No argument's found in the world half so sound,
 As the logic of Abraham Newland

If a maid of threescore, or a dozen years more,
 For a husband should chance to sigh thro' land,
 I'm vastly afraid she'd not die an old maid,
 If acquainted with Abraham Newland :
 Oh, Abraham Newland !
 Deluding Abraham Newland !
 Tho' crooked and cross, she'd not be at a loss,
 Thro' the friendship of Abraham Newland !

Thus for Abraham's smiles we're all practising wiles,
 And cheating and chattering through land ;
 Till Death he pops in,
 With his comical grin,
 And a night cap for Abraham Newland !
 Oh, Abraham Newland !
 The bell tolls for Abraham Newland !
 For when Death he comes by, you know life's all my
 eye,
 And then GOOD-BY to Abraham Newland !

THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Bartlemy Fair."]

WHEN first the youth at school,
 Obliged to live by rule,
 Tasks are got with pain ;
 He sighs for home in vain ;
 But still the thought does cheer,
 That Christmas time is near,
 And then he may make himself an Actor.
 For then to make them gay,
 They all get up a play ;
 And, perfect all by heart,
 Each scholar takes a part ;
 Looking with delight
 To the long'd-for, wish'd-for night,
 Beginning thus the life of an Actor.
 Each relation
 This occasion,
 Every friend
 Must attend ;
 Good or bad,
 Applaud the lad ;
 Recitation,
 Declamation.
 Hey down, oh down, derry, derry down,
 Beginning thus the life of an Actor.

He leaves school with regret,
 And when he home does get,
 All wild thoughts to bridle
 (As youth should not be idle),
 He hears his parent's voice
 To trade direct his choice
 On the stage of life to be an Actor.
 And tho' compelled to go,
 His heart is fill'd with woe ;
 For his master, like a Turk,
 Keeps him close to work ;
 Yet he does contrive it
 To act a bit in private,
 To keep in the life of an Actor.
 Buskin, sock,
 Only mock,
 Nightly playing
 Gets quite gay in ;
 Trade neglected,
 Gets suspected,
 Makes a rout,
 And is lock'd out.
 Hey down, oh down, derry, derry down ;
 And all for the life of an Actor.

Now open war declared
 By master no more sacred ;
 Heeds not parental grief,
 But boldly takes relief ;
 Cancels his indenture,
 Goes to seek adventure,
 Commencing thus the life of an Actor.
 From town to down does roam,
 No money and no home ;
 Finds each sharing scheme
 Melting like a dream ;
 The cup outside may glitter,
 But the inside's filled with bitter ;

This is the life of an Actor.

Looks bespeak
 One meal a week ;
 Daily study,
 Head quite muddy ;
 Cash o' nights
 Don't pay the lights ;
 Still rehearsal
 Universal.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry down,
 This is the life of an Actor.

After years' probation,
 He makes an alteration ;
 Blest with genius true,
 Old Time will bring him through :
 By hope made to aspire,
 He moves a little higher,
 And gets in a circuit, an Actor ;
 Then his fire he rouses,
 Nightly crowded houses ;
 He talent finds a store
 He never had before ;
 Goes from town to town,
 Gains credit and renown,
 Enjoying the life of an Actor.

Friends abound
 All around ;
 Audience smiling
 Care beguiling ;
 And his night
 Yields delight ;
 Profit, pleasure
 Fills his measure.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry down,
 This is the life of an Actor.

Discontent is taunting,
 Still there's something wanting ;

He burns with private fury
 For the "Garden" or for "Drury ;"
 One of them makes proffer,
 He takes the tempting offer,
And comes up to London as an Actor.
 The night comes—heart is beating—
 Alas ! there's no retreating :
 Goes through his part with spirit,
 Gets the stamp of merit ;
 Audience loud applauding,
 Papers next day lauding,
To cheer up the life of an Actor.

Had last night
 Much delight ;
 Actor saw,
 Sure to draw ;
 Taste and ease,
 Sure to please ;
 Capability,
 Versatility.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry down,
This is the life of an Actor.

Of fame on classic ground,
 He gains the topmost round ;
 And, tip-top of the tree,
 Who so great as he ?
 In varied parts he ranges,
 Not dreaming of sad changes,
Likely to touch every Actor.
 But by some rival elf
 He's put upon the shelf ;
 Manager looks blank,
 Gives parts beneath his rank.
 Of justice he's a craver,
 But "kissing goes by favour,"
And that's felt by every Actor.

Vain turmoils,
 Green-room broils :

Time mis-spent
 Discontent ;
 Still more reason,
 Every season ;
 Quite at large
 By discharge.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry down,
 'This is the life of an Actor.

*To-night we all meet here,
 The drooping hearts to cheer
 Of those who heretofore
 Have made the benches roar,
 But now, alas ! gone by,
 Whom age compels to sigh,
 As they think on the life of an Actor.

Garrick, 'tis well known,
 Laid th' foundation stone ;
 He knew an Actor's life
 Was lottery and strife,
 Mutable and strange,
 Liable to change,

And none more strange than an Actor.

Royalty
 Here we see.
 Aid our band
 Heart and hand ;
 Public voice
 Makes rejoice ;
 Cordiality,
 Liberality.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry down,
 Cheer the last days of an Actor.

* This song was written for the Anniversary of Drury-Lane "Theatrical Fund," and as the last verse is applicable only to that praise-worthy Institution, the singer will see the necessity of omitting it.

THE COW EAT THE PIPER.

IN the year '98, when our troubles were great,
And it was treason to be a Milesian,
Those black-whisker'd set we will never forget,
Tho' history tells us they were Hessians.
In this troublesome time, oh, 'twas a great crime,
And murder never was riper,
At the side of Glenshee, not an acre from me,
There lived one Denny Byrne, a piper.

Neither wedding or wake would be worth a shake,
That Denny was not first invited,
At squeezing the bags and emptying the kegs
He astonished as well as delighted.
In these times poor Denny could not earn one penny,
Martial law had him stung like a viper ;
They kept him within till the bones and his skin,
Were grinning thro' the rags of the piper.

One evening in June, as he was going home,
After the fair of Rathnagan,
What should he see from the branch of a tree,
But the corpse of a Hessian there hanging.
Says Denny, " Those rogues have boots ; I've brogues."
On the boots then he laid such a griper,
He pulled with such might, and the boots were so
tight,
That the legs and the boots came away with the
piper.

Then Denny did run, for fear of being hung,
Till he came to Tim Kennedy's cabin,
Says Tim from within, " I can't let you in :
You'll be shot if you're caught there a rapping."
He went to the shed, where the cow was in bed,
With a wisp he began for to wipe her ;
They lay down together, on a seven foot feather,
And the cow fell a hugging the piper.

Then Denny did yawn, as the day it did dawn,
 And he streeled off the boots of the Hessian ;
 The legs by the law, he left them on the straw,
 And he gave them leg-bail for his mission.
 When the breakfast was done, Tim sent out his son
 To make Denny jump up like a lamplighter,
 When the legs there he saw, he roar'd like a jackdaw,
 " Oh, daddy, the cow's eat the piper."

" Musha, bad luck an' the baste, she'd a musical
 taste,
 For to eat such a beautiful chanter.
 Arrah, Patric avic, take a lump of a stick,
 Drive her off to Glenhealy—we'll cant her."
 Mrs. Kennedy bawl'd, and the neighbours were call'd,
 They began for to humbug and jibe her ;
 To the churchyard Tim walked, with the legs in a box,
 And the cow will be hung for the piper.

The cow she was drove a mile or two off,
 To the fair at the side of Glenhealy,
 And there she was sold, for four guineas in gold,
 To the clerk of the parish, Tim Daley.
 They went to a tent, the lucky penny was spent,
 The clerk being a jolly old swiper,
 Who the blazes was there, playing the " Rakes of
 Kildare,"
 But poor Denny Byrne the piper.

Then Tim gave a bolt, like a half-drunken colt,
 At the piper he gazed like a gommock.
 He said, " By the powers! I thought these eight
 hours,
 You were playing in Drinan Dhu's stomach."
 Then Denny observed how the Hessian was served,
 And they all wished nicks secure to the griper.
 For grandeur they met, their whistles they wet,
 And like devils they danced round the piper.

NO TRADESMEN ARE ALLOWED.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Tune—"No Irish need apply."]

I ONCE was voted in a club,
 It cost me very dear,
 But I thought I'd stand the racket,
 And of black-balls have no fear ;
 I did get in, and I suppose
 I ought to feel quite proud,
 For the "circle" was "exclusive"—and
 "No tradesmen were allowed."
 I had not been in trade myself,
 But my grandfather avowed,
 He smoked his pipe at the "Cat and Pig,"
 Where tradesmen were allowed.

The members they were first-rate swells,
 Or so themselves they thought,
 If I didn't feel they'd honour'd me,
 Why, I suppose, I ought ;
 Their boots were varnished leather,
 And their waistcoats they were "loud,"
 But they never paid their tailors where
 "No tradesmen were allowed."
 One day a snip contrived to slip
 His way into this crowd,
 But 'twas "Lord Fitzsnooks is out of town"
 And—"No tradesmen are allowed."

They played high whist—but when they lost,
 Not few of them would say,
 "Put *this* down to the *old* account,
 I'll settle all—some day."
 Then Hebrew-looking gentlemen
 The waiters often rowed,
 If they wouldn't take their cards in
 Where—"No tradesmen are allowed."
 I followed one once down the street
 And heard him say aloud,
 "I'll have that young swell locked up yet
 Where—tradesmen are allowed."

They are mostly single gentlemen,
 But still some married men,
 If they're liberal, admitted are
 As members now and then ;
 It may be that their pedigree
 Is hid behind a cloud,
 But they can't be so particular
 Where "no tradesmen are allowed."
 I heard of one whose wife had been
 A lady, not too proud,
 But of course she'd made her money
 Where "no tradesmen were allowed."

Of literary members too,
 They do boast of two or three,
 But what they ever did or wrote
 A mystery is to me ;
 I know that, added to their names,
 Are letters quite a crowd,
 P'raps F.S.A. may only mean
 But "Fellows, Shabby, Allowed."
 The shabbiness consists in this
 That men should e'er have vowed,
 It is the tailor makes the man,
 Yet "no tradesmen are allowed."

A lord of many acres there
 He oft would dine in state,
 And they said that *many achers* were
 "Oft driven from his gate ;"
 In fact he *stood* on "no repairs"
 With those who to him bowed,
 When he went down to his mansion
 Where no tradesmen were allowed.
 I've heard that his great grandfather
 The very same fields ploughed,
 But that was long before the time
 "No tradesmen were allowed."

They are all right down Protectionists,
 Have blue books on their shelves,
 To prove that what they mean by this
 Is to protect themselves ;
 Each rail-excursion they'd put down,
 And vulgar steam-boat crowd,
 But *they* "open on the Sunday," tho'
 No tradesmen are allowed.

A great sensation preacher is
 A member, but they're cow'd,
 When he tells them that p'raps they wont go
 Where tradesmen are allowed.

I've cut that club—or it cut me,
 It does not matter which,
 For saying once "A Man's a Man"
 (With Burns) or poor or rich ;
 Go, look at England's Commons' House,
 And say should we be proud
 As now we are of them, if *there*
 No tradesmen were allowed ?
 Oh ! long may English commerce stand
 To raise us o'er the crowd,
 Whose little pigmy voices squeak
 "No tradesmen are allowed."

JOHN WHITE, THE NEW POLICEMAN.

[*Air*—"Such a nice young girl."]

JOHN WHITE he was the smartest man of all the New
 Police,
 Although he'd but a pound a week, *to keep him and
 the peace ;*
 The servant girls as John pass'd by, came to their
 doors to talk,
 And though he was long on the *step*, was not allow'd
 to walk ! Ti tol de, &c.

Soon to a cook, one Susan Brown, John talk'd of hopeful love,
 And thought her, though a kitchen maid, all other
maids above ;
 This cook declared that none to her cool treatment
 should impute,
 So looking on his *uniform*, she smiled upon *his suit!*
 Ti tol de, &c.

But soon, alas! she found him out, and his bright
 prospects marr'd,
 For John, like all the New Police, was sometimes off
 his guard ;
 One night she went to see Jane Sly, the cook to
 Dr. Drake,
 And there with Jane, and oyster sauce, she found her
 love at *stake*.
 Ti tol de, &c.

John kept his eyes fix'd on his plate, alarm'd at
 Susan's fright,
 Who cry'd "For shame!" and then declared, next
 day *her wrongs she'd right* ;
 She wrote this touching note to Jane, saying, "You'll
 never see me more,
 For you have split a happy *pair*, and cut me to the
core!"
 Ti tol de, &c.

Next day she wrote to faithless John, "You know,
 sir, I'm your betters—
 Indeed, the postman says I've made much progress
 in my *letters* ;
 I hoped for joy, John, when I chose my love from
 humble state,
 For being cook, of course I know what *broils attend*
the great!
 Ti tol de, &c.

As you've deceived me, so farewell, you false and
 wicked youth,
 I find though you're one of the force, it's not the *force*
of truth ;

So I'm determined, O! John White, to plunge into
the river,
And scorn, as I have lost my *heart*, to be a forlorn
liver!"

Ti tol de, &c.

To Waterloo-bridge then straight she went, poor
melancholy soul,
And as *she was a belle for death*, she gave the usual
toll;
Then turning *pale* at thoughts of *White*, she climb'd
the bridge's brink,
And like a fearless kitchen-maid, *she perish'd in a*
sink! Ti tol de, &c.

John heard her fate, and sighing cried, "Alas! my
hopes are o'er,
For though I made *so much of her*, I find she is *no*
more;"
John's still alive, but grown so thin by constant woes
and pains,
That literary servant-maids, now call him *White's*
Remains. Ti tol de, &c.

FOUR FEET HIGH.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Love-sick Looby."]

WHAT a misery it is to be just four feet high,
I'm sure you'll all feel for my case;
For when but an infant, the gossips would cry,
My growing they never could trace.
To see me so little, 'tis truth, and that's poz,
Gave father and mother much pain:
But, in short, why short I all my life was,
And in short, why short I remain.

Oh dear! oh dear!

Oh, hapless misfortune—I feel it—that I,
Should never grow taller than four feet high.

My school I went thro', and some years pass'd away,
 And altho' I looked but a boy ;
 With other lads taller I scorn'd to play,
 For I thought myself hobbe-de-hoy.
 Fate cut my prospects, and sternly decreed—
 Stinted my growth so that I
 Did reach four and twenty years old, and, indeed,
 Before I was four feet high.

Oh dear! oh dear!

Oh, hapless misfortune—I sob and I sigh,
 To think I'm not more than four feet high.

I then fell in love, and a courting I went—
 A beautiful damsel so fair ;
 Who was just six feet tall, but she would not consent,
 And all my hope turn'd to despair.
 To gaze on her charms put me all in a stir,
 I felt my poor heart was not free :
 Imploring her pity, I look'd up to her,
 With scorn she look'd down upon me.

Oh dear! oh dear!

Too short to be married—I sob and I sigh,
 Because I'm not more than four feet high.

The refusal from her fill'd my heart full of woe,
 Oh, love gave my valour a twist ;
 I made up my mind for a soldier to go,
 And boldly I went to enlist.
 But corporal, sergeant, and all—nine or ten—
 At my resolution did laugh,
 And told me they only took good-sized men,
 And I was too little by half.

Oh dear! oh dear!

Too short to be shot at—I sob and I sigh ;
 My greatest misfortune is—four feet high.

As I waik thro' the streets, I feel some alarm
 To see every tall person come ;
 Whose looks plainly say, " Come under my arm,
 You wee little hop o' my thumb."

And each gawkey boy, my walk who comes near,
 Seems but to act by one plan ;
 For all of them cry, " Companions, look here—
 Look at the queer little man."

Oh dear ! oh dear !

Scoff'd by young urchins, who jeering go by,
 Because I'm not more than four feet high.

Day after day I my shortness deplore,
 With grief my poor heart is quite full ;
 I can't reach a knocker, to knock at a door,
 Nor one single bell can I pull ;
 Yet from this I get consolation a bit,
 And sentiments speak of all small men ;
 I know very well we only are fit
 To be waited upon by the tall men.

Oh dear ! oh dear !

Hapless misfortune—I feel it—that I
 Should never be taller than four feet high.

There's one very pleasing reflection to me
 (To own it I cannot refuse)—

With my short person contented I'd be,
 If the ladies I can but amuse.

And should any fair one, I vow on my life,
 Take pity on me and my song,
 I'll purchase the licence—make her my wife,
 And marry, tho' short, before long.

Oh dear ! oh dear !

To make her quite happy I'm sure I would try,
 Altho' I'm not taller than four feet high.

BILLY BARLOW.

OH, ladies and gent'l'men, how do you do ?
 I've come here, you see, with one boot and one shoe ;
 I don't know how 'tis, but somehow 'tis so,
 Now isn't it hard upon Billy Barlow ?
 Oh, dear ! oh, raggedy, oh !
 Now isn't it hard upon Billy Barlow.

As I was going down town t'other day,
 The people all stared, and some of 'em did say—
 "Why that 'ere young chap, now he ain't so slow,"
 "I guess not," says a lady, "that's William Barlow!"
 Oh, dear! oh, raggedy, oh!
 "I guess not," says a lady, "that's William Barlow."

I paid sixpence to-day, and how odd it did seem,
 To see lots of Chickens a hatching by steam;
 So I said to the man wat conducted the show—
 "Can you hatch me a chicken like Billy Barlow?"
 Oh, dear! oh, raggedy, oh!
 The real "Cochin China" is Billy Barlow!

I went down to Woolwich by rail t'other day,
 And seed lots of Sogers a going away;
 And the young women there gave vent to such woe
 You'd ha' thought they were parting from Billy Barlow.
 Oh, dear! oh, raggedy, oh!
 You'd ha' thought they were parting from Billy Barlow.

There's been lots of fun, so I've heard the folks say,
 About "tables that move" in a queer kind of way;
 My landlord declared that some rent I did owe,
 And he soon "moved the tables" of Billy Barlow.
 Oh, dear! oh, raggedy, oh!
 'Cause the rents are enormous on Billy Barlow.

There's a chap in this town, of his name I can't think,
 He's trying to persuade people not for to drink;
 When he show'd me his medal, I says, "It's no go!
 You can't make a teetotaller of Billy Barlow."
 Oh, dear! oh, raggedy, oh!
 The cold-water-cure don't suit Billy Barlow.

To the great Crystal Palace I went t'other day,
 The man at the door he axed me for to pay;
 "What," says I, "pay!" and I looked at him so,
 Says he, "Pass in, I know you, you're Billy Barlow."
 Oh, dear! oh, raggedy, oh!
 A Free List subscriber was Billy Barlow.

About half-past one I was coming away,
 When a servant in livery came up to say,
 "His Royal Highness Prince Alfred was anxious to
 know
 If he could take luncheon with Billy Barlow."
 Oh, dear! oh, raggedy, oh!
 Champagne and a sausage for Billy Barlow.

Now ladies and gen'l'men I'll wish you good-by,
 I'll get a new suit when clothes ain't so high,
 My hat's shocking bad, that all of you know,
 But it looks well on the head of young Billy Barlow.

THO' FIFTY I AM STILL A BEAU!

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

THO' fifty I am still a beau,
 My face is smooth and fair ;
 No dandy in his teens can show
 A finer head of hair.
 My wig suspicion has defied,
 I take observers in,
 For when the curls are comb'd aside,
 You'd swear you saw the skin !

My sight may fail, but you will ne'er
 Behold a beau in specs ;
 We've double glasses, which we wear
 Suspended round our necks ;
 Those spectacles proclaim decay,
 And make one look fourscore,
 But double glasses seem to say,
 "Near sighted—nothing more."

To modern vocalists, alone,
 I give my word of praise,
 But never own to having known
 The stars of other days.

Though Mara sang delightfully
 When I was in my prime ;
 When she is named I say " Dear me !
 She was before my time."

My nephews say (I'm well aware)
 That I shall never wed,
 They hope his worldly goods to share,
 When Uncle John is dead.
 But ladies smile on Uncle John,
 He knows what he's about,
 And when he weds, his eldest son,
 Will cut his cousins out.

For some sweet girl I daily seek,
 Not more than twenty-one ;
 A perfect figure, and a cheek
 Like roses in the sun ;
 Good fortune and good family,
 Good temper too I want ;
 When all these charms combined I see,
 Then, nephews, hail your aunt !

JUDY M'CARTHY OF FISHAMBLE- LANE.

A Cork Lyric.]

[The late Mr. YOLKERN, of Cork.

[Tune—"The Flower of Dunblane."]

THE sun had gone down, and the lofty dark moun-
 tains

Were hid from the view by a smart shower of rain,
 When I wander'd in search of a few of those round
 things

Called sausages, made up in Fishamble Lane.
 There as I walked on 'midst broiling and frying,
 I spied out a fair one—my heart felt a pain ;
 I sat myself down, for I thought I was dying
 For Judy M'Carthy of Fishamble Lane.

I gazed on the fair one—one eye was a swivel,
 Her nose it was smutty, her hands not too clean ;
 She told me that then she was broiling a devil,
 For which they are famous in Fishamble Lane.
 “You’re broiling a devil,” says I, “Judy Carthy ;
 The devil may broil you and boil you again ;
 For broils I detest, and this moment I part ye,
 Miss Judy M’Carthy of Fishamble Lane.”

THE USEFUL YOUNG MAN.

J. COLLYER.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

WHAT, make myself useful ? indeed, ma’am, I can’t,
 ’Tis not my vocation, and really I shan’t ;
 What, come when I’m call’d, and do just as desired ?
 Then take myself off when no longer required ;
 Run, jump, fetch, carry, live but to obey,
 Then barely be thank’d, and kick’d out of the way,
 That forms, I assure you, no part of my plan,
 Indeed, ma’am, I’m not a useful young man.

I know how they’re used by the merciless fair,
 As Tom, pray come here, or now, Tom, go there,
 Or Tom, my good creature, just pop on your hat,
 And borrow us this thing or purchase us that ;
 Or make yourself useful, and change us this book,
 Or write out a passage from Moore’s Lalla Rookh ;
 Or I know you’ll oblige us, so fasten this fan—
 Alas ! what a drudge is a useful young man.

But dire are his woes when he goes to a rout,
 “La ! Mary, my dear, there’s Miss Cross sitting out,
 Do find her a swain”—then they look the beaux o’er,
 And the Useful Young Man’s trotted up to the bore ;
 Or while snuffing the candles, the good-natured fool
 Is dragg’d from the ball-room to make up a pool ;
 Where horrid old ladies will cheat if they can,
 While they snap, spit, and snarl at the Useful Young
 Man.

When the party breaks up, and the dancing is done,
 'Midst the last dying flashes of frolic and fun,
 Should some bright-eyed girl have to go home alone,
 By some rude, selfish fellow she's seiz'd, ten to one,
 While the Useful Young Man's trotted off through the
 snow

With some ill-natured thing that's a long way to go ;
 For such are the ladies that always trepan
 That poor helpless victim, the Useful Young Man.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music by DIBDIN.*]

OF familiars you've heard, and hobgoblins and sprites,
 And of conj'rors, and spectres, and fairies ;
 That possess us in dreams, draw our curtains at night,
 And play five hundred other vagaries,
 But all we've been told of these mischiefs and harms,
 That to hearts give such pains and such twitches,
 Are nothing compared to the spells and the charms
 Recorded of Lancashire witches.

Nor, the manner excepted, to this very day
 Have the spells undergone alteration :
 For Lancashire females have charms that convey
 At this moment the same fascination.
 And of yore if their vot'ries through fear took a
 prance
 In the air, over hedges and ditches,
 In chase of fond hope, they are now led a dance
 By the charms of the Lancashire witches.

The familiars of both vary only in name :
 Those sat scowling in plaits and in ripples ;
 These are sports, loves and pleasures, that play the
 same game,
 But they revel in smiles and in dimples.

Thus, as hope and as fear the same torment imparts,
 When wrought to extremity's pitches,
 Let all who are plagued with susceptible hearts
 Beware of these Lancashire witches.

The Lancashire witches, their power to keep,
 Of the heart at one stroke make a capture :
 The charms of old times struck you all of a heap,
 Now they strike you with wonder and rapture.
 And if old ugly hags made the candles burn blue,
 And had nightmares, and heart-aches, and stitches,
 So we still have the heart-aches, and e'en nightmares
 too,
 From these beautiful Lancashire witches.

Yet, would ye avert all these spells and these charms,
 Sue to Hymen to be your auxiliar ;
 Let the witchcraft be laid in that circle her arms,
 And let love be your mutual familiar.
 So delight and enchantment shall grace ev'ry hour,
 While contentment each pleasure enriches,
 And good humour and sweetness the magical pow'r
 Still confirm of the Lancashire witches.

WE'RE AS HAPPY AS WE CAN DESIRE.

J. BEULER.]

{ *Tune*—"When the Heart of a
 Man."—(First part twice.)

I LOVE a young woman with carrotty hair,
 I love an old woman whose pole is bare ;
 I love every creatur, who has but good natur,
 No matter to me if she's dark or fair.
 My Sary at home has cheeks of a rose,
 A bright blue eye and nice little nose ;
 But what I like better's to see her good natur,
 Whenever she's washing the family clothes.
 She rubs and scrubbles the suds about,
 Till every spot of dirt be out ;
 And after that sits down by the fire
 With me, as good natured as I can desire.

I love all the ladies to romp among,
No matter to me if they're old or young ;
I love every woman, tho'ts rather uncommon,
Who knows the right time to hold her tongue.
My Sary at home has got this gift,
And when she sees that I am tift,
She does not tease, nor flurry, nor worry,
But silently tries to prove I'm wrong,
By smiling and bringing me out some ale,
And cheese and bread that isn't stale,
Then coaxing and coaxing until I sit by her,
As pleased and as happy as I can desire.

I love a young woman with but one eye,
I love an old woman who's all awry,
With a skin like a tanner's, if only her manners
Know how to behave when a stranger's nigh.
My Sary at home's the one for this,
Whoever I bring, there's nought amiss ;
She does as she's bidden, without being chidden,
And every body admires our bliss.
Out she brings the bread and cheese,
Or fries some bacon, if we please,
Along with eggs—she's a capital frier,
And makes us as happy as we can desire.

I love a young woman who's deaf and dumb,
I love an old woman who's lost her bloom ;
If tough or if tender, I'll ever defend her
Who knows the right time to stop at home.
My Sary's at home whene'er I'm ill—
Than mine, she has no other will ;
Ne'er gads nor dawdles, but mixes up cordials
To coax me to swallow each powder and pill.
She cheers me up with her smiling face,
She never will visit a neighbour's place ;
Until I get better and I can be nigh her,
So we're as happy as we can desire.

THE TAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by DIBDIN

THE tailor's fair daughter of our gay town,
 As a body may say, was a wag ;
 She had not the heart on a lover to frown,
 Though of lovers in plenty she'd brag.
 With her father's whole shopboard she'd toy and
 she'd laugh,
 Of their torment and pain making fun :
 " Fie, wench ! " cried the aunt, " you're too for-
 ward by half—
 You should never encourage but one."

Cried Miss, " My dear Aunt, as they sit in a row,
 Can weak females beware of their arts ?
 Their legs graceful bending are Cupid's cross-bow,
 And their needles are so many darts :
 Did Venus this troop of Adonises see,
 They'd all win her as sure as a gun ;
 Then how, my dear Aunt, can a mortal like me
 Resolve to encourage but one ?

" There's the polish'd Joe Thimble, the neat Tommy
 Tit,
 And Frank Finedraw, of love know the art ;
 Of Tom Sheers and Ned Needle, might soon the
 keen wit
 Cut out work for a duchess's heart :
 Then on Goose, Snip, and Cabbage, with rail'ry so
 neat,
 Does Will Whipstitch so quibble and pun,
 That in happiness how could my hopes be complete,
 From this set did I choose out but one ?"

Cried the Aunt, " Do you think, Miss, I've not had
 my day ?
 There was Hobnail the smith, and Tom Slough ;
 And Slaughter the butcher, so tender and gay ;
 And then Guzzle, that kept the Dun Cow "

Then the sexton and clerk would have led me to
 church ;
 Sudds the barber, and Bob at the Tun ?
 But your uncle I saw, left them all in the lurch,
 And e'er since have been constant to one."

Then cried Miss, " We're agreed, and I'll soon tell
 you how,
 For the maxim on't none can deny ;
 At your feet in the dumps, sigh, and promise, and
 vow,
 Nine lovers you've had, so have I ;
 But your case, my dear aunt, is quite diff'rent to
 mine—
 Yours were men, mine but ninths only run ;
 So, d'ye see, even though I should wed the whole
 nine,
 I should still be but constant to one."

CHAPTER OF MADNESS!

JAMES BRUTON.]

[*Tune*—"Chapter of Kings."]

IN this age of vexation, when all things are bad,
 Oh, is there not plenty to make a man mad ?
 Jack Ketch's profession degenerates fast,
 And each man will be his own hangman at last.
 But, barring all bother,
 The one, or the other,
 We're all of us mad in our turn.

The maddest of mankind will swear a man's crack'd,
 If he through pure drollery do a strange act ;
 He's seen better days, but now, though he's spurn'd,
 He mustn't look back, or they'll say his head's
 turn'd! But, &c.

From sublimity's tower there is but one jump,
 Ere the soft ground of folly you come upon plump.

Your wit, he turns author to augment his pelf—
 But when he's pleased others, he goes mad himself.
 But, &c.

Your amorous swain, to his sensitive dove,
 Swears by each power, "that to madness I love!"
 But though ever so mad, let him once be tied to her,
 To his senses she'll pretty soon bring him, I'm
 sure!
 But, &c.

A married man's home oft a madhouse we see,
 A maniac the man, and a fury is she;
 Though lucid intervals possess the mad pair,
 For many *beside themselves* oft they make there.
 But, &c.

Then our keepers, the ministers, are a bit crack'd,
 Like madmen they talk, and like madmen they act;
 "Each dog has his day;" would these *dog days* were
 past!
 What a state our poor country's come to at last!
 But, &c.

John Bull is a mad bull, as ev'ry one knows,
 He's growled at and goaded wherever he goes;
 But when his horns grow, let his hunters beware,
 Or like a toss'd shilling they'll go in the air.
 But, &c.

Astronomers mad are, I'll prove pretty soon,
 Don't they talk sometimes queer 'bout the change
 of the moon?
 The miser is mad, too, to hoard up his pelf—
 For others to squander while he starves himself.
 But, &c.

The drunkard's a madman, for oft it is said,
 A man that drinks deep is not right in his head.
 For that enemy, drink, he goes prowling about,
 And if he gets in, he knocks Mr. Brains out!
 But, &c.

The doctors are all mad, too—ay, mad as March
 hares,
 Though often you'll own there is method in theirs ;
 They swear a man's mad, to nibble his pelf,
 When he ought to have on the straight-jacket himself !
 But, &c.

But to mention minutely, I shan't be exact,
 I can prove pretty soon, now, that all the world's
 crack'd.
 If it is upside down, as is said by the learn'd,
 Why every one's brains of course must be turn'd.
 But, &c.

But if *any-mad-versions* I pass on each elf,
 You'll say that I'm *non compos mentis* myself !
 So I'll even give in, lest you before long,
 Say I am but raving, and mine's a mad song !
 But, &c.

MY HUSBAND MEANS EXTREMELY WELL.

T. H. BAYLY.]

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

MY husband means extremely well,
 Good, honest, humdrum man ;
 And really I can hardly tell
 How first our feuds began.
 It was a match of my mamma's,
 No match at all I mean,
 Unless declining fifty has
 One feature like fifteen.

I long'd to leave the prosing set,
 Papa and durance vile,
 I long'd to have a landaulet,
 And four neat greys in style :

Sir William's steeds were thoroughbred,
 He wooed me fourteen days,
 And I consented, though his head
 Was greyer than his greys.

For, oh ! I pined for pineries,
 Plate, pin-money, and pearls ;
 For smiles from royal highnesses,
 Dukes, marquises, and earls.
 Sir William was in Parliament,
 And noticed by the king,
 So when he made his *settlement*,
 It was a settled thing.

He grumbles now ! a woman's whim
 Turns night to day, he says,
 As if he thought I'd sit with him,
 Benighting all my days !
 At six he rises, as for me,
 At twelve I ring my bell ;
 Thus we're wound up alternately,
 Like buckets in a well.

THE INCAS OF PERU.

ROBERT B. BROUGH.]

{ *Air*—"When this old
 hat was new."

THERE'S no excuse for ignorance, now baronets and
 earls
 Have taken, from the lecture-room, to pelting us with
 pearls.
 A grateful pig, I've humbly scraped to pick up one or
 two,
 And learnt a few statistics of the Incas of Peru.
 No doubt a many in this room may glean a hint or
 two,
 From what I've just been reading of the Incas of
 Peru.

Peru is in America—(you see how I've got on !)
Producing gold in hundredweights, and silver by the
ton ;

With burning plains, but grassy dells, where cooling
breezes lurk ;

The place in fact to live—with some one else to do the
work.

No doubt a many in this room, the self-same point
of view

Would take of it, precisely, as the Incas of Peru.

The Incas were a royal race, descended from the sun,
In person quite distinguish'd from the folks of com-
mon run :

They'd smaller hands, and cleaner teeth, a finer type
of nose ;

They had no chilblains on their heels, or corns upon
their toes.

No doubt a many in this room, with marks of birth
in view

Like those, would kiss the shoe-strings of the Incas
of Peru.

In right of their divine descent, they own'd Peruvia's
soil ;

Of course, such dainty finger-tips were never made to
toil—

In fact, 'twas 'gainst the laws they should—except to
bring in pails

Of water for the monarch's bath, or cut the royal nails.

No doubt a many in this room would swagger if they
knew

Gold-Shaving-Pot-in-Waiting to the Incas of Peru.

Now, something like a ruling class were they : beneath
their rule

No common person's children were allow'd to go to
school ;

And none to hold an office or command could e'er expect—

Save those of Inca families, which kept the thing select.

No doubt a many in this room know younger sons who rue

Not having such connexions as the Incas of Peru.

Their priests the people taught, the greatest crime was shirking toil ;

And, next to that, begrudging to their lieges all its spoil.

The cottar as he delved the mine, or reap'd the golden maize,

Was made to sing war-songs in his indulgent master's praise.

No doubt a many in this room had earned a pound or two,

By writing flunkey ballads for the Incas of Peru.

The Incas had their game preserves—vast flocks of llama goats,

That fatten'd on the workman's corn, like pheasants on our oats.

An annual bunch (say one per cent.) of fleece each serf might pull

At shearing time, 'mid dance and song—much cry and little wool !

No doubt a many in this room will this concession view,

As rather feeble-minded in the Incas of Peru !

They'd poor laws, too, well organized—a man his work who'd done,

(That is, the Incas) might not to his own poor garden run, Until his neighbours, old and sick, he'd help'd with might and main ;

Which saved relieving officers—from vagrants clear'd the plain.

No doubt a many in this room, a scandal think it, to

Abuse paternal rulers, like the Incas of Peru.

The people were contented then, like hounds or rabbits
tame ;
But, well-a-day ! one morning fine, Pizarro's cut-
throats came.
" Peruvians arm ! " the Incas cry ; " your plains and
cities fair,
Invaders threaten ! " but the people didn't seem to care.
No doubt a many in this room as dastard traitors
view
The hinds who wouldn't rally round the Incas of
Peru.

The Spaniards cut the Incas' throats ; the people calm
look'd on :
Slaves like a change of masters—they submitted to the
Don ;
He paid as well, allow'd them drink : four cent'ries
have gone round,
The Indians of Peru are still the slaves the Spaniards
found.
No doubt a many in this room, in this recital true,
Can weep but for the downfall of the Incas of Peru.

SIR TILBURY TOTT AND HIS LADY.

THEODORE HOOK.]

[Air—" Oh ! my deary."]

THE plump Lady Tott to her husband one day
Said, " Let us go driving this evening, I pray."
(Lady Tott was an alderman's daughter.)
" Well, where shall we go ? " said Sir Tilbury Tott.
" Why, my love," said my lady, " the weather is hot,
Suppose we drive round by the water,—
The water,—
Suppose we drive round by the water."

The dinner was ended, the claret was " done,"
The knight getting up,—getting down was the sun,—
And my lady agog for heart-slaughter ;

When Sir Tilbury, lazy, like cows after grains,
 Said, "The weather is low'ring, my love; see it rains,—
 Only look at the drops in the water,—
 The water,—
 Only look at the drops in the water."

Lady Tott, who, when earnestly fixed on a drive,
 Overcame all excuses Sir Til might contrive,
 Had her bonnet and parasol brought her:
 Says she, "Dear Sir Til, don't let *me* ask in vain;
 The dots in the pond which you take to be rain
 Are nothing but flies in the water,—
 The water,—
 Are nothing but flies in the water."

Sir Tilbury saw that he could not escape;
 So he put on his coat, with a three-doubled cape,
 And then by the hand gently caught her;
 And lifting her up to his high one-horse "shay,"
 She settled her "things," and the pair drove away
 And skirted the edge of the water,—
 The water,—
 And skirted the edge of the water.

Sir Til was quite right; on the top of his crown,
 Like small shot in volleys, the rain peppered down,—
 Only small shot would do much more slaughter,—
 Till the gay Lady Tott, who was getting quite wet,
 Said, "My dear Sir T. T.," in a kind of half pet,
 "Turn back, for I'm drenched with rain-water,—
 Rain-water,
 Turn back, for I'm drenched with rain-water."

"Oh, dear Lady T.," said Til, winking his eye,
 "You everything know so much better than I;"
 (For when angry with kindness he fought her).
 "You may fancy this rain, as I did before;
 But you show'd me my folly;—'tis really no more
 Than the skimming of flies in the water,—
 The water,—
 The skimming of flies in the water."

He drove her about for an hour or two,
Till her ladyship's clothes were completely soak'd
through,

Then home to Tott Cottage he brought her,
And said, "Now, Lady T., by the joke of to-night,
I'll *reign* over you; for you'll own that I'm right,
And know rain, ma'am, from flies in the water,—
The water,—

Know rain, ma'am, from flies in the water."

A FOGGY NIGHT.

JACOB COLE.]

{ *Tune*—"Oh what a row,
what a rumpus."

OH! the sprees of the town—people talk with such
delight of 'em,

That all allow a row is now as pleasant as a ball;
So I t'other night wander'd out just to get a sight of
'em;

But, egad! it was so foggy that I couldn't see
at all.

So dark it got the folks knew not the places that sur-
rounded 'em;

When lights were had 'twas just as bad—they bother'd
and confounded 'em.

Horses falling, coachmen bawling, women, too, with
louder clacks;

And men with powder'd whiskers who had never paid
the powder tax.

Oh! what a fog—what a suffocating fog it is!
Enough to choke a dog it is,
I do declare.

Molly Mog cursed the fog, and lamented very serious,
That in the mist she'd *missed* the chance of meeting
her John;

Billy Bacon was mistaken, in a way the most myste-
rious,

He took another person's watch instead of his own.

The heads of some in contact came sufficient to be
stunning you—

“Oh! sir, I beg your pardon—where the devil are
you running to?”

Old Mother Hughes was so confused, the fog it did
accost her so,

She found herself in Lombard-street, and thought
'twas Paternoster-row.

Oh! what a fog, &c.

“I say, Joe, when you go, don't forget your upper
Benjamin,

You'll find it very comfortable going thro' the fog;
I've a coat which I bought when I went on board
an Indiaman,

And I think it wouldn't hurt us if we took a drop
of grog.

I'll tie a fogle round my scrag, and notwithstanding
you may quiz 'em,

These things very often save one getting cold or
rheumatism.

Achilles in the park has no notion of a fog, or he
Would certainly petition for a bit of upper toggery.

Oh! what a fog, &c.

Tom declared that the losses in the fog were of the
oddest he

Had ever found of giving cause for people to com-
plain:

Two parsons lost their prudence, three women lost
their modesty,

And a bailiff lost his conscience, which hene'er found
again.

A footman was so mystified, a door he couldn't rap it
right,

And so he lost his place, and for grief he lost his
appetite;

Tom vow'd he'd leave off drinking, and I do not think
 he meant a lie,
 But he lost his recollection, and so got druek acci-
 dentally. Oh ! what a fog, &c.

In the mist I had kissed an angel, as I thought of her,
 And gladly I'd escort'd her, but I was too shy ;
 To fall in love at first sight—for the first sight I
 caught of her,
 I found she was a Blackamoor, and had but one
 eye.
 Said I, " I think I'll buy a link, I shan't know men
 from women else ;"
 For folks were led about with links as if they had
 been criminals.
 But finding now, in case of row, I couldn't see to
 thump any,
 I left the fog, and here did jog, to join this happy
 company. Oh ! what a fog, &c.

MR. PUMPKIN AND HIS WIFE.

J. H.]

Tune—" Mr. Simpkins."

MR. PUMPKIN and his wife were a domesticated pair,
 Residing in a " villa in the suburbs of the town ;"
 Mr. Pumpkin every morning dress'd with cleanliness
 and care,
 Would on his regular box-seat to the City travel
 down.

Mr. Pumpkin left his business every afternoon at
 four—
 Return'd to " Pumpkin Villa," there to rest and to
 recruit ;
 And being a somewhat bulky man—some fourteen
 stone or more—
 He always loved to throw aside his stiff-cut City
 suit.

Mr. Pumpkin had some slippers, which were much
worn down at heel,
Likewise a coat and waistcoat—all as roomy as you
please ;
And attired in these old garments he would take his
evening meal,
For in their spacious folds he could luxuriate at
ease.

Mrs. Pumpkin was a woman of a very useful kind—
Could make a pudding—wash a shirt—was never
known to waste ;
But, unfortunately, one idea had seized upon her mind—
She thought that she possessed a most undoubted
classic taste.

“Pumpkin Villa” was a dwelling which, though
snug, was rather plain ;
It had an empty fanlight o’er the door which faced
the street ;
And this empty fanlight was to Mrs. P. a “perfect
bane ;”
She thought some plaster images would make it
look “so neat.”

Now it happened, one fine morning, that an Israelite
pass’d by,
With crockery-basket on his arm, ejaculating “Clo’ !”
Mrs. Pumpkin in an instant heard that old familiar
cry—
Said she, “To get those images a glorious scheme I
know.”

So the man she beckoned to the door ; he came with
ready will ;
She told him how that fanlight was a trouble to her
eye—
How she’d set her heart on images to fill its vacant sill,
And what old clothes she’d give him if he could the
same supply.

"Vell," said he, "I'm always ready, marm, to barter
or to shell—

I'll get the short of articlesh shall shoot you to a T."

"Let me have a Mr. Milton, for I think he wears so
well—

The same as Mrs. Tomkins has, next door but one,"
said she.

He left the place, and in an hour was at the door again,
When piled upon his basket he three plaster casts
had got ;

There was a Milton who appear'd as if he felt in pain,
A pug-nosed Burns, and Byron as a substitute for
Scott.

Mrs. Pumpkin in the interim had raked up heaps of
clothes,

The slippers, coat, and waistcoat, too, of absent
Mr. P. ;

"Now," said she, "I'll clear this rubbish off—what
use it is Lord knows,

And get the man to give me in a set of things for
tea."

To Mrs. Pumpkin's great delight the bargain was con-
cluded,

The man departed with the clothes, and left the
crockeryware ;

And Mrs. Pumpkin afterwards herself all day deluded
By thinking how delightedly poor P. at night would
stare.

Well, the old Dutch kitchen-clock had sometime
struck the hour of five ;

"It's very odd," said she, "that Mr. P. should be
so late ;

It is seldom more than half-past four before he does
arrive."

She saw her husband, while she spoke, approach the
outer gate.

Mrs. Pumpkin saw, with anxious glance, a cloud was
on his brow,

His features wore an aspect which was anything
but gay ;

“ Mr. P.,” said she, “ how late you are !” said he,
“ Don't bother now—

The reason is, I missed that horrid omnibus to-day.

“ Will you get those easy clothes of mine, my slippers
and my coat ?”

“ I changed away those nasty things this morning,
dear,” said she,

“ For some statues for our doorway, love, on which
you know I doat,

And that lovely set of tea-things which is now laid
out for tea !”

Mr. Pumpkin was in general of a mild temperament,
The loss of his apparel, though, was too much for
his mind ;

He with one tremendous kick the “ lovely ” tea-
things over sent,

An act which Mrs. Pumpkin said was “ brutally
unkee—ind.”

But his work of deep destruction Mr. Pumpkin had
not done,

He seized with fell design upon each unoffending bust ;
Knock'd poor Burns and “ Mr. Milton ” into pieces,
one by one,

And Byron threw into the hole which held the
household dust !

Mrs. P. could not contain herself—in tears her grief
found vent ;

She said such scenes of violence her feelings did not
suit ;

And to have a separate maintenance it was her fixed
intent—

She wonder'd how she'd wedded such a vulgar,
tasteless brute !

MORAL.

All you ladies who desire to lead a life of wedded
 bliss,
 Don't change your husband's clothes, but pay for
 all you buy in cash ;
 If you *must* transform old garments into ornaments,
 do this—
 Just take your own, which, strange to say, you
 never think are trash !

 THE WIDOW WAGTAIL.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

 { *Tune*—"Mr. Simpkin
 lived at Leeds."

THE Widow Wagtail's charms and bloom by Father
 Time had fled,
 The colt's tooth was the only tooth which stuck fast
 in her head ;
 Though seventy-two, the fire of love seem'd in her to
 be latent,
 For husbands every now and then she got as if by
 patent.

Four husbands she had had, 'tis true—the first an
 undertaker ;
 The second was a butcher stout—the third a tough
 Scotch baker ;
 The fourth a jolly Beefeater, so very tall and stout,
 But she contrived to see all in their graves—while she
 stood out.

She did not grieve so very much, as Providence so
 will'd 'em,
 But when they died, the neighbours plainly said,
 "'Twas she that kill'd 'em ;"
 Whether so or not, 'tis plain, to outlive them she
 made shift,
 And having buried all the four, she long'd to have a
 fift'.

She went to church to get one there bedeck'd with
 silks and satins,
 A little humpy cock-eyed maid behind her with her
 pattens ;
 She strutted like a turkey-cock so grand, to catch the
 men,
 While the little maid behind her was more like a
 bantam hen.

The parson was a bachelor—but felt in love misgiving,
 Like many other parsons, he could not live by his living ;
 Her husbands he had known, and he was young
 enough for *her* son,
 He felt inclined to wed her purse—but was afraid of
 her person.

The clerk, a small man, four feet two (his shoulders
 angled square),
 Look'd from his book to eye her flesh, tho' he had
 none to spare ;
 Said he, " She has a heavy purse, which much I desire,
 But she'd send me to Davy soon, for she's as strong as
 Goliah."

The organist was blind, poor soul! but a very clever
 player,
 Although of sight he was bereft—oh, no man could be
 gayer ;
 Said he, " Although of money I am very much in need,
 To wed with such a vampire, oh I should be blind in-
 deed.

The beadle was full six feet high, and bloated, big,
 and burly,
 E'en his great gold-laced cock'd-hat, at the little boys
 look'd surly ;
 He smiled upon the widow with a loving eye, and
 steady,
 And would have married her—but in truth, he'd got
 two wives already.

When the congregation through she'd leer'd at all the
fellows,
She caught at last a gawkey boy who blew the organ
bellows ;
Breathless at the thought of her, he said, " Whoo,
whoo, whoo, whoo,
To meet through her a blow from death, no—blow me
if I do."

The sexton was a feeble man, and eighty years of age,
He eyed her every Sunday—but afraid was to engage ;
Said he, " Each former spouse they say she buried in
his prime,
I'd wed her—but I do not wish to die before my
time."

At last the sexton's journeyman, who labour'd like a
Turk,
For his master got the profit for which he did all the
work ;
" Of this grave life," said he, " I'm tired—I'll wed
her, though she's strange,
And whether she kills me or not, egad, 'twill make a
change."

So boldly then he courted her, and did the folks amaze,
She did not care for decency, but married him in two
days ;
And ere the honeymoon was o'er she died, and, lucky
elf !
He'd all the money, and with joy he dug her grave
himself.

Though formerly a grave young man, there's no one
now so merry,
And in a young wife's arms he does the thoughts of
the old one bury ;
Of port or sherry drinks his glass, the luckiest of
the five ones,
And instead of burying bodies dead, he's employed in
rearing live ones.

WITH A JOLLY FULL BOTTLE.

A VERY FAVOURITE GLEE.

WITH a jolly full bottle let each man be arm'd,
We must be good subjects when our hearts are thus
 warm'd;
Here's a health to Old England, the queen, and the
 church,
May all plotting contrivers be left in the lurch,
May England's Victoria bravely fight our just cause,
Establish long peace, our religion, and laws.

THINGS OUT OF PLACE.

JOHN LABERN.] [*Air*—"Bow, wow, wow."

CHANCE throws us in strange company in this great
 motley nation;
At times we all feel out of place, what'er our rank
 and station.
If out of place you'll not think me, I will for fun
 enumerate
Things that would be out of place did they take place,
 at any rate.

CHORUS.—Yet we trace
 Many things around us that are out of place.

It would be out of place for any dustman, though a bell
 swell,
To take a floor in Regent-street, St. James's, or in Pall
 Mall.
It would be rather out of place—I hope you're not
 that noodle—
To go into deep mourning just because you've lost
 your poodle. Yet we trace, &c.
It would be out of place, and yet 'twould show their
 tragic valour,
For Toole to play the "Stranger," and Paul Bedford
 "Mrs. Haller."

Oh, wouldn't it be out of place to see a parson frisky,
 Or a Jack-tar with a *numbereller* in the Bay of Biscay !
 Yet we trace, &c.

It would be rayther out of place, and truly insignific,
 To wear *dress boots* upon a raft in the South Pacific.
 Oh, wouldn't it be out of place (from such an act
 I cringes)
 To use a *fan* in Greenland, or a *top-coat* in the
 Hingies !
 Yet we trace, &c.

It would be rather out of place for the Earl Shaftes-
 bury to stop
 Miss Burdett Coutts in the street, and ask her if she'd
stand a drop !
 And so it would for any man, howe'er in want of
 riches,
 To go in search of the North Pole in a *blouse and nan-*
keen breeches !
 Yet we trace, &c.

It would be out of place to see—supposing he could
 sup any—
 The Prince of Wales in a pie-shop tucking in his *tup-*
penny !
 And so 'twould be to see him at a workman's exhi-
 bition,
 A shouting out, "Valk up, valk up; sixpence is the
 admission !" Yet we trace, &c.

It would be out of place to see a cobbler work on
 Monday,
 Or to catch a Bishop pitching into hot meals on a
 Sunday.
 It would be out of place to see (peacemakers would be
 sacking him)
 Lord John a *fighting* in the street, and Quaker Bright
 a *backing* him.

Yet we trace
 Many things around us that are out of place.

LITTLE PIGS.

OUR little pigs lie on very good straw,
 Straw eor aw, aw shin dan diddle daw ;
 Our little pigs lie on very good straw,
 Lillibulero, my dad was a bonny wee man.

Our little pigs eat the best of praties,
 Prates, ates, shin dan diddle dates.
 Our little pigs, &c.

Our little pigs make the best of bacon,
 Bacon, acon, shin shan diddle dacon.
 Our little pigs, &c.

And there's an end to our little song,
 Song ong, shin shan diddle dong.
 And there's, &c.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

JOHN LABERN.]

Tune—"Vulcan's Cave."

THE other evening, flush'd with wine—
 I think the time was half-past nine—
 I rambled in without design
 To Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.
 The company were getting thin,
 My cranium seem'd around to spin,
 I remember nothing 'mid the din
 Save Napoleon's carriage getting in—
 I awoke, however, in a fright,
 By a shindy, bordering on a fight,
 And found I'd been lock'd up for the night
 In Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.
 Believe it, or believe it not,
 This conversation, piping hot,
 Occurr'd among the waxy lot,
 In Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

Towards the group I groped my way,
 When by the moon's celestial ray,
 I spied Will Shakspeare spouting away
 In Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.
 Says Will, I'm sack'd from Drury Lane—
 Illegitimates they maintain—
 For legs and lungs they're in the vein,
 Few actors now for me they train.
 Says Paganini—ah, ah—it's clear
 Music's de food of love, my dear—
 I believe we *can scrape* a living there,
 Cries Pag, in the Wax Exhibition,
 Believe, &c.

Says Bonaparte—I must complain,
 When a hop o' my thumb, without a brain,
 Dare take an Emperor's name in vain,
 It's too much of an Exhibition.
 Says Tommy Thumb—As well as you,
 I've taken towns by storm a few ;
 And *sovereigns* in plenty, too,
 Though I *never kill'd* any one, 'tis true.
 Cries Wellington—Go it, Tom—show fight,
 Why *he's* not everybody quite,
 I lick'd him once, down straight and upright,
 Cried the Duke, in the Wax Exhibition.
 Believe, &c.

Says Nelson—Damme, this I know,
 My lofty pillar sinks me low,
 It's base to leave my *basement* so,
 I'm a pitiful Exhibition.
 Says Cromwell—Mate, come, you sing small,
 'Cause I'm a *Commoner*—(there's a *stall*)—
 The Lords have thrown me over the wall,
 So I ar'n't got no *statty* at all.
 Says Father Mathew—I shall no doubt,
 Have one for pushing the *T.* trade about.
 Yes—atop of a *pump* or a *water spout*—
 Cries Hume, in the Wax Exhibition.
 Believe, &c.

The war of tongues grew loud and warm,
 When Sir Robert Peel began to storm,
 For Cobden trod upon his *corn*,

In Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

Says Cobden—Man, I tell you plain,

The only way to ease your pain,

Cut it if it's such a bane,

And goes so much *against the grain*.

Says Peel—I really would if I could,

But the danger's great be it understood—

Perhaps injure myself for life I should,

And there'd be an exhibition.

Believe, &c.

Lord John eyed Peel with vast conceit—

Says he—You rook'd me out complete,

Of that situation in Downing-steet,

And that was my greatest ambition.

Says Bob—Here's *compensation*, my boy.

Keep it, says John, I'm rather coy,

Though out of my mouth (which did annoy)

You took *the bread*, so I wish you joy.

Stop a bit, Johnny, don't talk so base,

You know you're *not strong enough for the place*—

Said Peel, right bang in Russell's face,

At Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

Believe, &c.

Because he's out of luck, says Dan,

You want to crow over the little man,

But talk away, John, as *free* as you can,

Cried Dan in the Wax Exhibition.

Says Peel, I thought I'd quieted you

With a tidy sum—Och, says Dan, in a stew

Take back your dirty money do,

And then commenced a filliloo.

At last Peel—(mind it wasn't right)—

Call'd Dan the real *potato blight*.

At this Dan stripp'd and straight show'd fight,

In Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

Believe, &c.

A ring was form'd by the waxy mob,
 Justice to Ireland, says Dan to Bob,
 As he tried to get at the Premier's nob,
 In Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.
 Peel bobb'd his nob with an artful grace,
 The blow caught Arthur in the face,
 When the doors flew open wide apace,
 'Twas the servants coming to dust the place.
 Into the street like mad I packs,
 But shall never forget the cuffs and cracks,
 And th' impressions made by these *Lads of wax*,
 In Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

Believe, &c.

THE LADIES OF OTAHEITE.

JACOB BEULER.]

{ *Tune*—"The King of the
 Cannibal Islands."

'Twas at the time from slavery,
 That men of colour were set free
 By mighty Huggermuggerree,
 The King of Otaheite.
 The ladies, all at once, complain'd
 That they alone were kept enchain'd,
 And begg'd to have the right of shares,
 In managing the state affairs :
 They sent a petition two miles long,
 Presented by Humparleybong,
 A great reformer, right or wrong,
 In the senate of Otaheite.
 Smilery, dimplery, ogleum, squa',
 Scratcherycat et Clapperyclaw,
 Chit-chit-chat et Tonguerywa',
 The ladies of Otaheite.

Now, when the senate did discuss
 The ladies' prayer, a deal of fuss,
 Like bursting of a blunderbuss,
 It caused in Otaheite.

The Ministers soon got in disgrace—
 The Premier did resign his place ;
 The Chancellor then gave up his mace
 To the ladies of Otaheite.

Who from themselves soon chose a set—
 The Countess Taxywaxygreat,
 Who had experience in her pate,
 Was made Prime Minister of State.

The Dowager Duchess of Macaw,
 Who wore a wig and knew the law,
 Was Chancellor made, with great *éclat*,
 By the ladies of Otaheite.

Smilery, dimplery, &c.

But, ah! ere long I must confess,
 They brought the State in great distress,
 They spent the revenue in dress,
 The ladies of Otaheite.

Look glum did each wiseacre chief,
 And for *nine moons* they sat in grief ;
 But they, to make my story brief,
 Did shortly after get relief :
 For suddenly the married squaws
 Left Parliament, and making laws,
 To nurse young pickaninnies' paws,
 At home in Otaheite.

Some bold reformers then arose,
 And got a majority in the house,
 And of their pow'r they soon did chouse
 The ladies of Otaheite.

Of government they split the cares—
 The management of foreign affairs
 The men preserved, but told their dears
 The home department should be theirs.
 The ladies didn't object at all,
 They got their long clothes all made *small*,
 And now at home they govern all
 The men of Otaheite.

Smilery, dimplery, &c.

VENICE PRESERVED.

THEODORE HOOK.]

[Tune—"The Sprig of Shillelah."]

OCH! tell me the truth now, and did you ne'er hear
Of a pair of big traitors, called Jaffier and Pierre,
Who thought that their country was shockingly
served?

Who met in the dark, and the night, and the fogs,—
Who "howl'd at the moon," and call'd themselves
"dogs,"

Till Jaffier to Pierre pledged his honour and life,
And into the bargain his illigant wife,—
By which very means was ould Venice preserved.

The ringleaders held a snug club in the town,
The object of which was to knock the Doge down,
Because from his duty they thought he had swerved.
They met every evening, and more was their fault,
At the house of a gentleman, Mr. Renault,
Who—och, the spalpeen!—when they all went away,
Stayed at home, and made love to the sweet Mrs. J.,—
By which, in the end, was ould Venice preserved.

When Jaffier came back, his most delicate belle—
Belvidera they call'd her—determined to tell
How she by old Renault that night had been served.
This blew up a breeze, and made Jaffier repent
Of the plots he had laid; to the Senate he went.
He got safe home by twelve: his wife bade him not fail;
And by half-after-one he was snug in the gaol,—
By which, as we'll see, was ould Venice preserved.

The Doge and the Court, when J.'s story they'd heard,
Thought it good for the country to forfeit their word,
And break the conditions they should have observed.
So they sent the police out to clear every street,
And seize whomsoever by chance they might meet;
And before the bright sun was aloft in the sky,
Twenty-two of the party were sentenced to die,—
And that was the way was ould Venice preserved.

Mr. Jaffier, who 'peach'd, was let off at the time ;
 But that wouldn't do, he'd committed a crime,
 Which punishment more than his others deserved ;
 So when Pierre was condemn'd, to the scaffold he went.
 Pierre whisper'd and nodded, and J. said "Content."
 They mounted together, till kind Mr. J.,
 Having stabb'd Mr. P., served himself the same way,—
 And so was their honour in Venice preserved.

But och ! what a scene, when the beautiful Bell,
 At her father's, found out how her dear husband fell !
 The sight would the stoutest of hearts have unnerved.
 She did nothing but tumble, and squabble, and rave,
 And try to scratch J., with her nails from the grave.
 This lasted three months, when cured of her pain,
 She chuck'd off her weeds and got married again,—
 By which very means was this *Venus* preserved.

NOT AT HOME.

T. H. BAYLY.]

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

NOT at home ! not at home ! close my curtain again,
 Go and send the intruders away ;
 They may knock if they will, but 'tis labour in vain,
 For I'm not made up for the day.
 Though my ball was the best of all possible balls,
 Though I graced my saloon like a queen ;
 I've a headache to-day, so if any one calls,
 "Not at home !" I am not to be seen.

Not at home ! not at home ! bring strong coffee at two,
 But now leave me to doze in the dark ;
 I'm too pale for my pink ! I'm too brown for my blue,
 I'm too sick for my drive in the park.
 If the man whose attentions are pointed should call
 (Eliza, you know who I mean),
 Oh ! say, when he knocks, I'm knocked up by my
 ball,
 "Not at home !" I am not to be seen.

Not at home to Sir John, not at home to the Count,
 Not at home till my ringlets are curl'd ;
 Should the jeweller call with his little account,
 Not at home ! not at home for the world !
 I at midnight must shine at three splendid "at
 homes,"
 Then adieu to my morning chagrin,
 Close my curtain again, for till candle-light comes,
 "Not at home !" I am not to be seen.

ISABEL AND HER PAGE.

DAMER CAPE.]

[*Music* by HENRI TALBOT.]

OF Isabel, what now I tell is true as historie :
 She lived in the reign of good Queen Anne, along
 with her familie ;
 Her father old, a baron bold, was fond of revelrie ;
 He passed his days, his nights always, at a famous
 hostelrie.
 But to his door, you may be sure, full many a suitor
 came,
 From many a land, to sue for her hand, for to change
 her maiding name.

Singing : Hey away ! a roundelay !
 A cheer for the good Queen Anne,
 And Isabel, and every swell
 That lived in that ere reign !

The Baron bold, one night was cold, so he called for
 the wassail cheer ;
 And higher and higher he piled the fire, and the logs
 burned bright and clear ;
 He piped his clay, and smoked away, till the night
 began to wane,
 And when the bowl was drained, I'm told, he had it
 filled again ;

He roared a song the whole night long, along with a
 motley crew
 Of knights and friars, of unsober desires, who were
 down to a move or two.
 Singing : Hey away ! &c.

When the clock struck one this crew began deep
 wagers for to lay ;
 And the Baron bold lost all his gold, to a Friar of
 orders grey.
 The cheer, 'tis said, got in his head, and he roared
 both loud and long,
 For he did not care who heard him sing, and his
 lungs were tough and strong.
 And what is worse, when he'd lost his purse, he
 lost his hall and land ;
 But he'd had his fill, and he wagered still, till he lost
 his daughter's hand.
 Singing : Hey away ! &c.

Now the friar so old, who'd won his gold, and the
 knight his daughter fair,
 The wine they drunk, the knight and the monk ; but
 the old man tore his hair,
 When he told the news, she did refuse to give her
 hand away.
 " I am engaged to my sister's page," poor Isabel did
 say.
 Oh ! then, I trow, there was a row, and the Baron
 backed the Knight
 Against the page, who did engage to call him out to
 fight.
 Singing : Hey away ! &c.

Their friends they bring to form a ring, in the ancient
 castle ground,
 And the Page and the Knight went in to fight, full
 four-and-twenty round.

The rounds were done ; the Page had won ; the
 Knight he lay in fear ;
 His ransom rare, the maid so fair, the Page's heart
 did cheer.
 The Monk so old, who'd won the gold, a right good
 friend proved he,—
 He married the pair, and left all there a happy
 familie.

Singing : Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub ;
 The Baron he left off play.
 And that's the end of my ri-tol-looral
 Rural roundelay.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

JACOB COLE.]

[*Air*—"Brother, have a guinea."]

MR. BENJAMIN BUMPS was a banker's clerk,
 He was a light-made man, though his face was dark ;
 And his leisure hours were employ'd between
 The care of his nails and the hair on his chin.
 He liked to be seen very nicely dress'd,
 He was very fond of dancing and a rubber of whist ;
 And if ever in his drinking he indulged a little drop,
 There was nothing he liked half so well as ginger-pop.

He was once taking home from his favourite shop
 A bottle in each pocket of this ginger-pop,
 And as he carried it along very snug and sly,
 He kept ogling the ladies as he pass'd them by.
 There was one divine creature, very brilliantly dress'd,
 He was just about to speak to her, and close to her
 he press'd ;
 When a bottle in his pocket found its cork wouldn't
 stop,
 Spouted out and cover'd all her dress with ginger-
 pop !

All the people were astonish'd at the ginger-pop,
 For when the beer began to run all the folks began to
 stop,
 The lady look'd at her silks—Bumps look'd for a
 cloth ;
 He was covered with confusion—she was covered with
 froth.
 Bumps found that the crowd for a row was seeking,
 While the lady he was wiping he was threaten'd with
 a licking ;
 So he hurried her away into the nearest shop,
 To clear her from the mob and the ginger-pop.

Bumps saw that he had ruined quite a bran-new
 dress,
 So he made some long apologies—he couldn't do less ;
 He kept smoothing her down till she was almost dry,
 When the other cursed bottle in his pocket let fly.
 Poor Bumps stood aghast with dismay and fear,
 At the mischief he was making by the working of the
 beer ;
 For he found he now had got into a cutler's shop,
 Where he play'd the very devil with the ginger-pop !

While the beer with a spurt kept fiz-fizzing out,
 Bumps to make the matters worse kept wiggle-wag-
 gling about ;
 He kept firing away on all the blades in the shop—
 E'en the daggers and the swords were subdued by his
 pop.
 The scissors felt keenly the spluttering they bore,
 The knives had never met with such a w(h)etting
 before :
 The tweezers and the snuffers—every razor in the
 shop—
 Got treated with a taste of the ginger-pop !

The cutler, although he was a close-cutting blade,
 Was very easily satisfied, the money being paid ;

Bumps got the lady home in a cab, and then
 Got leave to have the happiness of seeing her again.
 He gave her all his heart—and a new silk dress,
 For his love, like ginger-pop, soon began to effer-
 vesce ;
 He at length “popp’d the question,” she his hopes
 didn’t stop,
 So he popp’d upon a wife with his ginger-pop.

LECTURED BY PA AND MA.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[[*Music* by DIBDIN.]

LECTURED by pa and ma o’er night,
 Monday at ten quite vex’d and jealous ;
 Resolved in future to be right,
 And never listen to the fellows :
 Stitch’d half a wristband, read the text,
 Received a note from Mrs. Racket,
 I hate that woman, she sat next,
 All church-time, to sweet Captain Clackit.

Tuesday got scolded, did not care,
 The toast was cold, ’twas past eleven ;
 I dreamt the Captain thro’ the air
 On Cupid’s wings bore me to heaven :
 Pouted and dined, dress’d, look’d divine,
 Made an excuse, got ma to back it ;
 Went to the play, what joy was mine !
 Talk’d loud, and laugh’d with Captain Clackit.

Wednesday came down, no lark so gay :
 “The girl’s quite altered,” said my mother.
 Cried Dad, “I recollect the day
 When, dearee, thou wert such another.”
 Danced, drew a landscape, skimm’d a play,
 In the paper read that Widow Flackit
 To Gretna Green had run away,
 The forward minx, with Captain Clackit.

Thursday fell sick, "Pour soul, she'll die!"
 Five doctors came with lengthened faces:
 Each felt my pulse; "Ah me!" cried I,
 "Are these the promised Loves and Graces?"
 Friday grew worse; cried ma, in pain,
 "Our day was fair; heaven do not black it!
 Where's your complaint, love?"—"In my brain."—
 "What shall I give you?"—"Captain Clackit."

Early next morn a nostrum came
 Worth all their cordials, balms, and spices;
 A letter, I had been to blame,
 The Captain's truth brought on a crisis.
 Sunday, for fear of more delays,
 Of a few clothes I made a packet,
 And Monday morn stept in a chaise,
 And ran away with Captain Clackit.

A SUP OF GOOD WHISKY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Irish Air*—"All Kings in our turn."]

A SUP of good whisky will make you glad;
 Too much of the creatur' will make you mad;
 If you take it in reason, 'twill make you wise;
 If you drink to excess, it will close up your eyes.
 Yet father and mother,
 And sister and brother,
 They all take a sup in their turn.

Some preachers will tell you that whisky is bad;
 I think so too—if there's none to be had;
 Teetotallers bid you drink none at all;
 But while I can get it, a fig for them all!
 Both layman and brother,
 In spite of this pother,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

Some doctors will tell you 'twill hurt your health ;
 The justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth ;
 Physicians and lawyers both do agree,
 When your money's all gone, they can get no fee.
 Yet surgeon and doctor,
 And lawyer and proctor,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

If a soldier is drunk on his duty found,
 He to the three-legged horse is bound,
 In the face of his regiment obliged to strip ;
 But a noggin will soften the nine-tailed whip.
 For sergeant and drummer,
 And likewise his honour,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks who arrived from the Porte sublime,
 All told us that drinking was held a great crime !
 Yet, after their dinner, away they slunk,
 And tiddled, so sly, till they got quite drunk.
 For Sultan and Crommet,
 And even Mahomet,
 They all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,
 By *yea* and by *nay* they will make it plain ;
 But some of the broad-brims will get the stuff,
 And tiddle away till they've tiddled enough.
 For Stiff-back and Steady,
 And Solomon's lady,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans do say they can drink the most,
 The French and Italians also do boast ;
 Ould Ireland's the country (for all their noise)
 For generous drinking and hearty boys.
 There each jovial fellow
 Will drink till he's mellow,
 And take off his glass in his turn.

KING RICHARD THE FIRST.

[EDWARD DRAPER]

[Air—"Cork Leg."]

KING RICHARD has gone to the Holy Land,
 But in returning has been trepann'd,
 And prisoner made by a ruffian band,
 And nobody knows where his gaol doth stand.

Ri tooral, looral, &c.

A minstrel whose name begins with B,
 (Bloundell, or Blundell, or Blondell)—he
 Cries, I'll my monarch soon set free
 For a minstrel can always pitch in a key,

Ri tooral, looral, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Meanwhile in lonely misery
 The King in prison cast,
 Like Poet Bunn lamented o'er
 "The memory of the past."

No mild cigars—no Bass's Ale,
 No newspapers, no letters—
 Sometimes to soothe his mind, he'd dance
 A hornpipe in his fetters.

Sometimes he'd whistle lively airs,
 Till one day down below
 He heard his notes re-echoed
 From a very old banjo.

[Air—"Ole Joe."]

King Richard stood at his dungeon grate,
 He couldn't get out, so he had to wait,
 But at sound of the tones he knew so well
 He jumped for joy all round his cell!

SPOKEN—(*Dubioso*). What! King Richard the
 First!—Yes, the real original King Richard—I can
 assure you you'll find it historically correct!

King Richard kicking up behind and before
And the minstrel playing up before King Dick!

There's some one in the yard, that I know,
Playing on an old banjo!

RECITATIVE.

Meanwhile a very ancient air
The minstrel, true and kind,
Played just before the window;—
That was merely as a blind.

[Air—BLONDEL—"Buffalo Gals."]

I've wander'd over many lands,
 Many lands, many lands,
Yet Gravesend shrimps and Brighton sands
 No strangers are to me,
So—Lion-heart King—wont you come out to
 night
 If I lend you a knife and a file?

RECITATIVE

Cries Richard, though in matters small
I never make a fuss,
The way that I am barr'd in here,
Is really bar—bar—us.

[Air—CŒUR DE LION—"When I lived in Tennessee."]

Not a man in ten I see,
 Cock a doodle, doodle doo!
In strength would dare to cope with me,
 Cock a doodle, doodle doo!

Yet tho' my window isn't high,
These bars and chains my pow'rs defy,
And when I try just all I know,
I make a very foolish show.

 If you'll help to set me free
 Royal gratitude you'll see,
 Your legs shall ever welcome be,
 Beneath my own mahogany!

[Air—"Roast Beef of Old England."]

Next day when the turnkey look'd into the cell,
His hair all stood up, and his countenance fell,
Till his agonized feelings found vent in a yell,
Of—Where is the King of Old England,
Oh, where is the Lion-heart King?

Next minute the castle alarm-bell rang out,
And soldiers and warders all hurried about,
While the walls and the rafters all rang with a shout,
Oh, where is the King of Old England,
Oh, where is the Lion-heart King?

That morning the king, with a favouring gale,
With his kind friend the minstrel for Britain set sail,
Where his nobles all roared as he told them the tale,
Hurrah for the King of Old England,
Hurrah for the Lion-heart King!

SAID A FOX TO A GOOSE.

UPTON.]

[Air—"Said a Smile to a Tear."]

SAID a fox to a goose
(From a farm-house let loose),
Who chanced to be pluming a feather,
"Dear goose, how d'ye do?
'Tis strange, and yet true,
That you and I meet here together!
Together!
That you and I meet here together!"

Said the goose (with a stare),
"Mr. Fox, are you there?
And to see you, indeed, is a pleasure!
In truth, I must say,
That your visit to-day
Is really *delight* beyond measure!
'Yond measure," &c.

Says the fox, "Then, we'll walk,
 And like friends so dear talk,
 And never was seen finer weather."
 Says the goose, "Gander Grange
 Has forbade me to range,
 Or else we would travel together,
Together,
 Or else we would travel together."

Says the fox, "Let him be,
 Take an airing with me,
 And hear both the goldfinch and linnet!
 On the *love* of a friend
 You can, goosy, depend,
 And"—snapt off her head in a minute!
A minute!
 "And"—snapt off her head in a minute!

THE DUSTER, THE BROOM, AND THE PAIL.

J. BRUTON.]

[Tune—"Callaghans—Brallaghans."]

To those gods—the Penates and Lares—
 Three agencies useful belong!
 Yet bards, from their uses who share ease
 And comfort, have left them unsung!
 But other things sing they *ad libit*,
 The Loom, or the Plough, or the Sail;
 Then a votive lay let me contribute,
 The Duster, the Broom, and the Pail.

The Duster, the robe of a Duchess
 Might have formed; and be useful at last:
 The Broom, too, of pow'r shows rare touches
 Of freeing the "blacks" in the past.
 The Bucket should be much respected—
 In short, all the trio we hail!
 Like poor merit hid and neglected,
 The Duster, the Broom, and the Pail!

The Duster, like that poison'd garment
 Of old, oft its victim has bound ;
 The Bucket a " Goodwin " for varmint
 Has proved when young kittens were drown'd !
 The Broom, too, all corners found way in,
 So ferret-like, with its long tail !
 Then join in one jubliant pæan—
 The Duster, the Broom, and the Pail !

NOTHING AT ALL.

IN Derry-down Dale, when I wanted a mate,
 I went with my daddy a-courting to Kate ;
 With my nosegay so fine, and my holiday clothes,
 My hands in my pockets, a-courting I goes ;
 The weather was cold, and my bosom was hot,
 My heart in a gallop, my mare in a trot ;
 Now I was so bashful, and loving withal,
 My tongue stuck to my mouth, I said nothing at all.
But fol de rol.

When I got to the door, I look'd sheepish and glum,
 The knocker I held 'twixt the finger and thumb ;
 Tap went the rapper, and Kate show'd her chin,
 She chuckled and duckled, I bow'd and went in.
 Now I was as bashful as bashful could be,
 And Kitty, poor soul, was as bashful as me ;
 So I bow'd, and she grinn'd, and I let my hat fall,
 Then I smiled and scratch'd my head, and said nothing
 at all.

But fol de rol.

If bashful was I, no less bashful the maid,
 She simper'd and blush'd, with her apron-strings
 play'd ;
 Till the old folks, impatient to have the thing done,
 Agreed little Kitty and I should be one ;

In silence we young folks soon nodded consent,
 Hand in hand to the church to be married we went,
 Where we answer'd the parson, in voices so small,
 Love, honour, obey, and a—nothing at all.
But fol de rol.

But mark what a change in the course of a week:
 Our Kate left off blushing, I boldly could speak,
 Could toy with my deary, laugh loud at a jest,
 She could coax, too, and fondle as well as the best.
 Ashamed of past follies, we often declared,
 To encourage young folks, who at wedlock are scared,
 For if once to their aid some assurance they call,
 You may kiss and be married, and a—nothing at all,
But fol de rol.

MR. AND MRS. PRINGLE.

AN obstinate man had a scold for his wife,
 Mr. and Mrs. Pringle ;
 They led, you'll suppose, a queer cat-and-dog life,
 Like tavern-bells, always at jingle.
 Mr. P. was a man to his word who stuck fast,
 He declared—when he'd said it, he'd said it ;
 Mrs. P. stuck to her word, and would have the last
 So for comfort you'll give them some credit.
Poor souls !

To Richmond by water determined to go,
 Mr. and Mrs. Pringle ;
 He wanted the sail up, but she said no !
 The thoughts of it made her tingle.
 He insisted it should be put up, with a frown,
 And declared—when he'd said it, he'd said it ;
 She vowed if it was put up she'd pull it down,
 So for firmness you'll give them some credit.
Firm souls !

For the sail then beginning to pull and to haul,
 Mr. and Mrs. Pringle ;
 Says the boatman—" You'll into the Thames both
 fall,
 With other odd fish to mingle."
 And into the river they sure enough roll'd
 As soon as the waterman said it ;
 So out of *hot* water they got into *cold*,
 For extremes then you'll give them some credit.
Wet souls.

Then the drags were procured in an instant, to find
 Mr. and Mrs. Pringle ;
 Mrs. P. was brought up, but her spouse left behind ;
 She, in tears, cried—I'm lost, I'm left single.
 At length the odd fish was lugg'd out, almost
 drown'd,
 Dispelling her fears as she said it :
 So with nursing and kissing they speedily found
 That perversity gain'd 'em no credit.
Loving souls !

MR. FROST AND MISS SNOW.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Russian Dance."]

ONE Mr. Frost was quite lost—led a miserable life,
 Like to die—and for why? 'Cause he couldn't get a
 wife ;
 He was cold—but so bold—took ladies by the nose,
 Did offend—foe and friend—as you easy may suppose ;
 At last the pure Miss Snow, she came down here
 below,
 And in paying his addresses to her *warn't* a moment
 lost,
 For morning, noon, and night, he stuck to her so tight,
 She consented that she would become the wife of Mr.
 Frost.

I can speak, that a week, had scarcely pass'd away,
 When the sun, had begun, to shine forth every day ;
 Mr. Frost, ardour lost, and she call'd herself a fool,
 For as the sun got warm—the love of Frost got cool.
 But Frost he did deny—and said, "'Twas all my eye,
 His love was as strong as ever, and her senses must
 be lost,
 To hurt her feelings loath, he'd freely take an oath,
 He'd be true to her as long as she was true to Mr.
 Frost."

Words are vain, and 'tis plain his love had little
 strength,
 And, oh, oh, 'gan to go, when the days had got more
 length ;
 For oh! law, Tommy Thaw came from the south one
 day,
 And, 'tis said, did persuade Mrs. Frost to run away.
 Her heart had such a twist, that she could not resist
 Such melting moments, and by such a pressing lover
 cross'd ;
 He had so many charms, that she melted in his arms,
 So Tommy Thaw he ran off with the wife of Mr.
 Frost.

MISTRESS JUDY MINNIGIN.

ANONYMOUS.] [Tune—"Barney Brallaghan."

'Twas late one night, I'm told,
 When Pat, with whisky burning,
 Along the road he roll'd,
 And homeward was returning ;
 Resolved no more to roam,
 The rain quite fast was falling,
 But when that he got home,
 He thus began his bawling :
 "Ope the door,
 Charming Mistress Minnigin ;
 Rain fast pour,
 So pray let me in again."

Says Judy, from within :

“ Come sooner home you might, sir ;
I'll not let you in,
So late as this at night, sir.”

“ Oh yes, my darling, do,
I own it rather late is ;
See what I've got for you,
Besides some nice paratees.”

Ope the door, &c.

“ For you I've got a treat,
I've got some whisky, too, now ;
A pig that you may eat,
All this I've got for you now.

So haste and let me in,
Just like a drowned rat, too,
I'm wet quite through my skin,
And I've spoilt my Sunday hat, too.”

Ope the door, &c.

Says Judy, “ That I wont,
In here you'll not be poking ;
Pray, my love, now don't
Think that I am joking.
For when you went away,
To come back you'd be scorning ;
So now, my boy, you may
Keep outside till the morning.”

Ope the door, &c.

“ A jackass, too, I've got,
On it you may ride, too ;
When to church you trot,
I'll walk by your side, too.
A cat for you I've caught,
With young 'tis very big, too ;
For two thirteens I've bought
A little guinea-pig, too.”

Ope the door, &c.

"To Dublin, faith, I've been,
 I call'd, too, at your mother's ;
 Brother Pat I've seen,
 He's at the Cat and Snuffers."
 Says Judy, "What you're at,
 Your talking's all in vain, sir ;
 With your jackass, pig, and cat,
 You may go back again, sir."

Ope the door, &c.

Says Pat, "You may as well
 Let me in, I pray, now ;
 News I've got to tell,
 Ope the door, I say, now.
 My love that you may taste,
 I've lips with kisses to smack ye ;
 But if you don't make haste,
 I've got a big stick to whack ye."

Ope the door, &c.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie ;
 Willie was a wabster guid,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony boddy ;
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Maggie was her mither ;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

She has an ee, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour ;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;
 A whiskin beard about her mo—
 Her nose and chin they threaten itner.
 Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinned,
 Ae limpin' leg a hand-braid shorter ;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter ;
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther.
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin ;
 But Willie's wife is no sae trig—
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan Water ;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

LORD CHARLES CLEVERLEY.

ROBERT B. BROUGH.]

[Tune—"The Charming Man."]

LORD CHARLES is the hope of the peerage ;
 No fears of a wreck need o'erwhelm
 The passengers down in the steerage,
 With men like Lord Charles at the helm.
 A publisher's shop full of blue books
 Is this budding senator's head ;
 He has also written a few books,
 Much noticed, and some of them read.

He's travell'd o'er Europe and Asia,
 Half-track'd to its sources the Nile.
 (His work, "From Park-lane to Dalmatia,"
 Was brought out in wonderful style.)
 He's finished five books of a poem,
 And acts of a tragedy four,
 Which fortunate people, who know him,
 Say Shakspeare will certainly floor.

But still from his station's high duties
His lordship is not to be won ;
Himself, e'en from poesy's beauties,
He tears, when there's work to be done.
He wont let the State (how paternal !)
Through indolence fall in the lurch.
He edits a talented journal,
Dissenters to bring back to Church.

To him legislation's a plea uræ ;
(Though by it so many are bored !)
Last session he brought in a measure
To have the old Maypoles restored ;
And, then, with the people so kindly
He mixes—their meetings attends—
Advises them not to rush blindly
In face of their masters and friends !

His charity, too, so disarming
To malice ; he's founded some schools,
(The costume and badge are most charming !)
Himself he has framed all the rules.
With scriptural texts (*his* selecting)
The walls round are tastily hung :
Content and submission directing,
As virtues most fit for the young.

At soirées of all institutions,
As chairman to act he'll engage ;
Of knottiest points the solu'ions
He'll give to men three times his age.
He'll talk agriculture to graziers,
And bid them to cultivate—grass ;
He pats on the head even glaziers,
And tells them their business is—glass !

'Tis cheering and really delightful
To see such a promising gem—
A Lord—of democracy frightful,
The tide who has talent to stem!

The peers, they say, care but for plenty,
 And wont even work for their pelf !
 Here's one who has scarcely turned twenty,
 Will manage the nation himself !

PEGGY DOOLAN AND DENNIS
 O'DOGGERTY.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[*Music* by CLEMENT WHITE.]

FROM the sole of my head to the crown of my foot,
 I'm feeling the smart of sly Cupid's dart ;
 The door of my reason I've always kept shut,
 But he must have got in and rifled my heart !
 I'm turn'd topsy-turvy, and often I'm led
 To doubt if I stand on my heels or my head ;
 I wander in darkness just like a blind pup,
 And my head should have written on, " Keep this
 side up."

CHORUS.

To a man who's in love the same 'tis, they say,
 The sunlight of night, or the moonshine of day !
 Och, hone ! withisthru ! och ! what'll I do ?
 Peggy Doolan no longer to Dennis is true !

Not a fish that does fly, not a bird that does swim,
 But is happier far than love's victims are ;
 I'm ragged and bare, who once was so trim,
 I'm murther'd and ruin'd intirely, agrah !
 My tears blind my eyes to a mighty degree,
 And daily " eye-water " it is at my SEE !
 They rowl down my cheeks—form a puddle com-
 plete,
 In which if I stand I get *cold in my feet !*
 To a man who's in love, &c.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

[FRANCIS SEMPLE.]

WHA wadna be in love
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And speir'd what wast they ca'd her.
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone, you hallanshaker!
 Jog on your gate, you bladderskate!
 My name is Maggie Lauder.

"Maggie," quo' he, "and by my bags,
 I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
 Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee,
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter;
 The lasses loup as they were daft
 When I blaw up my chanter."

"Piper," quo' Meg, "hae ye your bags,
 Or is your drone in order?
 If ye be Rob, I've heard of you—
 Live you upo' the Border?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Hae heard o' Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shake my foot with right gude will,
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter."

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it.
 "Weel done!" quo' he—"Play up!" quo' she;
 "Weel bobb'd!" quo' Rob the Ranter;
 "'Tis worth my while to play indeed
 When I hae sic a dancer."

“Weel hae you play’d your part,” quo’ Meg ;
 “Your cheeks are like the crimson ;
 There’s nane in Scotland plays sae weel
 Since we lost Habbie Simpson.
 I’ve lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter ;
 Gin’ ye should come to Auster Fair,
 Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.”

THE POWER OF THE LADIES.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—“Dicky Birds.”

OF good *Queen Bess*’s golden days
 Our histories still ring ;
 Her reign was never yet surpass’d
 By that of any *king*.
 And should our maidens follow
 Her example, you’d see, then,
 That the LADIES would do all things
 Much better than the *men*.

Prime Ministers they’d aptly make,
 Each *husband* will allow ;
 When *petticoats* have *government*
 We all of us must bow.
 As *Rulers*, time still proves the fair
 Possess the greatest skill ;
 For, say or do whate’er we can,
 The LADIES *rule* us still.

That greatly they’d the *Pulpit* grace
 Is clear as is the day ;
 For who’d not soar to virtue
 When an *Angel* points the way ?
 And that the *Woolsack* they’d adorn,
 I’ve said, and say again ;
 For, after all, the *Ladies*
 Are best *Judges* of the men.

That they are best of *Counsellors*,
 Is clear to old and young;
 For how can woman fail
 When she has got to use her tongue?
 And that they'd best of *Doctors* prove
 Is equally as sure;
 For where's the *ill* in life, I ask,
 A *Lady* cannot cure?

As *Vintners* and *Distillers*,
 Who can doubt the Ladies' merits?
 For, ah! who like the Ladies still,
 Can put a man in *spirits*?
 That good *Upholsterers* they'd be,
 I'll prove, too, in a minute;
 For no house can be *furnish'd*
 If there's not a *Lady* in it.

And thus, I think, I've clearly prov'd
 The Ladies one and all;
 And while we've them to aid us,
 That old England ne'er can fall.
 And 'tis my firm belief they might
 Soon bring men to that station,
 To be merely kept as *make-weights*
 In the scale of population.

CONUNDRUMS.

BENSON.]

{ Tune—"One Morn when I was
 Brewing."

YOUR patience I'm beseeching;
 A riddle I'll be teaching;
 It is a prayer—ay, and the fair
 The subject I'll be preaching.
 You'll give it up—you'll give it up?
 (*Spoken.*) (*Ask a conundrum.*) Do you give it up?
 Tol lol, &c.

If you have learnt your letters,
 You're as good, ay, as you're betters ;
 Just answer this—'tis not amiss,
 'Twill prove you know your letters,
 You'll give it up—you'll give it up ?

(Spoken.) Why are the letters of the alphabet
 (except the first three) like *exiles* ? D'ye give it up ?
 'Cause they are beyond C.

Tol lol, &c.

Another I don't lack man,
 The subject is a black man :
 I'll tell you all, that a snow ball
 Is like a little black man.
 D'ye give it up ? d'ye give it up ?

(Spoken.) Why is a short black man like a snow-
 all ? D'ye give it up ? 'Cause he's not a-tall black.

Tol lol, &c.

Here's another now quite handy,
 The subject is a dandy ;
 Can you descry, and tell me why
 A haunch of venison's like a dandy ?
 D'ye give it up ? d'ye give it up ?

(Spoken.) Why is a dandy like a haunch of venison ?
 D'ye give it up ? 'Cause he's a bit of a *buck*.

Tol lol, &c.

A new one I've been picking,
 It is a little chicken ;
 I'll prove the while, when you shall smile,
 You're like a little chicken.
 D'ye give it up ? d'ye give it up ?

(Spoken.) Why are two persons smiling at each
 other like the wings of a chicken ? D'ye give it up ?
 'Cause there's a *merry thought* between them.

Tol lol, &c.

Now my song is nearly ended,
 And if you're not offended,
 I'll take delight new ones to write,
 Till my subjects are all ended.

You'll give 'em up! you'll give 'em up.

(Spoken.) Why is my song like *Hampton Court*?
 D'ye give it up? 'Cause 'tis surrounded by puzzles!

(Spoken.) Why is my song like a house without a
 roof? D'ye give it up? 'Cause 'tis capable of the
 greatest improvement!

Tol lol, &c.

MURROUGH O'MONAGHAN.

[HARRY CAREY.]

At the side of the road, near the bridge of Drum-
 condra,

Was Murrough O'Monaghan stationed to beg;
 He had brought from the war, as his share of the
 plunder,

A crack on the crown and the loss of a leg.
 "Oagh, Murrough!" he'd cry, "musha nothing may
 harm you,

What made you go fight for a soldier on sea?
 You fool, had you been a marine in the army,
 You'd now have a penshion and live on full pay.

"But, now I'm a cripple, what argufies thinking?
 The past I can never bring round to the fore;
 The heart that with old age and weakness is sinking,
 Will ever find strength in good whisky galore!
 Oagh, whisky, my jewel, mavourneen, my joy, and my
 jewel!

What signifies talking of doctors and pills?
 In sorrow, misfortune, and sickness so cruel,
 A glass of North-Country, can cure all our ills.

“When cold, in the winter, it warms you so hearty ;
 When hot, in the summer, it cools you like ice ;
 In trouble—false friends, without grief I can part you,
 Good whisky's my friend, and I take its advice !
 When hungry and thirsty, 'tis meat and drink to me ;
 It finds me a lodging wherever I lie ;
 Neither frost, snow, nor rain, any harm can do me—
 The hedge is my pillow, my blanket the sky.

“Now, merry be Christmas! success to good neighbours,
 Here's a happy new year, and a great many too !
 With plenty of whisky to lighten their labours,
 May sweet luck attend every heart that is true !”
 Poor Murrough then joining his two hands together,
 High held up the glass, while he vented this
 prayer—
 “May whisky, by sea or by land, in all weathers,
 Be never denied to the children of care !”

COURTING A MAID AND COURTING A WIDOW.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

{ Air—“Bridesmaids' Chorus.”—
 WEBBER.

WHEN you court a maid,
 Call to your aid
 Every expression of tenderness ;
 Soft balmy sighs,
 Love-beaming eyes,
 Do more than words can express.
 Absent, swear
 How dolefully long time lingers ;
 Present, have bliss
 In a little kiss,
 And a squeeze of her pretty little fingers.
 Do this three months,
 She's your own.

If a widow's in your string,
'Tis quite a different thing :
Let your professions of love be warm ;
Soft balmy sigh,
Then do not try,
Oh no ! you must court her by storm.
Kiss and smack,
You're sure to succeed by one trial ;
Insist,
And be kiss'd
In return by her, no widow will make a denial.
Do this *three days*,
She's your own.

THE LAND OF SHILLELAH.

If you'd travel the wide world all over,
And sail across quite round the globe,
You must set out on horseback from Dover,
And sail unto sweet Balinrobe.
'Tis there you'll see Ireland so famous,
That was built before Adam was breech'd,
Who liv'd in the reign of King Jamus,
Ere he was at the Boyne over-reach'd.
With my whack fal de lal, fal fal de lal lee,
Oh, the land of shillelah for me.

There you'll see Ulster, and Munster, and Lein-
ster,
Connaught, and sweet Kilkenny likewise ;
That city, where first as a spinster
I open'd these pair of black eyes ?
In this town there is fire without smoking,
For a penny you'd buy fifty eggs,
And there is such wit without joking,
And rabbits without any legs.

There you'll see my ancestors glorious,
 The sons of the brave O's and Mac's,
 Who died whene'er they were victorious,
 And after that ne'er turn'd their backs.
 Our heads are stout and full of valour,
 Our hearts are wise and full of brains,
 In love we ne'er blush nor change colour,
 And the ladies reward all our pains.

St. Patrick is still our protector,
 He made us an island of saints,
 Drove out snakes and toads like a Hector,
 And ne'er shut his eyes to complaints.
 Then if you'd live and be frisky,
 And never die when you're in bed,
 Come to Ireland and tipple the whisky,
 And drink ten years after you're dead.

THE LAWYER IN LOVE.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Captain Wattle."]

AT Chambers, in Gray's-inn, dwelt one Mr. Puddy,
 Who drank deep of *Law*, tho' a very dry study;
 Altho' but *Attorney*, he hop'd to rank higher,
 And digested *Coke*, as he stirr'd up his *fire*,
 'Till a widow (the front of whose house had a hatch-
 ment),
 With her cash and her charms made him have an *At-
 tachment*;
 Love in his net this poor lawyer did draw:
 When Cupid commands—good bye to all *Law*.

The widow was fair, had an eye which was as light
 As evening star, or as bright as a gas-light;
 Mr. P. found himself in a queer situation,
 Commenc'd *Suit*, and made a *Writ-ten Declaration*,
 Plead'd his *Cause*, and wish'd to make end on't;
 Himself was the *Plaintiff*—the widow *Defendant*:
 Put in *Brief* for his *Plea*, oh she car'd not a straw,
 When Cupid commands—good bye to all *Law*.

*Case set down for hearing—but Practice was stupid ;
 The Court of Queen's Bench is no Court for Cupid ;
 The widow's affections against him were rooted,
 And he by her Verdict completely Nonsuited ;
 Yet sweet hope impell'd him, in spite of denial,
 To make application to have a New Trial ;
 But she had a Covenant with one Mr. Daw :
 When Cupid commands—good bye to all Law.*

*This his poor heart such a sudden shock gave it,
 He of his damages made affidavit ;
 Then took Exceptions, filed Writ of Error,
 Show'd cause against, and put in Demurrer ;
 But th' widow got married, join'd issue—her graces,
 Two special originals—both fiery faces,
 He Costs out of pocket—from which we may draw,
 When Cupid commands—good bye to all Law.*

“THE SOLDIER.”

JACOB COLE.]

[Tune—“Callaghans—Brallaghans.”]

WHEN a man who is married gets jealous,
 What evils around him it draws !
 For it is sure to encourage young fellows
 Determined to give him some cause ;
 So when a man once has got wed,
 'Tis always the very best plan,
 If his wife should put horns on his head,
 To hide them as well as he can.
 Oh ! wedlock's a blessing, they tell us,
 But if the good man or his wife
 Should happen by chance to be jealous,
 Good bye to the joys of their life.

Dick Nobbs had a pretty young wife,
 But Dick was a sad jealous elf,
 And he feared, tho' he'd got her for life,
 He had not got her all to himself.

Dick was told t'other night at the door,
 As he chanced to come home unawares,
 That his wife had come in just before
 And had taken "a soldier" up stairs.

Dick stared at the news, then in haste
 Up stairs, full of vengeance, he hied,
 Caught his wife just preparing to taste
 The delight which her soldier supplied ;
 But oh ! 'twould have pleased you to see
 How simple and foolish Dick looked,
 When this soldier but turned out to be
 A jolly red-herring just cooked.

Thus Dick had found more than he wished,
 His wife had got out of a scrape,
 The soldier was properly dished,
 And hadn't a chance to escape :
 Dick's wife was ne'er blamed for the act,
 While her joys with "the soldier" went on,
 For tho' she was caught in the fact,
 It didn't amount to *crim. con.*

REFORM, IN DOORS AND OUT.

JACOB BEULER.]

[Tune—"Nothing at all."]

EGAD ! all the world is about to reform,
 For all earthly evils it seems the true charm ;
 And folks of all stations are making a rout
 For a grand alteration both in doors and out.
 It appears that a time for a change has now come,
 And every one is beginning at home ;
 So let us imagine, for sake of the fun,
 What by all for the general good will be done :
 Since folks of all stations are making a rout
 For a grand reformation both in doors and out.

The miser's reform is to be rather funny,
 It is—to get less and less partial to money ;
 While that of the spendthrift will be the reverse,
 His maxim's to be “keep your gold in your purse.”
 The Quakers, for sake of example, intend
 To follow the fashions—yea, verily friend,
 To go to the playhouse, to balls, and learn bowing,
 To swear a round oath, and forget thee and thouing.

The Lawyers' reform, I believe, please the pigs,
 Is to give good advice and leave off wearing wigs ;
 To lower their fees and to cut “Doe” and “Roe,”
 “Six and eightpence,” “likewise,” “aforesaid,” and
 “also.”

The Doctor's reform is a bitterish pill,
 He's to send us less physic whenever we're ill ;
 Leave mystification—not make a long bill,
 And if he can't cure us—he wont try to kill.

Some creatures must rise in the world inch by inch,
 Oh, nature ne'er made ev'ry bird a *goldfinch* ;
 The Ploughmen intend to stick close to their work,
 And no longer consider the rich man a Turk.
 Legislators intend to avoid all pretences
 For swelling our laws for such petty offences
 As whipping a donkey, or stealing a straw,
 That we may walk about without breaking a law.

The reform of the Welchmen economy speaks,
 On the days of St. David they will not wear leeks ;
 The Scotchman's to be soon an *unco douce laddie*,
 Wha'll avoid the *braw* lasses, flings, reels, and strong
toddy.

Och ! no more will the Irishman use the shillaly,
 Nor blarney, nor kick up a *shindee*, but daily
 On butter-milk live, and ne'er get a skin full
 Of whiskey, and never more utter a bull.

Then there's Mr. Isaacs, the good-natured Jew,
 He swears "by de profet! I vill reform, too;
 I'll have a fix'd price for my goods and my vork,
 And vill at my dinners eat pacon and pork."
 Our Actors intend to grow pious, because
 They'd no longer get vain by receiving applause;
 And each beautiful Actress intends, too, ifegs!
 In future to make a less show of her legs.

The Parsons intend to leave off taking tithes,
 And the mist of pluralities wipe from their eyes;
 Fox-hunting avoid and humility teach,
 And endeavour to practise whatever they preach.
 The Courtiers' reform is to be, as I hear,
 To endeavour to do with less routs in the year;
 And they have signified that it is their intentions
 To give up all thoughts about places and pensions.

The Lord Mayor of London reform has in view,
 By giving an extra good dinner or two;
 And the Aldermen eagerly seek reformation,
 And each does his best for his own corporation.
 It is right we should follow the rage of the day,
 So we all will reform in a moderate way;
 And soon will the flag of content be unfurl'd,
 And Britain become the best place in the world.

JESSIE McCREE.

A. ISAACS.]

[Tune—"The Laird o' Cockpen."]

WHA'S e'er been in Scotland has heard o' Cairnwood,
 Where the castle o' Graham on an eminence stood,
 Possess'd by a laird o' a baron's degree,
 An' he gaed a wooing to Jessie McCree.

Noo Jessie, ye ken, was a lass o' sixteen,
 Wi' bright gowden hair, and bonny blue een,
 A gude store o' gowd for a tocher had she,
 An' monny a suitor had Jessie McCree.

The laird he was wealthy, but ugly an' auld,
His face fu' o' wrinkles—his pow it was bauld,
An' his age could be nae less than sixty an' three,
When he gaed a wooing to Jessie McCree.

Ane wintery morning he gat him up soon,
An' bright gowden buckles he set in his shoon,
Wi' gay silken breeks that cam down to his knee,
"Ye'll hae me, I'm thinking noo, Jessie McCree."

Then he walked to her dwelling, and tapp'd at the
yett,
She bade him come in, sae he took aff his hat ;
"Good morning, Miss Jessie, and how's a' wi' ye?"
"Weel, thanks t'ye for speering," said Jessie McCree.

Then to open his errand he said that her lips
Were sweet as the rose where the honey bee sips,
Far brighter than diamonds the blink o' her ee' ;
"Haud aff wi' your lees, laird," said Jessie McCree.

"Noo, lassie, ye ken as I'm getting auld,
Through the lang winter's nights I lay unco' cauld ;
I'm in want o' a gudewife to warm me," said he ;
"Ye maun seek ane elsewhere, then," said Jessie
McCree.

"Laird, ken ye young Willie wha lives o'er the muir,
O, I'll hae that laddie though he is but puir ;
For I loe him dearly, and weel he loes me,
An' I'll ne'er be fause to him," said Jessie McCree.

"I hae weel-stocket farms, lass, an' muckle gude land,
Besides yonder castle sae lofty an' grand,
An' a' shall be yours 'gin ye will hae me,
Wad ye no be a leddie, then, Jessie McCree?"

"Hout, dinna fash me wi' your lan' and your gear,
My Willie has twenty gude puns by the year ;
Wi' that an' my laddie contented I'll be,
Sae gude-bye to your lairdship," said Jessie McCree.

Noo lang since for her gudeman young Willie she's
 ta'en,
 An' they hae got siller an' farms o' their ain ;
 An' ye gang to her dwelling, right welcome ye'll be
 To a glass o' gude whisky frae Jessie McCree.

WHAT IS LONDON'S LAST NEW LION ?

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by GEORGE LINLEY.]

WHAT is London's last new lion ? Pray inform me, if
 you can ;
 Is't a woman of Kamschatka or an Otaheite man ?
 For my conversazione, you must send me something
 new,
 Don't forget me ! Oh I sigh for the *éclat* of a *début* !

I am sick of all the "minstrels," all the "brothers"
 this and that,
 Who sing sweetly at the parties, while the ladies laugh
 and chat ;
 And the man who play'd upon his chin is *passé* I sup-
 pose,
 So try and find a gentleman who plays upon his nose.

Send half a dozen authors, for they help to fill a rout,
 I fear I've worn the literary lionesses out !
 Send something biographical, I think that fashion
 spreads,
 But do not send a poet, till you find one with two
 heads.

The town has grown fastidious ; we do not care a
 straw
 For the whiskers of a bandit, or the tail of a bashaw !
 And travellers are out of date, I mean to cut them
 soon,
 Unless you send me some one who has travell'd to
 the moon.

Oh ! if you send a singer, he must sing without a
throat !

Oh ! if you send a player, he must harp upon one
note !

I must have something marvellous, the marvel makes
the man ;

What is London's last new lion ? pray inform me, if
you can !

THE DOGS' MEAT MAN.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"White Cockade,"

IN Gray's Inn Lane, not long ago,
An old maid liv'd a life of woe ;
She was fifty-three, and her face like tan,
When she fell in love with a dogs'-meat man.
Much she lov'd this dogs'-meat man ;
He was a good-looking dogs'-meat man ;
Her roses and lilies had turn'd to tan
When she fell in love with a dogs'-meat man.

Every morning he went by
Whether the weather was wet or dry,
And right opposite to her door did stan',
And cry, "Dogs'-meat !" this dogs'-meat man.
Then her cat would run out to the dogs'-meat man,
And rub against the barrow of the dogs'-meat man,
As right opposite to her door did stan',
And cry, "Dogs'-meat !" this dogs'-meat man.

One morn she kept him at the door,
Talking half an hour or more ;
For you must know that was her plan,
To have a good look at the dogs'-meat man.
"Times are hard," says the dogs'-meat man ;
"Folks get in my debt," says the dogs'-meat man ;
Then he took up his barrow and away he ran,
And cried, "Dogs'-meat !" this dogs'-meat man.

He soon saw which way the cat did jump,
 And his company he offered plump ;
 She couldn't blush, 'cause she'd got no fan,
 So she *sot* and grinn'd at the dogs'-meat man.
 "If you'll marry me," says the dogs'-meat man,
 "I'll marry you," says the dogs'-meat man :
 For a quartern of peppermint then he ran,
 And she *drink'd* a "good health" to the dogs'-meat
 man.

That very evening he was seen
 In jacket and breeches of velveteen ;
 To Bagnigge Wells then in a bran-
 New gown she went with the dogs'-meat man.
 She'd *biscakes* and ale with the dogs'-meat man,
 And she "walk'd arm-in-arm" with the dogs'-meat
 man ;
 And the people all said *vot* round did stan',
 He was quite a dandy dogs'-meat man.

He said his customers, good lod !
 They ow'd him a matter of two pound odd ;
 And she replied it was quite scan-
 Dalous to cheat such a dogs'-meat man.
 "If I had but the money," says the dogs'-meat man,
 "I'd open a tripe-shop," says the dogs'-meat man,
 "And I'd marry you to-morrow." She admir'd the
 plan,
 And—she lent a five pound note to the dogs'-meat
 man.

He pocketed the money and went away,
 She waited for him all next day ;
 But he never com'd, and she then began
 To think that she was diddl'd by the dogs'-meat man,
 She went out to seek for the dogs'-meat man,
 But she couldn't find the dogs'-meat man,
 Some *friend* gave her to understan'
 He'd got a wife and seven children, this dogs'-meat
 man.

So home she went in grief and tears,
 All her hopes transform'd to fears,
 And her hungry cat to mew began,
 As much as to say, "Where's the dogs'-meat man?"
 She couldn't help thinking of the dogs'-meat man,
 The handsome swindling dogs'-meat man,
 So you see just in one day's short span,
 She lost her heart—a five pound note—and the dogs'-
 meat man.

THE HORRORS OF LIVING IN LONDON.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Air—"The Gipsy Party."]

OF country troubles I've heard much,
 Of hedges, ditches, dirt, and such,
 But on a different theme I'll touch,
 The horrors of living in London!
 Your cockney travellers often tell,
 Of dangers great which them befell,
 While journeying beyond "Bow bell,"
 And forc'd with raw greenhorns to dwell!
 Of rural miseries let 'em prate,
 But we may have many just as great,
 And so you'll say when I relate
 A few of the horrors of London!
Tooral looral, &c.

An urgent letter to a friend,
 Into the country you've to send,
 So with it yourself must wend,
 Ere all the mails leave London!
 In crossing of some street, the way's
 Completely stopp'd by carts and shays,
 Waggons, omnibuses, drays,
 Extending far as you can gaze.

So 'neath the horses' legs you cut,
 And breathing reach the office—but
 That very moment find it shut !
 And such are things in London !
Tooral looral, &c.

The opera, or Drury Lane,
 You leave at night, with ladies twain,
 When all at once down comes the rain,
 Another horror of London !
 To save the dears from dirt and wet,
 Beneath some gateway you all get ;
 Then to the cab-stand off you set,
 But find the vehicles all let !
 From street to street you hurry on,
 But all is vain, so back you run,
 To join the ladies – but they're gone !
 Another horror in London.
Tooral looral, &c.

Perhaps you're bald or grown quite grey,
 And walking on a windy day,
 Your hat and wig are blown away,
 And carried half o'er London !
 Then off you start with all your might,
 To overtake them in this plight,
 While at your bald head every wight
 Sets up a shout of rare delight.
 With grief aloud you curse and groan,
 For, after you so far have flown,
 Clean o'er the bridge your hat is blown,
 Another horror of London !
Tooral looral, &c.

In white ducks dress'd, a perfect beau,
 Cravat and waistcoat white as snow,
 For to a party you've to go,
 In one of the squares of London !
 You cross the road, by sweeper seen,
 Who asks for alms, and if you're mean,

Your ducks that were so nice and clean
He spatters o'er with mud, for spleen ;
You mutter curses long and deep,
But then no good from that you reap ;
He brings his friend to fight—a sweep !
Another horror of London !

Tooral looral, &c.

While walking through the street, you look
Into a pamphlet, or a book,
And find that you have your way mistook,
A common thing in London !
You study on, but not being fenc'd,
An iron bar you run against ;
Its bearer you blow up incens'd,
But with abuse get recompens'd !
Then on you go to 'scape a brawl,
But venturing on too near the wall,
You clean into a cellar fall—
Another horror of London !

Tooral looral, &c.

As through the hail and sleet you go,
The wind a hurricane will blow,
Your pleasure heighten'd by some snow,
And that's a treat in London !
Your umbrella inside out
Is blown—while all the urchins shout,
And, stopping to give one a clout,
Your hat's knock'd off and kick'd about,
But from some house-top soon is blown,
A *tile*, while running for your own,
Upon your head, which makes you groan,
And curse the horrors of London.

Tooral looral, &c.

Being ill from nervousness, you take
A room retired, for quiet sake ;
As noise would quite your system shake,
And where's not noise in London ?

You find, ere you've passed one day o'er,
 A coffinmaker lives next door ;
 While o'er the way at No. 4,
 There's practising—a trumpet blower—
 And in next room, by a thin wall screen'd,
 A noisy child is being wean'd,
 Who howls all night—the little fiend !
 And such is living in London !
 Tooral looral, &c.

THE VAGRANT.

DAMER CAPE.]

[Music by Henri Talbot.

OH ! I'm an unfortunate Vagrant,
 I ain't got nothing to veer ;
 If provisions they wasn't so precious,
 It ain't for the clothes as I care.
 The classical coves never vore 'em,
 Their beauties they did not adorn ;
 But although they had nothing got o'er 'em,
 For vittals they'd never to mourn.
 But stilt I'm not ashamed to own
 My title, though my fate I moan ;
 For I much better days have seen,
 And better men have vagrants been.
 So *I'm* a Vagrant ;
Thou'rt a Vagrant ;
 Vagrants too are *he* and *she* ;
 We are Vagrants ;
 You are Vagrants ;
 And where are *they* that wouldn't be ?

Says Shakespeare—and all of you know him—
 “The world it is only a stage,
 And all men and the women are players ;”
 And he isn't far wrong, I'll engage.

Then the Act of King George says that players
Are Vagrants wherever they go ;
So, if all men and women are players,
Of course, they are Vagrants, you know.
So, by the Act I've always stood,
For Billy's notion is so good,
That I have found, between the two,
I'm every bit as good as you.
And I'm a Vagrant, &c., &c.

Oh money ! why did they invent it ?
If nobody had none to spend,
The tradesmen would learn better manners,
The prices of vittals would mend.
'Twas a hard day to us, when to Ceres
Was born her son Plutus, I trow ;
They did very well without money,
Then, what do we want with it now ?
It only causes wiciousness,
And wicked avariciousness.
We shouldn't need no prison wall
If vittals they was free to all.
Still, I'm a Vagrant, &c., &c.

Oh ! the chances of life are so many,
Some day better off I may be ;
And although I ax you for a penny,
Some day, perhaps, you'll ask it of me.
I've an awful good mem'ry for faces ;
And though malice to no one I bear,
With them as gives me in my trouble,
Of course, my good luck I should share,
So don't be shy, hand out your tin,
'Tis money leads you into sin.
And, just a word before we start,
Let what you give come from your heart !
For I'm a Vagrant, &c., &c.

CAPITULATION.

THOMAS HUDSON.] [Tune—"Over the Water to Charley."

OH ! Love is a power that levels us all,
Of that we have verification ;
By love, mighty love, did man get his downfall ;
Love reigns thro' life's ev'ry gradation.
The Prince and the Peasant, the Beggar, the King,
Whatever man's rank or his station,
If once his soft heart is got in love's string,
He must make a Capitulation.

One Monday I met with a beautiful maid,
Whose eyes had the snake's fascination ;
Her charms altogether such sweetness display'd,
I felt in complete tribulation.
I found in my breast, to my greatest surprise,
My beating heart make abdication,
For the very first glances that shot from her eyes,
I was forced to make Capitulation.

On Tuesday upon my lost state did I brood,
And found out her sweet habitation :
Tho' by my feelings, edg'd on to intrude,
Afraid of her disapprobation.
With true love I look'd at the house for some hours,
My mind rack'd with strong agitation ;
Love ev'ry moment gain'd more and more powers,
And still further Capitulation.

On Wednesday I wrote her a letter so bold,
And made of my love declaration ;
Begg'd to my prayer she would not be cold,
But give me sweet hope's consolation.
An interview ask'd, which if she'd condescend,
I'd prove my sincere adoration ;
But if she refused me, my life I would end,
To prove my heart's Capitulation.

On Thursday I saw her, we talk'd for an hour,
 I felt a revivification ;
 Every word gave her more and more power,
 Her charms were a bright constellation.
 On Friday, ye powers of heavenly bliss,
 Of kindness I saw indication ;
 So I press'd her to wed—she blush'd out a yes,
 And silent—made Capitulation.

Saturday, sorrow was left in the lurch,
 And I had the gratification,
 Of happily leading my charmer to church,
 While she was in great trepidation.
 With rapture and joy did the time fly away,
 Enjoying love's dulcification ;
 Every thought that possess'd me was gay,
 And I made still more Capitulation.

On Sunday repentance peep'd into my mind,
 For spousy soon made transformation ;
 Convincing me fully that love is e'er blind,
 And wedlock has predestination.
 Her charms are all vanish'd, her temper is vile,
 She rules with such strong domination ;
 That whether she pleases to frown or to smile,
 I'm obliged to make Capitulation.

THE MEN ARE ALL CLUBBING TOGETHER.

T. H. BAYLY.]

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

THE men are all clubbing together,
 Abandoning gentle pursuits,
 They revel with birds of a feather,
 And dine in black neck-ties and boots.
 They've no party-spirit about them,
 (My parties are stupid concerns,
 The ladies sit sulky without them,
 Or dance with each other by turns.

Oh ! where are the dandies who flirted,
 Who came of a morning to call ?
 We females are so disconcerted,
 I'd *fee* males to come to my ball !
 'Twas flattery charm'd us—no matter,
 Paste often may pass for a gem ;
 Alas ! we are duller and flatter,
 Than when we we're flatter'd by them.

When family dinners we're giving,
 They send an excuse,—there's the rub :
 Each gourmand, secure of good living,
 Like Hercules, leans on his *club*.
 A hermit, though beauty invites him,
 Alone at the Union he sits,
 But what is the *fare* that delights him
 Compar'd with the *fair* that he quits ?

THE HORRORS OF THE COUNTRY.

JOHN LABERN.]

[Tune—"Young Ben the Carpenter."]

SOME people love the country ; now
 I hate it, and that's flat—
 As a mackerel hates the dry land,
 Or a mouse adores a cat.
 I'd sooner run ten miles away,
 You say, p'raps "more's the pity"—
 Rusticity's all fudge—give me
 Old London's *rusty city*.

In sloppy streets of town I'd sooner
 Get my feet soak'd through,
 Than stroll the meadows, when the grass
 Gives ev'ry one its *dew* (due).
 The rustic *stile's* quite out of mine—
 The lofty pine, oddzounds !
 I'd never *pine* for, nor the *Oaks*,
 Except on Epsom Downs.

Than hear the linnet's tuneful note,
I'd rather *hop the twig*—
And, talk about fresh country *air*,
Give me a London *wig*!
The rivulets and murm'ring streams
I really cannot *brook*,
And angling is so *in my line*,
I like it—with a hook!

All rural habits, too, I shun—
It is a fact, now mark—
I never could see any fun
In rising with the lark.
Talk about bright chanticleer,
Such *clear chanting* I scorn—
The *Morning Herald* I prefer
To the *herald of the morn.*

When I prefer a village *green*,
To *Clerkenwell* I go,
You may set me down a *green horn*,
But I'm not so green, I know ;
No hills save Ludgate I could climb,
And talk of banks of Don,
The Bank of England is the one
I love to *run upon.*

Of the beauties of the farm-yard
How some with rapture talk—
The cattle plague me here enough,
For I'd rather from them walk.
The pigs, for instance—when they're cook'd
I like them, by the by—
But I see no fun in having
A *sty* fixed in one's eye.

Through gardens in the month of June,
How some delighted stray—
Give me old Covent Garden
On a busy market day.

To doat on trees bow'd down with fruit,
 It is in some folk's *natur*s ;
 An Irish porter I'd best see
*Bow'd down by weight of tatur*s.

Respecting agriculture, too,
 I'm plain in my revealings,
 The sight of men a ploughing, it
 Quite *harrows* up my feelings.
 To boast about the golden corn,
 They mean some *chaff* to put,
 And to see men with their reaping hooks,
 It's time for me to cut.

The sickle fairly makes me *sick*,
 I hate the very name,
 And I look upon the reapers
 As a set of rogues in grain.
 Don't name the country, pray, to me,
 It don't at all accord ;
 I never found myself *at home*,
 Whene'er I went *abroad*.

THE LAST SUMMER BONNET.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Air*—"The Last Rose of Summer."]

'Tis the last summer bonnet,
 The worse for the wear ;
 The feathers upon it
 Are dimm'd by sea air.
 Gay places it went to,
 But lingers at last,
 A faded memento
 Of sunny days past.

The prejudice still is
 For poets to moan,
 When roses and lilies
 Are going and gone ;

But Fashion her sonnet
Would rather compose
On summer's last bonnet,
Than summer's last rose !

Though dreary November
Has darken'd the sky,
You still must remember
That day in July ;
When after much roaming,
To Carson's we went,
For something becoming
To take into Kent.

You, long undecided
What bonnet to choose,
At length chose, as I did,
The sweetest of blues.
Yours now serves to show, dear,
How fairest things fade ;
And I, long ago, dear,
Gave mine to my maid.

Oh, pause for a minute,
Ere yours is resign'd ;
Philosophy in it
A moral may find.
To past scenes I'm hurried,—
That relic revives
The beaux we worried
Half out of their lives.

'Twas worn at all places
Of public resort ;
At Hogsnorton races,
So famous for sport.
That day, when the Captain
Would after us jog,
And thought us entrapt in
His basket of prog !

He gave me a sandwich,
And not being check'd,
He offered a hand—which
I chose to reject !
And then you were teas'd with
The gentleman's heart,
Because you seem'd pleased with
His gooseberry tart !

'Twas worn at the ladies'
Toxophilite fête,
(That sharp-shooting trade is
A thing that I hate ;
Their market they mar, who
Attempt, for a prize,
To shoot with an arrow
Instead of their eyes).

And don't that excursion
By water forget ;
Sure, summer diversion
Was never so wet !
To sit there and shiver,
And hear the wind blow,
The rain, and the river,
Above, and below !

But hang the last bonnet,
What is it to us,
That we should muse on it,
And moralise thus ?
A truce to reflecting ;
To Carson's we'll go,
Intent on selecting
A winter chapeau.

Then let Betty take it,
For Betty likes blue ;
And Betty can make it
Look better than new.

In taste, Betty's fellow
 Was never yet seen ;
 She'll line it with yellow,
 And trim it with green !

NO LOVE WITHOUT MONEY.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[*Tune*—"Geoffry Muffencap"]

IF you will list, I vow, sirs,
 I'll tell you of a row, sirs,
 Caused me to part with my sweetheart,—
 I'm telling of it now, sirs.
 Indeed I am.

One night I went to meet her,
 With true love I did greet her,
 When in she looks at a pastrycook's,
 And wanted me to treat her.
 Indeed she did.

At this I felt quite funny,
 Says I, "My charming honey,
 I've lots of love, as you may prove,
 But, lack, I've got no money !
 Indeed I an't."

Says she, "Young man, 'tis plain, sir,
 Your love is all in vain, sir,
 Unless you've cash to cut a dash,
 My heart you'll never gain, sir.
 Indeed you wont."

Says I, "You can't mean so, miss ?
 My heart is in a glow, miss !
 I loves you true, I swears I do,
 As very well you know, miss.
 Indeed you do."

Says she, " You foolish sot, sir,
 You make my passion hot, sir ;
 Love makes you blink,—you cannot think,
 That love will boil the pot, sir.
 Indeed it wont."

I shock'd was when I heard her ;
 Says I, " Don't say no further ;
 You surely will with coldness kill,
 And you'll be hang'd for murder.
 Indeed you will."

Says she, " You foolish elf, sir,
 As you have got no pelf, sir,
 Get rid of hope, go buy a rope,
 And you may hang yourself, sir.
 Indeed you may."

The tears in my eyes started,
 I felt quite broken-hearted ;
 She left me by myself to sigh,
 And that's the way we parted.
 Indeed it was.

MORAL.

Young men who would be doing,
 To stop all mischief's brewing,
 Be sure you flash a stock of cash
 Whene'er you goes a wooing.
 Make sure you do ;
 Quite sure you do.

THE VICTIM OF SENSIBILITY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

JACOB BEULER.]

[Tune—" Mrs. McLeod."]

OH, ladies, I'm sure that you never would divine
 There could be a susceptible bosom like mine ;
 Ah ! there's not a man who with love has had deal-
 ings,
 Has ever possess'd half my exquisite feelings.

My unfortunate fate to your bosoms will prove
How much I have suffer'd by falling in love ;
My affections were fix'd on Miss Caroline Freeling,
Who with me, I thought, had reciprocal feeling.

(*Spoken.*)—She had a beautiful romantic cast of countenance, and sensibility beamed from her bright blue eye, like sun rays from the liquid crystal.

Oh, I thought no one like my dear Caroline Freeling,
For beauty and talent and excessive fine feeling.

When first I beheld her, she, on the piano,
Play'd, "Meet me by moonlight alone," in a manner
That struck me as being so chaste and so true ;
But what struck me most was her blue satin shoe.
That blue satin shoe it was conquer'd my heart ;
But the glance of her eye such love did impart,
That if any one else got a look from Miss Freeling,
Ah, me ! I declare, it o'ermaster'd my feeling.

(*Spoken.*)—Oh, I shall never forget the soft languishment of her look as she gave the tender passages in—

(*Sings.*)—Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale,
Should be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale.

Oh, I thought no one like my dear Caroline Freeling,
For beauty and talent and excessive fine feeling.

The love in my bosom unable to smother,
My breast heav'd a sigh, and her's heaved another ;
Embolden'd, I to her confess'd my affection,
And ask'd her to wed, and she had no objection.
The happy day settled, we met at the shrine,
The rites were begun, oh ! but ere she was mine,
In a fit of hysterics fell Caroline Freeling,
Which highly affected my sensitive feeling.

(*Spoken.*)—I couldn't guess the cause then; but afterwards when I learnt—

I griev'd very much at such underhand dealing,
And was nigh overpower'd by excess of my feeling.

Oh, when she revived, she was led from the church
By her friends, and alone I was left in the lurch;
I wont tell you now the effect on my mind,
But I say her behaviour was very unkind.
Of affection for me she had ne'er had a spark,
And now she had fallen in love with the clerk
In the church, and, in short, faint away did Miss
 Freeling,
Unable to check the excess of her feeling.

(*Spoken.*)—I shall never forget the shock I felt when I received the following *billy* from the deluded girl.—(*Reads letter.*)—“Dear injured man, pardon a victim to extreme sensibility. The racks and tortures my agonized bosom feels in saying with Byron—

Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well.”—(*crying.*)

Oh, I can proceed no further.

Ah, when I read over this note from Miss Freeling,
I leave you to guess at the state of my feeling.

PUFFING.

JACOB COLE.]

[*Air*—“Mrs. Simpkin lived at Leeds.”

WE are all aware that mischief is an easy thing to do,
And hurting people's feelings by reports that are not
 true;
I once knew of a powder-mill that did, perhaps in
 sport,
Hurt all the neighbours' feelings by one mischievous
 report.

In fact, this powder-mill blew up with such a shocking
 shock,
 Not a single door around but gave itself a double-
 knock ;
 The bells all rang aloud as though they never would
 have done,
 And all the servants started, though they knew not
 where to run.

This shock, in shaking ev'ry house, while tiles and
 windows flew,
 Kicked up a dust, of course, because it shook the car-
 pets too ;
 The ladies hearing this report, of danger were pre-
 sumers,
 And *flying* from their *rooms*, they added to the *flying*
roomers.

Now rumours are like snowballs—by trav'ling get en-
 larg'd,
 Some guns which lay on shelves went off, although
 they were not charg'd ;
 Old Snubbs was busy shaving when the sudden shock
 arose,
 His razor slipp'd—and cut, they say, two inches off his
 nose.

The cook became a Quaker, though he long had been
 a fryer,
 To see the fish, good soles, jump from the pan into
 the fire ;
 To see the soot come tumbling down o'er fish and fowl,
 good lack !
 Until the soot had dress'd them nicely in a *suit* of
 black.

The grocer, busy mixing tea, was knock'd down by
 surprise
 At this report, that gunpowder so suddenly should
 rise ;

The clocks all stopp'd, the dogs all howl'd, the lambs
made *lam-entation*,
Pans felt the *pan-ic*, china sets were set in agitation.

Old Mr. Grubb, while carving, was so shock'd by this
alarm,
His fork slipp'd from a goose's leg into his neighbour's
arm ;
While Mrs. Grubb, just then, was taking wine with
Mr. Mace,
Bobb'd her cap into the gravy and the wine into his
face.

A meeting of these sufferers resolv'd to make appeal,
And get redress from Mr. Squibb, the owner of the
mill ;
So to complain of various shocks they one and all
began,
And very clearly prov'd he was a very shocking man.

Squibb very coolly told 'em the case was plain enough,
No business now was carried on without the aid of
"puff ;"
Men cared not whom they hurt by puff, so they grew
rich and prouder,
And so he tried what he could do by puffing off his
powder.

THE MODEST MISS.

J. LABERN.]

[Tune—"Sich a gittin' up stairs."]

TALK about modest girls, and I've seen a few,
There's none beats the one that I'm sticking up to,
Her singular ways would make some chaps ill,
But with all her faults, 'gad ! I loves her still.
Such a delicate duck was Clementina Crimmings,
Such a werry modest gal you never did see.

Once the Lowther Arcade we took a stroll down,
 To buy toys for our babies, 'gainst they came to town,
 When she fainted away right under my nose,
 'Cos she saw a Dutch doll without any clothes!
 Such a delicate, &c.

Once taking a stroll with my modest dear,
 At length a tater-field we came near—
 She wouldn't walk through, to my great surprise,
 'Cos she said the taters had all got *eyes*!
 Such a delicate, &c.

She went out shopping the other night,
 But rush'd from the draper's with great affright,
 'Cos the innocent shopman, with looks quite winning,
 Happen'd to show her some *undressed* linen.
 Such a delicate, &c.

With herself and mother I dined one day,
 But when she was asked to clear away,
 She wouldn't move the cloth—oh, gemini pegs!
 'Cos she said as how the table had *legs*!
 Such a delicate, &c.

She wanted to wear—'gad, you'd hardly suppose—
 Spectacles to hide her *naked* nose;
 In windy weather she wont stir a peg,
 For the wind's so rude he wants to see her *leg*!
 Such a delicate, &c.

When she goes to the butcher's—you may think I jest,
 But she never will ask for a *leg* or a *breast*,
 As for buying *rump* steaks, she has too much shame,
 And she calls a cockatoo out of his name.
 Such a delicate, &c.

We've been going to be married—so she affirms—
 This eight or nine years, but we can't come to terms;
 She says she don't care how soon she weds,
 On condition that we sleep in separate beds.
 Such a delicate, &c.

EVERY ONE TO THEIR LIKING—OLD ENGLAND FOR ME.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"The Legacy."]

SOME time back, I felt much inclined to turn rover,
 Of pleasure to have an additional gleam ;
 So, without preparation, I started for Dover,
 And cross'd the salt water to Calais by steam.
 No sooner on board, than the wind got alarmish,
 So high and so big roll'd the waves of the sea ;
 I said to myself, all the while I felt qualmish,
 Every one to their liking—old England for me!

We got there without being shipwreck'd or stranded,
 Excepting the sickness, quite safe and sound ;
 I was carried on shore by a female, and landed,
 And glad enough, sure, when I touch'd dry ground.
 I strutted about like an Englishman, grandish,
 But their parley-vous talk and I did not agree ;
 For even the children, they talk'd quite outlandish :
 Every one to their liking—old England for me!

At Calais I found there is nobody tarries ;
 So like other folks, wi' more cash than sense,
 The very next morning I started for Paris
 In a curious stage coach, the *Negligençe* :
 I did not at all like this part of my tour ;
 The postboy's jack-boots were great wonders to see ;
 We travell'd a matter of two miles an hour :
 Every one to their liking—old England for me!

At Paris arrived, where they say every charm is,
 I got from the coach, and the street I cross'd ;
 I was ax'd for my passport by two jehndy armies ;
 I felt in my pocket, and found 'twas lost,
 I felt myself quite in a queer situation,
 They soon made me know I was no longer free ;
 I said, in the midst of my grand twitteration,
 Every one to their liking—old England for me!

There's no misfortune in life but has a door :
 At last I found out what I was to do,
 That was to write to the British ambassador
 For a passport of one I had lost in lieu.
 I got it, but not till some days I'd been waiting,
 They told me polite, I might then Paris see ;
 'Twas so grand, oh, says I, hang your Frenchified
 prating,
 Every one to their liking—old England for me !

For fear I'd be lock'd up, and put to such rack again,
 On what d'ye think then my mind was bent ?
 Why, I went to coach-office, and took my place back
 again,
 And came home from France just as wise as I went.
 There's many young men their own judgments have
 prided,
 In making a tour the French fashions to see,
 Emptied their pockets, saw just what I did:
 Every one to their liking—old England for me !

When folk at home learn'd that France I had been
 there,
 Wi' questions they bored me, wi' might and main ;
 Says I, depend on't, enough I have seen there,
 To hinder my travelling there again.
 To spend cash at home is an Englishman's duty ;
 He may track foreign parts, foreign wonders to see ;
 But for liberty, roast beef, plum-pudding, and beauty,
 Every one to their liking—old England for me !

OH! LET NOT YOUR PASSION FOR MARY THE MAID.

T. H. BAYLY.]

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

OH ! let not your passion for Mary the maid,
 Cause you, my Lord Harry, to blush ;
 When beauty ennobles, immediately fade
 Birth, parentage, duster, and brush.

E'en pride from her presence shall never recoil,
 Her smiles all impediments soften,
 And who is more likely to make the pot boil
 Than she who has boil'd it so often ?

Then throw by your gun, it might worry her nerves,
 As she settles her sweets on the shelf ;
 And why should you shoot on a neighbour's preserves,
 When she's making *preserves* for yourself :
 She will prove to you soon, if you raise her aloft,
 She is worthy the warmest of lovers !
 She will superintend all your *courses*, and oft
 Give new zest to the *scent* of your *covers*.

Regard not her frown, you may penetrate stone,
 By the dripping of water, they say ;
 Take courage, your pretty plain cook is not one
 On whom *dripping* can be thrown away.
 You shrink from nobility's daughter who loves
 To freeze you with manners majestic,
 And your choice of a partner for life only proves
 That your habits are strictly *domestic*.

DARLING NEDDEEN*

The Music arranged by W. GURNESEY.

As Thady MacMurtoch O'Shaughnessy, oge,
 T'other day was industriously mending a brogue,
 On a neat little hill that they call Drumcusheen ;
 His sole, and his welt, and his cord was so strong,
 That, soon waxing warm, he lilted a song ;
 He bellowed as loud as his lungs they could bawl—
 Oh ! bad cess to the tanners, I'll leather them all,
 But I'll first sing the praises of darling Neddeen !

* Neddeen, in the town of Kenmare, in Kerry, the property of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

On the face of this earth 'tis the most *curous* place,
 I swears black and blue, by the nose on my face,
 'Tis the sweetest of any that ever was seen ;
 Och ! it's there you will see both the hedgehog and
 whale,
 And the latter continually flapping his tail,
 Just to raise up a breeze for the fowls of the air,
 As the eagle, the jackass, or goslings so fair,
 While they sing round the cabins of darling Neddeen !

There stone houses all are weather-slated with mud,
 And the *praties*, and women, and whisky is good,
 And the latter small hardware, they call it poteen.
 Small blame to them keeping no lamps there at night,
 Because of the girls, whose eyes show them light ;
 You may talk of your lamps, that is all lit with *gas*,
 Och ! give me the black eye of a sweet *colleen das*,
 Such as light up the cabins in darling Neddeen !

There the geese run about thro' the most of the street
 Ready roasted, inviting the people they meet
 To eat, lord an' squire, *cabbogue* and spalpeen ;
 From the cows they gets whisky, the ganders give milk,
 And their best woollen blankets is all made of silk ;
 Their *purty* young girls they never grows old,
 And the sun never set there last winter, I'm told,
 But stay'd lighting the pipes of the boys of Neddeen !

Oh ! if I kept singing till this time next year,
 Not half of the beautiful beauties you'd hear,
 From the Skelligs down west to the great Noersheen ;
 There the sea's great broad bottom is covered with grass,
 Where many a young mermaid's seen washing her glass ;
 An' great elephant teeth are turn'd up in the bogs,
 Some charmed into saw-dust, some changed into logs,
 Or converted to toothpicks in darling Neddeen !

Long life to the marquis, I'm glad he's gone down
 To his own little city, a far sweeter town
 Than Bandon, Dunmanway, or Ballyporeen ;

Long life to his honour, 'till after he's dead
 May nothing that's teasing e'er run in his head ;
 May he give to each tenant a long building lease ;
 May their *praties*, an' butter, an' childer increase,
 'Till Dublin looks smaller than darling Neddeen !

THE MEMBER FOR DOUBLIN' ;

OR,

TWO SWEETHEARTS AT A TIME.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Composed by CLEMENT WHITE.

I'VE often Garrick seen, two goddesses between,
 But he don't know where to lean ; and that is just
 like me !

Two maids my heart is troublin', to boilin' point I'm
 bubblin',

A member, then, for Dublin', I think that I may be !
 That swan must be a rum thing, wid two necks from
 him growin' ;

Well, like him I am something—a goose !—I'm
 three heads showin'.

Och ! I am all forlorn, now !
 By two girls am I torn, now !
 Before I had been born, now,
 I wish that I had died !

But you do not often see a handsome man like me
 Wid such a foine degree of head, and back, and
 calves ;

When first I met the eyes of the girls, I was a prize !
 For each, with glad surprise, immediately cried
 "Halves !"

I'm puzzled like the cow, sir, from which stack I shall
 eat ;

Or like that tripe-shop mouser, the where to have the
 meat !

Och ! I am all, &c.

That single-blessedness is welcome, I can guess,
 But "double" brings distress, from August unto
 June ;
 Och ! by the pipe of Moses, beside me are two roses,
 And beauty each discloses, and I'm the *stick* be-
 tune !
 It makes a man feel shy, sir, at Cupid's game to
 play,
 For I'm a sort of *twicer*, as boys at buttons say.
 Och ! I am all, &c.

Like Janus, he who wore a pair of heads of yore,
 My gaze they stand before, and with their arts en-
 tice ;
 Enough sweet one enjoys, but too much of it cloys,
 For sure it soon destroys what else might have been
 nice.
 We know 'tis pleasant weather when sheds the sun its
 light,
 But sun and moon together both shining—is too
 bright. Och ! I am all, &c.

A double-bladed knife, or two-edged sword means
 strife,
 And plenty is one wife, and one we often rue ;
 "Than one, two heads are better;" bedad ! seen on a
 letter,
 Enough quite is one fetter to wear instead of two !
 Wont I be dying neither ! no physic can repair,
 Though I'm inclin'd to *ether*, for either's always there.
 Och ! I am all, &c.

SMALILOU.

[MERRY.]

THERE was an Irish lad
 Who loved a cloister'd nun,
 And it made him very sad,
 For what was to be done ?

He thought it a big shame,
 A most confounded sin,
 That she could not get out,
 And he could not get in :
 Yet he went every day, as he could do no more—
 Yet he went every day unto the convent door ;
 And he sung sweetly,
 Smalilou, smalilou, smalilou !
 And he sung sweetly,
 Smalilou, gra-ma-chree, and Paddy-whack.

To catch a glimpse of her
 He play'd a thousand tricks ;
 The bolts he tried to stir,
 And he gave the walls some kicks ;
 He stamp'd and rav'd, and sigh'd and pray'd,
 And many times he swore
 The devil twist the iron bolts !
 The devil burn the door !
 Yet he went every day, he made it quite a rule—
 Yet he went every day—and look'd very like a fool—
 Though he sung sweetly, &c.

One morn she left her bed,
 Because she could not sleep,
 And to the window sped
 To take a little peep :
 And what did she do then ?—
 I'm sure you'll think it right—
 She bade the honest lad good day,
 She bade the nuns good night :
 Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,
 Then jump'd into his arms, and so they run away !
 And they sung sweetly,
 Smalilou, smalilou, smalilou !
 And they sung sweetly,
 Smalilou, gra-ma-chree, and Paddy-whack.

BECAUSE 'TIS IN THE PAPERS.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

{ *Tune*—"Good Morning to your
Nightcap."

OH! what a blessing 'tis that we, whate'er our rank
or station,
Can daily by the papers see the news of all the
nation.
On every coming day we view enough to cure the
vapours ;
And all we read we know is true, because 'tis in the
papers.

The editors are all exact, with novelty supply us,
Kindly scrape up every fact to amuse and edify us ;
Such feelings fine and nice they show, spurning false-
hood's capers ;
And all they say we know is true, because 'tis in the
papers.

The advertising doctors' bills on blessings closely
border,
For taking only two small pills will cure ev'ry dis-
order ;
Infallible and simple, too, they cure all nervous
vapours :
And all their powers must be true, because 'tis in the
papers.

A captain of a Yankee ship (I think his name is
Larpent)
Saw plainly on a recent trip the monstrous large sea
*sarpen*t ;
The passengers and frighten'd crew were at the mon-
ster gapers,
'Twas five miles long—it must be true, because 'twas
in the papers.

A man who married sixteen wives, for *Poly-gamy's*
arrested ;

A boy has swallow'd nine clasp knives, and all of them
digested ;

A cat has hatch'd young ducklings two, each one
frisks and capers ;

They're both alive—it must be true, because 'tis in
the papers.

A lady, o'er fond of a glass (you must not think it
fustian),

Has met her death so sad, alas ! by brandy's hot
combustion ;

It burnt her vitals thro' and thro', she melted into
vapours,

And ne'er seen since—it must be true, because 'tis in
the papers.

A lady in the South of France, who'd been some five
years married,

Was taken in a sort of trance, and coffin'd down and
buried,

In six months' time she came to life, and from the
grave's sad vapours

She walk'd away—it must be true, because 'tis in the
papers.

A man, last week, down in the west, inclined to be a
glutton,

He ate near half a bullock dress'd, and six raw legs of
mutton—

Drank porter, gallons twenty-two, which washed down
all the capers,

In just an hour—it must be true, because 'twas in the
papers.

Sweet Miss A., of ninety-eight, with Mr. B., of
eighty,

Have enter'd holy wedlock's state, with both their
purses weighty ;

A son's already come to view, at which the old man
 capers,
 Depend upon't, it must be true, because 'tis in the
 papers.

Some fishermen have lately seen, as lately they were
 roaming,
 Four mermaids, handsome, sweet, and clean, their
 hair so tidy combing ;
 They let them have a nearer view, to see their frisks
 and capers,
 Then they dived—it must be true, because 'tis in the
 papers.

Thus every day, nay, every hour, shows plainly what
 the news is,
 And whether it be sweet or sour, informs us and
 amuses ;
 Then let us give our best thanks to those who tell
 their capers,
 And ev'ry day so thankful view the facts in all the
 papers.

THE OULD BOG HOLE.

THE pig is in the mire, and the cow is on the grass,
 And a man without a woman is no better than an ass ;
 My mother likes the ducks, and the ducks like the
 drake,
 And sweet Judy Flanagan I'd die for her sake.
 My Judy she's as fair as the flower on the lea,
 She's neat and complete from the neck to the knee ;
 We met t'other night our hearts to condole,
 And I sat Judy down by the ould Bog Hole.
 Singing—Cushla mavourneen, will you marry me ?
 Arrah, cushla mavourneen, will you marry me ?
 Arrah, cushla mavourneen, will you marry me ?
 Would you fancy the bouncing young Barney Magee ?

Then Judy she blushed, and hung down her head,
Saying, "Barney, you blackguard, I'd like to get
wed;
But they say you're so rough, and you are such a
rake"—

"Don't believe it," says I, "for it's all a mistake;
To keep you genteel I'll work at my trade,
I'll handle the shovel, the hook, and the spade;
The turf to procure which is better than coal,
And I'll work to my knees in the ould Bog Hole.
Singing, Cushla mavourneen, &c.

"Arrah, give me your hand, and consent just at once,
Sure it's not every day you will get such a chance;
When the priest makes us one, how happy I'll be
With the beautiful, dutiful, Mistress Magee!
Tho' the meal should be scarce we'll have praties
enough,
And if you should long for more delicate stuff,
I'll take out the ould rod which my grandfather stole,
And I'll go fish for eels in the ould Bog Hole.
Singing, Cushla mavourneen, &c.

"Fine children we'll have, for we must mind that,
They'll be Darby and Barney, and Kitty and Pat;
They'll be Judy so meek, and Mary so bluff"—
"O stop! stop!" she cried, "have you not got enough?"
"I have not," said I, "sure I'll not be content
Till you bring home as many as there's days in the
Lent;
How the neighbours will stare when we go for a
stroll,
When we all promenade round the ould Bog Hole."
Singing, Cushla mavourneen, &c.

"By the hokey!" says she, "I can scarcely refuse,
For Barney the blarney you know how to use;
You have bothered my heart with the picture you've
drawn,
If I thought I could trust you, the job might be done!"

“Holy murder !” says I, “do you doubt what I say?
If I thought ’twould convince you, I’d sware half a
day ;”

“Oh no,” she replied, “it’s of no use at all,”
Then she whispered consent by the ould Bog Hole.
“Then give me a kiss, my joy and delight !”
“Be aisy you blackguard, until it’s all right ;
Sure, after we’re wed, we may kiss and condole,
And fish for the eels in the ould Bog Hole.”

YES, KIND SIR, AND THANK YOU TOO.

THE ruddy morn blink’d o’er the brae,
As blithe I ganged to milk my kine,
When near the winding bourn of Tay,
Wi’ bonny gait and twa black een,
A Highland lad sae kind me tent,
Saying, “Sonsy lass, how’st a’ wi’ you !
Shall I your pail tak o’er the bent ?”
’Twas, “Yes, kind sir, and I thank you too.”

Again he met me i’ the e’en,
As I was linkan o’er the lee,
To join the dance upon the green,
And said, “Blithe lass, I’se gang wi’ thee.”
Sae braw he looked i’ th’ highland gear,
His tartan plaid, and bonnet blue,
My heart straight whisper’d in my ear,
“Say yes, kind sir, and I thank you too.”

We danced until the gleaming moon
Gave notice that ’twas time to part ;
I thought the reel was o’er too soon,
For ah ! the lad had stol’n my heart.
He saw me hame across the plain,
Then kissed sae sweet, I vow ’tis true,
That when he asked to kiss again,
’Twas, “Yes, kind sir, and I thank you too.”

Grown bauld, he pressed to stay the night,
 Then griped me close unto his breast—
 “Howt lad! my mither sair would flyte,
 Gin that I grant wi’out the priest:
 Gang first ’fore him, gif ye be leel,
 I ken right what I then maun do;
 For ask to kiss me when you will,
 ’Twill be, ‘Yes, love, and I thank you too.’”

FAITH, I’LL AWA’ TO THE BRIDAL.

[*Air*—“Hie awa’ to the Bridal.”—PLANCHE.]

FAITH, I’ll awa’ to the bridal,
 For there will be tippling there;
 For my lady’s a-going to be married,
 To whom I don’t know, and don’t care.
 But I know we shall all be as frisky
 And tipsy as pipers, good lack;
 And so that there’s plenty of whisky,
 She may marry the devil for Mac.
 So, faith, I’ll awa’ to the bridal, &c.

I once left the bottle for Cupid,
 And bade an adieu to my glass;
 I simpered and sighed, and looked stupid,
 And courted a cherry-cheek’d lass.
 She turn’d out a jilt—’twere a lie should I
 Say, that it gave me no pain;
 For sorrowing made me so dry, that I
 Took to my bottle again.
 So, faith, I’ll awa’ to the bridal, &c.

They say there’s five reasons for drinking,
 But more, I’m sure, may be got;
 For I never could find, to my thinking,
 A reason why people should not.

A sixth I'll not scruple at giving,
 I'll name it while 'tis in my head ;
 'Tis, if you don't drink while you're living,
 You never will after you're dead.
 So, faith, I'll awa' to the bridal, &c.

THE LOW-NECK'D DRESS.

[*Air*—"The Low-back'd Car."]

WHEN first I saw Miss Clara,
 A West-end ball 'twas at,
 A low-neck'd dress she wore, and near
 The open door she sat ;
 But when that door was thriving oak,
 Exposed to tempests keen
 And biting air
 So much, 'twas ne'er
 As the blooming girl I mean—
 As she sat in her low-neck'd dress,
 Becoming, I must confess ;
 For of all the men round
 Not one could be found
 But look'd after the low-neck'd dress.

The polka's tumult over,
 The fondest of mammas
 Her daughter calls, and hints at shawls ;
 But scornful "Hums" and "Ha's"
 From Clara (artful goddess !)
 The kind proposal meet—
 Quite faint she feels—
 She fairly reels—
 She never could bear the heat !
 So she sits in her low-neck'd dress ;
 But the heat would have troubled her less,
 For long weeks will have roll'd
 Ere she's rid of the cold
 That she caught from the low-neck'd dress.

I'd rather see those shoulders
 'Neath downy cloak of fur,
 Or pilot-coat, and round that throat
 A ploughman's comforter ;
 For I'd know that tender bosom
 Was safe from climate's ill,
 And the heart so sweet
 Would much longer beat
 Than I now feel sure it will
 While she clings to her low-neck'd dress.
 I've proposed, and she answered, " Yes ;
 Next week it's to be,
 But make sure I shall see
 That it's not in a low-neck'd dress !

SWELLS OF THE OCEAN.

DAMER CAPE.]

[*Music* by Robert Coote.]

I HAVE been down to Brighton, and dipped in the
 sea ;
 I have dived at the waves, and have swam from the
 shore ;
 And have laughed with delight that my limbs were so
 free,
 The swell of the ocean to carry me o'er.
 But when I've returned to my bathing machine,
 And have dressed and emerged on the pebbly
 strand,
 Oh ! what a different " swell " have I seen ;
 What a different " swell " have I grasped by the
 hand.

You may grasp by the hand, boys,
 But keep your hearts free
 From the " swells " on the shore
 By the side of the sea.

There's a swell on the shore looking out for a bride,—
 For he knows, cunning dog, why the girls are brought
 down ;
 And I'm sorry to say, when he tries the sea-side,
 The mammas are more verdant than they were in
 town.
 He ogles an heiress ; ma sanctions the " match,"
 And all in a season the mischief is done ;
 But silly mamma finds, too late, that her " catch "
 Was a *roué* in town, and a prodigal son.
 Oh ! silly mammas,
 Let your daughters go free
 From the wily embrace
 Of such swells of the sea.

There's a swell on the shore who's been down for a
 week,
 And he says for eleven weeks more he'll remain,—
 He has travelled to Brighton his pleasure to seek,
 And he's not in hurry to leave it again.
 He's a swell who at home was a wine-merchant's
 clerk,
 With a hundred a year, and spent five pounds a day ;
 So he went to the Bankruptcy Court " for a lark"—
 His " protection's " postponed, and he's " out of the
 way."
 And instead of a prison-yard,
 Here he walks free,
 'Mongst the swells on the shore
 By the side of the sea.

There's a "swell," very heavy, who smokes large
 cigars,
 And lies on the beach, where the German band
 plays ;
 There's a fair, lovely girl, and the best of mammas,
 Who reside at the Bedford, and that's where *he*
stays.

He's attentive at table, he sings, he *croquets*,—
 "What a beautiful pair you would make," says
 mamma.

Alas ! there's a wife who sells bonnets and stays,
 And works very hard, to support his cigar.
 She's a slave in her shop,
 While at Brighton he's free,
 And walks with the swells
 On the shore by the sea.

With his wife, "for a change," an attorney goes
 down ;
 She walks on the Esplanade, he on the Pier ;
 They make friends, and ask them to call when in
 town,
 But the friends, when they're clients, regret it, I
 fear.

Young men who borrow ; the people who lend ;
 Young ladies who must not in love have their way ;
 Folks who seek fortunes ; and others who spend ;
 All meet in the crowd on this wondrous highway.
 But there are jolly people,
 Unfettered and free,
 'Mongst the swells on the shore
 By the side of the sea.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID ?

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid ?"
 "I'm going a milking, sir," she said,
 "Sir," she said, "sir," she said.

"Shall I go with you, my pretty maid ?"
 "Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid ?"
 "My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?"

"Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.

"And what is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."

"Nobody ax'd you, sir," she said.

ADVENTURES IN A STEAM-BOAT!

[Tune—"Tortoiseshell Tom Cat."]

OH, what a row, what a rumpus, and a rioting,

All those endure, you may be sure, who go to sea;

A ship is a thing that you never can get quiet in,

By wind or by steam, 'tis all the same, 'twas so
with me.

Wife and daughter on the water said they'd like to
sail a bit;

I consented, soon repented, soon began to rail a bit—

"Papa, now pray do go to-day, the weather's so in-
viting, lauk!

I'm sure 'twill do such good to you—they feed you like
a fighting-cock." Oh what, &c.

In a boat I got afloat, as clumsy as an elephant,

So spruce and gay to spend the day, and make a
splash;

Gad! it's true I did it, too, for stepping in I fell
off on't,

And overboard, upon my word, I went slap dash.

Wife squalling, daughter bawling, everything provok-
ing me;

Call'd a "hog," "poodle dog," all the sailors joking
me;

Dripping wet, in a pet, with many more distressables,
A fellow took the long boat-hook, and caught my in-
expressibles. Oh what, &c.

Such a gig, without a wig, on deck I was exhibited—
 Laugh'd at by the passengers, and quizzed by the
 crew ;

Raved and swore that on shore I rather had been gib-
 beted,

Than, thus half-drown'd, by all around be roasted
 too.

Danger past, and dry at last, indulging curiosity,
 I stared to see the vessel flee with such a strange
 velocity.

“Pray,” said I, to one hard by, “what power can
 impel us so?”

“The smoky engine goes by steam—at least the sailors
 tell us so.” Oh what, &c.

Not a sail to catch a gale, yet magically on I went,
 'Gainst wind and tide, and all beside, in wonder
 quite ;

Cast my eye up to the sky, and, tall as London's
 monument,

I saw the kitchen chimney smoke, as black as night.
 People toiling, roasting, boiling—bless us, such a
 rookery,

They'd soup and fish, and fowl and flesh—a London
 Tavern cookery ;

Then the noise of men and boys, a din to rival hubbub,
 I thought the crew were monsters too, the master Cap-
 tain Beelzebub. Oh what, &c.

Wife to me says she, “Now's your time to pick a bit,
 The dinner's serving up below, and we must fly ;”
 Says I, “My dear, I'm very queer, I'm going to be
 sick a bit,

I'm seized with an all-overness—I faint, I die !
 I cannot eat, I loathe my meat, I feel my stomach
 failing me—

Steward, hasten, bring a basin—what the deuce is
 ailing me ?

If it's handy, get some brandy." The malady to
 quench unable,
 Down I lay, for half a day, in pickle quite unmention-
 able." Oh what, &c.

As to dinner, I'm a sinner, if I touch'd a bit of it ;
 But anchor cast, and home at last, I'm safe once
 more ;
 In the packet such a racket, crowding to get quit of it,
 Like cattle from a coaster we were haul'd on shore,
 With, "How d'ye do?" and "How are you? I see
 you're better physically."
 "Zounds, be still, I'm very ill; you're ever talking
 quizzically."
 Some with glee may go to sea, but I shall not be
 willing, sirs,
 For such a day again to pay just two pounds fifteen
 shillings, sirs. Oh what, &c.

WED IN HASTE, REPENT AT LEISURE.

THOMAS HUDSON.] [Tune—"Michael Wiggins."

A DASHING young milkman, by name David Jones,
 Was going his rounds one Monday ;
 He cried "Milk below !" with such musical tones,
 When who should he meet but Miss Grundy!
 Says he, "By this light, I love at first sight,
 And I hope I shall not be refused, eh ?
 To ease my heart's pain, will you meet me again
 To-morrow?" Said she, "Oh, that's Tuesday."
 Young folks, pray attend, take advice from a friend,
 Ere you give up sweet liberty's treasure ;
 In wedlock's respect take time to reflect—
 Wed in haste, you'll repent it at leisure.

On Tuesday they met, and his love he made known,
 She blush'd, and could no longer then stay,
 But something she said, 'twixt a sigh and a groan,
 'Bout having more time on the We'n'sday.

The We'n'sday came slowly, he dress'd himself smart,
 And that proved for certain a worse day ;
 She ne'er came at all, and it sadden'd his heart,
 So impatiently waited till Thursday.
 Young folks, &c.

The Thursday good luck brought, his heart was in
 bliss,
 His blood was all hey day and high day,
 For her love she confess'd, and she granted one kiss,
 And promised another on Friday.
 On Friday, oh dear ! Mr. Jones scratched his head,
 Says he, " I don't know what I'm at to-day ;
 I want you to tell me how soon you will wed"—
 She promised to tell him on Saturday.
 Young folks, &c.

On Saturday, blushing, she made him rejoice,
 She hinted she would not lose one day ;
 She'd leave it—to him, she had not—a choice,
 So married they were on the Sunday.
 But scarce out of church, their love away fled,
 And each finds the other a clog life ;
 They always are quarrelling, up and a-bed,
 And lead a complete cat and dog life.
 Young folks, pray attend, take advice from a friend,
 Ere you give up sweet liberty's treasure ;
 In wedlock's respect take time to reflect—
 Wed in haste, you'll repent it at leisure.

THE UNINVITED ONE!

W. HUGGINS.]

[Air—"The Washing Day."]

UPON my word, 'tis very hard,
 Quoth little Mr. B. ;
 I cannot get a single card
 For dinner, ball, or tea.

The Smiths on Wednesday had a rout,
And so had Mrs. Gun ;
They both contrived to leave me out,
The uninvited one !

Last week my neighbour, Mr. Moore,
A dinner gave, they say—
And though I call'd two days before,
The hint was thrown away.
This very night there's Mrs. Delf
Has got a Sally Lunn,
And yet, alas ! I find myself
The uninvited one !

It much surprised me, too, when Brown—
Who's reckoned so polite—
At breakfast feasting half the town,
That day forgot me quite.
It's very odd—yet I don't know
What harm I can have done,
That I should be, while others go,
The uninvited one !

At Lady Lappet's fancy ball,
Some fancied me a guest ;
Oh no, I got no card at all,
"The honour to request."
I heard each carriage stop, alas !
With Spaniard, Turk, and nun—
It seems these fêtes just come to pass
The uninvited one !

To take their tea with old Miss Love,
Last night what numbers went ;
And though she lives two doors above,
To me no note was sent.
I'll tell you what I thought of—but
Excuse a little pun—
That, like her cake, I then was *cut*,
The uninvited one !

Young Twist, who lives at No. 4,
Display'd on Monday night,
A supper for at least a score,
But I got no invite.
They kept it up, I heard it said,
Almost till rise of sun—
While I at ten crept into bed,
The uninvited one !

The archers met not long ago,
Which gave me sorrows real—
I'm such a shot—but now my bow
Is but a *beau idéal* !
The belles—more lovely ne'er were seen—
The contest arch begun ;
I was not there in Lincoln green,
The uninvited one !

When lately dined the London Mayor
At Greenwich—though I set
A trap to be invited there,
No whitebait could I get.
And thus while others daily roam
In search of mirth and fun,
I'm forced, alack ! to stay at home,
The uninvited one !

It very often causes tears,
And now and then a frown,
To think because I'm up in years,
That in the world I'm down.
Oh ! would but fortune change my lot,
And make me, whom they shun,
An heir with many friends—and not
The uninvited one !

In short, to go out while I've breath,
No more shall I be task'd ;
And even to the Dance of Death,
'Tis doubtful if I'm ask'd.

The undying and the doom'd may whine,
 Yet find their woes outdone;
 For what their fate compared with mine—
 The uninvited one ?

HIS WORSHIP.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by DIBDIN.]

HIS worship, Justice Gander, sworn newly of the peace,
 Resolved to set the neighbours together by the ears,
 Of the half-crowns and the shillings their pockets well
 to fleece,

Regardless of the public, their praises or their sneers.
 Master Matthew was his clerk, a keen and cunning
 wight,

Studied Cunningham and Burn, for the law has
 various meanings :

“Remember,” cried his worship, “when I’m wrong to
 set me right,

For you’re my representative, factotum, locum
 tenens.”

Fomenting litigation, the neighbours flock around ;

One came to get a warrant—a shilling was the cost ;
 “Here, Matthew, bring the book.” “Sir, ’tis no-
 where to be found.”

“Zounds ! he’ll repent—what shall we do ? the shil-
 ling will be lost.

Swear, damme ! and pay sixpence—I fancy that’s the
 rule ;

Those who can’t get the harvest must sit down with
 the gleanings ;

How could you be so careless ? You dolt ! you stupid
 fool !”

“Your worship’s representative, factotum, locum
 tenens.”

A rich lady 'gainst a helpless girl most loudly did complain ;

“ Here, Matthew, make her mittimus, ne'er mind how she cajoles——”

“ We must not, sir, commit her—the law we cannot strain,

And the superior courts would haul your worship o'er the coals.

I could not for the soul of me distress so sweet a lass ;
For justice' sake, to equity the heart should have these leanings.”

“ You're not proper for your place, sir—you're a goose, an oaf, an ass !”

“ Your worship's representative, factotum, locum tenens.”

Next day this pretty damsel was walking in a field ;

His worship pass'd by too, and began to toy and play ;

“ You were yesterday my prisoner—to-day to you I yield ;”

She ran for life, while he pursued, and begg'd of her to stay.

“ Sir, is this justice ? O for shame !” “ 'Tis justice, lovely fair—

For justice on the bench and in love has diff'rent meanings ;

Nay, struggle not !” “ Is there no friend ? no hope ?”

“ None !—Zounds ! who's there ?”

“ Your worship's representative, factotum, locum tenens.

“ You hired me, sir, to set you right whenever you were wrong ;

For once, then, justice practise, sir, since justice you dispense ;

Give me this pretty damsel—we've loved each other long—

And ne'er oppress those honest hearts that merit your defence.”

Cried Gander, " Matthew, I'm the goose, the ass, and
 have been blind ;
 I now see law and equity have very diff'rent mean-
 ings ;
 Henceforth the poor shall bless me ; and may each
 great man find
 As able, as upright, and as just a locum tenens."

TWO WENCHES AT ONCE.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—" Margery Topping."

TILL I fell in lovc, I wur happy enow,
 At threshing or reaping, at harrow or plough ;
 At sunrise each morn wi' the lark I wur springing,
 And, just like the lark, I wur always a singing,
 Tol de rol lol de rol lay.

Cupid, quite envious of my happy life,
 Put into my head that I wanted a wife ;
 'Bout love and such-like things completely a dunce,
 I fell slap in love wi' two wenchcs at once.

The miller's young daughter, she gave the first twist,
 Her lips look'd as if like they long'd to be kiss'd ;
 And whiles I gazed at her, 'twixt love and surprise,
 I was fairly struck dumb by her sister's bright eyes !

Mary was fair as an angel could be,
 Eyes like sweet Betsy's I never did see ;
 I tried all in vain my hot feelings to smother,
 By looking at one first, and then at the other.

If I went to see Mary, to her I was blind,
 For Betsy directly came into my mind ;
 And when I saw Betsy, 'twas just the contrary—
 I always was sure to be thinking of Mary.

When Betsy look'd at me, or when Mary smiled,
 I felt of my senses completely beguiled ;
 'Twas all of no use, I look'd this or that way,
 Like a donkey between two great bundles of hay.

Things went on thus for five or six week,
 I never could muster up courage to speak ;
 When all of a sudden they both went to church,
 And left me, a bachelor, quite in the lurch.

Young men, be advised ; if love gets in your sconce,
 Never go courting two wenches at once ;
 With one lass you may work your way safe and sound,
 But between two stools, all know what comes to the
 ground. Tol de rol de rol lol de rol lay.

THERE'S NO KNOWING WHAT YOU MAY COME TO.

J. LABERN.]

[Tune—"Charlie over the Water."]

IF ever misfortune 'gainst man did combine,
 That man he to-night stands before you,
 Who's lost all his cash in the "Diddlesex" Line,—
 I hope that his troubles wont bore you.
 To double my five thousand pounds how I thought,
 But they gave mine the double like fun, too ;
 I've been hunted by *stags*, and paid *dear* for the sport—
 There's no knowing what you may come to.
 You may turn up your nose at hard work, and
 declare
 It's what you would never succumb to ;
 Tho' you're rolling in riches at present, beware,
 There's no knowing what you may come to.

When I think how my cash, that for years twenty-
 nine,
 I'd been scraping should, presto ! elope, sirs,
 I *rail* at myself being drawn in a *line*,
 And wish myself drawn in a *rope*, sirs.

Once I'd a house and all else to accord,
 And annually spent a round sum, too ;
 Now I'm only a lodger—it shows how I'm *floored*—
 Oh, you never know what you may come to.
 You may turn, &c.

The parties I used to give, week after week,
 To the Popkins, the Pipkins, and Prices :
 What a tale might be told, if the tables could speak,
 Of wines, jellies, and custards, and ices.
 The cold looks of my friends, whom I once received well,
 Are the *ices* I meet now, so glum, too—
 It's hard that they pass me, because I'm no swell—
 But you never know what you may come to,
 You may turn, &c.

With poultry my table did once groan and growl—
 For the loss of it I could put crape on—
 My face I long *pull it* whene'er I run *foul*
 Of a policeman now with a *cape on*.
 I'd pheasants and hares in galore I'll allow,
 But that 'ere game must I say mum to ;
 I'm obliged to put up with a Welsh *rabbit* now—
 Oh ! there's no knowing what you may come to.
 You may turn, &c.

With sirloins of beef once my larder was packed,
 And fore quarters of lamb, by-the-bye, sirs—
 The *hooks* still remain—a *lamentable* fact—
 But the joints are, alas ! all my *eye*, sirs.
 To common-place *breastes* of mutton I bow,
 Or stubborn beef-steaks put my gum to ;
 I can't even *shell out* for oyster-sauce now—
 Ah ! you never know what you may come to.
 You may turn, &c.

So what with my crosses, and losses, and strife,
 I think it's enough to perplex one :
 Moore observes in his song, "They may rail at *this* life ;"
 I hope they've no *rails* in the *next one*.

My splendid piano I sold for a song,
 Which my daughter, Fanchette, used to strum to ;
 She'll perhaps have a mangle to turn before long,
 For there's no knowing what we may come to.
 You may turn, &c.

SHE WOULDN'T DO FOR ME.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"The Old Bachelor."]

IN courting the ladies I've wasted my life,
 Useless day after day ;
 And oh ! for the want of a charming wife
 Daily I pine away.
 Could I but get one exact to my mind,
 Contented and happy I'd be ;
 Alas ! in the number not one can I find,
 There's not one will do for me.

Miss Vain had elegance, beauty, and grace,
 Combined in a form so rare ;
 Each beau said, as he looked in her face,
 An angel was not more fair.
 She thought her charms did others surpass,
 And oft as oft could be,
 I found Miss Vain was fond of the glass,
 So she would not do for me.

Miss Grub had wealth in silver and gold,
 Houses and lands also ;
 And though Miss Grub was growing old,
 Was courted by many a beau.
 In costly silks and satins clad,
 As fine as fine could be,
 Her cash was good, but her temper was bad,
 So she would not do for me.

The Widow Gadd her weeds still wore,
 Was reckon'd a charming prize ;
 Just in her bloom at twenty-four,
 With a pair of melting eyes.

Although I courted the Widow Gadd,
I soon from her got free ;
I found three husbands before she'd had,
So she would not do for me.

Miss Clack was the next—she struck me mute,
Her voice so sweet and clear ;
Just like the notes of a breathing flute,
Came floating o'er the ear.
With love I sadly sigh'd—poor elf,
And love brought misery ;
I found she'd have all the talk to herself,
So she would not do for me.

Then I courted the sweet Miss Glum,
Fair beauty's reigning toast ;
I certainly thought she must be dumb,
For of silence she made a boast.
To prove she was not of family low,
She show'd me her pedigree ;
But as she would not say ay or no,
Why she would not do for me.

Two sisters next, who'd been to France,
Seen Italy and Spain ;
Both could tastily sing and dance,
But courting was all in vain.
I saw them but once—that at a ball,
And though both frank and free,
One was too short—t'other too tall,
So they would not do for me.

The next was a lady—a "stocking blue"—
Of person and features fair ;
Own it I must—to give her her due,
Her knowledge was solid and rare.
But when of love I essay'd to speak,
Not of this world seemed she ;
She answer'd only in Latin and Greek,
So she would not do for me.

But these same nails that none could match,
 And tiny hands inviting,
 I found could come up to the *scratch*,
 And do a little fighting!
 But this was *after* marriage!

My Julie reach'd perfection quite,
 When summed up altogether,
 And all my future seem'd most bright,
 And naught but sunny weather.
 This was *before* our marriage!
 But ah! vain hope! I only dream'd,
 For short my reign of revel;
 The lady I an angel deem'd
 Turn'd out a very devil!
 But this was *after* marriage!

MY SON TOM.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by S. GÖDBER.]

My son's a youth of talents rare,
 You really ought to know him;
 But he blushes so, when people stare,
 That he seldom lets me show him.
 To school he never yet was sent,
 Nor yet to Oxford College;
 So all are in astonishment,
 Where Tom pick'd up his knowledge.
 My Tom's a youth of talents rare,
 You really ought to know him;
 But he blushes so, when people stare,
 That he seldom lets me show him.

But Tom's a minor, recollect,
 But nineteen next November!
 And so, of course, one can't expect
 Big books he should remember;

With clever boys, if people force
 Their minds, 'tis ruination ;
 So I let nature take her course,
 A fig for education !
 My Tom's a youth of talents rare, &c.

By instinct Tom picks up at once
 The things that others study.
 My husband storms, and calls him dunce,
 He should not do so, should he?
 Some talk about the books they've read,
 And each is thought a wise one,
 Tom makes, all out of his own head,
 Remarks that quite surprise one.
 My Tom's a youth of talents rare, &c.

Tom wears no stock, no long-tail'd coat,
 Unfit for boys of his age.
 A jacket and an open throat
 Best suit his form and visage :
 Hereafter when the fair and gay
 My darling is pursuing,
 I'm sure he will not fail to say,
 "'Twas all my mother's doing !"
 My Tom's a youth of talents rare, &c.

I'M A RANTING, ROVING BLADE.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

WHOO ! I'm a ranting, roving blade,
 Of never a thing was I ever afraid ;
 I'm a gentleman born, and I scorn a thrade,
 And I'd be a rich man if my debts was paid.

But my debts is worth something ; this truth they
 instil,—
 That pride makes us fall all against our will ;
 For 'twas pride that broke me—I was happy until
 I was ruined all out by my tailor's bill.

I'm the finest guide you ever did see
I know ev'ry place of curoosity
From Thig-á-na Vauragh to Donaghadee ;
And if you're for sport come along wid me.

I'll lade you sporting round about—
We've wild ducks and widgeon, and snipe and
 throat ;
And I know where they are and what they're about,
And if they're not at home, then I'm sure they're
 out.

The miles in this counthry much longer be—
But that is a saving of time d'you see,
For two of our miles is aigual to three,
Which shortens the road in a great degree.

And the roads in this place is so plenty, we say
That you've nothing to do but to find your way ;
If you're hurry's not great, and you've time to delay,
You can go the short cut that's the longest way.

And I'll show you heaps of good drinkin' too,
For I know the place where the whiskey grew ;
A bottle is good when it's not too new,
And I'm fond of one, but I'd die for two.

Thruth is scarce when liars is near,
But squealing is plenty when pigs you hear,
And mutton is high when cows is dear,
And rint it is scarce four times a-year.

Such a country for growing you ne'er did behowld,
We grow rich when we're poor, we grow hot when
 we're cowl'd ;
And the girls they know bashfulness makes us grow
 bowld ;
We grow young when we like, but we never grow
 owld.

And the sivin small sines grows natural here,
 For praties has eyes, and can see quite clear ;
 And the kittles is singing with scalding tears,
 And the corn-fields is listening with all their ears.

But along with sivin sines we have one more —
 Of which I forgot for to tell you before—
 'Tis nonsense, spontaneously gracing our shore,
 And I'll tell you the rest when I think of more.

A CELEBRATED THREE PART MEDLEY.

PART FIRST.

THE Nightingale Club in a village was held,
 At the sign of the Cabbage and Shears,
 Where the singers, no doubt, would have greatly ex-
 cell'd,
 But for want of—
 Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row,
 Four-and-twenty fiddlers—
 Peaceful slumb'ring—
 At the town of nate Clogheen,
 Where—
 The graces they were culling posies,
 And found—
 The finest ram, sir, that ever was fed on hay :
 This ram was fat behind, sir,
 This ram was fat before,
 This ram was—
 A flaxen-headed cow-boy, as simple as may be,
 And next, a merry plough-boy, that whistled—
 Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he ;
 He call'd for—
 The lass of Patie's mill, so bonny, blithe, and gay,
 And in spite of all my skill, she stole—
 A bold dragoon, with his—
 O dear, what can the matter be ?
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?—

For of all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives with—
 Robin Adair.
 What made the ball so fine ?
 What made the assembly shine ?
 Oh ! it was—
 The rum old Commodore,
 The batter'd old Commodore,
 For the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd his hull about,
 That he'll never more be fit for—
 The Maid of Lodi, who sweetly sung—
 Call again to-morrow : call again to-morrow ;
 Can't you, can't you call again to-morrow ?

PART SECOND.

A master I have, and I am his man,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 And he'll get—
 A regiment of Irish dragoons, and they were quar-
 tered—
 In a mouldering cave, the abode of Despair,
 Britannia sat weeping her loss,
 She mourn'd for her Wolfe, and exclaimed in despair—
 'Twas in the good ship Rover,
 I sail'd the world around,
 And for ten years and over,
 I ne'er touch'd—
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch ;
 Wot ye how she cheated me—
 In the Bay of Biscay O—
 Cease, rude Borcas, blustering railer,
 List ye landsmen all to me.
 Messmates hear a brother sailor,
 Sing—
 Oh, hush thee, my darling, the hour will soon come,

When thy sleep shall be broken by—
 The wood-pecker tapping the hollow beach tree.
 The wood-pecker tapping—
 Poor Sally's wooden-ware,
 Who all for money barter,
 Her cottons, tapes, her top-knots rare,
 Her bodkins, lace, and—
 Paddy Shannon high-mounted on his trotting little
 pony,
 Set off on a journey from Leather-lane to Bow,
 To ogle Widow Wilkins, who he courted for her
 money,
 And tugging at his bridle, cry—
 Don't I look spruce on my Neddy,
 In spite of his kicking and prancing,
 Gee ho, gee ho, and stand steady,
 Mr. Neddy, I'm not fond of dancing—
 When absent from her my soul holds most dear,
 What a medley, what a medley of—
 Old chairs to mend—
 A very good song, and very well sung,
 Jolly companions every one—
 Thus the Nightingale Club nightly kept up their
 clamour,
 And were nightly knock'd down by the president's
 hammer,
 Were nightly knock'd down, &c.

PART THIRD

Your pardon, kind gentlefolks, pray,
 I'm called once more to roar out a song, sir,
 And when a lad's call'd on they say—
 Come bustle, neighbour Prig,
 Clap on your hat and wig ;
 In our Sunday clothes so gaily,
 Together we will range the fields—
 When the wolf in nightly prowl,
 Bays the moon with—

Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you,
 Your bed shall be,
 On that spot in ancient lore oft named,
 Where—
 Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown,
Ri fol, &c.
 The fairest maid in all the town,
Fol lol, &c.
 If she loved me as I loved she—
 On this cold flinty rock I would lay down my head,
 And sweetly I'll sing—
 Bound 'prentice to a waterman, I learn'd a bit to
 row,
 But, bless your heart, I always was so gay,
 That to treat—
 An old woman in Yorkshire, in Yorkshire she did
 dwell,
 She loved—
 Billy Taylor, a brisk young fellow,
 Full of mirth and full of glee,
 And thus his mind he did discover—
 To a frog who would a wooing go,
Heigh ho! says Rowley,
 Whether his mother would let him or no, with his—
 Here's a health to all good lasses,
 Here's a health to all good lasses,
 Here's a health to—
 Our noble Queen, &c.

THE LITTLE FARTHING RUSHLIGHT.

SIR SOLOMON SIMONS, when he first did wed,
 Blushed black as a crow, his lady did blush light;
 The clock it struck twelve, they were both tucked in
 bed,
 In the chimney a rushlight—a little farthing rushlight.
Fal de diddle de, a little farthing rushlight.

Sir Solomon then gave his lady a nudge,
 And cries he, "Lady Simons, there's vastly too much
 light ;"
 "Then, Sir Solomon," says she, "to get up you can't
 grudge,
 And blow out the rushlight, the little farthing rush-
 light." Fal de diddle de, &c.

Sir Solomon then out of bed pops his toes,
 And vastly he swore, and very much did curse
 light ;
 And then to the chimney Sir Solomon he goes,
 And he puff'd at the rushlight, the little farthing
 rushlight. Fal de diddle de, &c.

Lady Simons then got up in her night-cap so neat,
 And over the carpet my lady she did brush light ;
 And there Sir Solomon she found in a heat,
 A puffing at the rushlight—then she puffed at the
 rushlight ;
 But neither of them both could blow out the rush-
 light. Fal de diddle de, &c.

Sir Solomon and lady, with their breath quite gone,
 Rung the bell in a rage, they determined to crush
 light ;
 Half asleep, in his shirt then up came John,
 And he puffed at the rushlight, the little farthing
 rushlight,
 But neither of the three could blow out the rush-
 light. Fal de diddle de, &c.

Cook, coachee, men, and maids, very near, all in buff,
 Came, and swore that in their lives they ne'er met
 with such light ;
 And each of the family by turns had a puff
 Of the little farthing rushlight—the plagay farthing
 rushlight.

(*Spoken.*)—First, the old cook said, "Let me try it—wind does wonders. I'll try and blow it out."
 (*Puff.*) Then Sir Solomon said, "Let me try it; I'll do it, I'll warrant." (*Puff.*) Then Lady Simons said, "Sir Solomon, you can't do it; please let me try it. I'm long-winded; I'll do it presently. (*Puff, puff.*) Then says John, the black footman (*yawning*), "Please hand it to me, I'll blow it out; for I see you can't do it." (*Puff.*)

But neither of the family could blow out the rushlight.
 Fal de diddle dee, &c.

The watchman at last went by, crying "One"—
 "Here, vatchmans, come up, than you we might on
 vorse light!"

Then up came the watchman—the business was done;
 For he turned down the rushlight, the little farthing
 rushlight,
 Fal de diddle dee,—and he put out the rushlight.

MRS. M'CAWLEY AND THE DOCTOR.

A LITTLE old woman was taken ill,
 Heigho! says Peter;
 A little old woman was taken ill,
 So she sent for the doctor to give her a pill,
 With a rowley powley,
 Ginger and jalap, oh!
 Heigh! says Peter M'Cawley.

The doctor he came to feel her hand,
 Heigho! says Peter;
 The doctor he came to feel her hand,
 When he found her so drunk that she couldn't well
 stand,
 With her gin bottle, wet throtle,
 Talk away, mug away,
 Heigh! says Peter M'Cawley.

Says the doctor, says he, I must open a vein,
 Heigho ! says Peter ;
 Says the doctor, says he, I must open a vein ;
 When the little old woman said, Oh ! fie for shame !
 With her rowley powley,
 Hick-up and kick-up,
 Heigh ! says Peter M'Cawley.

Says the doctor, says he, why then you're dead,
 Heigho ! says Peter ;
 Says the doctor, says he, why then you're dead,
 When she up'd with the gin keg, and quite broke
 his head,
 With her rowley powley,
 Scratch 'em and fight away,
 Heigh ! says Peter M'Cawley.

Oh ! oh ! says the doctor, is this your fun ?
 Heigho ! says Peter ;
 Oh ! oh ! says the doctor, is this your fun ?
 Then the devil may cure you—and off he run,
 With his rowley powley,
 Gammon and physic,
 Heigh ! says Peter M'Cawley.

ANALYSATION ; OR, WHAT ARE MORTALS MADE OF ?

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

WHAT are Mortals made of ?
 By analysation
 I've tried all the nation,
 Defin'd each gradation,
 And prov'd every station
 With Sir Humphrey's best
 New chemical test,
 And found what Mortals are made of.

What are M. P.'s made of ?
Of a rotten borough,
And loyalty thorough,
Of aye and no,
And a time serving bow,
Of bills to be passed,
And a place at last,
And such are M. P.'s made of.

What are Officers made of ?
Of power and skill,
The foeman to kill ;
A heart without fear,
When the enemy's near,
And pity, that's shown
When the battle is won,
And such are Officers made of.

What are Parsons made of ?
Of Latin and Greek,
And prayers once a week ;
Good livings and port,
And a text of a sort,
A great bush wig,
And a little tithe pig,
And such are Parsons made of.

What are Lawyers made of ?
Of causes and fees,
And the Common Pleas,
The Court of King's Bench,
The bills we retrench,
A brief and a case,
And an impudent face,
And such are Lawyers made of.

What are Doctors made of ?
Of Warwick-lane,
A fee and a cane,

Rhubarb and manna,
And ipecacuanha,
Powders and pills,
And cursed long bills,
And such are Doctors made of.

What are Aldermen made of ?
Of citizens' gains,
Of gowns and gold chains,
Turtle and Claret,
As long as they'll bear it,
Of a Guildhall chair,
And hopes to be mayor,
And such are Aldermen made of.

What are Authors made of ?
Of paste and shears,
And folks by the ears,
Of a grey goose quill,
And stories at will,
Foolscap and ink,
And a want of the chink,
And such are Authors made of.

What are Husbands made of ?
Of sulks and huffs,
And kicks and cuffs ;
Conjugal rights,
And raking at nights,
Of this and that,
And no one knows what,
And such are Husbands made of.

What are young Wives made of ?
Of honeymoon,
And storms very soon !
Dears and loves,
And turtle doves,
Of all that's good,
If right understood,
And such are young Wives made of.

HIGHGATE PROBATION.

SCARCE come up to London a country lout,
From father's snug cottage at Reigate ;
To qualify I in the world to set out,
I went to be sworn at Highgate.
So I took't an oath that I thow't mighty queer,
But I said that I'd keep't by the letter,
That all my life through I'd prefer strong beer,
Unless I lik'd small beer better.

I saw'd what it meant, though I be but a clown—
The oath, you see, meant self-denial ;
And 'tis proper enough, for when folks come to town,
Their honesty's put to the trial ;
Now you see, to be honest's the small beer of life,
'Tis poor, but one's conscience 'twon't fetter ;
So who wool may drink strong beer and get into
strife,
I likes quiet and small beer better.

'Fore now I've been offered both money and gear,
My neighbour to cheat of his treasure ;
But diamonds and gold may be purchased too dear,
And with pain we too often buy pleasure.
I do like pleasure, too ; but softly and fair,
Don't of honesty be the forgetter ;
But take her advice, and of strong beer beware,
When she bids you like small beer better.

So in this 'versal world, you do see ev'ry man
Maunt guzzle as thof he were bursting ;
But drink of his own what he honestly can,
And not for another's be thirsting.
Ods waunds ! if a man gets a thousand a year,
Let 'm spend ev'ry doit to the letter ;
But if more than his own it would cost for st
beer,
Let 'm smile and like small beer better.

THINGS I DON'T LIKE TO SEE.

WHAT a queer set of creatures we are, I declare,
 What one person likes, why another can't bear ;
 It was always a plan when I first went to school,
 To like everything good, like the Lord Mayor's fool ;
 Some like to look thin, some like to look fat,
 Some like to see this, and some like to see that ;
 But if you'll be silent and listen to me,
 I'll just tell you all what I don't like to see.

CHORUS.

You may call me a quiz, you may call me a Pry,
 But I cannot bear things that look queer to the eye ;
 If you like to see 'em, it's nothing to me—
 I tell you they're things that I don't like to see.

Now, I don't like to see little boys with cigars,
 They're better at home with their pa's and their ma's ;
 I don't like to see folks in misery sunk,
 And I don't like to see a teetotaler drunk ;
 I don't like to see ugly women use paint,
 Nor a grey-headed sinner pretend he's a saint ;
 Or a swell in a dickey tied over a rag,
 Nor a fop with mustachios, who's not worth a mag.

I don't like to see ladies picking their gums,
 Nor a boy of sixteen always sucking his thumbs ;
 I don't like to see women drink to excess,
 Nor a miss in black stockings and white muslin dress ;
 I don't like to see a coat fit like a sack,
 Nor a man pinch his belly for the sake of his back ;
 I don't like to see a man whopping his moke,
 It shows that his brotherly feeling's a joke.

I don't like to see frosty weather in May,
 Nor a man wear his church-going tile every day ;
 I don't like to see people sulk at their meals,
 Nor a girl with great tatars stuck out at her heels ;

I don't like to see people shooting the moon,
 Nor a chap buttoned up on a hot afternoon ;
 I don't like to see Peelers drunk on their beat,
 Nor young ladies' bustles fall off in the street.

I don't like to see people pay twice for once,
 Nor a man about thirty a thick-headed dunce ;
 I don't like to see a man eat more than his whack,
 Nor a swell with his hair just a yard down his back ;
 I don't like to see yellow wipes round the throat,
 Nor a man wipe his nose with the sleeve of his coat ;
 I don't like to see a pretty girl pout,
 Nor young ladies sending their clothes up the spout.

I don't like to see women dress fal de ral,
 Nor a boy about twelve sticking up to a gal ;
 I don't like to see folks smoke pipes at a play,
 Nor a swell in white ducks on a pouring wet day ;
 But I do like to see all your gay, smiling faces,
 And I hope ev'ry night you will here take your places,
 For I don't like to see empty seats I declare,
 And I do think you all will agree with me there.

SLY REYNARD THE FOX.

SLY Reynard sneak'd out from a farmer's hen-roost,
 Where a young one he'd just been a-picking ;
 Half strangled he look'd, for he could not get loose
 A bone, from his throat, of the chicken !
 O reynard, sly reynard the fox !

He twisted his jaw, and his eyes roll'd about,
 Like a cat in a quinsey he croak'd, too ;
 " Will no good-natur'd bird," he cried, " take the bone
 out ?"
 ('Twas a flock of poor geese that he spoke to.)
 O reynard, sly reynard the fox !

“ I'll befriend ye for ever,” cried reynard the fox,
 “ From the weazle, cat, badger, and ferret ;
 He that pulls the bone out that distorts my poor chops,
 Is a goose I'll reward for his merit !”

O reynard, sly reynard the fox !

A gander advanc'd, once the pride of the flocks,
 No friend of his fate could remind him,
 He thrust his poor beak down the throat of the fox,
 But he left his poor head there behind him.

O reynard, sly reynard the fox !

THE ZOOLOGICAL WIFE.

[*Tune*—“The Horticultural Wife.”]

I'm a lover of Zoology, my heart's nearly broke,
 You may laugh if you please, I consider it no joke :
 I keeps a menagerie—I'm very well to do,
 But a Tartar of a wife is the cause of all my woe.

Oh, oh, in vain do I strive

To keep my spirits up and my heart “ all alive.”

Tho' she's spiteful, yet she's handsome, to the life I'll
 depict her—

She twines round my heart like a Boa Constrictor,
 She's my Kangaroo, my Owl, my Madagascar Bat,
 My Elk, my Armadillo, and my sweet Polecat.

Oh, oh, &c.

She's my Ourang Outang, my Wolf, and my Stork,
 My Elephant, my Dodo, my Squirrel, and my Hawk ;
 I'm a perfect Jackal, a Lion's provider,
 For she snaps up her grub like a hungry Tiger.

Oh, oh, &c.

Like a Hyena she laughs, like a Crocodile she cries ;
 She's my Guinea Pig, my Zebra, my Bird of Paradise ;
 She's my Ostrich, my Puffin, my Ring-tail'd Monkey,
 My Reindeer, my Civet Cat, my Zebra Donkey.

Oh, oh, &c.

I'd sooner single-handed fight the fiercest Bear in
 Russia,
 Than fall in with my wife when she's brought home
 by a Crusher ;
 " With gentle words and fond embrace," I beg her to
 desist ;
 I talk to her of love—but she salutes me with her fist.
 Oh, oh, &c.

I've tamed all the Lions, and that's pretty fair,
 I've overcome the Tiger, but I dursn't tackle her ;
 When I bangs the Dromedary, to pick a quarrel, she
 Cries " Pretty creature, what a shame !" and pitches
 into me. Oh, oh, &c.

I'll stand it no longer, that she may rely on,
 I'll offer up myself as a supper for the Lion ;
 But as second thoughts are best, I'll wait with resig-
 nation ;
 My troubles are all ended if I gain your approbation.
 Oh, oh, &c.

THE LOST PAIR OF BREECHES.

O. W. HOLMES.] [Tune—" Bow, wow, wow."]

I'M not a chicken ; I have seen
 Full many a chill September,
 And though I was a youngster then,
 That gale I well remember ;
 The day before, my kite-string snapped,
 And I, my kite pursuing,
 The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat ;—
 For me two storms were brewing.
 Blow, blow, blow,
 I never met with such a breeze nor such a blow !

It came as quarrels sometimes do,
 When married folks get clashing :
 There was a heavy sigh or two,
 Before the fire was flashing,—

A little stir among the clouds,
 Before they rent asunder,—
 A little rocking of the trees,
 And then came on the thunder.

Blow, blow, &c.

Lord ! how the ponds and rivers boiled,
 And how the shingles rattled !
 And oaks were scattered on the ground
 As if the Titans battled ;
 And all above was in a howl,
 And all below a clatter,—
 The earth was like a frying-pan,
 Or some such hissing matter.

Blow, blow, &c.

It chanced to be our washing day,
 And all our things were drying ;
 The storm came roaring through the lines,
 And set them all a flying ;
 I saw the shirts and petticoats
 Go riding off like witches ;
 I lost—ah ! bitterly I wept—
 I lost my Sunday breeches.

Blow, blow, &c.

I saw them straddling through the air,
 Alas ! too late to win them ;
 I saw them chase the clouds as if
 The devil had been in them ;
 They were my darlings and my pride,
 My boyhood's only riches,
 " Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried,
 " My breeches ! O my breeches !"

Blow, blow, &c.

That night I saw them in my dreams,
 How changed from what I knew them !
 The dews had steeped their faded threads,
 The winds had whistled through them ;

I saw the wide and ghastly rents
 Where demon claws had torn them ;
 A hole was in their amplest part,
 As if an imp had worn them.

Blow, blow, &c.

I have had many happy years,
 And tailors kind and clever,
 But those young pantaloons have gone
 For ever and for ever !
 And not till fate has cut the last
 Of all my earthly stitches,
 This aching heart shall cease to mourn
 My loved, my long-lost breeches.

Blow, blow, &c.

OLD BEN, THE YANKEE ; OR, MORE JONATHANS.

UNCLE BEN did you never hear tell ?
 In Boston town he was known full well ;
 The only failing poor Ben had
 Was that his memory was bad.
 For sich a tarnation chap was Old Ben, the
 Yankee,
 Sich an absent man you never did see.

Once with him I walking did go,
 When he felt an itching in his great toe ;
 He stoop'd with sich a serious phiz,
 And scratch'd my toe instead of his.
 For sich a tarnation, &c.

After washing once, it was the case,
 • He with the paper wiped his face ;
 He then sat down, the towel perused,
 And vow'd he had been much amused.
 For sich a tarnation, &c.

Going to slumber, it was said,
 He put the candle into bed ;
 " All right," says he, " the light I'll dout,"
 He gave a puff, and blew himself out.
 For sich a tarnation, &c.

In his optics being but queer,
 He put his specs once on his ear ;
 Then walk'd sideways, four miles did go
 Before he did the difference know.
 For sich a tarnation, &c.

Intending once to ride his horse
 He put the saddle his own back across ;
 Nor saw he his mistake, alack !
 Till he tried in vain to get on his own back.
 For sich a tarnation, &c.

Intending once to get into bed,
 He put his trousers there instead,
 He tuck'd 'em up, and then this elf
 Across the chair-back threw himself.
 For sich a tarnation, &c.

Once bread-and-butter going to cut,
 The butter o'er his own face he put ;
 Nor once his error did he trace,
 Till he'd cut a slice off his own face.
 For sich a tarnation, &c.

ENCORE VERSES.

Being once into the cellar sent,
 Instead, down his own throat he went ;
 Nor did he see he wasn't right
 Till the wind on his stomach blew out the light.
 For sich a tarnation, &c.

Cooking a goose in an absent fit,
 He put himself upon the spit ;

Nor once the blunder did he see't,
Till roasted and served up to eat.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

A turkey carving once, the elf,
'Tis said, forgot, and carved himself ;
Nor saw he his mistake, i'feggs,
Till he'd eaten one of his own legs.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

Once his forgetfulness was such,
Instead of an egg he boil'd his watch ;
And kept in ignorance sublime
Till he look'd at the egg to see the time.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

Once pulling off a tight, thick boot,
He by mistake pull'd off his foot ;
Nor did he see he'd lost a peg
Till he'd walk'd four miles upon one leg.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

Instead of a key, to a string this dunce
Let himself out of window once ;
Nor saw he his mistake before
He was fix'd in the lock of his own door.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

Instead of a letter, once this elf
Into the letter box dropp'd himself ;
Nor did he once perceive his hobble,
Till ask'd if he were single or double.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

HE, SHE, AND THE POSTMAN.

E. L. BLANCHARD.]

[Sung by J. L. TOOLB.]

THERE was a maiden lov'd a youth,
In the town that I was born in—'orn in ;
She wrote to him by the ev'ning post,
To meet her in the morning. (*Chorus*) 'orning.

The morning came, no letter did,
 Cos the postman he forgot it—'got it ;
 Though he delivered a note to her,
 That there note was not it.
(Chorus) 'ot it.

O cruel postman to forget,
 That letter to deliver—'liver ;
 Cried she, my true love is false to me,
 Then *sploshed* into the river.
(Chorus) 'iver.

Then the lovier he did pine away,
 And left off playing at skittles—'kittles ;
 He got so thin, left off drinkin',
 And never eat no more wittles.
(Chorus) 'ittles.

At last he got a waterbutt,
 He was not so partickler—'tickler ;
 He pushed his head right down foremost,
 Till his legs was perpendickler.
(Chorus) 'ickler.

Then the postman kill'd his-self likewise,
 For fear of what might happen—'appen ;
 And if you now a table tries,
 You may hear his spirit rappen.
(Chorus) 'appen.

THE WONDERFUL CORK LEG.

JACOB COLE.]

{ Tune—"The King and
 the Countryman."

A variation of the story of "The Cork Leg."

You all no doubt have heard or read
 Of the great Dutchman, Mynheer Von Cled ;
 Who was so exceedingly rich, 'tis said,
 His wealth could hardly be credited.

Ri tural, &c.

A poor relation came to crave
His bounty—and what d'you think he gave ?
Why he gave him a kick for daring to beg,
And he kick'd so hard that he broke his own leg.

He very much wish'd to preserve his limb,
But the doctors on seeing it said to him—
“Your leg must come off—but don't look glum,
For it still may be preserv'd—in rum.”

Mynheer was proud and he couldn't decide
'Twixt a mortified leg and a mortified pride ;
He at length complied, not liking it half,
For he felt quite *cow'd* at the loss of his *calf*.

Determined to have a new leg complete,
An artist engaged to do the *feat*,
And made him a leg with cork, that should
Be better than any of flesh and blood.

Such a leg was made as never was seen,
With lots of *machin-ery* in the shin ;
Such joints and wheels and screws 'twas showing,
With clockwork, and steam to set it going.

Mynheer put on his leg and he went for a walk,
His new leg stepp'd as light as a cork ;
He held out his hand as an old friend met him,
And he wanted to stop, but his leg wouldn't let
him.

Now his new leg to walk very fast was inclin'd,
While his other leg wanted to lag behind ;
So Mynheer soon found from his manner of strut-
ting
That his legs were not on a mutual footing.

Mynheer thought this was exceedingly odd,
But the more he held back the faster he trod ;
He caught hold of a post, full of fears and alarms,
But his leg proved stronger than both his arms.

So on he went—and wherever he pass'd
 Folks wondered at seeing him walk so fast ;
 He walked into the country, far from home,
 Saw some gentlemen's seats—but he couldn't sit down.

For home and his wife he began to pine ;
 Of his dinner he thought, and his bottle of wine ;
 But instead of his drawing a cork, 'twould seem
 The cork was most certainly drawing him.

Night came, and he felt a dark despair,
 He still walk'd on, but he didn't know where ;
 A robber on meeting him near a wood,
 Cried "Stand !" Said he, "I wish I could."

Not a morsel of victuals had he procured,
 Though he walked so fast and such hunger endured
 So that all his days you may be assured,
 Were *fast days* in every sense of the word.

He'd nothing to drink but of misery's cup,
 And by not lying down he was quite knock'd up ;
 His strength decayed and he grew so ill,
 That he died—but his leg kept walking on still.

He left no will, because 'tis known
 His leg ne'er allowed him a will of his own ;
 But none ever died by land or sea,
 Who left behind such a *leg as he* !

'Tis a fact likewise that the man who made
 This wonderful leg has never been paid ;
 Ready money was promised him for the amount,
 But to this day that leg is a running account.

[NOTE.—Both the late Mr. Hudson's and Mr. Cole's songs
 are founded on a story entitled "Mynheer Von Wodenblock,"
 which appeared some years since in one of the Annuals.]

SALLY DOYLE (SALAD OIL).

JAMES BRUTON.] [Tune—"Washing Day."

O, SALLY DOYLE! sweet Sally Doyle!
 For my *desert* I'm pressing;
 I like you "drest all in your best,"
 For much depends on "dressing!"
 O! may your days be ever-green;
 Nor be you dull or deadish;
 But still look fresh—in short, unto
 The *end of time* be reddish.

O, Sally Doyle! O, Sally Doyle!
 You're loved by staid and flighty;
 And oft by some decay'd *from age*,
 The mouldy and the *mity*!
 All light and easy may you be,
 Your bowl have but few dregs to it;
 Though oft your fate has been to have
 A bit o' yolk and eggs to it!

But, Sally Doyle! sweet Sally Doyle!
 From all grief fate avert her!
 May she ne'er have a lobster who'll
 Desert, and then desert her!
 For ever I'll *be true* to her,
 A knight be inexpressi—
 Ble—a Saladin—or take
 Unto a field of Cressy!

POOR SUSIAN.

H. J. BYRON.] [Music by F. MUSGRAVE.

'TWAS near the Boro' Market that there dwelt a fine
 young man,
 He fell in love with a damsel, which her name was
 Susian;
 They always were a making love, just like a pair of
 spoons,
 Hall the mornings, hall the hevenings, and hall the
 hafternoons.

Well, matters had been going on like that a year or
 more,
 When Susian remarked one day, "My age is thirty-
 four ;
 I feel as I am getting on, I am not a young gal,
 And I should very much like to know if your views
 is matrimonial?"

Says he, "What is your property? though lucre I
 despise,
 But we cannot live on nothing, which to try would
 not be wise ;
 We've both on us got appetites, which satisfied must be,
 And we can't have proper dinners if we hain't got
proper tea."

Says she, "Oh, James, you've called me oft my beau-
 tiful, my hown,
 And said as how you did adore me, for myself alone !
 I give thee all I can, no more, as says one of the
 songs,
 I've got six pounds, a silver watch, and a pair of
 sugar tongs."

Says he, "'Tain't much, considering how much pro-
 vision's riz,
 But we'll be married next Sunday three weeks as ever
 is ;
 The sweets of matrimony will improve life's bitter
 cup—
 Some folks would put down Sunday bands, I'll go and
 put ours up."

The three weeks passed like lightning, time ran on
 rapid wheels,
 And James called on her hev'ry day, and halways had
 his meals ;
 At last the happy day did come, a select partee of five
 Set trembling in the vestry, but—her James did not
 arrive.

Says she, "Why don't he come? oh dear, I thought
to me he'd rush,
I'm much afraid he's been run over by a homblebush;"
When some one handed in a letter to the trembling
bride,
And these 'em 'ere's the artless words, as written was
inside.

"Farewell, for I was not aware, when first your form
I saw,
That you was thirty-four, you should have told me
that afore;
I've spent your tin, I've sold the watch, the sugar
tongs I've spouted,
You'd have been dear, love, at the price, and so that is
all about it."

Now at this sad intelligence the friends did jeer and scoff,
How Susian, poor thing, went on, and then, poor
thing, went off;
They all left—bride, likewise bridesmaids, the clerk,
also the minister;
And as for Susian, poor dear, why she is still a spinister.

MORAL.

Now all unmarried damsels who have a little pelf,
You'd better see your property is settled on yourself;
Take warning by poor Susian's sad tale of shameful
wrongs,
Stick to your tin, grab fast your watch, and always
hold your tongs.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

J. BRUTON.]

{ Tune—"John White, the
Policeman."

To sing the life of Francis Drake—
The hero of the sea—
I call upon the Muse, which must
A sort of *Sea-mews* be!

'Tis known QUEEN BESS admired him much—
 His daring and his pluck !—
 And why should not a tough old DRAKE
 Match such a dear old *duck* ?

DRAKE's mother brought her spouse twelve babes,
 Like bees alive and buzzin' ;
 In other words and naval phrase,
 She gave him a "*round dozen* !"
 Of Francis, eldest of them all—
 Ye anxious mother spake :—
 " I prophecy the *little duck*
 Will turn out some *great DRAKE* !"

Into a tub of hot suds once
 The mother let him *fall* did !
 " *Wear* he some CHILD'S CAUL" now said she,
 " He *were*, p'rhaps, some *child scalded* !
 The present marks his future well—
 I guess it by this dipping !
 As I find him *shake at dripping*, now
 I shall find him *DRAKE at shipping* !"

At twenty he sail'd in a ship—
 His luck not getting *worser* !
 Said he, " I soon will make a purse,
 Sure as I make a PURSER !"
 Away he sailed to Africa,
 Where he could money make :—
 And there became a "*Guinea fowl*"—
 If not a GUINEA DRAKE !

A wench of spirit, DRAKE's sweetheart,
 To join him did aspire :—
 But DRAKE said " let her be *put out*—
 I hate a *gal o' fire* !"
 She in a galley was row'd home,
 Whilst DRAKE at ease reclined him,—
 Repeating to himself the song—
 " *The galley left behind him* !"

Drake's whole time passed in robbing Spain !
 Queen Bess it seemed to please
 In issuing *Distresses* there
 With him upon the *Seize!*
 And Drake himself to Spaniards all
 As cruel was as Nemesis :
 E'er putting in the *Breakers* for
 A *Sail* UPON THEIR PREMISES !

Bold Drake had sail'd around the globe—
 To all parts near and far,
 His sailor-daring, showing his,
 The *Spirit was of Tar!*
 The famed "ARMADA" scamper'd when
 Appear'd Drake's oak-ships!—why!
 They plainly saw the *English Bark!*
 And he, the *Spanish Fly!*

Bess promised Drake to dine with him,
 And she her word ne'er shrunk it :
 "I am not used to 'JUNK'" said she,
 "If I am used to *junket!*"
 At Deptford she arrived, and said,
 "I much this honour feel!
 This day I've come to *dine on BOARD,*
 And mean to *eat a deal!*"

Her sword then taking in her hand,
 And giving him a leer ;
 Said she, "I should make you a lord,
 As you've made me ap-pear!"
 "My wit," said DRAKE, "is very dull,
 Whilst yours has got a clear edge,
 But being near the shore that's why
 You think about the *PIER EDGE!*"

"What is the hour?" then asked the Queen,
 "I'm one P.M.!" said he :
 "You're one P.M.," said she, "a thought!
 You should be one 'M.P.'"

But as you can't, why then you shan't—
 And yet I'll make all right :
 Your glorious deeds have made my *day*,
 So I'll make you my *Knight !*"

MARY MOORE.

JACOB COLE.]

[Tune—"Yankee Doodle."]

Poor Mary Moore had no great store
 Of charms that were predominant,
 Her nose she'd lost, her eyes were crost,
 Her chin was sharp and prominent ;
 For years, 'tis said, she'd lived a maid-
 Of-all-work with a jeweller ;
 I'll now relate poor Mary's fate,
 For none could e'er be crueller.

As Mary thought her charms would not
 Through love to wedlock carry her,
 She half-starved herself to save up pelf
 To buy some man to marry her ;
 And ev'ry day she'd dress so gay,
 In hopes the men might notice her,
 But all her schemes were vain, it seems,
 For she'd no sweetheart go to her.

Years passed away, till she one day
 Did on a soldier fix her eyes ;
 'Twas in the park she saw this spark,
 When he was out at exercise ;
 Her looks, her sighs, her ogling eyes
 Soon told him she admired him,
 Till he did prove as kind in love
 As she could have desired him.

One day he went by appointment,
 And just tapped at the area door,
 'Twas planned, no doubt, for all were out
 Except his darling Mary Moore.

The anxious maid no time delayed,
The door she opened willingly,
For she was drest in all her best,
And really looked quite killingly.

Her hand he caught, and Mary thought
No harm to let him keep it ; he
Next dared to kiss her lips, and this
Completed her felicity.

And to secure his love more sure,
As money she knew he had not,
The maid brought forth all she was worth,
And showed him all that she had got.

These tempting charms his bosom warm,
He swore she quite delighted him ;
He kissed, he pressed, the maid was blest,
And fondly she requited him ;
But while the fair just stepped up stairs
That she might tea and coffee set,
He put the riches into his breeches-
Pocket safe—and off he set.

When she came down and found him gone,
Poor maid, she was in *sich* a stew !
She looked around, and soon she found
She'd lost her swain and riches too.
“ Alas,” she said, “ my hopes are fled !
When in the cold grave *I* am laid,
The folks will say, ‘ Ah, lack-a-day,
That Mary Moore should die a maid.’ ”

MORAL.

Now all young women beware of the gemmen,
When they say your charms have smitten 'em ;
They may strive to prove they're brimfull o' love,
When perhaps there's not a bit in 'em ;
'Tis well understood that in courtship you should
Give 'em smiles and kind words and a drop o' tea,
But be sure let the parson the marriage knot fasten
Ere you let 'em touch a bit o' your property.

HUNTING.

JACOB COLE.]

[Tune—"Ge ho, Dobbin."]

I AM called on to sing, and I grieve that your choice
 Should have fallen upon one who has not any voice ;
 But that Harmony's call shan't go hunting about,
 I'll use my endeavours to hunt a song out,
 And prove, if I can, since hunting began,
 A fox-hunter is a most singular man.

At breakfast he'll heartily drink and he'll eat,
 Tho' he talks all the while about going to "the
 meet ;"
 And he seems to prefer, altho' he is no glutton,
 A saddle of horse to a saddle of mutton.

He seems quite a riddle which no one can guess,
 Tho' he starts from a kennel, unsoiled is his dress ;
 Through wet and thro' mire he goes splashing for
 miles,
 And yet he'll go *clean* o'er the ditches and stiles.

Though he brags about clearing all things in his way,
 'Tis clear that he can't clear a dark foggy day ;
 He'd a milksop be thought if a tear dimmed his eye,
 Yet he's constantly joining the hounds in full cry.

He cares not for cards—the King, Queen or Jack,
 Though he goes through *a deal* to *cut in* with the
 pack ;
 Reels, polkas, and all kinds of dancing he'll scoff,
 Though it cheers him to see twenty couples cast off.

His sky of good fortune may not be o'er cast,
 Though he oft appears "going to the dogs" very fast ;
 He assumes to be knowing wherever he goes,
 While 'tis plain ev'ry dog leads him on by the nose.

He's a mighty great love for his country, he says,
 Tho' he's trying to cross it in all sorts of ways ;
 He might follow the church with the zeal of some
 people,
 But he'll hazard his neck in pursuit of the steeple.

He preserves ev'ry fox, yet his character swerves,
 For he always runs down the poor thing he preserves :
 Thus I have your patience preserved all along,
 And perhaps, after all, you'll run down my poor song.

MORAL.

Thus a fox-hunter lives till his courses are done,
 And like the poor fox to the earth he's been run ;
 Then, whoever his wealth or his title disputes
 Can't stand in his shoes, 'cause he always wore boots.
 So you see by this plan, since hunting began
 A fox-hunter is a most singular man.

THE COMMERCIAL MAN.

H. CLIFTON.]

[*Music* by C. SOLOMON

TOM BROWN was a man you don't meet every day,
 And a traveller too in the fancy goods way ;
 But as very few journeys young Thomas had been,
 Those he met on the road often fancied him green.
 Now travellers, commercial, are fond of a joke,
 And often poor Thomas would humbug and smoke ;
 'Neath the weight of their gibes he would frequently
 smart,

Yet always appear to take all in good part,
 Would smile at their nonsense and join in the laugh
 At himself and seem pleased with their chaff,
 Tho' his sensitive soul with agony burn'd,
 But I'll tell you for once how the tables were turn'd.

At a country hotel, the sign I forget,
 Some trav'lers, commercial, at dinner were met,

A convivial crew, all strangers to Tom,
 From England, Ireland, and Scotland they'd come.
 Now Tom looked so simple as his chair he bestrode,
 They ne'er could believe him a knight of the road ;
 He stared like a greenhorn, and look'd like a lout.
 A clever young swell commenced drawing him out :
 " What line are you in, sir ?" Tom answered him,
 " Eh."

Again said the swell, " Inform me, sir, pray,
 What line are you in ? the soft I suppose !"
 ' Oh no," replied Tom, " I travel for Nose."

They all looked surpris'd, and Tom looked so green,
 " You travel for Nose, oh it's Moses you mean."
 " Not Moses, but Noses," Tom answered him blue,
 " And as yours seems a big one, I'll buy it of you,
 And give a good price, as the end is so red,
 And not ask for the nose until after your dead."
 " You will," said the swell ; " but when will you pay ?"
 " Whenever you please, if you like, pay to day ;
 But mind, if the bargain you chance to repent,
 The money's return'd and five pounds to be spent
 In a round of champagne for the lot," added Brown,
 " Agreed," said the swell, and the money went down.

The old ones exclaimed, " It's really too bad
 To swindle the young man, he's certainly mad,
 Bereft of his senses, a tile loose, that's plain,
 To purchase a nose he may ne'er see again."
 But Tom called a waiter and then in his ear,
 Whisper'd something he wish'd not the others to hear,
 Then joined in the song, applauded the toast,
 In fact he appeared in himself quite a host.
 But friends they must part, so the company arose,
 Amongst them the swell who had sold Tom his nose,
 And said " Good-bye, old fellah, when death shall me
 kill,
 I'll take care to leave you my nose in my will."

But that moment the waiter ran in like a shot
 With a large pair of tongs, the ends both red hot,
 Tom seiz'd on the tongs, and moving apace
 In advance put the ends near the knowing one's face.
 "Why, what do you mean?" said the swell, in affright,
 For the ends sing'd his cherish'd moustachios outright.
 "Excuse me," said Tom, "I regret to give pain,
 But I must mark my nose, just to know it again."
 The knowing one saw he was cleverly done,
 The others all laughed and applauded the fun;
 For the swell did not care to have half his nose
 burn'd,
 Stood the round of Champagne and the tables were
 turn'd.

GOOD AND BAD OMENS.

JACOB COLB.]

[Tune—"Charlie over the Water."]

MISS WINIFRED WRIGGLE was anxious to know,
 If those two little moles which she carried
 On her nose, were a sign of wealth, pleasure, or woe,
 Or if she was twice to be married.
 She consulted her cards and her teacups for truth,
 But Time was the best to discover,
 For she found she had lost all her beauty and youth,
 Without ever gaining a lover.
 She still tried each art to look blooming and gay,
 But her looks were December, her fancy was May.

If a courtship was talked of, or marriage took place,
 Miss Wriggle and scandal were busy:
 "Does William go courting that trollop, Miss Mace,
 Why, he's not in his senses, sure—is he?
 She may look pretty well when thus dressed—but
 were he
 To see her sometimes of a morning,

Such a drab—he would think her no better than me ;
 I'll give him some hints as a warning."
 Will had just come from London, that form'd her ex-
 cuse,
 She hastened off to him to ask him the news.

Says Will, "I've no news that concerns me at all,
 But I hear a new law has been carried,
 Which decrees that all women with mouths very
 small
 Shall once in their life-time get married."
 "Indeed!" says Miss Wriggle, "an excellent law,
 Suits me and my mouth to a tittle ;
 A smaller, I think, sir, you never yet saw,
 'Tis consider'd remarkably little.
 So a husband I'm sure of, my mouth is so small,
 Why, you scarcely can see that I've any at all."

"Worse luck," replied Will ; "for one man and no
 more
 Is allowed to such mouths as your head shows,
 But those with large mouths may have two—perhaps
 four,
 For none with small mouths will be widows."
 "Your pardon," says she, "I was joking before,
 To say that my mouth never stretches ;
 For at times 'tis as large as a pigeon-house door,
 And almost from ear to ear reaches.
 God bless our good Queen and her Parliament too,
 My moles gave me warning that I should have two."

WILLIAM AND MARY.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Tune—"William and Mary."]

I WILLIAM and his Mary sing,
 Who once the state coach drew :
 Two sovereigns rolled into one,
 Or, one crown into two.

The reigning toast were these two once—
Good, gracious, kind, and supple ;
And quaff'd was oft the *loving cup*,
Unto this *loving couple* !

A pair of Royal flowers were they,
Each blooming as we're told :
He, Mary's dear *Sweet William*,
She, his bright *Mari-gold* !
Or, if not flowers, rare fruit were they,
As history does declare ;
A well-known fruit perpetuates
Their name—"The *William Pair* !"

Two heads than one upon a note
Are better it is known !
And better two heads were than one—
In that day—on a throne !
And Mary writing unto Will—
(Love stick at trifles wont !)
Would ne'er in any *billet doux*
To him say, "*Billy don't* !"

King James, ere they came, held the throne—
And oft made people rue ;
A *Jemmy* in hot water put,
And therefore in a *stew* !
He by his daughter Mary was
Off from his kingdom pack'd ;
She often said she'd "skim his broth"—
Which was a *ladle-like* act !

James was exacting, cold, and proud—
So had to cut one day ;
And show how oft a sovereign
Can go a good long way !
The Kentish coast he quickly sought—
And from the cliffs of Deal,
He mutter'd, "Ah ! from these *Deal heights*
What true *de-lights* I feel !"

And thus absquatulated James,
 One dreary day to grizzle;
 For soon as two began to *reign*,
 He thought that he might *mizzle*!
 For very soon it proved the fact—
 For in the truth should none err!
 That *he* being *one*—should make *a tour*—
 And *they*—being two—*a oner*!

Said James, “What changes are in life!
 Another land I'll try;
 I'll Ireland seek—this land I'll quit—
 I've other fish to fry!
 From Nassau Bill with Mary comes—
 And in such act I trace;
 The English take this *pair o' soles*
 Away from their *Dutch place*!”

'Tis said that James thought Bill a fool—
 Unletter'd and uncouth;
 In short, a—*silly Billy*; but t'has
 No *sylla-ble* of truth!
 'Tis also said James tried to get
 Will run through while in liquor!
 As if a king the trade would take
 At last of a “*Bill sticker*!”

“A short reign and a ‘Mary’ one”
 The Queen's was—but soon o'er;
 For soon divided was the pair,
 By fate's knife to the core!
 The Queen died—Will fell from his mare—
 How oft griefs little vary—
 Alas! the short *rein of his mare*!
 The short *reign of his Mary*

That debt called “National” to us
 Ne'er came his time until;
 And ages at his name will think
 About “that *little Bill*!”

In his time too a treaty pass'd,
 Which made his throne safe—poz !
 His candle in a save-all placed—
 The *piece of Ris-wick*, 'twas !

PAT AND HIS LEATHER BREECHES.

ALTHOUGH a simple clown,
 My life passed sweet as honey,
 'Till daddy died in town,
 And left me all his money ;
 Some twenty pounds or more,
 With harrows, ploughs, and ditches ;
 With grunTERS half a score,
 And a pair of leather breeches.
 Rumpy, bumpty, &c.

As pleased I were as fun,
 And dressed myself up natty ;
 Thinks I, the girls each one
 Must think me very pretty :
 With fortune quite content,
 Grief gave my heart no twitches,
 To church on Sunday went,
 To sport my leather breeches !
 Rumpy, bumpty, &c.

But coming home, oh ! dear,
 Some lads did jeer and flout me,
 They filled my mind with fear,
 As they all flocked about me :
 They 'gainst me did conspire,
 Soused me in ponds and ditches,
 And soon with mud and mire
 They daubed my leather breeches.
 Rumpy, bumpty, &c.

I next did go to woo
 A damsel young and dapper,
 But she at me looked blue,
 And ding-dong went her clapper ;
 Says she, " I hate your plan,
 My heart agin your riches,
 'Cause I can't bear a man
 As wears them leather breeches."
 Rumpty, bumpty, &c.

To Dublin I went off,
 My spirits just to rally,
 But each one did me scoff,
 In street, and lane, and alley :
 My woes came on by halves,
 I got insulting speeches,
 One fellow bawled out " Calves !"
 Another, " Twig his breeches."
 Rumpty, bumpty, &c.

But now once more I'm free,
 And by the train to-morrow,
 I will from Dublin flee,
 And try to drown my sorrow :
 Once more to plough I'll go,
 A fig for pride or riches,
 No more I'll be a beau,
 Or sport my leather breeches.
 Rumpty, bumpty, &c.

WIDOW JONES.

[THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—" Cheer boys, cheer."]

OH, Widow Jones, Widow Jones, I'm in deep
 distress!

Night and day I pass in sighs and moans ;
 Blighted in the bud are all my hopes of happiness,
 And all by cruel fickle Widow Jones.

Long before I knew her, her complexion had grown
 sallow,
 And other ladies said that she was old ;
 I really could not see it then : for though her skin was
 yellow,
 'Twas just the same colour as her gold.
 Oh, Widow Jones, &c.

With Widow Jones, Widow Jones, I tried a little
 flattery ;
 But deaf she was and could not hear my tones ;
 Useless my endeavours, for safe behind her battery
 My eloquence was lost on Widow Jones.
 The roses on her cheeks had long since turned to
 whiteness ;
 She totter'd and she hobbled very lame ;
 Though her hair by time had acquired a silvery
 brightness,
 The silver in her purse shone just the same.
 Oh, Widow Jones, &c.

With Widow Jones ! Widow Jones ! love now made
 me bolder ;
 I ventured soft to squeeze her shrivelled hand ;
 And though no living flesh and blood than hers could
 e'er be colder,
 I made her my pretensions understand.
 Her voice was crack'd and squeaking, and not sweet
 love denoting ;
 From music's notes it wander'd very wide ;
 Yet it sounded sweet to me, and I was fairly doting,
 For other notes she plenty had beside.
 Oh, Widow Jones, &c.

So Widow Jones, Widow Jones, nodded her consent
 That we should be married by banns ;
 With beating heart elate to the parish clerk I went,
 Thinking of her houses and lands ;

But changeable and fickle, like a weathercock's a
woman ;

She was seen by a captain on half-pay,
Who, without any ceremony, went to Doctor's Com-
mons,

And married her by license next day.

Oh, Widow Jones, &c.

OH ! 'TIS GOLD ! 'TIS GOLD !
'TIS GOLD !

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[*Air*—"Oh ! 'tis Love !"]

OH ! 'tis gold ! 'tis gold ! 'tis gold !

That rules us all completely ;

Oh ! with gold we soon get bold,

Make friends and conquer foes.

What is that makes people civil,

Though they wish us every spite ?

What makes men, known to be evil,

Seem pure as angels in white ?

What makes one stare

At London Lord Mayor's show ?

What makes the Mayor,

And what the *mare* to go ?

Oh ! 'tis gold, it's money, it's gold, &c.

What is it makes miseries deaf to

The poor man's tale of wreck ?

What is it that tempts the thief, too ?

And sometimes saves his neck ?

What makes young Cupid

Despised in some folks' eyes

And what makes the stupid

So oft seem sharp and wise ?

What is it makes counsellors clever,

Prove just a knavish cause ?

What is it makes doctors endeavour

To save us from death's jaws ?

What makes damsels wrapt in
 Old husbands' with'ring arms?
 And then what makes the captain's
 Regimentals have such charms?

What is it to booby or baby,
 Makes weak the strongest walls?
 What lets us see Westminster Abbey,
 The Tow'r and great St. Paul's?
 What makes patriots waver,
 And partisans change sides?
 What gets us grace and favor?
 And—everything else besides?

THE TALE OF A PIG.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Derry Down."]

JOSKIN said to his wife, "As we're both rather poor
 And our sow has grown lately a very great bore,
 We'll kill her at once;" so he gave her a dig,
 And the poor sow began to bleed like a pig.
 Derry down, &c.

Joskin's wife shed some tears as she saw her sow
 bleed,
 For it was exactly her own size and breed;
 She took to her bed, though 'twas very warm
 weather—
 Where Joskin and she nightly pigged in together.
 Derry down, &c.

The priest of the parish came by in his wig,
 And grunted, "I surely smell out a tithe pig;"
 So in haste for a spare rib he went all a-gog,
 For our priest was, in eating of pork, quite a hog.
 Derry down, &c.

Joskin saw him approach, and it came in his head
That his pork he would hide with his wife in the bed ;
Then swore to the priest, " I've no pig, on my life,
But what's now in the bed." " Ah ! you don't mean
your wife ?"

Derry down, &c.

Said the priest, " You have often left me in the lurch
With your pork, so that bed I shall make bold to
search ;"

When Joskin's wife emptied the jug on his wig,
And asked the poor parson how he liked cold pig.

Derry down, &c.

The parson now thought it was high time to fly ;
But having at this time a sty in his eye,
He did not see the sow till his shins he was breaking,
So poor Joskin for once in his life saved his bacon.

Derry down, &c

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THE END.







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