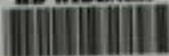

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BUFF DRY
"COMIC SONGS & REEL"
A New Collection
OF
ORIGINAL & POPULAR SONGS.



Hail to the hour, when the circling band,
And the song, and the foal's chance,
Cheer with delight each joyful soul,
And drive dull care before us.

(67) *Philadelphia*
JAMES KEY JUN. & BROTHER.

Pittsburgh: John I. Kay & Co.
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BURTON'S
COMIC SONGSTER:

BRING

ENTIRELY A NEW COLLECTION

OF

Original and Popular Songs,

AS SUNG BY

MR. BURTON,
MR. TYRONE POWER, MR. JOHN REEVE,
MR. HADAWAY, &c. &c.

EDITED BY

W. E. BURTON, COMEDIAN.

WITH TWELVE ENGRAVINGS.

PHILADELPHIA:
JAMES KAY, JUN. & BROTHER,

122 CHESTNUT STREET.

PITTSBURGH: JOHN I. KAY & CO.

1837.

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ADDRESS.

"BURTON'S COMIC SONGSTER" is not a reprint of worn-out commonplace ditties, nor a collection of vulgarities, possessing nothing but originality to recommend them. A large portion of the contents is formed of original comic songs of established popularity; these songs have never before appeared in print, and cannot elsewhere be obtained. Many others, of great reputation, are now for the first time published in this country; and *correct versions* of scarce and favourite songs are added to the collection.

A comic song book has hitherto been a forbidden article in the private circles of domestic life; and with reason, for there is scarcely a collection extant that a father or a husband could allow upon his parlour

table. Several of the most popular songs of the day are pregnant with ribald jokes ; while gross vulgarities supply the place of wit. This evil has been remedied in the accompanying work—the editor having carefully expunged every line of doubtful propriety.

A comic song, free from the *gaucheries* which too often disgrace the effort of the humourist, is generally a welcome guest. A lively ditty gives a zest to the flavour of the grape, and relieves the monotony of a conversational party ; it varies the sentimentalities of love strains, and the wearisomeness of instrumental performances ; and on the stage, where a comic song can be *acted*, it must always prove a distinguished portion of the evening's entertainment.

It is presumed that "Burton's Comic Songster" will be an invaluable assistance to the members of the theatrical profession.

The vocal amateur will esteem it a desirable *Vade Mecum*; and the lovers of jocularity will find it a cyclopædia of good things.

This collection has been published at an unusual expense. The proprietors are determined to preserve their copyright; and give notice to all concerned, that if the original songs, or any of the new versions and additions, are pirated, it is intended to inflict the fullest penalties of the law upon the offenders.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Portrait of Mr. Burton.

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BURTON'S
COMIC SONGSTER.

THE DOLLARS.

Written by Mr. Burton.—Air, Mounseer Nongtongpaw.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

We find throughout this earthly ball,
The "one thing needful" governs all;
Nobles, commons, dunces, scholars,
Nothing's done without the dollars.
That money flies the poet sings,
On paper or on golden wings,
This solemn truth each biped knows,
It makes him look straight down his nose,
To see the way the money goes.

The bachelor, tired of single life,
Resolves to venture on a wife;
His house is furnish'd all in taste,
And purse and pocket run to waste.
She orders sofas, couches, chairs,
Curtains, and carpets, and china wares,
French clocks, French lamps, and French quelque
chose,
Each day her taste more costly grows—
And that's the way the money goes.

Ere twelve months their course have run,
His wife presents him with a son,

Instead of making the pappy glad,
 Th' expenses almost drive him mad.
 Child's cap, child's frock, child's cradle, child's
 chair,

Doctor and nurse, expensive pair—
 Cordials, cake, and wine o'erflows,
 Christening frolic—friends in rows,
 And that's the way the money goes.

All lottery tickets turn up blanks,
 And those who play at pharo banks,
 At poko, brag, or loo, or bluff,
 Must all be sure to lose enough.
 Of horses fond, you go to a race,
 And back your favourite's time and pace;
 Some better nag does him oppose—
 You lose—and cursing fortune's throws,
 Say, that's the way my money goes.

ENCORE VERSES.

The ladies by their love of dress,
 Cause mankind's pockets deep distress,
 Fashion's follies each one follows,
 And plays the devil with our dollars.
 Your wife just chucks you under the chin,
 Hats, caps, gowns, shawls, are order'd in;
 Daughters, sisters, fishing for beaux,
 Want fresh bait—who can oppose,
 Or grudge that way the money goes.

A lot of real estate you buy—
 To rent your houses out you try—
 But spite of all that you can do,
 Repairs and taxes eat you through!
 At last, and much to your delight,
 Your tenant moves away at night;

Where he's gone you can't suppose—
Of course a twelvemonth's rent he owes,—
And that's the way the money goes.

And then again the whole-soul'd boys,
Who will indulge in tavern joys,
And round the bar are daily found,
And bitters and wine and wit go round.
Sangarees and cocktails not a few,
Toddies, and slings, and juleps too ;
Champaigne in goblets freely flows,
Till drunk they stagger home to doze,
And that's the way the money goes.

No wonder money is so scarce,
While market charges are so fierce ;
The price of pork brings great distress,
And five cent loaves grow daily less ;
In meat's high price there's no decrease,
In turkeys, fowls, or game, or geese.
How we're to live there's nobody knows,
Or pay for fire to warm our toes—
The devil knows how the money goes.

SECOND ENCORE.

In summer time the dollars have wings,
The ladies all must see the springs ;
Travelling charges, hotel bills,
Steamboats, railroads, and other ills.
In winter, parties and balls abound,
Or in a sleigh you skim the ground.
Stay out all night—though hard it snows,—
Mull'd wine—hot punch—and no repose,—
And that's the way the money goes.

Some folks, in hopes to cut a dash,
In stocks will venture all their cash,

And buy on time—in long and short,
 S. O. or B. O.—Sold and bought.
 When time is up, 'tis you who pay—
 Or if you win, your friend's away.
 Fall or rise—you're sure to lose,
 How 'tis managed nobody knows,
 But well you know your money goes.

Then since the times are really bad,
 Your spirits will get dull and sad ;
 To cheer your minds and get delight,
 Best crowd the theatre every night.
 Care kill'd a cat, and life is short,
 Enjoy yourselves in mirth and sport ;
 Come in hundreds, belles and beaux,
 Crowd completely all those rows,
 And well I'll say your money goes !

THE CORK LEG.

Written by Mr. Hudson, expressly for Mr. Burton.

Air, The King and the Countryman.

I'LL tell you a story without any sham,
 In Holland lived Mynbeer Von Flam,
 Who every morning said " I am
 The richest merchant in Rotterdam."

Ri tooral, &c.

One morning when he was as full as an egg,
 A poor relation came to beg,
 He kick'd him out without broaching a keg,
 But in kicking him out he broke his leg.

Ri tooral, &c.

A surgeon, the first in his vocation,
 Came, and he made a long oration,

He wanted a limb for anatomization,
So he finish'd the job by amputation.

Ri tooral, &c.

Says he, when the surgeon had done his work,
"By your sharp knife I lose one fork,
But on two crutches I'll never stalk,
For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."

Ri tooral, &c.

An artist in Rotterdam, it should seem,
Had made cork legs his study and theme,
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
And the springs were a compound of clock-work and
steam.

Ri tooral, &c.

The leg came home, and fitted right,
Inspection the artist did invite,
Its fine shape gave mynheer delight,
He fix'd it on, and he screw'd it tight.

Ri tooral, &c.

He walk'd through each square, and he pass'd each
shop,
Of speed he went at the utmost top,
He went with a bounce, and a jump, and a hop,
When he found his leg he could not stop.

Ri tooral, &c.

Horror and grief were in his face,
The neighbours thought he was running a race,
He clung to a lamp-post to stop his pace,
But the leg kept on nor gave up the chace.

Ri tooral, &c.

He call'd to some men with all his might,
"O! stop my leg, or I'm murder'd quite."
But though they heard him aid invite,
In less than a minute he was out of sight.

Ri tooral, &c.

He did his best to ease his pain,
 He went o'er hill, and field, and plain,
 He laid himself down, but all in vain,
 For the leg got up, and was off again.

Ri tooral, &c.

He walk'd of days and nights a score,
 Of Europe soon he made the tour,
 He died, and though he was no more,
 His leg kept on the same as before.

Ri tooral, &c.

The leg-maker grumbles and loudly swears,
 That of his bill he'll increase the amount,
 But for all this the leg never cares,
 But still keeps up a running account.

Ri tooral, &c.

I've told my story fair and free,
 Of the funniest man I ever did see,
 He never was buried, though dead he be,
 And I am now singing his L E G.

Ri tooral, &c.

THE STEAM ARM.

Sung by Mr. Burton.—Air, The King and the Countryman.

O! WONDERS sure will never cease,
 While works of art do so increase,
 No matter whether in war or peace,
 Men can do whatever they please.

Ri tooral, &c.

A curious tale I can unfold
 To all of you, as I was told,
 About a soldier stout and bold,
 Whose wife, 'tis said, was an arrant scold.

Ri tooral, &c.

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

Ri tooral, &c.

The story goes, on every night,
His wife would bang him left and right,
So he determined out of spite,
To have an arm, cost what it might.

Ri tooral, &c.

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

Ri tooral, &c.

The limb was finish'd, and fix'd unto
His stump of a shoulder, neat and true ;
You'd have thought it there by nature grew,
For it stuck to its place as tight as glue.

Ri tooral, &c.

He started home, and knock'd at the door,
His wife her abuse began to pour,
He turn'd a small peg, and before
She'd time to think, she fell on the floor.

Ri tooral, &c.

With policemen soon the place was fill'd,
But every one he nearly kill'd ;
For the soldier's arm had been so drill'd,
That once in action it couldn't be still'd.

Ri tooral, &c.

They took him at once before the mayor,
His arm kept moving all the while there,
The mayor cried, ' Shake your fist, if you dare,'
Then the steam arm knock'd him out of his chair.

Ri tooral, &c.

This raised in court a bit of a clamor,
 The arm going like an auctioneer's hammer,
 It fell in weight like a pavior's rammer,
 And many with fear began to stammer.

Ri tooral, &c.

He was lock'd in a cell, from doing harm,
 To satisfy them who had still a qualm,
 When all at once they had an alarm,
 Down fell the walls, and out popp'd the arm.

Ri tooral, &c.

He soon escaped, and reach'd his door,
 And knock'd by steam raps half a score,
 But as the arm in power grew more and more,
 Bricks, mortar, and wood soon strew'd the floor.

Ri tooral, &c.

With eagerness he stepp'd each stair,
 Popp'd into the room, his wife was there,
 "O come to my arms," she cried, "my dear,"
 When his steamer smash'd the crockery ware.

Ri tooral, &c.

He left his house at length outright,
 And wanders about just like a sprite,
 For he can't get asleep either day or night,
 And his arm keeps moving with a two-horse might.

Ri tooral, &c.

THE AMATEUR PLAY.

Written by Mr. Burton.—Air, When a Man weds.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

THEY may talk of their dances and concerts so gay,
 There's nothing can equal an amateur play;
 That scene of confusion, of noise, and delight,
 Each wishing the hero to be of the night.

Rehearsal first call'd, characters maul'd,
 Wrangling, jangling, row, row—
 Study Othello, I'll play it well, O,
 Queering 'em, cheering 'em, now, now.
 Venice Preserved, rather unnerved,
 Whimsical, flimsical, ding dong—
 Dressing so dandy, legs rather bandy,
 Magical, tragical, sing song—
 Priuli's daughter, brandy and water,
 Pleasing 'em, teasing 'em, so, so—
 Up in King Lear, play it so queer,
 Drearisome, wearisome, oh, no—
 Painting, fainting, messing, dressing, calling 'em,
 bawling 'em, romping 'em, prompting 'em—
 Let 'em talk of their dances and concerts so gay,
 There's nothing can equal an amateur play;
 An amateur play,
 Can equal an amateur play.

Attitudes trying, new dresses buying.

Doing it extraordinary.

On the night, feeling affright—

Most of 'em in a quandary.

Hush, see ! fiddle de dee,

I wish I was over this scene, sir—

Acting for ever, you are so clever—

I beat either Kemble or Kean, sir.

Only look, lend me your book,

What do you think of my dress, sir ;

Farce, melo drame, to us all the same,

Our efforts are crown'd with success, sir.

Houses full, musical, magical, tragical, premature,
 amateur, act the first, not the worst, young Norval,
 quite awful, Drury Lane, there again, quite
 certain, green curtain, orchestra, jolly stir, show
 your wit, dance a bit, do it well, ring the bell,
 shift the scene, out again ; hammering, stammering,
 gallery, bawling, fainting, painting, messing,

dressing, calling 'em, bawling 'em, romping 'em,
prompting 'em—

Let 'em talk of their dances and concerts so gay,
There's nothing can equal an amateur play ;
An amateur play,
Can equal an amateur play.

HISTORY IN A MYSTERY.

Altered from the Irish Historian.— Air, Judy's Black Eyes.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

O, DEAR, what a treasure is learning,
So listen each ignorant elf,
And if you have any discerning,
I'll make you as wise as myself:
When I was a servant in college,
I studied not moods, nouns or tenses—
I pick'd up by bits all my knowledge,
So I'll give you my reminiscences.
Learning to me is no mystery,
I've read every book through and through,
But I always was fondest of history
Because we all know that is true.

Old Homer wrote Virgil's Bucolics,
The blind poet begg'd for his bread,
King Charles the first cut up such frolics,
That Bonaparte cut off his head.
Whittington's cat had its day out,
Milton declares 'twas a tabby—
Garrick found Botany Bay out,
And Hamlet built Westminster Abbey.
Learning to me, &c.

One Billy Shakspeare, a sly fox,
 He found out the gunpowder plot,
 And cut off the head of poor Guy Faux,
 Who didn't at all like his lot.
 Lord Nelson's a traveller well known,
 In balloons through the air he did range—
 And he when he return'd to his home,
 He built Philadelphia Exchange.
 Learning to me, &c.

Alexander the Great was a hero,
 He conquer'd the Russians and Dutch,
 His brother, the Emperor Nero,
 For fighting there never was such.
 To conquer New York they intended—
 With shipping they tried to make port,
 But their progress was safely prevented,
 By Bainbridge, off Block Island Fort.
 Learning to me, &c.

Dr. Johnson invented gunpowder,
 Steamboats his time did employ,
 Than General Wolfe none was prouder
 He was kill'd at the famed siege of Troy.
 Oliver Cromwell, through sanctity peeping,
 Of wickedness had a great store,
 He took Joan of Arc into keeping,
 And afterwards married Jane Shore.
 Learning to me, &c.

Hump-back'd Richard he fought Julius Cæsar,
 And kill'd him upon Bosworth Field;
 La Fayette found him a teaser,
 But forced the grim tyrant to yield.
 Tom Paine was King Richard's first cousin,
 A very great man in those days—
 Sermons he wrote by the dozen,
 And was author of Sheridan's Plays.
 Learning to me, &c.

THE ONLY CURE FOR LOVE!

Written by T. Hudson, expressly for Mr. Burton.

Air, Tamaroo.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

ONCE Solomon Sadd in love he got,
And every Sunday went to woo—
His heart like a burning coal was hot.

'Tis very true!

He drest himself in his best clothes gay,
But to all his vows the maid said nay.
Rum tum tiddle iddle, &c.

He every week got worse, not better,
'Till he didn't know what to do,
So he got'n t'schoolmaster to write'n a letter.

'Tis very true!

He tell'd her that he was thin as a ghost,
But she sent t'letter back without paying the
post.

Rum tum, &c.

About the village then he did mope,
Just like a man wi' his mind all askew;
He saved up two-pence, and bought him a rope.

'Tis very true!

He hang'd himself up, his woes to crown,
But rope brok'd, so he cum'd tumbling down.
Rum tum, &c.

Yet of life he could not be fond,
Escape from hanging there's very few,
So he went and jump'd in a large horse-pond.

'Tis very true!

But that very day they'd drain'd the flood,
And there he stuck up to his middle in mud.
Rum tum, &c.

Then he bought some *piison* and mix'd it up,
 Resolv'd the murderous deed to do,
 He drink'd it out of an old tea cup.

Tis very true !

He said his prayers for all his faults,
 But the *piison* turn'd out to be jalap and salts !
 Rum tum, &c.

Then he went to the maid, and to her he said,
 All this here I've suffer'd for you !
 And thinks it right that we should wed.

Tis very true !

She consented, and in a week, or above,
 He found wedlock the only cure for love.
 Rum tum, &c.

MRS SMITH; OR, MATRIMONIAL DIFFERENCES.

An original Comic Duet.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

He.

Mrs. SMITH, upon my word, it is really too absurd,
 There is surely no one like you either far or
 near.

Winter, Summer, Autumn, Spring, you're for ever
 on the wing,
 Never quiet for a moment, Mrs. Smith, my dear.

She.

O, my love, now, in your conscience, how can you
 talk such nonsense ?

I fear your little judgment isn't over clear.
 Here's a time of year that brings pleasant thoughts
 of Falls and Springs,
 And I wish to see Niagara, Mr. Smith, my dear.

He.

Then your bonnets, caps, and curls, combs and
trinkets for the girls,
Why 'tis one eternal outfit, one is always in
arrear ;
'Pon my life, it's very funny, not a thought about
the money,
Where the devil should it come from, Mrs. Smith,
my dear ?

She.

Sir, your whimsies, I am sure, cost you more, pray
shut the door,
No occasion, I believe, to let the servants hear,
More by twenty times than either, rather say than
all together—
O, dear bless me, I've no patience, Mr. Smith,
my dear.

He.

Routs, and shows, and institutions, where all your
resolutions,
To forswear the *set* in toto that so plague one
here ?
Why the house is like a fair, and that woman in
the square,
Why she'd ruin a whole county, Mrs. Smith, my
dear.

She.

And pray where are all your schemes, all your
million making dreams,
Your subscription men, your aldermen, your
noble peer ?
If, of all you've let 'em sack, you ever see a shil-
ling back,
Why I'm very much mistaken, Mr. Smith, my
dear.

He.

Then the theatre, for you, nothing else it seems
will do,
But that box must nightly taken be throughout
the year.
If you form such whims as these, form your party,
if you please,
I shall cut the whole arrangement, Mrs. Smith,
my dear.

She.

I don't ask you where you roam, but this I know
at home,
There's very little of you that we see or hear;
And where you choose to be, is a mystery to me—

He.

Pooh!

She.

Why the fact is quite notorious, Mr. Smith, my
dear.

Both.

There was a time for reason, now 'tis counted
petty treason,
But as really I've no wish to be at all severe;
I shall say no more, depend on't; and I think, to
make an end on't,
We had better both be quiet, Mrs. Smith, my
dear.

He. I shall say no more, depend on't.

She. I shall say no more, depend on't.

He. No more? *She.* No more?

Ad lib. Both. No more.

Both. O, we'd better both be quiet, Mr. Smith,
my dear.

THE COCK ROBIN.

Air, Roger de Coverly.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

THE gloom of night had vanish'd,
 Day was gently dawning;
 Darkness fairly was banish'd,
 On Valentine's day in the morning,
 Nature in bran new clothes,
 Prepared herself for sporting,
 When a little cock robin arose,
 And took himself off a courting.

With a chirp, chirp, chirp, and a chirrup,
 Twit, twit, twit, and a die away,
 Chirrup, chirrup, chirrup,
 A warble, a flatter, and fly away.

He took a flying ramble,
 Plumed out every feather,
 Saw at the back of a bramble,
 Two or three females together,
 His confidence then he did stir up,
 His voice soon made the air ringing,
 So then with a chirp and a chirrup,
 Said, how d'ye like my singing?

With a chirp, &c.

His song he scarcely had done it,
 Cupid so busy was doing;
 One fair one his heart had won it,
 And so he begun his wooing:
 He call'd her up into a tree,
 And not to make any pother,
 Says he, my love, will you have me?
 Says she, you must ask my father and mother.

With a chirp, &c.

The old folks' nest he did gain,
 And why he came recounted too ;
 Who he was he did explain,
 And what his fortune amounted to.
 The old folks gave their consent,
 For bans nor license they tarried,
 The maid was blushing consent,
 So in a hedge they were lawfully married.
 With a chirp, &c.

Love soon weaker it burn'd,
 Time soon rubb'd off the gilding,
 Prudence must not be spurn'd,
 'Twas time their nest to be building ;
 Pleasure had rather diminish'd,
 In haste their labour to get on,
 And, soon as their nest was finish'd,
 She'd three little eggs to sit on.
 With a chirp, &c.

She stopp'd at home, and expected
 He'd take his share of the nursing,
 But he got grand and objected,
 And fell to swearing and cursing.
 All day long she was watching,
 Jealousy trying to smother,
 For while she set on a hatching,
 He was flying about with another.
 With a chirp, &c.

An old cock in the next tree,
 Who had always been a free liver,
 As often as often could be,
 He call'd consolation to give her ;
 He wickedly wanton did speak,
 With gammon and billing and cooing,
 And so in the course of a week,
 He seduced her and brought her to ruin.
 With a chirp, &c.

What did the young robin do ?
 Did he demand satisfaction ?
 No, but indeed it is true,
 In law he commenced an action ;
 The hen robins flock'd to the court,
 Dozens and dozens together,
 For when defamation's the sport,
 The ladies are birds of feather.
 With a chirp, &c.

An old gray owl was the judge,
 He heard beginning and end on't ;
 To the right or left wouldn't budge,
 For plaintiff or defendant.
 The counsellor's talent did burst
 In a three hours long oration,
 But she, as he left her first,
 Plead'd a justification.
 With a chirp, &c.

The judge summ'd up, and not'd
 The pro's and con's with fury ;
 Case upon case he quoted,
 And then gave a charge to the jury.
 Not one of them would stir,
 All one way were rooted,
 Gallantly they lean'd to her,
 So the plaintiff he got nonsuited.
 With a chirp, &c.

The judge then mounted a tree,
 And gravely upright rising,
 Said, cock robins, listen to me,
 And follow my plain advising.
 This you may all expect,
 Truth I must not palliate,
 If you your wives neglect,
 By goles they will retaliate.
 With a chirp, &c.

THE HACKNEY COACHMAN.

Sung by Mr. Burton, in the Wandering Minstrel.

Music published by Flot, Meignen & Co., 217 Chestnut street.

My name's honest Jarvey, I come unto you,
To tell all my woes, for I've nothing to do;
The railroads has ruin'd us, and what much worse is,
We're driv' from the streets by them curs'd omni-
busses.

Them omnibus fellers they loads themselves heavy,
From Schuylkill right down to the Change for a
levey;

'Fore they were invented I did the trick holler,
And for every such job charged not less than a
dollar.

Then pity poor Jarvey, kind gentlefolks pray,
For he's sadly in debt, without money to pay.

If you looks at my vehicle, osses, and me,
A lot of starved hanimals plainly you'll see;
We crawls out of a morning, but's no use to talk;
When we gets on the stand the poor osses can't
walk.

Once in pleasing the ladies, it was my delight,
To trot 'em about, from morning till night;
But now I must own, 'tis a circumstance rare,
That ever I picks up a "fare" from the "fair."

Then pity poor Jarvey, &c.

One would think the fair ladies would all make a fuss
To sit with strange men in a long omnibus;
Yet some ladies there are, who betwixt you and I,
Are fond' of a buss, when a sweetheart is nigh.
Now I'll ask you the question, pray, what can be
worse

Than to clap fourteen passengers into a hearse?

I peep'd into one t'other day, and I saw
 'Twere cramm'd full of ladies, who were all in the
 straw.

Then pity poor Jarvey, &c.

Once I used to earn near five dollars a day,
 And at night drive a party of folks to the play ;
 But if now a days in the country they'd ride,
 In the cars on the railroads alone they take pride.
 One way I account for some of my losses,
 Half of my customers keeps their own osses ;
 T' other half when they rides says, in accent so
 funny,

“ Just charge the fare, driver—I an't got no money.”

Then pity poor Jarvey, &c.

When a smart looking chap I was fond of the girls,
 Black eyes, rosy cheeks, and teeth white as pearls ;
 But my plans in matchmaking have always miscar-
 ried,

And now I'm too poor to afford to get married.
 Then I pray you, kind customers, Jarvey forgive,
 In your smiles and good humour he wishes to live ;
 Only say you are pleased, and I promise, some day,
 You shall ride in my coach and have nothing to pay.

Then pity poor Jarvey, &c.

THE LADIES OF OTAHEITE.

Altered from the original.—Air, Vulcan's Cave.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

'Twas at the time from slavery
 When men of colour were set free,
 By mighty Huggermuggerris,
 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 near three miles long,
 Presented by Humparybarleybong,
 A great reformer, right or wrong,
 In the senate of Otaheite.

Smilery, dimpiery, jabbery, squaw,
 Scratchery cat et clappery claw,
 Chit, chit chat, and tonguerywar,
 By the ladies of Otaheite.

Elected members of the state,
 About abuses they did prate,
 They soon began to legislate,
 The ladies of Otaheite.

The very first session they began
 To lop the o'ergrown power of man.
 In vain the wise men did oppose,
 The ladies did just as they chose.
 All orators to them were small,
 The speaker couldn't speak at all,
 The ladies did out-talk them all,
 In the senate of Otaheite.

There was Madam Yourakee, Miss Kirakoo,
 Doolakum, Squash, and Mrs. Foodoo,
 Wampum, Swampum, and Miss Niddiboo,
 All ladies of Otaheite.

The ladies found, in deep distress,
 Of politics they'd made a mess,
 The revenues were spent in dress,
 By the ladies of Otaheite.

The rogues and thieves disown'd all law,
 The nation got involved in war;
 No money in the treasury trunk,
 The ladies all were in a funk,

They wish'd themselves of the senate clear,
 The parliament-house they ne'er came near,
 Each stay'd at home to snub her dear,
 The ladies of Otaheite.

Kanko, Wanko, Lanko, Fum,
 Poddipopoo, and Swabledemum,
 Higeledy, Piggledy, Pottery-cum,
 All ladies of Otaheite.

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

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

Smilery, dimplery, jabbery, squaw,
 Scratchery cat et tonguerywar,
 Chit, chit chat, and clappery claw,
 The ladies of Otaheite.

TWO SWEETHEARTS AT ONCE.

Sung by Mr. Burton, in the comedy of Stag Hall.

Air, Margery Topping.

TILL I fell in love 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 too I always wur singing.
 Tol de rol de rol, tol de ri da.

Cupid, quite envious of my happy life,
 Put it into my head that I wanted a wife;
 'Bout love and such things, like completely a dunce,
 I fell slap in love wi' two wenches at once.

Tol de rol, &c.

The miller's young daughter she gave the first
 twist,

Her lips look'd as if like she 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.

Tol de rol, &c.

Mary was fair as an angel could be,
 Eyes like sweet Betsey'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.

Tol de rol, &c.

If I went to see Mary, to her I was blind,
 For Betsey directly came into my mind;
 And when I saw Betsey 'twas just the contrary,
 I always was sure to be thinking of Mary.

Tol de rol, &c.

When Betsey look'd at me, or when Mary smiled,
 I felt of my senses completely beguiled.

Twere all of no use—I look'd this and that way,
 Like a donkey betwixt two great bundles of hay.

Tol de rol, &c.

Things went on thus for some five or six weeks,
 And I never could muster up courage to speak;
 When all of a sudden they both went to church,
 And left me a spinster forlorn in the lurch.

Tol de rol, &c.

Young men, be advised, if love gets in your scone,
 Never go courting two wenches at once;

With one less you may work your way safe and
 sound,
 But between two stools all know what comes to
 the ground.

Tol de rol, &c.

A MAN IN A THOUSAND.

As sung by Mr. Burton, in Sprigs of Laurel.

NEWLY ARRANGED.

Show me a lawyer refusing a good fee,
 Or pious priest not thinking of a bishop's see,
 A doctor who won't squeeze sick ladies by the
 hand,
 An apothecary who his scrawl can well understand,
 And that is a man in a thousand.
 An impudent sharper clothed all in rags,
 A modest genius counting o'er his money bags,
 A churchwarden who scorns to feed upon the poor,
 A fat alderman who very good living can't endure.

Air, Roast Beef.

And such is a man in a thousand.

Tol de rol, &c.

Show me a right honourable keeping to his word,
 Or a poor poet patronised by a lord,
 Show me an elector that never sold his vote,
 Or member of congress that never turn'd his coat,
 And such is a man in a thousand.
 A dancing master object to dancing off with miss.
Air, Over the Water to Charley.
 A methodist preacher that will not in a corner kiss.

A groan--instrumental.

A young officer not proud of his flashy new cockade ;

Air, White Cockade.

Or a jolly jack-tar who of his enemy is afraid.

Air, Yankee Doodle.

And such is a man in a thousand.

Tol de rol, &c.

ENCORE VERSE.

Show me a modern knight who can use his sword
and lance,

Or an upright quaker who does not object to dance ;

Show me a man who has got the stomach ache,

And to cure his pain a glass of brandy will not
take.

*Discordant grumbling, instrumental, and then the air of
Drops of Brandy.*

And such is a man in a thousand.

Show me a man in Bedlam that owns himself
crazed,

Or a regular bumpkin that in London an't amazed ;

Air, Wheelbarrow Tune.

A barrister that owns he ought to lose his cause ;

And show me an actor that does not like applause.

And such is a man in a thousand.

Tol de rol, &c.

THE AGE OF INDIAN RUBBER.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Let steam and gas pursue their way,

For now 'tis my intention,

A word or two, in praise to say,

About a new invention ;

About a new invention ;

No matter where you chance to be,
 'Tis plain to sage and lubber,
 This is by every thing we see,
 The age of Indian rubber.
 O! the rubber, the Indian rubber;
 The rub, rub, rubbing rubber.

As stationery, you'll allow,
 We once used to discern it,
 But 'tis not stationary now,
 To every thing they turn it;
 To every thing they turn it;
 Its former use now much declines,
 With nobler things it copes,
 Instead of rubbing out our lines,
 They make it into ropes!
 O! the rubber, the Indian rubber;
 The wonderful Indian rubber.

Boots made of Indian rubber you
 See everywhere, I'm told,
 And so you all can buy a shoe,
 That never has been soled;
 That never has been soled;
 Run up a score 'tis only fair,
 Whatever bills they show,
 If you only Indian rubber wear,
 You can rub out as you go.
 O! the rubber, the Indian rubber;
 The convenient Indian rubber.

A cold from sleeping in damp sheets,
 You never need be dreading,
 For nothing is there now that beats,
 The Indian rubber bedding;
 The Indian rubber bedding;
 All those who have of children care,
 To them my song confesses,



AGE OF INDIAN RUBBER.

**Elastic belts our beaux prefer,
To show off well their muscles ;
Our belles who wish to make a stir,
Wear Indian rubber bustles.**

If they Indian rubber aprons wear,
 They'll never spoil their dresses !
 O ! the rubber, the Indian rubber ;
 The water proof Indian rubber.

Elastic belts our beaux prefer,
 To show off well their muscles,
 Our belles who wish to make a stir,
 Wear Indian rubber bustles ;
 On Indian rubber seats to lean,
 Congress men say no disgrace is,
 Which ever party they may screen,
 To vote for easy places.
 O ! the rubber, the patent rubber ;
 The wonderful Indian rubber.

THE SAILOR RETURNED FROM A CRUISE.

Written and sung by Mr. Walton.

Air, The Swiss Boy.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

HERE am I, here am I, lads, a jolly jack tar,
 All alive, just return'd from a cruise.—*Twice.*
 Push round the grog, about let it pass,
 The toast be our ship, and a favourite lass.
 Drink away, drink away, boys, no jolly jack tar,
 Three cheers to the toast will refuse.

Here am I, here am I, lads, a jolly jack tar,
 All alive, with a heart full of glee.—*Twice.*
 While friends sincere, and messmates dear,
 Delight the rover's heart to cheer.
 Am not I, am not I, lads, a jolly jack tar ?
 When ashore I am bent on a spree.

Hush ! the signal, my boys, see the flag at the fore,
 Boat ahoy, now once more on the main.—*Twice.*
 On board we come, the signal's past,
 All's well the cry, right and tight at last.
 Then good night, then good night, and the jolly
 jack tar,
 Swings snug in his hammock again.

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WIDOW MAHONEY.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Och, love it is murder,  
 And I wish it furdur,  
 For faith I'm inclin'd to get rid of my life ;  
 I'm out of my senses,  
 Besides the expenses,  
 And only because I'm in want of a wife.  
 Widow Mahoney,  
 She was my crony,  
 Only her heart was so hard and so stony.  
 Och, widow, said I, stop my bachelor's trade,  
 Or, sure as I live, I shall die an old maid.  
 Och, Widow Mahoney, Och, Widow Mahoney.

O, Widow Mahoney,  
 Was tall stout and bony,  
 Her husband had left her, to plough the salt seas ;  
 He'd gone to the bottom,  
 His guineas she'd got 'em,  
 So without any labour she lives at her ease.  
 A beautiful crature,  
 As any in nature,  
 And just like myself too in every feature.  
 Och, widow, said I, stop my bachelor's trade,  
 Or, sure as I live, I shall die an old maid.  
 Och, Widow Mahoney, Och, Widow Mahoney.

I scorn'd to be scaly,  
 So treated her daily,  
 As sure as the night came to whisky and tea ;  
 And then in a noddy,  
 Her beautiful body,  
 Would sit cheek by jowl, o' one side behind me.  
 To finish the matter,  
 Mike Rooney was fatter,  
 And faith with his blarney, he throw'd his eyes  
 at her ;  
 Och, widow, said I, stop my bachelor's trade,  
 Or, sure as I live, I shall die an old maid.  
 Och, Widow Mahoney, Och, Widow Mahoney.

So when to their sockets,  
 I'd emptied my pockets,  
 She open'd her heart, and she plainly confest ;  
 That as I was smaller,  
 And Michael was taller,  
 And that was the reason she loved him the best.  
 I felt in a twitter,  
 To hear words so bitter,  
 I thought of her gold, and I wish'd I might get  
 her ;  
 Och, widow, said I, stop my bachelor's trade,  
 Or, sure as I live, I shall die an old maid.  
 Och, Widow Mahoney, Och, Widow Mahoney.

Ere long they had tarried,  
 They 'greed to be married,  
 And lovingly went to the priest to get wed :  
 When who should be stalking,  
 To stop their sweet walking,  
 But the widow's live husband, the man that was  
 dead.  
 Mr. Mike was confounded,  
 The widow she swounded,  
 The man pick'd her up, and the neighbours sur-  
 rounded,

And so was I left with my bachelor's trade,  
 And as sure as I live I shall die an old maid.  
 Through Widow Mahoney, through Widow  
 Mahoney.

ALL FOR TEXAS! OR, VOLUNTEERS FOR GLORY.

*Sung by Mr. Burton at various Texian Benefits.*

*Air, Follow the Drum.*

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

COME, rouse, boys, rouse, with spirits gay,  
 Your valiant hearts, and boldly come,  
 In Texas' cause to march away,  
 And volunteer all to follow the drum.  
 Liberty's sons in a foreign land,  
 Claim our rifles' potent aid,  
 Then join together, hand in hand,  
 And off to Texas—who's afraid?  
 Then rouse, boys, rouse, with spirits gay,  
 Your valiant hearts, and boldly come,  
 In Texas' cause to march away,  
 And volunteer all to follow the drum.

The farmer swore he'd leave his plough,  
 His team, and tillage and all, by gum,  
 With a country life, I've done, I swow,  
 So I'm off to Texas to follow the drum.  
 How I'd bang the foes, good lord,  
 I'd not wait for quarter or parley,  
 I'd use my flail instead of a sword,  
 But thrash the foe instead of the barley.  
 Then rouse, boys, rouse, &c.

The doctor rose from off his seat,  
 And shook his pestle all so glum,  
 I've not been afraid grim death to meet,  
 So I'll take my lancet and follow the drum.

I'll physia the Mexicans day and night,  
 And give 'em a dose of powder and pill,  
 I'll phlebotomize 'em if I can't fight,  
 And draw some blood if I can't kill.  
 Then rouse, boys, rouse, &c.

The dry goods merchant quit his store,  
 And left off twiddling his finger and thumb,  
 My yard measure I'll flourish no more,  
 But wield a sword, and follow the drum.  
 The barber his razor did nobly wave,  
 And to lather the foe took off his coat,  
 If I had Santa Anna to shave,  
 By de hokey powers I'd cut his throat.  
 Then rouse, boys, rouse, &c.

The southern hunter drain'd his cup,  
 And slung his rifle over his back,  
 I guess my dander's riz right up,  
 In Texas' cause I go for a crack.  
 Onwards march through prairie wide,  
 With rifle slung, and knife in pocket,  
 Victory sits on freedom's side,  
 Three cheers for Houston and Davy Crockett !  
 Then rouse, boys, rouse, &c.

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### THE NERVOUS FAMILY.

WITH ADDITIONAL VERSES.

*Sung by Mr. Burton, in character.—Air, We're All Nodding.*

WE'RE all nervous, shake, shake, trembling,  
 We're all nervous at our house in town.  
 Myself, and my wife, my sister, and my mother,  
 If left in the dark are all frighten'd at each other ;  
 Our dog runs away if a stranger's in the house,  
 And our great tabby cat too is frighten'd at a mouse.  
 And we're all nervous, &c.

My nervous wife can't work at her needle,  
 And my shaking hand spills half my cup of tea ;  
 When wine at her dinner my timid sister's taking,  
 Its spilt on the table for so her hand is shaking ;  
 My mother taking snuff very carefully doth try,  
 To pop it up her nose, but she pops it in her eye.  
 For she is so nervous, &c.

We all at dinner shake, shake at carving,  
 And as for snuffing, we oft snuff out the light.  
 Last night every one did to snuff the candle try,  
 But my wife couldn't do it, nor my sister, nor  
 could I.  
 Come, give me the snuffers, said my mother with a  
 flout,  
 I'll show you how to do it, and she did, and snuff'd it  
 out.

For she is so nervous, &c.

Our nerves foretell all the changes of the weather,  
 We're so nervous we're frighten'd at each noise ;  
 We've got a watchman to guard the private door,  
 But since we have had him we've been frighten'd  
 more and more ;  
 For he falls asleep, and we've found out too that he,  
 In respect to his nerves, O, he's quite as bad as me.  
 For the watchman's nervous, &c.

The mania's spreading through the house like wild-  
 fire,  
 And all the servants in fear walk about,  
 As if they'd the ague or some other sort of ill,  
 They won't move about, though they cannot stand  
 still,  
 Nor answer the door to a knock if late at night,  
 For fear that a robber should kill them all with  
 fright.

For we're all nervous, &c.

If you, like us, are any way nervous,  
 I hope you won't laugh, but will pity our sad case ;  
 Nervous cordials we have taken, and every kind of  
 pills,  
 And our money all goes now in paying doctor's bills.  
 Still we take their advice, and their stuff, and keep  
 a nurse,  
 But instead of getting better, O, we all get worse  
 and worse.

And we're all nervous, &c.

#### ENCORE VERSES.

Our doctor sends us a great deal of medicine,  
 To strengthen our nerves, but still they're very  
 weak ;  
 What's worse in a law suit we're over head and  
 ears,  
 And of course for its consequence we all have got  
 our fears :  
 Our counsel to comfort says our cause has not a flaw,  
 Which we think may be true, but you all know  
 what is law.

For it makes one nervous, &c.

Last night as I was dozing, soft dreams around me  
 hovering,  
 A score of cats in vocal concert dire began to  
 scream,  
 They "moll-row'd," and spit, and swore, each  
 louder than the other,  
 I took the broom, and open'd wide the window in  
 a bother ;  
 I cried, "whish, cats, get out," but the cold wind  
 made me cough,  
 And a large fierce Thomas cat just claw'd, and took  
 my night cap off.

For we're all nervous, &c.

I don't know how it is, but I'm not quite so trem-  
bling,

Not nervous here as at our house in town ;  
Is it caused by the company who've driven away  
thinking,

Or drinking good wine that my spirits are not sink-  
ing?

I now feel so hearty that a giant I disdain,  
And I really do not care if I ne'er go home again.  
For they're all nervous, &c.

#### THE ONE HORSE CHAY.

*Sung by Mr. John Reeve.—Air, "Eveleen's Bower."*

NOW FIRST PRINTED IN ITS ORIGINAL STATE.

Mr. Bubb was a cit orator, also a soap laborator,  
For every thing's new christen'd in the present  
day ;

Mr. Bubb was gay and free, fair, fat, and forty-three,  
And they lived quite genteel with a one horse  
chay.

Mrs. Bubb was gay and free, fair, fat, and forty-  
three,

And blooming as a peony in buxom May,  
The toast she long had been of Farringdon Within,  
And she fill'd the better half of the one horse  
chay.

Mrs. Bubb said to her lord, you can well, Bubb,  
afford,

Whate'er a common councilman in prudence may,  
We've no brats to plague our lives, and the soap  
consarn it thrives,

So let's have a trip to Brighton in the one horse  
chay.

Says she we'll view the shipping, in the ocean have  
a dipping,

And walk out on the pier in our best array,  
I longs more nor I can utter for the shrimps and  
bread and butter,

And an airing on the Steyne in our one horse chay.

We've a right to spare for naught that for money  
can be bought,

So to get matters ready, Bubb, do you trudge  
away;

To my dear lord mayor I'll walk, just to get a bit  
of talk,

And an imitation shawl for the one horse chay.

Mr. Bubb said to his wife, Now I think upon't, my  
life,

It is three weeks come Monday to next boiling  
day,

We've no brats to plague our lives, and the soap  
consarn it thrives,

So we'll have a trip to Brighton in the one horse  
chay.

Now Nobbs it must be told was rather fat and old,  
His colour it was white, and it had been gray,

He was round as any pot, and when soundly whipt  
would trot,

Full five miles an hour in the one horse chay.

When at Brighton they were housed, and had stuff'd  
and had carous'd,

O'er a shilling's worth of negus, Mr. Bubb did say,  
I've ascertain'd, my dear, the mode of bathing here,

From the ostler who is cleaning up my one horse  
chay.

You're shut up in a box, ill convenient as the stocks,  
And eighteen pence a time are obligated for to

pay,



Court corruption here, say I, makes every thing so  
high,  
And I wish that I had come without my one horse  
chay.

As I hope, says she, to thrive, it is flaying folks  
alive,  
The king and them extortioners are leagued, I say,  
'Tis encouraging of such to go and pay so much,  
So we'll set 'em at defiance with our one horse  
chay.

Old Nobbs, our horse, for sartin, may be trusted gig  
or cart in,  
He takes ev'ry matter in an easy way,  
He'll stand still as any post, while we dabble on  
the coast,  
And return back to dress us in our one horse chay.

So out they drove all drest very gayly in their best,  
And finding in their rambles a snug little bay,  
They uncased at their leisure, paddled out to take  
their pleasure,  
And left all their clothes behind them in their one  
horse chay.

But while so snugly sure that all things were secure,  
They founced about like porpoises or whales at  
play,  
Some young unlucky imps who prowld about for  
shrimps,  
Soon gutted the contents of the one horse chay.

Old Nobbs, in quick mood, was sleeping as he stood,  
He might possibly be dreaming of his corn or hay,  
Not a foot he tried to wag, as they whipp'd out every  
rag,  
And gutted the contents of the one horse chay.

When our pair were soused enough, and returned in  
their buff,

O, there was the vengeance and old Nick to pay,  
Madam shriek'd in consternation, Mr. Bubb he  
swore "damnation,"

To find the empty state of the one horse chay.

"If I live," says she, "I swear, I'll consult my dear  
lord mayor,

And a fine upon this waggerbond town he shall  
lay ;"

Says he, "the thieves so tricky, hav'n't left me e'en  
a dickey,

And I shall catch my death of cold in the one  
horse chay."

"Come, bundle in with me, we must squeeze for  
once," said he,

"And manage this here bizziness the best vat ve  
may ;

Ve've no other step to choose, not a moment must  
we lose,

Or the tide will float us off in the one horse chay."

So noses, sides, and knees, altogether did they  
squeeze,

And pack'd in little compass they trotted it away,  
As dismal as two dummies, heads and hands stuck  
out like mummies,

From beneath the little apron of the one horse  
chay.

O, would that I were laid, Mr. Bubb in sorrow said,  
In a broad wheel'd wagon, cover'd over well with  
hay ;

I'm sick of sporting smart, and would take a tilted  
cart,

In exchange for this here bauble of a one horse  
chay.

I'd give half my riches, for my worst pair of  
 breeches,  
 Or the apron that I wore last boiling day,  
 It would wrap my arms and shoulders from these  
 impudent beholders,  
 And allow me to whip on in my one horse chay.

Mr. Bubb'g'upp'd in vain, and he strove to jerk  
 the rein,  
 The horse felt he had his option or to work or  
 play,  
 So he wouldn't mend his pace, though they'd fain  
 have run a race,  
 To escape the merry gazers of the one horse  
 chay.

Now, good people, laugh your fill, and fancy, if you  
 will,  
 For I'm fairly out of breath and have said my  
 say,  
 The trouble and the rout, to wrap up and get them  
 out,  
 When they drove to their lodgings in their one  
 horse chay.

The day was sweltering warm, so they took no cold  
 or harm,  
 And o'er a smoking lunch soon forget their dis-  
 may,  
 But imagine all the rout, to wrap up, and get them  
 out,  
 When arrived at———their lodgings in the one  
 horse chay.

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

*Sung by Mr. Keeley.—Air, The Legacy.*

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Down in our village, there liv'd wi' our squire,  
 One Miss Betty Bull as his cook-maid in chief,  
 She were full three feet six, and though not much  
 higher,

Her face were as big as a buttock of beef.  
 Now she were none of your flashy or dressy belles,  
 Simon Squeak fell in love wi' her o'er head and  
 ears;

And a betterer maker of stout inexpressibles,  
 Never put finger and thumb into shears.

Master Squeak us'd to sliily creep into the kitchen  
 To get bub and grub, and make love to Miss Bull,  
 For Simon had always a kind of an itching,  
 If his stomach were empty, his heart were quite  
 full.

But sad is my story, and truly it is hard,  
 That a failor by cabbage and by goose should fall,  
 But a d—d goose's drumstick stuck fast in his  
 gizzard,

And then Mr. Squeak gave his last squeak of all.

Betty blubber'd and cried "on him vainly, alas! I  
 call,

I'm sure in this world I shall never find peace;"  
 So to finish herself in a manner quite classical,

Took a strong dose of ratsbane in a tadle of grease.  
 In one grave they were buried, and fat Parson  
 Tester

A mighty fine sarmon did o'er 'em speak,  
 And frae that day to this, beef and cabbage to-  
 gether,

Have always been christen'd a bubble and squeak.

## A SAILOR'S LIFE ASHORE:

*Written and sung by Mr. Walton.**Air, Fisher's Hornpipe.*

Ah, what a merry life, my boys, we sailors lead  
 ashore,  
 We spend our money freely and then go to sea for  
 more,  
 With Poll, or Bess, or Doll, or Kate, all deck'd  
 with streamers gay,  
 A fiddle and a can of grog, we dance the time away.  
 Then push about the flowing bowl, a broad-  
 side give to care,  
 And let his grim old figure-head now beard  
 us if he dare.  
 With Poll, or Bess, or Doll, or Kate, all  
 deck'd with streamers gay,  
 A fiddle and a can of grog, we dance the time  
 away.

Our gallant ship's our home, my boys, our world  
 the roaring sea,  
 The enemy our banker, and our guns the master  
 key.  
 And though on shore our shot we spend, and lockers  
 still we drain,  
 We'll not be long without a shot, if the foe be on  
 the main.  
 Then push about the flowing bowl, &c.

Avast, my hearts, what's that I see, Jack Mizzen, as  
 I live,  
 What, ah aback! old messmate, d'ye think I've  
 naught to give?  
 The half I have is freely yours, what be it, more  
 or less,  
 'Tis the duty of a tar to answer signals of distress.  
 Then push about the flowing bowl, &c.

## THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY.

*Air, Ally Croker.*

Ye gentlemen and ladies fair,  
 Who grace this famous city,  
 Just listen, if you've time to spare,  
 While I rehearse a ditty ;  
 And for the opportunity  
 Conceive yourselves quite lucky,  
 For 'tis not often that you see  
 A hunter from Kentucky.  
 O, Kentucky ! the hunters of Kentucky.

We are a hardy, free-born race,  
 Each man to fear a stranger ;  
 Whate'er the game we join in chase,  
 Despising toil and danger ;  
 And if a daring foe annoys,  
 Whate'er his strength and forces,  
 We'll show him that Kentucky boys  
 Are alligator horses.  
 O, Kentucky ! the hunters of Kentucky.

I s'pose you've read it in the prints,  
 How Pakenham attempted  
 To make old Hickory Jackson wince—  
 But soon his schemes repented ;  
 For we with rifles ready cock'd  
 Thought such occasion lucky,  
 And soon around the general flock'd  
 The hunters of Kentucky.  
 O, Kentucky ! the hunters of Kentucky.

You've heard, I s'pose, how New Orleans  
 Is famed for wealth and beauty—  
 There's girls of every hue it seems,  
 From snowy white to sooty.

So Packerham he made his brags,  
 If he in fight was lucky,  
 He'd have their girls and cotton bags,  
 In spite of old Kentucky.  
 O, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky.

But Jackson he was wide awake,  
 And wasn't scared at trifles,  
 For well he knew what aim we take  
 With our Kentucky rifles;  
 So he led us down to Cypress swamp—  
 The ground was low and mucky,  
 There stood John Bull in martial pomp,  
 And here was old Kentucky.  
 O, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky.

A bank was raised to hide our breast;  
 Not that we thought of dying,  
 But then we always like to rest  
 Unless the game is flying;  
 Behind it stood our little force—  
 None wished it to be greater,  
 For every man was half a horse  
 And half an alligator.  
 O, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky.

They did not let our patience tire,  
 Before they showed their faces—  
 We did not choose to waste our fire,  
 So snugly kept our places;  
 But when so near to see them wink,  
 We thought it time to stop 'em;  
 And 'twould have done you good, I think,  
 To see Kentuckians drop 'em.  
 O, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky.

They found at last 'twas vain to fight,  
 Where lead was all their booty;

And so they wisely took to flight,  
 And left us all our beauty.  
 And now if danger e'er annoys,  
 Remember what our trade is ;  
 Just send for us Kentucky boys,  
 And we'll protect you, ladies.  
 O, Kentucky ! the hunters of Kentucky.

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THE JOYS OF BATTLE.

*Sung by Mr. Burton.*

O ! WHAT a charming thing's a battle !  
 Trumpets sounding, drums a-beating ;  
 Crack, crack, crack, the cannons rattle ;  
 Every heart with joy elating.  
 With what pleasure are we spying,  
 From the front and from the rear,  
 Round us in the smoky air,  
 Heads, and limbs, and bullets flying ;  
 Then the groans of soldiers dying :  
 Just like sparrows, as it were,  
     At each pop,  
     Hundreds drop :  
 While the muskets prattle prattle.  
     Killed and wounded  
     Lie confounded.  
 What a charming thing's a battle !  
 But the pleasantest joke of all,  
 Is when to close attack we fall ;  
 Like mad bulls each other butting,  
 Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting ;  
     Horse and foot,  
     All go to't,  
 Kill's the word, both men and cattle ;  
     Then to plunder,  
     Blood and thunder,  
 What a charming thing's a battle !



## THE ALMSHOUSE BOY.

*A parody on the Mistletoe Bough.*

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

THE cloth vas laid in the almshouse hall,  
 The great-coats hung 'gainst the vite vash'd wall,  
 And the paupers all vas blithe and gay,  
 A keeping their Christmas holyday.  
 Ven the master, he cried, with a vaggish leer,  
 You'll get precious fat on your Christmas cheer ;  
 Ven one by his looks he seem'd to say,  
 I'll have some more soup on this Christmas day.  
                   Oh ! the poor almshouse boy.

Although all on us to bed vas sent,  
 The boy vas missing—in search ve vent,  
 Ve sought him above, ve sought him below,  
 Ve sought him with faces of grief and vo.  
 Ve sought him that hour, ve sought him that night,  
 Ve sought him vith fear, ve sought him vith fright ;  
 And some on us said, “ I knows that ve shall  
 Get jolly vell vopp'd for losing our pal.”  
                   Oh ! the poor almshouse boy.

At length the soup coppers repairs did need,  
 The coppersmith came, and there he seed  
 A dollop of bones lay grizzling there,  
 In the leg of the breeches the boy did wear  
 The boy to get at some meat did stoop ;  
 And, dreadful to tell, he vas *biled* in the soup,  
 And ve all on us says, and says it vith sneers,  
 That he vas push'd in by the overseers.  
                   Oh ! the poor almshouse boy.

## THE SLEIGHER.

HURRA! hurra! hurra!  
 Jump in—jump into the sleigh!  
 For the moon is up in the midnight skies,  
 On the glistening snow her lustre lies,  
 Through the willow the north wind scarcely sighs,  
 Away! away! away!

Hurra! hurra! hurra!  
 My boys, we are losing time:  
 The whip is crack'd, and the word is, Go!  
 And fleet as the foot of the frighten'd doe,  
 Our horses' hoofs fly over the snow,  
 To the sleigh-bells' merry chime.

Hurra! hurra! hurra!  
 Put the coursers to their speed;  
 The laugh, the jest, our spirits cheer,  
 As we cut the drift in our swift career,  
 While lips are whispering in love's ear  
 Confession of its creed.

Hurra! hurra! hurra!  
 A race! my boys, a race!  
 We tickle the leaders under the flank—  
 Abreast for miles along we spank!  
 Then comes a crash, a cry—on a bank  
 We're upset in the chase!

Hurra! hurra! hurra!  
 Again we streak it along!  
 To the welcome inn our steeds advance,  
 And then the punch—the feast—the dance—  
 Till home we go by the morning glance:  
 So ends the sleigher's song!

## GOING OUT A FISHING.

*Sung by Mr. Johnson.—Air, Hokey Pokey.*

Last night Tom Snooks says he to me,  
 If you've a mind some fun to see,  
 I'll take you out with two or three,  
     Who mean to go a fishing.  
 So get a rod, a can, and bait—  
 We start from town precise at eight,  
 Then mind, friend Muggs, you ar'n't too late,  
     To go with us a fishing;  
 Says I, I will, so up I goes  
 To Mr. Spout with my best clothes,  
 And borrow'd—what you may suppose,  
     To rig me out for fishing;  
     With rods and lines and bait a store—  
     Enough for half a dozen more,  
     I never shall forget the bore  
     Of going out a fishing.

Then off we trudged through dust and sun,  
 The perspiration off me run,  
 Thinks I, I hope this ar'n't the fun  
     Of going out a fishing.  
 At length we reach'd the river side,  
 And soon upon the glittering tide,  
 Our floats like little boats did ride,  
     As floats do when you're fishing.  
 I felt a tug—I tugg'd again,  
 And pull'd away with might and main,  
 When up I brings a dog and chain,  
     When we were out a fishing.  
                     With rods and lines, &c.

Lord, how they laughed to see the prize,  
 When, Snooks (you know he's such a size)  
 Soused in the stream to our surprise,  
     As though to spoil our fishing.

You've heard about too many cooks,  
 And as we strived to land old Snooks,  
 We stuck him full of little hooks,  
 With which we had been fishing.  
 At length our friend on shore we brought,  
 He puff'd and blow'd, you would have thought,  
 A full grown porpoise we had caught,  
 When we were out a fishing.  
 With rods and lines, &c.

We brandy'd Snooks, he soon was well,  
 We plied away, and must I tell —  
 What next to Jemmy Higgs befell,  
 When we were out a fishing.  
 The sun was hot, the grass was green,  
 He sat him where the cows had been,  
 And such a sight was his nankeen,  
 When we were out a fishing.  
 I warning took, and on a rail,  
 I like the bird in nursery tale,  
 What wagg'd about his little tail,  
 Perch'd me up for fishing.  
 With rods and lines, &c.

But sad mischance the rail was old,  
 It broke and down the bank I roll'd,  
 Look here! I'm sure I shall catch cold,  
 From going out a fishing.  
 The mud was soft, my legs are thin,  
 And farther I kept sinking in,  
 Until I thought 'twould reach my chin  
 When we were out a fishing.  
 At last, says I, this will not suit,  
 So out I bawls, when Higgs, the brute,  
 He lugg'd me out, but left my boot,  
 Where I had been a fishing.  
 With rods and lines, &c.

## WERY PEKOOLIAH.

*Sung in character by Mr. Burton.—Air, Original.*

HAVE you e'er been in love? If you haven't I  
have,

To the mighty god Koopid, I've been a great thlave,  
He thot in my buthom a quiver of harrows,  
Like naughty boys thoot at sock robins and thpar-  
rows:

My heart was as pure as the white alabathter,  
Till Koopid my weak buthom did overmathter;  
Then, O ye gods! how I loved one Mith Julia,  
There was thomething about her tho wery pekooliar!

*Spoken.* Wery pekooliar indeed, she was one of  
the most bootiful creturs I ever seed, she wasn't  
what you might call downright handsome, but—  
There was thomething about her tho wery pekooliar!

We met first at a ball where our hands did entwine,  
And I did thqueedge her finger and she did thqueedge  
mine;

To be my next partner, I ventured to preth her;  
And I found that she lithped when she anther'd me,  
yeth, thir.

Now, in lithping, I think there is thomething uncom-  
mon,

I love in pertiklar a lithp in a woman,  
I'm thure you'd have liked the lithp of Mith Juha,  
There was thomething about it tho wery pekooliar!

*Spoken.* Wery pekooliar! I have a kind of a  
lithp myself, but her lithp compared to mine was  
softness itself, I can hardly describe it, but—

There was thomething about it tho wery pekooliar!

Like a bootiful peach was the cheek of Mith Julia,  
And then in her eye there was thomething pekoo-  
liar.

Speaking wolumes, it darted each glance to one's marrow,

As thwift and as keen as the wicked boy's harrow :  
 A thlight catht in her eye to her looks added wigor,  
 A catht in the eye often tends to disfigure,  
 But not tho the catht in the eye of Mith Julia,  
 There was thomething about it tho wery pekooliar !

*Spoken.* Wery pekooliar ! It wasn't a downright squint, but it was a kind of a, sort of a, in fact—  
 There was thomething about it tho wery pekooliar !  
 Good friends were we thoon, and midst thniles and midst tears,

I courted her nearly for three or four years ;  
 I took her to plays and to balls—O ye powers !  
 How thweetly and thwiftly did then path my hours !  
 But once at a ball—I my feelingths can't thmother !  
 She dauced all the evening along with another ;  
 I didn't thay nothing that night to Mith Julia,  
 But I couldn't help thinking 'twas wery pekooliar !

*Spoken.* Wery pekooliar ! especially as I stood treat, and to cut me for a stranger was wery ungenteel, in short—

I couldn't help thinking 'twas wery pekooliar !

I went next day to thcold, when she to my heart's core,

Cut me up by requething I'd come there no more ;  
 And I should be affronted if longer I tarried,  
 For next week to another she was to be married :  
 Gods ! Julia, thaid I, why you do not thay tho ?  
 O yeth, but I do, thir—tho you'd better go. [Julia,  
 Well I shall go—but thurely you'll own it, Mith  
 Your behaviour to me hath been wery pekooliar !

*Spoken.* Wery pekooliar ! tho from that day to this I have never threen or thpoken to her, but thomehow I can't help thinking—

Her behaviour to me, it was wery pekooliar !

## WERY RIDICULOUS.

*Air, Wery Pekoolar.*

Of a bootiful girl I was once wery fond,  
 But her mind with her features did not correspond,  
 Yet O how sincerely I loved the young spinster,  
 Until her behaviour quite set me against her.  
 It was one Christmas time, I shall never forget,  
 At a pleasant card party, the first time we met;  
 And so smitten was I with the charms of Miss  
 Nicholas,  
 That every one said I played wery ridiculous  
 Wery ridiculous, wery;

*Spoken.*—Uncommon ridiculous! I never saw  
 such a nice creature, and what enhanced the power  
 of her charms, she had such a sweet lisp—I've a  
 bit of a lisp myself, but hers was softness itself. I  
 was so confused that I played the knave of clubs,  
 instead of the ace of hearts, and when they asked  
 me if I knew what I played, I answered "Miss  
 Nicholas,"  
 Which certainly made me look wery ridiculous.

I escorted her home, and made use of the time,  
 To tell her she'd caught me, with Coopid's bird-  
 lime;  
 And asked if she'd go, the next night, to the play,  
 She had no objection, so didn't say nay;  
 When I went, she had made up a party next eve,  
 Of three friends to go with us, and would you be-  
 lieve,  
 I'd to pay for her three friends, as well as Miss  
 Nicholas,  
 Which was wery expensive, and wery ridiculous.

*Spoken.*—Uncommon ridiculous! especially as  
 one of 'em was a gentleman. In fact I hadn't

brought money enough to pay for so many, so I was obliged to leave my watch with a—money lender,

Which certainly made me look wery ridiculous.

As she was rather cross the next day, what did I, But I asked her permission the license to buy ;

At which she seemed pleased, and then said, at the porch,

With it she would meet me in time for the church:

Well, I went to the church door, and waited three hours,

Till at last I went in, where I learnt, O ye powers !

With my license some other had married Miss Nicholas,

Which, if by mistake done, was wery ridiculous.

*Spoken.*—Uncommon ridiculous ! for she must have known it wasn't me, and if she did,

It was not only thoughtless, but wery ridiculous.

I flew to her house nearly ready to die,

Where she, when she saw me, pretended to cry, Said she'd been to the church, where her mind did

misgive her,

As I wasn't there, that I wish'd to deceive her.

So she married the man come to give her away,

I saw him, the chap I'd paid for at the play :

He said as his wife was no longer Miss Nicholas,

My stopping there seem'd to him wery ridiculous.

*Spoken.*—Uncommon ridiculous ! He said to me, Sir, you can't think how stupid you look. I thought so too ; so I marched out of the house with a sigh, and just as I got outside the door, they set up such a horse laugh at me,

And ever since that I've looked wery ridiculous.



## LOVE AND PASTRY.

*Sung by Mr. Burton.—Air, Lingo's Song.*

If you will list, I vow, sir,  
 I'll tell you of a row, sir,  
     Caused me to part with my sweetheart,  
 I'm telling of you now, sir.  
 O yes, I am, indeed I am.  
     Tural, lural, lural, too, tu looral, looral, li do.

One evening I did meet her,  
 With true love I did greet her,  
     When in she looks at a pastry cook's,  
 And wanted me to treat her.  
     O yes, she did, &c.

This made me feel quite funny,  
 Says I, my charming honey,  
     I've lots of love, as you may prove,  
 But I an't got any money.  
     O no, I an't, &c.

Says she, young man, its plain, sir,  
 My heart you'll never gain, sir;  
     Unless you've cash, to cut a dash,  
 Your love is all in vain, sir,  
     O yes, it is, &c.

So shock'd was when I heard her,  
 Says I, don't say no furder,  
     Or me you will with coldness kill,  
 And you'll be hung for murder!  
     O yes, you will, &c.

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.  
     O Lord, it is, &c.

## THE COMET.

*Air, Ballinamona Ora.*

With every day, I've heard people say,  
There's something new starts in the marvellous  
way;

Cork legs, and steam arms, no doubt hath their  
charms,

But the tale that I sing of with wonderment  
swarms!

It's the *tail* of the fiery comet!

This gay roving spark of a comet!

Once near it, you'll never get from it;

You're book'd for a tenant *entail*!

O! this wonderful, wonderful comet!

*Whisht!* went the comet's long tail!

O! this wonderful, wonderful comet!

*Whisht!* went the comet's long tail!

Some sages declare 'twas known to appear  
Some centuries back, and that people could hear  
The planets one night, all striking a light;  
When they saw it jump out of the tinder-box  
bright!

And the stars scamper'd after the comet!

This hot-headed spark of a comet!

But, Lord! they were far enough from it!

For they could not get hold of its tail!

O! this wonderful, &c.

Not long after this, some folks heard a hiss;  
And what do you really suppose was amiss?  
This comical spark snuff'd the sun for a lark!  
And left the whole world fifty years in the  
dark!

What glorious fun for the comet !  
 The stars all made love to the comet !  
 They none of 'em would be kept from it !  
 And *thirty-six* clung to his tail !

O ! this wonderful, &c.

The planets agreed to slacken his speed,  
 If nothing else would his rash progress impede,  
 With a tenpenny nail, to fasten his tail !  
 But the light-footed comet soon gave 'em leg-bail.  
 Ha ! ha ! says the saucy young comet !  
 By jingo ! I'm very well from it !  
 Only think of a handsome young comet !  
 With a tenpenny stuck in his tail !

O ! this wonderful, &c.

#### ENCORE VERSES.

No sooner got clear of his foes in the rear,  
 Than he vow'd that he'd live in the earth for a  
 year ;  
 Of course he forgot his tail was so hot,  
 That the fish in the sea were all boil'd in a lot ;  
 My tail's a rare cook, says the comet !  
 He ate till it gave him a vomit,  
 For he vow'd there was no getting from it ;  
 O ! what a convenient tail !

O ! this wonderful, &c.

At last he found out while roving about,  
 Though they couldn't *extinguish*, things oft put  
*him out* :  
 So he didn't bewail, when *telling his tail*,  
 He'd resolved in the aeriell ship to set sail !  
 I shall take a trip home, says the comet,  
 For I think I've been long enough from it.  
 So *there* was an end of the comet !  
 And *here* is an end of the *tail*. (tale.)

O ! this wonderful, &c.

## CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

*Sung by Mr. Burton, in the character of Guy Goodluck,  
in John Jones.—Air, Bow, wow, wow.*

I'LL tell you of sad accidents a long and dismal  
chapter,  
For, if bad luck e'er had a form, they to my back  
have strapp'd her.  
I never yet was married, sirs, in all my woful life,  
Or ten to one but I had got *Miss Fortune* for a  
wife.

Bow, wow, wow.

I once received a challenge, but shedding blood in  
fear of,  
I turn'd about to waste my fire, but shot my second's  
ear off;  
And going home, a porter met with heavy load of  
brass work,  
I slipp'd my foot and pitched him through a window  
full of glass-work.

Bow, wow, wow.

When first a child, as I've heard say, they never used  
the ladle,  
Without they burnt my infant throat, or else upset  
my cradle.  
Once, when a boy, on going to school, as gay as any  
fairy,  
While looking up at a large crow, I tumbled down  
an area.

Bow, wow, wow.

Once, at play, my teacher cried, mind what you're  
with that ball about,  
So, taking care to strike it low, I knock'd my  
master's eye-ball out.

And, being frighten'd, tried to find my way out by  
 a shorter cut,  
 But running down a flight of steps, I tripp'd into a  
 water butt.

Bow, wow, wow.

Once at an inn, not liking fuss, I to my room was  
 creeping.  
 But there mistook a chamber door, and found a lady  
 sleeping.  
 And coming out, her husband met, in state of  
 fierce distraction ;  
 Who bang'd me well about the head, then brought  
 a crim. con. action.

Bow, wow, wow.

#### ENCORE VERSES.

Without misfortunes one whole day, I thought good  
 luck complying,  
 And went to bed so light of heart I dreamt that  
 I was flying ;  
 Then up I got, resolved to sing with angels fair a  
 mass on high,  
 Threw up the window, out I jump'd into a mud  
 cart passing by.

Bow, wow, wow.

Beneath a scaffold, walking once with Fribble and  
 his daughter,  
 When, looking up, plump on my head, came down  
 a hod of mortar ;  
 A voice above cried, "mind below," to run I tried  
 to tell her,  
 But, flurried, push'd her in the mad, her father  
 down the cellar.

Bow wow, wow.

Once, at a ball, my foot gave way, when most I  
thought with grace to jig,  
I, falling, tripp'd my partner up, pull'd off a poor  
old lady's wig.  
Then, sore abash'd, away I ran, quite blinded by  
my bitter cares,  
And, slipping off the landing-place, shoved three old  
dowagers down stairs.

How, wow, wow.

To ease these woes, I took a wife, but at the wed-  
ding night in,  
My lucky stars forsook me still, I dream'd that I  
was fighting,  
I beat my wife till black and blue, she in a rage  
departed,  
First bound me o'er to keep the peace, then left me  
broken-hearted.

How, wow, wow.

Some thieves one night the parlours robb'd, but they  
could get no higher ;  
I, watching, next night, fell asleep and set the  
house on fire.  
More accidents I could recount, in hopes that you  
would note them,  
But in mistake, I've thrown away the book in  
which I wrote them.

How, wow, wow.

\*\*\*\*\*

**ANALIZATION! OR, WHAT ARE MORTALS MADE  
OF!**

*Sung by Mr. Burton, in the Mummy.*

**NOW FIRST CORRECTLY PRINTED.**

**WHAT** are mortals made of?

By analization I've tried all the nation,  
I've tried each gradation, defined every station,  
By Sir Humphrey's best new chemical test,  
And found what mortals are made of.

**What** are lawyers made of?

Of causes and fees to bother and tease,  
A brief and a case and a confident face;  
A ne exeat and capias, a supersuijet and a  
feri facias,  
And such are lawyers made of.

**What** are doctors made of?

Of curing all pain, with 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 old bachelors made of?

Tobacco and snuff, and manners so gruff,  
Gout and blue devils, and all other evils;  
Wrangling and strife, and wishing for a wife,  
And such are old bachelors made of.

**What** are old maids made of?

Of fondness for scandal, when their friends'  
names they handle;  
Card parties and tea, fidgets and ennui,  
Tom cats in a garret, monkeys, puppy dogs, and  
a parrot,  
And such are old maids made of.

What are young maids made of ?

Of ribands and laces, and fine forms and graces,  
When kept in their places, O, bless their pretty  
faces,

Of a dear little love of a bonnet, and two or  
three little bows on it ;

And such are young maids made of.

What are dandies made of ?

Of padding and puff, and whiskers enough,  
Of horses and hounds, and damme, and zounds,  
With glass to the eye, when a pretty girl is  
by ;

And such are dandies made of.

What are soldiers made of ?

Of feathers and lace, a strut with a grace,  
A heart void of fear when the enemy is near,  
Of mercy that's shown when victory is known ;

And such are soldiers made of.

What are sailors made of ?

Hearts of oak, tobacco and smoke,  
Pitch and tar, pigtail and scar,  
Prize money galore, with fiddles and the pretty  
girls on shore ;

And such are sailors made of.

What are husbands made of ?

Of sulks and huffs, and growls and gruffs,  
Of this and that—and the devil knows what ;  
Of conjugal rights, and stopping out late at  
nights ;

And such are husbands made of.

What are young wives made of ?

Of the honeymoon—that's over very soon,  
Of dears and loves, and turtle doves,  
And blisses, and kisses, and little masters and  
little misses ;

And such are young wives made of.



What are young widows made of ?

Of title deeds, and very deep weeds,  
Of a terrible sigh when anybody's nigh,  
Of scan. mag. and talking free, and flirting and  
fiddle de dee ;

And such are widows made of.

What are pawnbrokers made of ?

Of money lent at forty per cent.,  
Apparel and plate, and a duplicate,  
A back door and a spout, and three golden  
balls hanging out ;

And such are pawnbrokers made of.

What are actors made of ?

Of ranting and raillery to box, pit and gallery,  
Of fears and frights on benefit nights,  
With a great wish to please such kind friends  
as these ;

And such are actors made of.

What are audiences made of ?

Of generous friends and helping hands,  
Ready to serve all those who deserve,  
Bravo, bravo, encore, and noise—pretty girls  
and merry noise ;

And such are audiences made of.

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#### IRISH MEDLEY.

O! THE moments were sad when my love and I  
parted,

Savourneen deelish ielen oge,  
I kissed off the tear, and was nigh broken heart-  
ed—

For Moll Brook she went to be shaved,

And the barber cut her—  
 Sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.  
 Whoe'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,  
 An Irishman all in his glory is there,  
 With his—  
 Shining daisy, you're fat and greasy,  
 In the chimney-corner you sit with—  
 O, Mavrone, how the girls would look at me;  
 My own pretty face in their samples they'd work;  
 To me they would come, with each copy and sum,  
 To ax the opinion of—  
 My wife, she's a giggling young thing,  
 She will not be ruied by me, for—  
 I was the boy for bewitching 'em,  
 Whether good humour'd or coy,  
 All cried while I was beseeching 'em,—  
 O, whack!  
 Cupid's a manakin,  
 Straight on my heart he hit me a poultier;  
 Good lack! Judy O'Flannigan,  
 She was the girl—  
 For when I was a serving my time at Droghadee,  
 Minding my work, just as I ought to be,  
 My master's fair daughter, Miss Biddy O'Dogherty,  
 Bored a hole in the heart of—  
 Merry Matt, and sturdy Pat, and merry Morgan  
 Murphy, O;  
 With Murdoch Meggs and Turlock Keggs,  
 M'Lochlan, and Dicky Durfy, O:  
 And then the girls, dressed out in white,  
 Led on by Dad O'Reilly, O,  
 All jiggling, while the merry pipes  
 Struck up—  
 O, dear, what can the matter be,  
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be—  
 For my grandsire beat a drum so neat  
 His name was Darby Kelly, O—  
 With a whack, row de dow, &c.

## KING OF THE OWHYHEES.

*Written by Mr. Beuler and W. Burton.**Time, Malbrook.*

I've spent half my life on the ocean,  
 Was well known as Benny the bosen,  
 A cleverer hand at a dozen,  
     Ne'er sailed on his majesty's seas;  
     I've riz up to be great by degrees,  
     I'm now king of the O. Y. E'S.  
 Our ship call'd at the island for water,  
 And I married the governor's daughter,  
 And was made for my merit soon after,  
     The king of the O. Y. E'S;  
 But I'd sooner be on the salt seas  
 Than with such lubbers as these;  
     For I've not a cabin to fly to,  
     And if you suffer'd what I do,  
     I'm sertain you never would try to  
     Be king of the O. Y. E'S.

You'd soon wish yourself at old Davy,  
 If put in my place at a levee;  
 'Fore gad, you would see such a bevy  
     Of flattering O. Y. E'S.  
     They come there to kiss my toe,  
     Which is all they say or do;  
 O! such ceremony and torment,  
 To myself I have never a moment,  
 They're a parcel of lubberly warmint,  
     In the court of the O. Y. E'S.  
     Why, if I do but sneeze,  
     The chaps fall down on their knees.  
                             O! I've no cabin, &c.

The wife I am join'd to in marriage,  
 Has lips just as thick as a sausage,  
 Her mouth is as wide as a passage,  
     To swallow whatever you please;  
 Her nose like the ace of clubs,  
 Her eyes like two oyster-tubs,  
 She's just three feet high and a fat 'un,  
 Her skin shines just like black satin,  
 Her hair's of a rope-yarn pattern,  
     Just like all these O. Y. E'S.  
 She wears her coat over her knees,  
 Whether it rains or doth freeze.  
                             O, I've no cabin, &c.

My eyes, if they know'd it in London,  
 That Ben had with frolic and fun done,  
 Been crim. con.'d and utterly undone,  
     And was king of the O. Y. E'S.  
 I wonder what Sal would think,  
 If she knew I had never no chink.  
 And that I had married a blacky,  
 For a twelvemonth ha'n't tasted old jackey,  
 And I can't get a morsel of backy  
     Though I'm king of the O. Y. E'S.  
 When plantains and pig nuts fail,  
 I shall turn round, and chaw my pigtail.  
                             O, I've no cabin, &c.

## ENCORE VERSES.

What first made me think of deserting,  
 From my snug bosen's birth to be parting,  
 I thought it was primer for sartin  
     To be with the O. Y. E'S.  
 Thinks I, I shall live as I please,  
 And peck loaves grow there on the trees,

And the rivers are all rum and water ;  
 And then, too, the governor's daughter,  
 Was so proud whenever I sought her,  
 To dance 'mongst the O. Y. E'S.  
 I found my mistake with ease,  
 In the land of the O. Y. E'S.  
 O, I've no cabin, &c.

My ministers govern the nation,  
 And heavily lay on taxation ;  
 And as I am thought the occasion,  
 I'm blamed by the O. Y. E'S.  
 My premier, Pokumpry,  
 Is more a king than I,  
 And all who are in his good graces,  
 Are ready to pull me to pieces ;  
 Such plaguing for pensions and places,  
 In the court of the O. Y. E'S.  
 They bite me like mites in a cheese,  
 They bleed me like so many fleas.  
 O, I've no cabin, &c.

My wife's always flirting and playing,  
 And my general, Tackawakraying,  
 Is ever a walking and straying  
 With the queen of the O. Y. E'S.  
 She sits on my general's knees,  
 And dances with him when he'll please.  
 Such a willanous way do they treat me,  
 I dar'n't speak lest they'd all of them beat me,  
 Or some night my dear wife should eat me,  
 Though I'm king of the O. Y. E'S.  
 They won't let me go where I please,  
 My black-guards are busy as bees.  
 O, I wish I'd a cabin, &c.





## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

*Air, Bob and Joan.*

A HERO's life I sing,  
 His story shall my pen mark,  
 He was not the king,  
 But Hamlet prince of Denmark ;  
 His mamma was young,  
 The crown she had her eyes on,  
 Her husband stopp'd her tongue,  
 She stopp'd his ears with poison.  
 Rifol toorol, &c.

When she had kill'd the king,  
 She ogled much his brother,  
 And having slain one spouse,  
 She quickly got another,  
 And this so soon did she,  
 And was so great a sinner,  
 The funeral baked meats,  
 Served for the wedding dinner.  
 Rifol toorol, &c.

Now Hamlet sweet, her son,  
 No bully or bravado,  
 Of love felt hot the flame,  
 And so went to Bernardo.  
 O, sir, says he, we've seen,  
 A sight with monstrous sad eye,  
 And this was nothing but  
 The ghost of Hamlet's daddy.  
 Rifol toorol, &c.

Just at that time it rose,  
 And sighing said, List ! Hammy,  
 Your mother is the snake !  
 That poison'd me—or d—e.  
 And now I'm down in b—ll,  
 All over sulphurous flame boy,



That your dad should be on fire,  
 You'll own's a burning shame boy.  
 Rifol toorol, &c.

Just at the time he spoke,  
 The morn was breaking through dell,  
 Up jump'd a cock and cried,  
 Cock a doodle doodle.  
 I'm now cock sure of going,  
 Preserve you from all evil,  
 You to your mother walk,  
 And I'll walk to the devil.  
 Rifol toorol, &c.

Hamlet loved a maid,  
 Calumny had past her,  
 She never had play'd tricks,  
 'Cause nobody had ask'd her.  
 Madness seized her wits,  
 Poor lord chamberlain's daughter,  
 She jump'd into a pond,  
 And went to heaven by water.  
 Rifol toorol, &c.

No matter now for that,  
 A play they made and sham'd it,  
 The audience Claudius was,  
 And he got up and d—d it.  
 He vow'd he'd see no more,  
 He felt a wondrous dizziness,  
 And then, for candles call'd,  
 To make light of the business.  
 Rifol toorol, &c.

A fencing match had they,  
 The queen drinks as they try too,  
 Says she, O king, I'm kill'd,  
 Says Laertes, So am I too,  
 And so am I, cries Ham;  
 What! can all these things true be,

What, are you dead? says the king;  
Yes, sir, and so shall you be.

Toor ol, &c.

So then he stabb'd his liege,  
Then fell on Ophy's brother,  
And so the Danish court  
All tumbled one on t'other;  
To celebrate these deeds,  
Which are from no false shamlet,  
Every village small  
Henceforth was call'd a hamlet.

Toor ol, &c.

~~~~~  
O! MY DEARY.

ADOWN a green valley there lived an old maid,
Who being past sixty her charms began to fade,
She of waiting for husbands was weary;
She was monstrously rich, that for me was enough,
And sadly I wanted to finger the stuff,
So, says I, will you marry me, deary?

Pretty deary! O la fal, &c.

Says she, you embarrass me—coming to woo,
And she tried how to blush, and she blush'd rather
blue,

For her cheeks of the roses were weary;
Says she, I am told you're a sad little man,
And cheat all the dear pretty girls that you can.
Says I, don't believe it, my deary!

Pretty deary! O la fal, &c.

She consented that I for the license should go,
When across her, mean time, came a tall Irish beau,
Who, like me, in pocket was peery!
Out of his calf's head, such a sheep's eye throw he,
That a queer little hop o' my thumb she call'd me,
And he diddled me out of my deary!

Pretty little deary! O la fal, &c.

THE TIDY WIFE.

I MARRIED a wife, who cares says I,
 A pattern she was of good breeding, O,
 The pink of fashion and delicacy ;
 And she learnt it from novel reading, O.
 A rose once bloom'd on her lovely cheek,
 And to stick to her book did this pride o' one,
 She wash'd her face but once a week,
 And wasn't she a tidy one,
 O ! the devil may take such a tidy one.

While dressing the dinner, one day, she'd got
 A novel that she was concluding, O,
 Quite absent, with soap-suds she fill'd the pot,
 And in it boil'd the pudding, O !
 My shaving brush mislaid had I,
 While a novel one day I denied her one,
 So I found my brush in a beef-steak pie.
 And wasn't she a tidy one, &c.

My tea she sweeten'd once with salt,
 And she put cayenne in a custard, O !
 Mistaking always meal for malt,
 She brimstone mix'd for mustard, O !
 I ask'd her a cravat to wash for me,
 While a novel one day she had cried o'er one ;
 She clear-starch'd my cravat in chamomile tea.
 And wasn't she a tidy one, &c.

O'er the ' Victim of Feeling ' she snivelling sat,
 While the child the fire did fall in, O ;
 She feelingly baw'd, O ! curse the brat,
 For the devil can't read for its squalling, O !
 Ye fair, there's for all things time and place,
 A good novel may be the pride of one ;
 But don't sit down to read till you've wash'd your
 face,
 Or, Lord help him who gets such a tidy one, &c.

MR. JONES AND HIS KITTENS.

THE clock had struck one, Mr. Jones was in bed,
And strange was the vision that roam'd through his
head,

A scratching he heard, and a mighty great moan,
Oh! says he to himself, sure the devil is come.

Fal de ral de ral lal, de ral de ral laddy, &c.

To be sure what a horrible sight to behold!
What he saw with his eyes, turn'd all his blood
cold;

A great tabby cat, with nine kittens at her tail,
Jump'd smack on his bed, and there did bewail:

Fal de ral, &c.

Last night, oh! you drown'd us every one,

And pray, Mr. Jones, what had we done?

Though each of us had nine lives, you ne'er a one
spared;

Then the old cat swell'd her tail, and the kittens
all swear'd.

Fal de ral, &c.

Now the old tabby's eyes were, one black, t' other
red,

And her tail swell'd three times as big as her head;

You villain! she cried, as she cock'd up her back,

With her eyes flashing fire in his face she flew
smack! (*Mew.*)

Fal de ral, &c.

O! then for to hear how poor Mr. Jones halloo'd,
When the old cat scratch'd his face, and the kittens
all follow'd:

Have mercy, have mercy, 'tis for mercy I sue.

The old cat she swear'd, (*mew*) I'll be d—d if

I do.

Fal de lal, &c.

Then there was an odd thought popp'd into his head,
 O! says he to himself, I'll pretend to be dead;
 Then away went the cat, with her sweet little train,
 And Jones swore he'd never drown kittens again.
 Fal de ral, &c.

THE LOVING QUAKER.

Air, O dear, what can the matter be!

YEARLY, ah! how my heart keepeth bumping,
 A pendulum 'gainst my tough ribs loudly thumping,
 Or a mouse in a rat trap that's to and fro jumping;
 'Tis truth now by yea and by nay.
 And it's umph! umph! what can the matter be,
 Umph! umph! what can the matter be,—{Twice.}
 Ephraim, thou'rt going astray.

Yea, marvellous 'twas, when mine eyes first went
 roving,
 From meek sister Sarah towards vanity moving,
 I found a profane one it was I was loving;
 'Tis truth, &c.

'Twas folly's vain garment, the maid smiled so good
 in,
 Yea, silk hose and pumps, on the pavement she
 stood in,
 Which stirr'd up my zeal, as you stir up a pudding;
 'Tis truth, &c.

When I yea and nay e'er pronounce to deceive her,
 May I bow down my body to take off my beaver.
 I would cherish the maiden for ever and ever,
 By yea and nay, for thus much I own.
 And 'tis umph! umph! what can the matter be,
 I verily long to know what will the matter be,
 When she is bone of my bone.

ALL ROUND MY HAT.

Sung by Mr. Burton, in the farce of the Wandering Minstrel.

ALL round my hat I wears a green willow,
 All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day,
 If any von should ax the reason vy I wears it,
 Tell them that my true love is far, far away.
 'Twas a going of my rounds in the streets I first did
 meet her,
 O! I thought she vas a hangel just come down
 from the sky.

(Spoken.) She'd a nice *wegitable* countenance,
 turnup nose, *redish* cheeks, and *carrotty* hair.

And I never heard a voice more louder and more
 sweeter,
 When she cried, 'Buy my primroses, my prim-
 roses, come buy ;

(Spoken.) Here's your fine colliflowers.

All round, &c.

O! my love she vos fair, and my love she vos kind
 too,
 And cruel vos the cruel judge vot had my love
 to try ;

(Spoken.) Here's your precious turnups !

For thieving vos a thing she never vos inclined to,
 But he sent my love across the seas far away !

(Spoken.) Here's your hard-hearted cabbages !

All round, &c.

For seven long years my love and I are parted,
 For seven long years my love is bound to stay :

(Spoken.) 'Tis a precious long time 'fore I does any trade to-day.

Bad luck to that chap vot'd ever be false hearted ;
O ! I'll love my love for ever, though she's far,
far away !

(Spoken.) Here's your nice heads o' salary !

All round, &c.

There is some young men is so preciousely deceitful,
A coaxing of the young gals they vish to lead
astray ;

(Spoken.) Here's your walnuts ; crack 'em and
try 'em ; shilling a hundred !

As soon as they deceive 'em so cruel-ly they leave
'em,

And they never sighs nor sorrows when they're far,
far away !

(Spoken.) Do you want any hingsons to-day,
marm !

All round, &c.

O ! I bought my love a ring on the wery day she
started,

Vich I gove her as a token all to remember me ;

(Spoken.) Bless her heyes.

And when she does come back, O ! ve'll never
more be parted,

But ve'll marry and be happy, O, for ever and
a day !

(Spoken.) Here's your spring redishes !

All round, &c.

DEATH, HOW ARE YE ?

A new song.—Sung by Mr. J. Heave.

Air, Laughing Chorus in Der Freischutz.

SINCE you for a song are calling,
Cease awhile your idle dawling,
Mark the burden of my lay,
And chorus me in eh, eh, eh !
(*Laughing.*) Chorus me in eh, eh, eh !
(*Repeat laughing*) Ha, ha, ha !

Bacchus is our "Rex Superbus,"
No dull care shall here disturb us,
Care once kill'd a cat they say,
But we kill care with eh, eh, eh !
But we kill, &c.

See, yon student ! pale with thinking,
Knew he but the joys of drinking,
Soon his books he'd throw away,
And chorus me in eh, eh, eh !
And chorus me, &c.

If perchance you've caught a fever,
Grown as thin as thinnest weaver,
Doctors' nostrums hurl away,
Here's your physic, (*holding up a glass.*) eh, eh,
eh !

Here's your physic, &c.

Thus with gills grown red and rosy,
When old death thinks fit to pose ye,
Tipple off your glass and say—
"Death, how are ye ?" eh, eh, eh !

~~~~~



## THE GREAT SEA SNAKE.

*Sung by Mr. Hadaway.—Air, Run old Moll.*

MAYHAP you have all of you heard of a yarn,  
 Of the wonderful sea snake,  
 That first appear'd off the isle of Pitcairn,  
 And seen by Admiral Blake.  
 Yet list not what land-lubbers tell,  
 But lend an ear to me,  
 And I'll relate what to me befell,  
 'Cause I'm just come from sea.

Tol, lol, lol, &c.

This snake, 'twas said, measured miles twice two,  
 But there they surely lied;  
 For I was one of the very ship's crew,  
 By whom his length was tried.  
 One morning from his head we bore  
 With every stitch of sail,  
 And going at ten knots and more,  
 In six months came to his tail.

Tol, lol, lol, &c.

Right up an end with all his strength,  
 To stand this snake did try,  
 But before he'd raised up half his length,  
 His head did reach the sky.  
 A ship, that then the snake did note,  
 Thought 'twas famed Teneriffe,  
 And, straightway, sent her jolly-boat,  
 For fresh water and beef.

Tol, lol, lol, &c.

Once coil'd all up this snake did lay,  
 Nine hundred miles about;  
 When some passengers, upon their way  
 To a colony sent out,—

The snake mistook for their promised lands,  
 A grievous thing, good lack!  
 Men, women, babes,—a thousand hands  
 Were left on the snake's back.

Tol, lol, lol, &c.

And there they lived a year or two,  
 With oxen, pigs, and sheep,  
 The snake, you may believe it true,  
 Was all the while asleep.  
 And 'twas not till they'd built a church,  
 And houses in a row,  
 The snake did leave them in the lurch,  
 By diving down below.

Tol, lol, lol, &c.

The sea he fills with breakers new,  
 By the shedding of his teeth,  
 On which was shipwreck'd a whole crew  
 Of a vessel bound from Leith.  
 Then landsmen all, I pray you grieve,  
 And do some pity take,  
 To think what sailors do receive  
 All from the great sea snake.

Tol, lol, lol, &c.

#### THE IRISH LOVE LETTER.

*A new song, written by J. Bowler.*

OCH! Judy, dear creature, she has won my soul,  
 The thoughts of her eyes has put my heart in a  
 filliloo,  
 By the side of my donkey I lay cheek by jowl,  
 On a sheet of brown paper to write her a billy  
 doo.  
 I had no pen, so made shift with a skewer,  
 And thus I began all my mind to reveal.

Och ! dear Judy, I've a mind to be sure,  
That you should become lovely Mistress O'Neal.  
Whack, fal la!, &c.

My father, a sempstress, makes clothes for the  
army,  
My mother's a coalman on great Dublin's quays,  
And if you were with us I know it would charm  
ye,  
To see all our decent and illigant ways.  
Each day for dinner we've herrings or salmon,  
We eat our potatoes without any peel,  
And so you may, Judy, without any gammon,  
If you will but become lovely Mrs. O'Neal.  
Whack, &c.

Though my skewer's a bad pen—you may judge  
of my knowledge,  
My penmanship, spelling, and books that I read,  
I was brought up next door to great Trinity College,  
And larnt mathematica! French and the creed.  
If you can't read this letter the parson will do it,  
"Och ! commong voo, pottey voo, madamoyselle,"  
I can fight like a tiger—and soon ye may know it,  
If you will but become lovely Mrs. O'Neal.  
Whack, &c.

I love you, my jewel ! although you are after  
That white-headed Barney, the plasterman's son,  
I'll show him my fist—that will show him his  
master,  
If you ever think of you two making one.  
Och ! if you but have him—by Jove he will catch it,  
I'll write him a challenge though he be in jail !  
And I'll break his nose so that he never will  
match it—  
Then won't you become lovely Mrs. O'Neal.  
Whack, &c.

Then if you won't have me I'll light for a sodjer,  
 I'll be kilt, or be pinsion'd, och, then how you'll  
 feel,  
 Sure whether you be a housekeeper or lodger,  
 That you were not born to be Mrs. O'Neal!  
 With my wounds and my wooden legs, how I will  
 haunt you,  
 About twelve at midnight then "murther" you'll  
 squeel,  
 When I tell you that ghosts and hobgoblins do  
 want you—  
 So no more at present from Phelim O'Neal.  
 Whack, &c.

---

PLEASE TO RING THE BELL.

*Written by T. Hood.*

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:—  
 Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door,  
 So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—  
 Like a spruce *single man*, with a smart *double*  
*knock*.

Now a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,  
 Will run like a *puss* when she hears a *rat* tat;  
 So Lucy ran up, and in two seconds more  
 Had *question'd* the stranger, and *answer'd* the door.

The meeting was bliss, but the parting was wo,  
 For the moments will come when such comers  
 must go;  
 So she kiss'd him and whisper'd—poor innocent  
 thing—  
 The next time you come, Love, pray come with a  
*ring*.

## ADULTEBATIONS.

*Air, Dennis Brulgruddery.*

ALL our tradesmen, 'tis plain, at no roguery stop,  
They adulterate every thing they've in their shop.  
You must buy what they sell, and they sell what  
they please,  
For they would, if they could; sell the moon for  
green cheese.

Sing tantarantara, what rogues.

Imitation, 'tis well known, is now all the rage,  
Every thing imitated is, in this rare age;  
Tea, coffee, beer, butter, gin, milk—and in brief,  
No doubt they'll soon imitate mutton and beef

Sing tantarantara, &c.

The grocer sells ash leaves and sloe leaves for tea,  
Ting'd with Dutch pink and verdigris, just like  
Bohea.

What sloe poison means, sirs, I quickly found out,  
We shall all to a T. soon be poison'd, no doubt.

Sing tantarantara, &c.

Other grocers for pepper sell trash call'd P. D.  
And burnt horse-beans for coffee—how can such  
things be?

Now I really do think, those who make such a slip,  
And treat us like horses, deserve a horsewhip!

Sing tantarantara, &c.

The milkmen, although he is honest he vows,  
Milks his pump night and morn, quite as oft as his  
cows;

Claps you plenty of chalk in your score—what a  
bilk?

And, egad, claps you plenty of chalk in your milk.

Sing tantarantara, &c.

The baker will swear all his bread's made of flour,  
 But just mention alum, you'll make him turn sour;  
 His ground bones and pebbles turn men skin and  
 bone,

We ask him for bread, and he gives us a stone.  
 Sing tantarantara, &c.

The butcher puffs up his tough mutton for lamb,  
 And oft for South Down sells an old mountain ram;  
 Bleeds poor worn-out cows, to pass off for white  
 veal,

For which he deserves to die by his own steel.  
 Sing tantarantara, &c.

A slippery rogue is the cheesemonger, zounds!  
 For with kitchen stuff oft he his butter compounds;  
 His fresh eggs are laid over the water, we know,  
 For which, faith! he over the water should go.

Sing tantarantara, &c.

The brewer a chemist is, that is quite clear,  
 For we soon find no hops have hopp'd into his  
 beer;

'Stead of malt he from drugs brews his porter and  
 swipes,

So no wonder that we have so oft the drug gripes.  
 Sing tantarantara, &c.

The tobacconist smokes us with short-cut of weeds,  
 And finds his returns of such trash still succeeds;  
 With snuff of ground glass and dust oft we are  
 gull'd,

And for serving our noses so, his should be pull'd.  
 Sing tantarantara, &c.

The wine merchant that we abroad may not roam,  
 With sloe juice and brandy makes our port at home;  
 The distillers their gin have with vitriol fill'd,  
 So 'tis clear they're in roguery double-distill'd.

Sing tantarantara, &c.

Thus we rogues have in-grain and in tea too, that's  
 clear,  
 But don't think I suppose we have any rogues here;  
 Present company's always excepted, you know,  
 So wishing all rogues their deserts, I must go.  
 Sing tantarantara, &c.

~~~~~

JUGGY DELANY.

Air, Terry O'Rourke.

WHEN I was a boy, in the town of Kilkenny,
 I fell deep in love with sweet Juggy Delany:
 She'd a nate taper waste, like a cow in the middle,
 And so sweetly she'd dance to a drum or a fiddle.
 Singing, whack for ould Ireland! the country for
 whisky,

The girls are so fair, and the boys all so frisky:
 For drinking, for fighting, or handling a flail,
 O! the boys of ould Ireland will never turn tail.

Now, the beauties of Juggy, to sing's my intention:
 If you're dying in love, now, her charms I wont
 mention:

She'd a pair of black eyes, by my soul I'm no joker,
 Like two holes that were burnt in a blanket by a
 poker.

Singing, whack for ould Ireland, &c.

O! her cheeks, red as bricks, set me all in a bustle,
 And she'd open her mouth as she'd open a muscle:
 She'd a nate row of teeth,—she had two by my soul!
 And her tongue hung between, like a toad in a hole.

Singing, whack for ould Ireland, &c.

Now, Juggy Delany has made me her wife;
 Although two, we are one, all the rest of our life:
 We've a pair of fine daughters, as fresh as the morn,
 But what pleases me most, they're both Irishmen
 born.

Singing, whack for ould Ireland, &c.

JACK ROBINSON.

Written by T. Hudson, Esq.—Sung by Mr. Burton.

Air, Colledge Hornpipe.

THE perils and the dangers of the voyage all past,
 And the ship at Portsmouth arrived at last,
 The sails all furl'd, and the anchor cast,
 The happiest of the crew was Jack Robinson;
 For his Polly he had trinkets and gold galore,
 Besides of prize-money quite a store,
 And along with the crew he went ashore,
 As coxswain to the boat, Jack Robinson.
 Tol de rol, &c.

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

In a public house they both sat down,
 And talk'd of admirals of high renown,
 And drunk'd as much grog as come to half a crown,
 This here strange man and Jack Robinson;
 Then Jack call'd out the reck'ning to pay,
 The landlady came in, in fine array,
 My eyes and limbs, why here's Polly Gray;
 Who'd have thought of meeting you, says Jack
 Robinson.
 Tol de rol, &c.

The landlady stagger'd against the wall,
 And said at first she didn't know him at all,
 Shiver me, says Jack, why here's a pretty squall,
 Darrame, don't you know me? I'm Jack Robin-
 son!

Don't you know this handkerchief you gived to me?
 'Twas three years ago before I went to sea,
 Every day I look'd at it and thought of thee,
 Upon my soul I have, says Jack Robinson.

Tol de rol, &c.

Says the lady, says she, I've changed my state;
 Why you don't mean, said Jack, that you've got a
 mate,

You know you promised me—said she, I couldn't
 wait,

— For no tidings could I gain of you, Jack Robin-
 son.

And somebody one day came to me and said,
 That somebody else had somewhere read,
 In some newspaper as how you was dead!—Dead!
 I've not been dead at all! says Jack Robinson.

Tol de rol, &c.

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

And he was off before you could say Jack
 Robinson.

Tol de rol, &c.



ORATOR PUFF.

MR. ORATOR PUFF had two tones in his voice,
 The one squeaking thus, and the other down so ;
 In each sentence he utter'd he gave you your
 choice,
 For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
 Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator's surely enough.

But he still talk'd away, spite of coughs and of
 frowns,
 So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
 That a wag once, on hearing the orator say
 'My voice is for war,' ask'd him which of them
 pray ?

Oh ! oh ! &c.

Reeling homewards, one evening, top-heavy with
 gin,
 And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the
 crown,
 He tripp'd near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,
 'Sinking fund,' the last word in his noddle came
 down,

Oh ! oh ! &c.

'Good lord,' he exclaimed, in his he and she tones,
 'Help me out—help me out—I have broken my
 bones !'
 'Help you out !' said a Paddy who pass'd, 'what a
 bother ?'
 'Why, there's two of you there; can't you help
 one another ?'

Oh ! oh ! &c.

NEW SONG FOR BILLY BLACK.

*Written and sung by Mr. Burton, in the farce
The Hundred Pound Note.*

Air, Margery Topping.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

I've been teasing my brains just to search out a few
Fresh conundrums, in hopes that my jokes will
please you ;
The joy of my heart's centred in that great cause,
The height of my wishes to gain your applause,
A subject I'll never give up.

A good haunch o' wenson's a wery fine thing,
I've been told by some chaps it's a dish for the King ;
Why is a fat haunch like a tight lacing dandy ?
I hope you've an answer to this pat and handy,
And don't till you try, give it up.

*Why is a haunch of venison like a dandy ?
Because it's a bit of a buck.*

Heddication alone fits a man for this life,
And what we ought all to look for in a wife.
Its want is of discord too often the root ;
Why's an uninform'd man at all like this boot ?
Now don't till you try, give it up.

*Why is an ignorant man like a dirty boot ?
Because he wants polishing.*

The next that I ask I'm afraid you will guess,
Although its a good 'un, you all must confess,
Pray why is the grass that grows in our fields,
Like the poor little mouse that our bread and cheese
steals ?

Now don't, &c.

Why is grass like a mouse ? Because the cat'll eat it.

When the beasts, two and two, all walk'd into the ark,
 Which went first or last, we are left in the dark ;

It's supposed that the elephant went in the last,
 Pray why did he so ? is the question that's ask'd ;
 Now don't, &c.

Why was the elephant the last beast that went into the ark ? Because it took him some time to pack up his trunk.

Our sailors have proved themselves friends to the weak,
 And turnip-faced foes made for mercy to squeak.

Pray why is speech by an officer made
 Aboard ship, like an ornament in fashion's aid ?
 Now don't, &c.

Why is a captain's speech aboard ship like a chimney ornament ? Because it's a deck-oration.

I've just got one more that I think you'll approve,
 The gout is a pain that we none of us love.

Pray why is a swell'd and a bad gouty leg,
 Like an old fashion'd window ? your answer I beg,
 And don't, &c.

Why is a gouty leg like a window ? Because it's full of panes.

ENCORE VERSES.

Suppose an old woman for fancy should go,
 Upon the salt sea for a sail or a row,
 And the boat should upset, and should leave the old
 girl

Expos'd to the waves, to their foam, and their twirl.
 Pray what d'ye ye think she is like ?

What is an old woman in the sea like ? Like to be drowned.

We all are aware that cats see in the dark,
 But the reason they do I could never remark:
 I know very well I have got a good sight,
 But I never sees nothing when there an't no light.
 Now don't, &c.

*Why do cats see in the dark? Because they eat
 lights.*

When a man is quite sad, dull, and very dejected,
 From losses in trade, or by sweetheart rejected;
 And he's got, sad mischance, the blue devils among,
 Pray why is he like to the root of a tongue?
 Now don't, &c.

*Why is a dejected man like the root of a tongue?
 Down in the mouth.*

I've just got a little one left till the last,
 A bandy legg'd man, we know cannot run fast;
 Now why is a man that has two bandy legs,
 Like a poor wounded seaman, that charity begs?
 Now don't, &c.

*Why is a bandy man like a beggar? Because
 he's in-kneed.*

~~~~~  
 NO! NO!

*Sung by Mr. Brunton and Mrs. Rowbotham.*

*Air, Isabel.*

*He.*—Will you not bless, with one sentence, a  
 lover,

Whose bosom beats only for you:  
 The cause of your anger, I prithee discover;  
 Pray tell me the reason for?

*She.*

No!

*He.*—Say, dearest, you still love me ?

*She.* No !

*He.*—O, how can you doom me to sorrow,

Yet once again bless me with——

*She.* No !

*He.*—And promise to meet me to-morrow.

*She.*—Promise—No !

*He.*—Prithee—

*She.* No !

*He.*—Don't say, no !

*He.*—Must we, then, dearest Maria, sever,

And can you then part from me ?

*She.* No !

*He.*—Then swear by yon sun, to be mine only

ever,

You cannot refuse me, love ?

*She.* No !

*He.*—You hate not your fond lover ?

*She.* No !

*He.*—Your hand to my faithful heart pressing ;

Say, does it offend you, love ?

*She.* No !

*He.*—Then to marry will not be distressing ?

Answer ?

*She.* No !

*He.*—Once more.

*She.* No ! no ! no ! no !

## WHAT MAN WOULD BE WITHOUT A WOMAN.

*Air, Ladies' Tongues.*

THOUGH much is said and sung about a woman's  
tongue,  
I think that I can prove to you its merit ere 'tis  
long ;  
To the sex I'll tune my lays, and adore them all  
my days,  
And it's my intention now to sing in woman's praise.  
I'll prove that lovely woman is a man's best friend,  
Sticking back and edge to him till life doth end.  
That man who'd single go, had better be below,  
But what man would be without a woman I should  
like to know ?

That man, &amp;c.

If a man has got a wife, he may lead a happy life,  
Although at times the best of folks may have a lit-  
tle strife ;  
Woman's tongue must use its power, but her pas-  
sion's like a shower,  
In April, when there's storm and sunshine all  
within an hour.  
A man had better let a woman have her way  
And let her chatter, chatter, chatter, all the day ;  
For though her tongue may go in scandal too, or so,  
What man would have a woman dumb, I'd really  
like to know ?

For though, &amp;c.

At home she's man's best friend, for him she'll  
wash and mend,  
And unto all his many wants she will attend ;  
But a single man, it's true, for himself must boil or  
stew,  
Must mend his clothes, must wash his shirt, and  
molly coddle, too ;

A married man to happy be can never fail,  
 But a single man is like a dog without a tail !  
 Poor and ragged he may go, unless he'd botch and  
 sew ;

What man would be a molly all his life I'd like to  
 know.

Poor and ragged, &c.

A house without a fair is like a desert drear,  
 A garden with no flowers, or vegetation near ;  
 Like a tail without a head, or bedstead with no bed ;  
 So, lads, if you're not silly, you will quickly go and  
 wed.

A single life you'll find to be a bitter pill,  
 No one to sooth or nurse you, if by chance you're  
 ill ;

But woman, I can show, is man's only joy below ;  
 So, what man would be without a woman, I should  
 like to know ?

But woman, &c.

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### SCOTS MEDLEY.

*Air, Calder Fair.*

As I came in by Calder Fair,  
 And yont the Lappard Lee, man,  
 There was braw kissing there ;  
 Come butt and kiss wi' me, man ;  
 There was Highland folk and Lawland folk,  
 Unco folk and kend folk,  
 Folk aboon, folk i' the yard ;  
 There's na folk like our ain folk.

Dirum dum, &c.

Hech hey ! Bessy Bell,  
 Kilt your coat, Maggy,  
 Ye'se get a new gown,  
 Down the burn Davie.



The earl o' Mar's bonnie thing,  
 And muckle bookit wallet;  
 Play the same tune o'er again,  
 And down the burn, for a' that.

Dirum dum, &c.

Gin ye had been whare I had been,  
 Ye wadna been sae wantin'!  
 I gat the lang girdin o't,  
 An' I fell through the gantrin.  
 O'er the hills and far away,  
 My bonnie winsome Willie;  
 Where shall our gudemen lie?  
 The glee'd earl o' Kellie.

Dirum dum, &c.

Toddle butt, and toddle ben,  
 Hey, Tam Brandy;  
 I'll gang no more to yon town,  
 Little Cockey Bendy;  
 There's three sheep skins, my man,  
 The barber and his basin;  
 The bonnie lass o' Patie's mill,  
 Wi' the free an' accepted mason.

Dirum dum, &c.

On Ettrick banks ae summer's night,  
 The clifly rocks in view, man.  
 Kath'rine Ogle gat a fright,  
 'Mang Scotland's bells sae blue, man,  
 O waly, waly, up yon wood,  
 And down by bonny Yarrow,  
 The lassie lost her silken snood  
 Wi' Will her winsome marrow.

Dirum dum, &c.

Stately stept he east the wa',  
 The lad I darena name, man.

Geordie reigns in Charlie's ha',  
 Send Lewie Gordon hame, man.  
 In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,  
 Will brew'd a peck o' maut, man;  
 John Anderson, ye're turning auld,  
 Pit a sheep's head i' the pat, man.  
 Dirum dum, &c.

The tailor cam' to clout the claise  
 Upon a Lammas night, man,  
 Which caus'd the battle o' the fleas,  
 And show'd M'Craw's great might, man;  
 John Tamson at the key-hole keeks,  
 My wife's a wanton pawkey,  
 She's clouting Johnny's gray breeks,  
 And Bess she's but a gawkie.  
 Dirum dum, &c.

In Fife there liv'd a wicked wife,  
 And she has ta'en the gee, man;  
 The door-barring caus'd the strife,  
 And Sandy o'er the Lee, man.  
 Tarty woo frae Tweedside came,  
 Frae Aberdeen cauld kail, man,  
 Made gude Scotch brose to fill our wame,  
 Cou'd Donald M'Donald fail, man.  
 Dirum dum, &c.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 Sae merry's we hae been, man;  
 Yet still on Mennie's charms I doat,  
 At Polwart on the green, man.  
 Willie was a wanton wag,  
 And push'd about the jorum,  
 While Rab the Ranter burst his bag  
 Playing the Reel o' Tullochgorum.  
 Dirum dum, &c.

## DECEMBER AND MAY.

*Written by T. Hood.—Air, As slow our ship.*

SAID Nestor to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful  
one day,

“Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those lovely  
eyes away ?

You ought to be more fortified.” “Ah, brute, be  
quiet do :

I know I'm not so fortyfied or fiftyfied as you !”

“O, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard,  
You'll die for me, you swore, and I—I took you at  
your word :

I was a tradesman's widow then—a pretty change  
I've made,

To live and die the wife of one, a widower by  
trade !”

“My dear,” said he, “these flighty airs, declare in  
sober truth,

You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in  
youth ;

Besides, you said you lik'd old men, though now at  
me you huff.”

“Why yes,” she said, “and so I do—but you're  
not old enough.”

“Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have  
a quiet hive,

I'll be the best of men—I mean, I'll be the best  
alive !

Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the  
core.”

“I thank you, sir, for telling me—for now I'll grieve  
the more.”

## I NEVER SAYS NOTHING TO NOBODY.

*Sung by Mr. Burton.—Air, May Day.*

WHAT a shocking world this is for scandal !  
 The people get worse every day,  
 Every thing serves for a handle  
 To talk folks' good name away.  
 In backbiting, vile, each so labours,  
 The sad faults of others to show body—  
 I could tell enough of my neighbours,  
 But I never says nothing to nobody.

'Tis a snug little house I reside in,  
 And the people who're dwelling next door,  
 Are smother'd completely such pride in,  
 As I never met with before :  
 But outside the door they don't roam,  
 A large sum of money they owe body ;  
 Folks call, but can't find them at home—  
 I never says nothing to nobody.

The butcher, so greasy and fat,  
 When out, he does nothing but boast :  
 Struts as he cocks on his hat,  
 As if he supreme rul'd the roast.  
 Talks of his wealth and his riches,  
 Consequence always does show body ;  
 His ugly old wife wears the breeches,  
 But I never says nothing to nobody.

The baker lives quite in great style,  
 His wife is, O Lord ! such a fright ;  
 New dresses she's got a great pile,  
 They sleep out of town every night.  
 Country cottage, completely in state,  
 Determin'd not to be a low body :

He's been pull'd up three times for short weight,  
But I never says nothing to nobody.

The publican, thriving in trade,  
With sorrow is now looking down ;  
His sweet little pretty bar-maid  
Has a little one just brought to town.  
He's not to be seen much about,  
His wife is a deuce of a shrew body ;  
The police are on the look-out,—  
But I never says nothing to nobody.

A methodist parson of fame,  
I see very often go by :  
His heart is fill'd full of love's flame,  
He visits a girl on the sly.  
Although this daily I see,  
And surely he's but a so-so body ;  
Of course, as 'tis nothing to me,  
I never says nothing to nobody.

The new married couple, so happy,  
Seem both the quintessence of love ;  
He calls her before every sappy,  
My darling, my duck, and my dove.  
In private there's nothing but strife,  
Quarrelling, fighting, o'erflow body ;  
In short, quite a cat and dog life,—  
But I never says nothing to nobody.

I could tell, if I lik'd, such a tale,  
Of neighbours all round, great and small,  
That surely I think, without fail,  
Would really astonish you all.  
But here now my short ditty ends,  
I don't want to hurt high or low body ;  
I wish to keep in with my friends,  
So I never says nothing to nobody.





**THE NIGHTINGALE CLUB.**

## THE NIGHTINGALE CLUB.

*As sung by Mr. Burton.*

THE Nightingale Club in a village was held,  
 At the sign of the cabbage and shears,  
 Where the singers, no doubt, would have greatly  
 excell'd,  
 But for want of taste, voices, and ears;  
 Still between every toast, with his gills mighty red,  
 Mr. President thus, with great eloquence, said,—

(*Spoken.*) “Gentlemen of the Nightingale Club, you all know the rules and regulations of this society, and if any gentleman present is not aware of them, if he will look over the fireplace he will find them chalk'd up: That every gentleman must sing a volunteer song, whether he can or no, or drink a pint of salt and water; therefore, to make a beginning of this evening's harmony, I shall call upon Mr. Snuffle.” “Sir, you hear I have an extreme bad cold, but, with your permission, I'll try to do my best.” “Sir, that's all we wish; for if you do your best, the best can do no more.”—“I'll begin directly.”

Blow high! blow low!—

Beg pardon, I must blow my nose again.

Chelly wipe, chelly wipe, wipe, wipe, I cwy,

Full and fair wolls, come along and buy.

*Repeated.*

If so be you ask me where

They do glow, I alser lare,

Where the lips of Julia smile,

That's the place of chelly welly isle.

Chelly wipe, &c.

Bravo! bravo! very well sung,

Jolly companions every one.



Thus the Nightingale Club nightly keep up their  
 clamour,  
 While nightly knock'd down by the president's  
 hammer.

When Snuffle had finish'd, a man of excise,  
 Whose squint was prodigiously fine,  
 Sung, "Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine."  
 After which Mr. Tug, who draws teeth for all  
 parties,  
 Roar'd a sea-song, whose burden was, "Pull away,  
 hearties, O!  
 Pull away, pull away, my hearties!  
 Pull, pull away, pull away, my hearties."

(*Spoken.*) "Mr. Drinkall, we shall be happy to  
 hear your song, sir." (*Drunk.*) "'Pon my soul,  
 Mr. President, I cannot sing." "Waiter, bring Mr.  
 Drinkall a glass of salt and water." "No, no, Mr.  
 President; sooner than swallow that dose, I'll try  
 one." Bravo, silence.

A lass is good, and a glass is good,  
 And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;  
 The world it is good, and the people are good,  
 And we're all good fellows together.  
 A song is a good thing, when it's very well sung,  
 But some people they always stick in it—

(*Spoken.*) "'Pon my soul, Mr. President, I cannot  
 sing any more."

Bravo! bravo! very well sung, &c.

Mr. Drybones sung next, who was turn'd of three  
 score,  
 And melodiously warbled away;  
 "She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,  
 And yet we are too young, they say."

Then a little Jew grocer, who wore a bob wig,  
 Struck up, "Billy Pringle had von pretty pig,  
 Not very leetel, not very pig;  
 But ven alive, him live in clover,  
 But now him dead, and dat's all over."

(*Spoken.*) "Mr. President, I think it's time we had a toast or sentiment." "Certainly; whose turn is it to give one?" "Give us the health of some shining character." "Well, here's success to Day and Martin; there are two shining characters for you." Bravo! "And now, Mr. Dismal, we'll thank you for your song." "Sir, I shall give you something sprightly."

Merry are the bells, and merry do they ring,  
 Merry is myself, and merry will I sing.  
 Bravo! bravo! very well sung, &c.

Billy Piper (some members call'd breach of the peace,

Because all his notes were so shrill)  
 Shriek'd out, like the wheel of a cart that wants grease,  
 "Deeper, and deeper still."

Mr. Max, who drinks gin, wish'd to coo like a dove,  
 Murmur'd sweetly, "O listen to the voice of love,  
 Which calls my Daphne to the grove."

(*Spoken.*) Mr. Double-lungs, the butcher, was next called on, who had a kind of a duetto voice, something like a penny trumpet and a kettle-drum. "Mr. Double-lungs, we wish to hear your song." "Sir, I'll sing with all my heart, liver, and lights; I'll sing you the Echo song out of Comus, with my own accompaniments; for when a man echoes himself, he's sure to do it in the right key."

"Sweet echo, sweet echo.

Bravo! bravo! very well sung, &c.

## CROOS-KEEN LAWN.

*Sung by Mr. Power and Mr. Mathews.*

LET the farmer praise his grounds,  
 As the huntsman does his hounds,  
 And the shepherd his sweet scented lawn,  
 While I, more blest than they,  
 Spend each happy night and day,  
 With my smiling little Croos-keen lawn, lawn,  
 lawn,  
 O my smiling little Croos-keen lawn.  
 Leante ruma Croos-keen  
 Sleante gar ma voor meh neen,  
 Agus gramachree ma cooleen ban, ban, ban,  
 Agus gramachree ma cooleen ban.

In court with manly grace,  
 Should Sir Toby plead his case,  
 And the merits of his cause make known,  
 Without his cheerful glass,  
 He'd be stupid as an ass,  
 So he takes a little Croos-keen lawn.  
 Leante ruma, &c.

Then fill your glasses high,  
 Let's not part with lips so dry,  
 Though the lark should proclaim it is dawn.  
 But if we can't remain,  
 May we shortly meet again,  
 To fill another Croos-keen lawn.  
 Leante ruma, &c.

And when grim death appears,  
 After few but happy years,  
 And tells me my glass it is run, run, run,  
 I'll say, begone, you slave,  
 For great Bacchus gives me lave  
 Just to fill another Croos-keen lawn, lawn, lawn.  
 Leante ruma, &c.

## PADDY O'NEIL.

*Air, Irish Washerwoman.*

YE sons of Hibernia, who snug on dry land,  
 Round a sparkling turf fire, with whisky in hand,  
 Ne'er think of the dangers attending the boys  
 Who are fighting your battles through nonsense and  
 noise ;

To Dublin I went up, that damnable place,  
 A spalpeen came up and he swore to my face,  
 He call'd for the press-gang, they came without fail,  
 And they neck and heels tied me, poor Paddy O'Neil.

Tol loo, ral lal loo, &c.

Away to the tender they made me repair,  
 Of tenderness devil a morsel was there,  
 I roar'd and I curs'd, but it did not avail,  
 In the cellar they cramm'd poor Paddy O'Neil ;  
 They call'd up all hands, hands and feet soon obey'd,  
 I wish'd myself home, cutting turf with my spade.  
 The first thing I saw made my courage to fail,  
 'Twas a large floating castle for Paddy O'Neil.

Tol loo, ral lal loo, &c.

I let go with my hands to hould fast by my toes,  
 The ship took a rowl, and away my head goes.  
 I fell in the water, and splash'd like a whale,  
 And with boat hooks they fish'd up poor Paddy  
 O'Neil.

For a bed they'd a sack hung as high as my chin,  
 They call'd it a hammock, and bade me get in,  
 I laid hould, took a leap, but my footing being frail,  
 I swung me clean over, poor Paddy O'Neil.

Tol loo, ral lal loo, &c.

Up hammocks, down chests, the boatswain did bawl  
 There's a French ship in sight, 'tunder an' oons, is  
 that all ?

To a gun I was station'd, they uncover'd her tail,  
 And the leading strings gave to poor Paddy O'Neil.  
 The captain cries, " England and Ireland, my boys,"  
 When he mention'd ould Ireland, my heart made a  
 noise ;

I clapp'd fire on her back, whilst I held by her tail,  
 The damn'd devil flew out and threw Paddy O'Neil.  
 Tol loo, ral lal loo, &c.

So we leather'd away, by my soul ! hob or nob,  
 Till the Frenchman gave up what he thought a bad  
 job ;

To tie him behind—a strong cord we did bring,  
 And we led him along like a pig in a string.  
 Peace now is return'd, but should war come again,  
 By the piper of Leinster, I'd venture a-main ;  
 Returning I'd tell you fine folks such a tale,  
 That you'd laugh till you'd cry at poor Paddy  
 O'Neil. Tol loo, ral lal loo, &c.

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### THE OLD MAID'S LEVEE.

*Air, The Bold Dragoon.*

A MAIDEN sure there was, she was ugly, old, and  
 tough,

But lovers she found plentiful, because she had the  
 stuff.

With her leering, sneering,  
 Lovers queering,

Och ! she could be sporting some ;  
 For every afternoon,

To her levee they would courting come,  
 With a whack, row de dow dow,  
 Fal, lal, de riddy iddy,  
 Whack, row de dow dow,  
 Fal, de ral, de riddy de.

An alderman came first, like a turtle, I declare,  
 If she'd married him there'd of turtles been a pair ;  
     With his waddle, twaddle,  
     Empty noddle,  
 Belly round, and wig so spruce, sir ;  
     But she told him soon,  
 All he could do would be no use, sir,  
     With his whack, row de dow, &c.

An attorney too there was—with him the cash ran  
     sby,  
 He came in Hymen's court, he said, with her a cause  
     to try ;  
     With his smirks and jerks,  
     His flaws and quirks,  
 Law never had confuted him ;  
     But the cause was ended soon,  
 And Miss M'Cann nonsuited him,  
     With his whack, row de dow, &c.

The next that came a courting to the lovely Miss  
     M'Cann,  
 Was a foreign music master sure, but he was not  
     her man ;  
     With his shaking, quaking,  
     Ballad making,  
 His fiddle-stick and music paper :  
     Och ! says she, you're out of tune,  
 So get along, you catgut scraper.  
     Whack, row de dow, &c.

But the boy that won her heart you soon shall un-  
     derstand,  
 An Irishman he was, his shillelagh in his hand ;  
     With whisky, frisky,  
     All so brisk, he  
 " Gramachree " did sing so sweetly,  
     That to church he led her soon,  
 And her money bags he rummaged neatly.  
     Whack, row de dow, &c.

## THE MISERIES OF SATURDAY.

*Air, Auld Lang Syne.*

THERE is no peace about the house,  
 In kitchen, parlour, hall,  
 There is no comfort in the house,  
 On Saturday at all.  
 Where'er you turn, a noise assails  
 Of brushes, brooms, and mops ;  
 Besides a host of pans and pails,  
 For various stinking slops.  
 Then there's rubbing, scrubbing, tearing, swearing,  
 Sounding every way ;  
 Of all the days throughout the week,  
 The worst is Saturday.

Hark ! is that dread thunder near,  
 Or noisy drum and fife ?  
 O, no, the music that I hear,  
 Is charwoman and wife !  
 Both laughing, scolding, talking, singing,  
 Gad ! there's such a din,  
 That all Babel's workmen ringing,  
 Conquer'd must give in—  
 To their rubbing, scrubbing, tearing, swearing,  
 Echoing every way ;  
 Of all the days within the week,  
 The worst is Saturday !

In apron blue now comes your belle,  
 And gown well stored with holes ;  
 For colour, it might passing well  
 Claim kindred with the coals.  
 Then she says, " You know, my dear,  
 Some make their husbands rue,  
 By taking their good clothes to wear,  
 When any thing will do

For their scrubbing, rubbing, wearing, tearing."—  
 O, curse them all, I say ;  
 Of all the days throughout the week,  
 The worst is Saturday.

Begrim'd with dust, with dirt, and grease,  
 She now sits down to dine ;  
 At banyan day, of bread and cheese,  
 You now must not repine ;  
 Your goods and chattels, now displaced,  
 All in confusion stand ;  
 Some are broke, and some defaced,  
 By each destructive hand,  
 With their rubbing, scrubbing, tearing, swearing,  
 Sounding every way ;  
 Of all the days within the week,  
 The worst is Saturday.

At length, thank fate, the warfare's o'er,  
 But now, the peevish frump  
 Insists that all across the floor  
 We must hop, skip, and jump,  
 For fear the milk-white boards should soil,  
 Or furniture bewray :  
 Ah ! wo to him that dares to spoil  
 The work of Saturday,  
 After rubbing, scrubbing, tearing, swearing,  
 All the time away ;  
 Of all the days that make the week,  
 The worst is Saturday.

Then, to avoid a din and noise,  
 For rational delight,  
 We haste to join some jolly boys  
 On Saturday at night ;  
 When we're met, a jovial set,  
 We drive dull care away,  
 In harmony, we soon forget  
 The woes of Saturday,



And their rubbing, scrubbing, tearing, swearing,  
 All the live-long day;  
 For the night of mirth will soon requite  
 The woes of Saturday.

-----  
 LEVI LYON.

*Written by W. T. Moncrieff.—Air, Jack's the Lad.*

To his wife, cried Levi Lyon, I'm a meddlesome-ish  
 spark,  
 So, vare de vide vaves, rougher dan de Bosphorus,  
 I to Margate vill go sailing, vere dey all are in de  
 dark,  
 And get off, my tear, my cargo dere of phosphorus.  
 Then packing it up neatly, all in thirteen penny  
 pottles,  
 And pocketed each snugly, making light of them,  
 It so happen'd that the corks all working upwards  
 from their throttles,  
 They ignited and took fire, as was quite right of  
 them.  
 Levi 'bout the deck was walking,—cried the captain  
 what a flash,  
 As his tail soon in a flame grew—'tis a shocking  
 tale to tell,  
 It half burnt the gold laced coat he had put on to  
 cut a dash,  
 And egad half burnt poor Levi Lyon too as well.  
 Tol de roi, &c.

Fire, fire, dere ! pring de engines, for I'm roasting  
 and I'm frying,  
 Put me out here, bawl'd poor Levi; ay, a wag  
 re-echoed, do,  
 Extinguish him at once, my lads, for surely past  
 denying,  
 It is an auto fa, you know, in burning of a Jew.

Vat de mischief shall I do now ! vill nopody put me  
out,

I'm getting all hot cockies ; 'ent no vater to be  
found ?

Yes, plenty there, jump overboard, we'll put the  
ship about,

And when your fire is ashes, we will then bring  
you aground.

So overboard they threw him straight, when over-  
board he went,

Like a cinder in a pail, with a hiss poor Levi  
fell.

A parcel of bad shillings seem'd so pat for make-  
weights meant,

That being half seas over, he was soon half-  
drown'd as well.

Tol de rol, &c.

Pull me up ! poor Levi cried out, feeling fastly  
pulling down,

Dis is vorseer dan de fire—burning coats 'ent new  
to me ;

You've put me out, so pull me out, I'll gif' you half  
a crown,

Or if you'll take light shillings,—I've a pocket  
full, here's three.

Here a rope's end with a noose and running knot  
the bosen fetch'd him,

Which to save him quite from drowning, then  
they pitch'd him so precisely,

Not e'en Jack Ketch himself could more completely  
e'er have catch'd him,

It fasten'd round his neck, and by his ear, so very  
nicely.

Yeo ho there, pull away, boys—Hold, I'm strangled!  
oh, I'm choking,

Poor Levi gurgled out, as down upon the deck he  
fell,

I'm half burnt—half drown'd, and though I'm living,  
 really I'm not joking,  
 Py de shinnagog ! my friends, put I half hang'd  
 am too as vell.

Tol de rol, &c.

'Twas true, yet though half burnt, half drown'd,  
 half hung too, and half dead,  
 Was poor Levi, yet soon finding only half his  
 bottles spent,  
 He recover'd at the thought, and cried out, raising  
 up his head,  
 I'll make two out of one, of each, and still clear  
 cent. per cent.  
 Put vat vill Mrs. Lyon say, she'll surely greatly  
 plame,  
 When she sees my coat so curtail'd, that e'er I  
 made this trip,  
 She'll say I've been sweethearting, to Margate,  
 with my flame,  
 And instead of minding business, have been  
 taking of a dip.  
 She'll swear I've had my swing—that I have o'er-  
 stepp'd the line,  
 Vell let her, never mind, poys, I must bear in  
 peace my lot,  
 Through all my days disasters, still the consolation's  
 mine,  
 Dey clearly prove dat Jews can live, vere Chris-  
 tians dey cannot.

Tol de rol, &c.

## THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

*Sung by Mr. Power.*

O, THE groves of Blarney, they are so charming,  
 Down by the purling of sweet silent brooks—  
 'Tis there's the daisy spontaneous growing,  
 Planted by nature all in the rocky nooks,  
 'Tis there's the posy, the sweet carnation,  
 The blushing pink, and the rose so fair,  
 Likewise the lily and the daffy-dilly,  
 All sweet flowers scenting the most fragrant air.

'Tis lady Jeffery that owns this station,  
 Like Alexander or like Helen fair,  
 There's never a commander in all the nation,  
 For emulation can with her compare ;  
 There's castles round her where no nine pounder  
 Would dare for to enter into her place of strength,  
 Until Oliver Cromwell (bad luck to that old thief)  
 he did her so pummel,  
 That he made a great breach right through into  
 her battlement.

There's gravel walks there for meditation,  
 And contemplation, all in sweet solitude—  
 'Tis there's the lover may meet the dove or  
 The gentle plover, by way of interlude :  
 And in case any young lady be so engaging,  
 Just to fetch a walk those shady bowers around,  
 O ! 'tis there's her courtier might transport her,  
 Into some dark cavern all down in under ground.

'Tis there's the cave where no daylight enters—  
 Where cats and badgers are for ever bred,  
 Almost by nature, which makes it complature  
 Nor a coach and six nor a downy bed.

'Tis there's the lake well stored with fishes,  
 The comely eels in the vardant mud that stray,

There's them trout and them salmon, playing  
together at backgammon,

But if you try to catch hould of them, don't they  
all imajuntly swim away ?

'Tis there's the kitchen with many a fitch in,

And the maids a-stichin's before the door :

There's the beef and biskey, likewise the whisky,  
Which would make you frisky, if yourself was  
there.

'Tis there's good Kate Whaley's daughter Nelly,

A-washing praters fornent the door,

Auld Roger Daly and Miss Biddy Kelly,

All blood relations of that entirely great, noble  
and renown'd family, my lord Donoghmore.

There's statces gracing that noble place in,

All heathen goddesses so fair,

Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and sweet Nicodemus,

All alive and naked out in the cold frosty air.

And now to finish this brief narration,

Which my poor genus could ne'er divine,

O was I a Homer, or even Nebuchadnezzar,

In every feature I'd make it for to shine.

~~~~~  
'T WAS YOU, SIR.

A Glee.

'T WAS you, sir, 'twas you, sir,

I tell you nothing new, sir,

'Twas you that kiss'd the pretty girl,

'Twas you, sir, you ;

'Tis true, sir, 'tis true, sir,

You look so very blue, sir,

I'm sure you kiss'd the pretty girl,

'Tis true, sir, true ;

O, sir, no, sir,

How can you wrong me so, sir ?

I did not kiss the pretty girl—

But I know who.

THE TAILOR'S SONG.

THE story from time immemorial ran,
 "Nine tailors together would make but one man;"
 But quickly I'll prove, that, as clear as the sun,
 A tailor is equal to nine men in one.

Derry down.

As a cook, he has ever on hand a hot goose;
 As a player, his bare bodkin 's ever in use;
 No caulker more careful his seams closes round;
 No sailor more constant on board can be found.

Derry down.

Like a gardener a plenty of cabbage contents;
 Like a landlord, he anxiously hunts up his rents;
 An economist true his example may quote,
 According to cloth he still cuts out his coat.

Derry down.

What lawyer so many suits handles, as he?
 Or what one more dexterously swells up a fee?
 What parson stands by you a more constant friend,
 Good habits to form, or bad habits to mend?

Derry down.

And thus you will find are combined in a tailor,
 A cook and a player, a caulker and sailor,
 A gardener and landlord, to carry the farce on,
 And, last the economist, lawyer, and parson.

Derry down.

If the tailor's a dandy in dress and in shape,
 He's equal, you'll own, to nine men and an ape.
 If all this be true, some rich tailor will show it,
 By sending a full suit of clothes to the poet.

Derry down.

THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

Sung by Mr. Rowbotham.—Air, Queen Anne's Courtier.

WITH EXTRA VERSES NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

I'LL sing you a good old song, made by a good old
pate
Of a fine old English gentleman, who had an old
estate ;
And who kept up his old mansion at a bountiful
old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at
his gate !
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden
time.

His hall so old, was hung around with pikes, and
guns, and bows,
And swords, and good old bucklers, which had
stood against old foes,
And 'twas there "his worship" sat in state, in
doublet and trunk hose,
And quaff'd his cup of good old sack to warm his
good old nose !

Like a fine old, &c.

When winter old, brought frost and cold, he open'd
house to all,
And though three score and ten his years, he featly
led the ball :
Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from
his hall,
For while he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot
the small.

Like a fine old, &c.

But time, though sweet, is strong in flight, and
 years roll'd swiftly by,
 And autumn's falling leaf proclaim'd the old man
 he must die !
 He laid him down right tranquilly, gave up life's
 latest sigh,
 And mournful friends stood round his couch, and
 tears bedimm'd each eye,
 For the fine old, &c.

Now surely this is better far than all the vain
 parade
 Of theatre, and fancy ball, of rout, and masquerade ;
 And much more economical, when all your bills
 are paid :
 Then leave your new vagaries off, and take up the
 old trade
 Of a fine old, &c.

ADDITIONAL VERSES.

His library he kept quite full of good old learned
 books,
 And a reverend old chaplain, you might know him
 by his looks ;
 With a good old buttery hatch quite worn off the
 old hooks,
 And a good old kitchen where he kept some famous
 good old cooks.
 Like a fine old, &c.

He kept a fine old huntsman, besides a pack of
 hounds,
 With which he never hunted, except on his own
 grounds ;
 And then he always kept himself within his in-
 come's bounds,
 So when he died he left each child a good old
 thousand pounds.
 Like a fine old, &c.

Then to his eldest son, his house and all his land
 assign'd,
 Charging him that he would be of the same boun-
 teous mind ;
 But this young English gentleman for that was
 ne'er inclined,
 So in a trice, left good advice, and precepts far
 behind,
 Of this fine old, &c.

THE VERY WIFE FOR ME.

Air, The Cuckoo's Nest.

Most people bow in duty, to that fickle thing call'd
 beauty,
 And many to obtain it, pine and whine away
 their life ;
 But beauty's a mere bubble, the cause of grief and
 trouble,
 And a woman plain and honest makes a comfort-
 able wife.
 So, if ever I should marry, I will have an ugly elf,
 For then I'm very certain I shall keep her to
 myself ;
 No matter if she's shanky, crooked, squinting,
 lame, or lanky,
 For those who're tied to beauty will quickly
 wretched be ;
 So, to escape all evil, I will have an ugly devil,
 For an ugly and a prudent wife's the very wife
 for me.
 O, if she squints so frightful, that will be delightful,
 For then it's very certain she'll look cross upon
 the beaux ;

With a hump upon her shoulder, with pleasure I'd
 behold her,
 And I think I could adore her, if she had a mul-
 berry nose !
 If she's old and she is phthisicky, why that will be
 all right,
 And if she's got no teeth at all, why then she cannot
 bite ;
 If she's dumb, she cannot chatter ; if she's silly,
 that's no matter,
 For those who'd be unhappy, to wed a fair are
 free ;
 But a wife I'd have quite handy who is shrivell'd,
 old, and bandy,
 And an antiquated, toothless woman, is the wife
 for me.

Some may talk of cheeks of roses, and of pretty
 little noses,
 But rosy cheeks will quickly fade, and trifling are
 at most ;
 Of a wife I'd be the master, as pale as Paris
 plaster,
 And as ghastly and as frightful as a skeleton or
 ghost.
 For rosy cheeks invite the kiss, and kissing leads
 to blows,
 But no man would feel inclined to kiss a spectre I
 suppose ;
 I should love her night and day, too, if her hair
 was red or gray, too ;
 If blind or deaf, why I should have no cause for
 jealousy ;
 She'd be blind to winks or leering ; to deceit she'd
 give no hearing ;
 So a blind and deaf old lady is the very wife for
 me.

If she's seventy or eighty, if her purse is only weighty,

Why she is just the woman for whose favours I would beg;

Her gold would be bewild'ring, she'd ne'er trouble me with children,

And I'd like her all the better if she had a wooden leg!

If she hobbled upon crutches, she would never go astray,

For it is very certain she could never run away.

If drunk she got, I vow, too, 'bout that I'd make no row, too,

She'd quickly drink herself to death, so quite content I'd be;

And 'bout that I'd make no bother, I could quickly get another;

So a drunken little woman is the very wife for me!

But, though beauty is so teasing, yet still it's very pleasing,

And I like a pretty woman if she but keeps her place;

If she's modest, young, and tender, for the world I'd not offend her,

•And if her mind's as lovely, I'd adore her pretty face.

So, if there's any lady here, who to wed is in the mind,

I'm willing to become her spouse, if she'll be true and kind;

God bless the pretty ladies!—come, hang it, who afraid is?

Remember time flies quickly; and if married you would be,

Here's a husband, if you'll choose me—pray do not refuse me;

For a pretty and a prudent wife's the only wife for me!

MATRIMONIAL CONCERT OF MUSIC.

Sung by Mr. Burton

I NEVER shall forget the days in which I was a rover,
 But soon there was an end to ease, for I became a
 lover ;

The devil take me, I must turn a lover.

The tender passion I abuse, for from it I'm a con-
 vert ;

I beg assistance from my muse to prove it like a
 concert—

A concert, a concert, I'll prove it like a concert.

For, when first my pretty maid I saw I grew sick,
 And continued (till I had a second view) sick ;

Then I tried by every means to make her, too, sick ;
 And, though soon I found that she'd not make a
 few sick,

She and love were like a concert of music ;

Love is very like a concert of music.

(Spoken.) Yes; love is very like a concert of
 music.

Soothing as the horn,

Sweet as the flute,

Lively as the fiddle,

Tickling as the lute ;

And when you're passion is refined,

O, 'tis like all these instruments combined.

Charming creature,

Every feature

Is so killing,

My bosom thrilling ;

Ah, well-a-day,

Such melody,

Vocal and instrumental.

Before I was of the marriage noose sick,

I thought love like a concert of music.

O, lord ! O, lord ! how chang'd the scene ! I sing
 no more of love's band ;
 Not happy, save one month, I've been, since I
 became a husband ;
 The devil take me, I must turn a husband !
 The marriage state I now abuse, for I can't be a
 convert ;
 The diletante must excuse my thinking it like a
 concert ;
 A concert, a concert, I'll prove it like a concert
 For, when once the honey-moon expired I grew
 sick,
 And continued (while my wife was ever in view)
 sick,
 Then I got, of being constant, fond, and true, sick,
 And I tried, by every means, to make her, too, sick,
 And found wedlock like a concert of music ;
 Yes, matrimony's like a concert of music.

(Spoken.) And a wife's like a concert of music.

For she's grumbling as the bass,
 Noisy as the drum,
 Heavy as the bagpipe,
 Furious as the trumpet,
 And, when to quarrel your wife's inclined,
 'Tis like all these instruments combined.
 Shocking creature !
 Every feature
 Is so stupid ;
 Curse on Cupid—
 Ah, well-a-day,
 Such melody,
 Woful and detrimental.
 And now that I'm of the marriage noose sick,
 Matrimony's like a concert of music.



BARON BOHMBIG.

**When philosophers wish to examine the moon,
They use the poor baron instead of balloon.**

133

BARON BOHMBIG; OR, THE RIVAL JUMPERS.

Sung by Mr. Burton.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

In Turkey there dwelt such a mighty bashaw,
That whatever he did, or said, it was law ;
And he vow'd that his daughter should give her fair
hand

In marriage, to one of a fam'd foreign land.
So he caused to be printed a certain decree,
Inviting the noble of every degree—
Stating he who jump'd highest, to set aside strife,
Should win his fair daughter, and make her his
wife.

Jump high, jump low, jumping we go.

The rivals all met, such a rum looking throng,
Of all kindreds, and tongues ; some short and some
long ;

Some had shoes with cork soles, and some channel
pumps,

To try the effect of their wonderful jumps.

'Mong the guests was a German, Von Baron Bohm-
big,

Who in Holland had purchased his shoes for this rig,
Which in speed should outvie even Mercury's wings,
And of Indian rubber were made, and with springs.

Jump high, jump low, jumping we go.

The day being fix'd to the palace they hied,
Where this mighty bashaw their fate should decide ;
Each had used his endeavour the lady to earn,
But the baron—who thought that he'd have the last
turn.

So having now laced mynheer's patent shoes on,
And fancied the prize he had already won ;

He just gave a spring, to put them to proof,
And away went the baron right bang through the
roof.

Jump high, jump low, jumping we go.

The folks all amazed ran into the street,
Where they saw the poor baron come down on his
feet,

But the springs were so strong, that in two or three
falls

He was carried just ten times as high as St. Paul's,
The baron not liking this jumpeting berth,
Cursed the Dutch and their shoes as he came down
to earth,

And he call'd out for aid with stentorian might,
But bounc'd up again, and went clean out of sight.

Jump high, jump low, jumping we go.

He now had become such an æriel sprite,
That he did not reach Turkey until the next night,
And though daily the people were gazing to seek,
He appear'd not again for more than a week :

The next time he came down, poor Baron Bohmbig,
His body was stiff, and without hat or wig,
The crows of his face had began to make carr'on,
And the people all said "that can't be the baron.

Jump high, jump low, jumping we go.

When philosophers wish to examine the moon,
They use the poor baron instead of balloon ;
And strange though the tale is, the Turks they do
say,

His skeleton's jumping to this very day.
Should the weather prove fine, and the sky very
clear,

If you go you may see him come down once a year ;
And believe it or not, for prove it I can,

'Twas this which gave rise to the flying Dutchman.
Jump high, jump low, jumping we go.

CAPTAIN BELL.

Air, Isabel.

WHEN you took lodgings in my neat first floor,
 And your regiment first march'd into town ;
 Before I had seen your sweet face half an hour,
 I lent you, my jewel, half a crown,
 Captain Bell ! Captain Bell ! Captain Bell !
 'Tis yourself that knows well how to borrow,
 And you put off the people so well,
 With your " call and I'll pay you to-morrow,"
 Captain Bell !

And when you treated us all to the play,
 Did I not lend you the cash ?
 And when you ask'd us to come and drink *tay*
 My plated *tay*-pot cut the dash,
 Captain Bell ! Captain Bell ! Captain Bell !
 'Tis not for my *tay*-pot I sorrow,
 Though I know it is safe mighty well,
 I beg you'll return it to-morrow,
 Captain Bell !

But if a rich widow would lie in your way,
 'Tis myself, Widow Brady, 's your *man* ;
 You shall live at free quarters, with nothing to pay,
 Come, fellow me that if you can,
 Captain Bell ! Captain Bell ! Captain Bell !
 'Tis better to marry than borrow,
 And although you may think you're a swell,
 You must settle my bill, sir, to-morrow,
 Captain Bell !

LONDON THIEVES.

Air, Bow, wow, wow.

As Yorkshire Humphry, t'other day, o'er London
 bridge was stumping,
 He saw, with wonder and delight, the water-works
 a pumping;
 Numps gazing stood, and wondering how this grand
 machine was made, sir,
 To feast his eyes he thrust his head betwixt the
 balustrade sir.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

A sharper, prowling near the spot, observed the
 gaping lout, sir,
 And soon, with fishhook fingers, turn'd his pockets
 inside out, sir;
 Numps feels the twitch, and turns around—the
 thief, with artful leer,
 Said, "Sir, you'll presently be robb'd, for pick-
 pockets are near."

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Quoth Numps, "I don't fear Lunnun thieves, I've
 not a simple youth,
 My guinea, mister, 's safe enough, I've putten in
 my mouth."
 "You'll pardon me," the rogue replies, then mo-
 destly retires,
 Numps reassumes his gaping post, and still the
 works admires.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The sharper then he took his stand, with Humphry
 full in view,
 When soon an infant thief drew nigh, and each the
 other knew;

Then thus the elder thief began, "Observe that gaping lout;
He has a guinea in his mouth, and we must get it out."

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"Leave that to me," young Filch replies, "I have a scheme quite pat;
Only observe how neat I'll queer that spoony country flat."

So when Numps (who had gazed his fill) was trudging through the street,
The youthful pilferer, tripping by, fell prostrate at his feet.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"O Lord! O dear! my money's lost!" the artful urchin moans,
When halfpence, dropping from his hands, roll jingling o'er the stones;
The passengers now stoop to find, and give the boy his coin,
And Humphry, too, with friendly hand, deigns cordially to join.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"Here are your pence," quoth Numps; "my lad, be zure thee houlds 'em faster;"
"My pence!" quoth Filch; "here are my pence, but where's my guinea, master?"
"Help, help, good falks, for God's sake, help!" bawl'd out this hopeful youth, sirs,
"He pick'd my guinea up, just now, and has it in his mouth, sirs."

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The elder thief, who lurking near, now close to Humphry draws,
And, seizing on his gullet, plucks the guinea from his jaws;

Then cries out, "Masters, here's the coin, I'll give
 the boy his guinea,
 But who'd have thought t'have seen a thief in this
 same country ninny!"

How, wow, wow, &c.

"O, pray now, hear me, masters; O, do but hear
 me, pray, sirs;"

But "Duck him, duck him!" was the cry; at length
 he sneaks away, sirs:

"And now," quoth Numps, "I will believe what
 oft I have heard said,

That Lunnun thieves would steal the teeth out of
 your very head."

How, wow, wow, &c.

HYMEN'S BALL.

*A new Amatory Ballad, to be Sung by all Spinners,
 Bachelors, &c.*

Air, Madam Fig's Gala.

HYMEN afforded a ball,
 On the outside of his castle,
 Some call it Happiness Hall,
 Others account it a Bastile.
 Be that as it may, in a trice,
 Dancing we had and hilarity;
 Hearts that were bound up in ice,
 Melted to amorous charity.
 Wedlock's a glorious thing,
 Blessings be on the beginning o't,
 Should your neck break with the string,
 Sweet is at least the spinning o't.

Beauty look'd smiling on Faith,
 Coyness grew into festivity,
 Pairs as they whirl'd out of breath,
 Waltz'd themselves into captivity.
 Hallow'd flirtations domain,
 Eden of sentimentality,
 O how thy songs and champaign
 Strung the soul's congeniality.
 Wedlock, &c.

Crowds to the castle (no more
 Single to pine and to pout again)
 Flock'd, and behind them the door
 Was shut that lets nobody out again;
 Stunn'd as it slamm'd on them, some
 Look'd rather sheepish, I'm vex'd to say,
 But for one face that was glum,
 Twenty upbrighten'd with ecstasy.
 Wedlock, &c.

Hymen they say is a wag,
 A conjuring rogue that prevaricates,
 That will change a poor man to a stag,
 And a couple of doves to a pair o' cats.
 Gall with your nectar he'll mix,
 Clashes of discord with harmony,
 Still I deny that his tricks
 Match'd with his fair dealings are many.
 Wedlock, &c.

So still after Hymen we run,
 Now praise him and next moment flout him;
 For his is such odd sort of fun,
 There's no doing with or without him.
 Yet glory in wedlock and war,
 With safety's alike contradictory;
 Hearts that will hazard a scar,
 Here's to your honour and victory.
 Wedlock, &c.

BOUND 'PRENTICE TO A COASTING SHIP.

Sung by Mr. J. Scott.—*Air, Bound 'prentice to a water-man.*

BOUND 'prentice to a coasting ship, I weather'd many
a gale,

But, bless your heart, I never know'd no fear;
And to treat my pretty Poll on shore to foreign
climes I'd sail,

Where I learnt to box the compass, tippie grog,
hand, reef, and steer.

(*Spoken.*) Box the compass! ay, that's one of the
first accomplishments a sailor has to learn; Lord love
you! it comes as natural as A, B, C:—N.N. by E.
N.N.E. N.E. by N. N.E. N.E. by E.E.N.E. And
sing—

Ri tol, &c.

When sailing to Spitsbergen, or crossing of the line,
The cold or heat was all as one to Mike;
For lubberly enjoyments he was never known to
pine,

Nor in a close engagement to an enemy he'd
strike.

(*Spoken.*) But sing—no, d—n it, we could not
sing; the lee scuppers are drench'd, and too many
brave fellows have lost the number of their mess,
and gone to Davy Jones' locker. Never mind—
chance of war; we must all slip our cable some
time or other, as our chaplain says; so to it we
goes—we tip it her as hot as she can sup it. An-
other broadside, my boys;—my eyes, what a crash;
her mainmast's gone by the board;—the lubbers
cry peccavi!—we grapple, and tow her into port—
I mount the main chains for soundings, heaves the
lead under the lee bow, catches its dip upon the
quarter, and sings out, "by the mark seven." And
sing—

Ri tol, &c.

But when the war's concluded, and lots of cash in store,

No one can say they ever knew him flinch ;
But full of fun and frolic among his friends on shore,
He'll prove himself, in peace or war, a sailor every inch.

(Spoken.) Well, we goes ashore, and there we sees the beech lined with pretty girls, ready to receive us ; I spies my Poll among them, with tears in her eyes, upon the look-out for her weather-beaten Mich. What cheer, my lass ? how does the land lay ? We rushes into each other's arm. D—me, there's a go ! what signifies a parcel of palaver about happiness and that 'ere—can any thing equal a return to the girl we love, after a long absence ? so we steers into the first grog shop—the bowl goes round—Old Scrape tunes his fiddle in the corner—Poll axes me for that old hornpipe, what I've danced a thousand times—I consents ; and off I goes, for the honour of our ship, and the dear girl I love. And sing— Ri toi, &c.

THE BONNY SLEIGH.

Air, The Bonny Boat.

O SWIRRLY glides the bonny sleigh,
Just parted from the door,
With jingling bells and horses' neigh,
The snow dash'd up before.
This pleasure now, and happy cheer,
Are much enjoy'd indeed ;
With blooming belles to us so dear,
To Germantown we'll speed.
We cast our lines upon the rails,
Where snow had drifted wide ;
Our bonny sleigh, coats, hats and veils,
Were all then laid aside :

Then happy prov'd the merry dance
 Upon the mansion floor;
 While wine and cider mull'd and warm,
 Came in at every door.

The skaters on the ice may sing,
 Whilst all around they charm;
 But we prefer the sleigh bell's ring,
 When all wrapp'd up so warm:
 It safely bears its lovely store
 Through many a stormy gale;
 Whilst joyful shouts from half a score,
 Our merry party hail.
 We cast our lines upon the rails,
 Where snow had drifted wide;
 Our bonny sleigh, coats, hats and veils,
 Were all then laid aside:
 Then happy proved the jolly folks,
 With ne'er a sigh nor care:
 We'll now return and crack some jokes,
 Where all our treasures are.

Now near the city we are come,
 The lamps I plainly see:
 From the good dame we left at home,
 Our welcome warm will be:
 The well known shout, and sleigh bells' ring,
 Seem echoing in her ears;
 Now come, my boys, let's loudly sing,
 She'll soon forget her fears.
 We'll cast our lines upon the post,
 That stands before the door,
 And then we'll all our fingers toast,
 And sleigh a little more.
 Then happy prove each pleasant jaunt
 Upon the wintry plain;
 I'm sure we shall not sleighing want,
 If snow don't turn to rain.

PADDY DENNY'S FIG.

*Sung by Mr. Burton.**Air, Unfortunate Miss Bailey.*

In Dublin town, with great renown, lived Mister
 Patrick Denny ;
 By Cupid's shove he got in love with a lady from
 Kilkenny ;
 She was an Irishman born and bred, her name was
 Judy Rafter,
 His love did burst, so he married first, and went a
 courting after
 'Tis very true, what I tell you, or else I would not
 daw! now,
 Upon my word and credit, faith, you may believe
 it all, now.

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

'Tis very true, &c.

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

'Tis very true, &c.

But as his purse was all the worse for matrimony's
searches,
To gain his ends he got two friends, to join him in
the purchase:
They did agree, that both all three should go halves
in the store pig;
But, faith, somehow, instead of a sow, they went
and bought a boar pig.

'Tis very true, &c.

A pig by fate is obstinate, and always makes a
pothor;
And if you say, "Do go one way," he's sure to go
another:
And Paddy could not get him on by leading, by
blows, nor words,
So by the tail he pull'd him back, and that made
him go forwards.

'Tis very true, &c.

Next morning he got up to see if the pig was 'sleep
or waking;
And there he found him on the ground, and in a
grievous taking:
His friend was nigh, says he, "'Twill die, that's
sure;" says Paddy, "Will it?"
To stop this strife, and save its life, I think we'd
better kill it."

'Tis very true, &c.

Now in a stew with the hubbuboo, before the
knife did cross flesh,
They call'd the other partner in, 'cause he was a
judge of horseflesh:
He rubb'd him with some boluses, and drench'd him
with some ointment,
Told Pat not to be disappointed at his disappoint-
ment.

'Tis very true, &c.

But you know all a pig will squall like any other
 vermin ;
 And they saw plain 'twas all in vain, as to die he
 did determine :
 So the knife did stick, and made him sick, and
 ended all his riot ;
 At first he bled, but when he was dead, he laid
 down very quiet.

'Tis very true, &c.

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

'Tis very true, &c.

Irishmen, twelve out of ten, are all birds of a fea-
 ther ;
 And never on such friendly terms as when they
 fight together ;
 And so it proved, for Paddy, moved by whisky, a
 great flame, too,
 He bate them both genteelly, and they served him
 the same, too.

'Tis very true, &c.

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

'Tis very true, &c.

THE TEA.

A new Parody on The Sea.

THE tea ! the tea ! the scalding tea !
 The black, the green, the best Bohea !
 Without a speck, above the bound
 It runneth the saucer's region round.
 It plays with the spoon, it steams my eyes,
 Or with the curdled sugar lies.
 I'm at my tea ! I'm at my tea !
 I am as I would ever be—
 With the blue above, and the blue below,
 Since sky blue is the milk I know.
 If a dun should come with a bill for me,
 What matter ? what matter ? I should drink my
 tea !

I love, O how I love to dip
 With tea the thirsty rosy lip,
 When table lamps besteam their moon,
 And the kettle sings its merry tune,
 And tells you how goeth the heat below,
 And why the hissing spout doth blow.
 I coffee drank, in the days of yore,
 But I love my Bohea more and more.
 And home return'd to her delicate test,
 Like a child that wanted the mother's breast.
 And a mother she was, and a nurse to me,
 For I was nursed, was nursed upon fine Bohea !

The hobs were red, and cold the morn,
 In the breakfast hour, when I was born,
 And the wet nurse bar'd her arms of skin,
 And the tea, O it warm'd the doctor's chin ;
 And I in his face like a cherub smil'd,
 To welcome the tea—a new-born child.
 I have lived—who never tasted pap—
 Full fifty summers, a roving chap,

With crowns to spend, and the power to think,
 And never have thought to change my drink ;
 And death, whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come, shall come, in a cup of fine green tea !

~~~~~

THE BLIND SIDE.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

BEFORE Justice Ogle, who had but one eye,  
 All in vain an old woman for pardon was pleading ;  
 So she thought could she get on his blind side so sly,  
 She might slyly escape out of court, he not heeding.

Slowly she stept,  
 Warily crept,  
 Stretch'd out her crutch, hobbled to get from jus-  
 tice's clutch ;

But the judge  
 Saw her budge ;  
 With mouth wide,  
 Fierce he cried,  
 Dost thou think, thou old jade, to get round my  
 blind side ?

The old woman a daughter had bright as a rose,  
 And that moment his worship on her glanc'd his  
 peeper,

And his little sharp eye shone beside his red nose,  
 Fix'd as if in its sight it for ever would keep her.  
 Fondly he wink'd,  
 Nodded and blink'd,

Meantime the dame hobbled away, though old and  
 lame ;

But the judge  
 Saw her budge,  
 And he sigh'd,  
 As he cried,  
 This old woman's daughter's found out my blind side !

## THE QUEER LITTLE MAN.

*Sung by Mr. Burton.*

A QUEER little man, very "how came you so?"  
 Went home on a dingy night;  
 It was past twelve o'clock, he'd a long way to go,  
 And he walk'd like a crab, left and right.  
 At the corner of a lane, quite a lonely retreat,  
 He saw something tall, and as white as a sheet;  
 He shook and he shiver'd,  
 His teeth chatter'd, and lips quiver'd;  
 And with fear as well as fuddling, he stagger'd to  
 and fro,  
 This queer little man, who'd a long way to go.

This queer little man then he fell on his knees,  
 With fright, you'll suppose, half dead;  
 And as on it he look'd it o'ertopp'd the trees,  
 And had two saucer eyes in its head.  
 When a very death-like voice said, in a very drear  
 tone,  
 "With me you must go, for your grave's nearly  
 done;"  
 He shook and he shiver'd,  
 His teeth chatter'd, and lips quiver'd,  
 When he cried, "O, good hobgoblin! I pray you  
 mercy show  
 A queer little man, who's a long way to go."

The queer little man he fell flat as a flail,  
 A great explosion heard he;  
 And jump'd up in a crack, for a cracker at his tail,  
 Set him capering just like a parch'd pea;  
 From around the goblin's head burst some long  
 streams of fire,  
 And the cracker once spent left him sprawling in  
 the mire;

Some wags ('twas a whacker)  
 Thus with turnip, squib, and cracker,  
 Cured, through fear, of all his fuddling, completely,  
 you must know,  
 The queer little man, who'd a long way to go.

THE MUSICAL WIFE.

*Air, O, no, we never mention her.*

My wife is very musical,  
 She tunes it over much,  
 And teases me with what they call  
 Her fingering and touch.  
 She's instrumental to my pain,  
 Her very Broadwood quakes,  
 Her vocal efforts split my brain,  
 I shiver when she shakes !

She tells me with the greatest ease  
 Her voice goes up to C !  
 And proves it till her melodies  
 Are maladies to me.  
 She's 'Isabelling,' if I stir  
 From where my books lie hid ;  
 Or, 'O ! no, we never mention her,'—  
 I wish she never did.

Her newest tunes turn out to be  
 The same as heard last year ;  
 Alas ! there's no variety  
 In variations here.  
 I see her puff, I see her pant  
 Through ditties wild and strange,  
 I wish she'd change her notes, they want  
 Some silver and some change.



## MISS EMILY CHATTER.

*A Comic Duet.*—*Air*, I'll twine thee a chaplet.

*He.*

Miss Emily Chatter!

*She.*

Well, what is the matter?

*He.*

My heart in my bosom goes bumpity bump,  
Whenever you're near me, I feel so—O, dear me!  
Right out of my skin I am ready to jump.

*She.*

Then distant pray keep, sir, for fear you should  
leap, sir,  
Disappearing too sudden would make us all start.  
'Tis useless your trying, by jumping or flying,  
You never will jump in a place in my heart.

*He.*

Miss Emily Chatter, I don't wish to flatter,  
But beauties like thine are would captivate rocks;  
I think them divine, miss, and if they were mine,  
miss,  
How well we should look in a *nope* box.

*Both.* Fal, lal, &c.

*He.*

Miss Emily Chatter, why I keep a *nunter*!  
And wouldn't you like, miss, a *norse* of your own?  
Then wed me *instanter*, and off we will canter,  
To a *nouse* which I have seven miles out of  
town.

*She.*

I prithee give over—I don't want a lover,  
Then go with your hunter a different course;  
I'm not fond of sporting, and take this for certain,  
I'm not to be caught by a *nouse* nor a *norse*.

*He.*

O, Emily Chatler, my senses you'd scatter,  
Though fasten'd by one of the famed Bramah locks.  
Come, say you will choose me—can you refuse me,  
Who offer a *norse* and a *nopera* box.

*Both.* Fal, lal, &c.

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THE MISSES.

*Air,* Nothing at all.

THE morning was misty, I made myself gay,  
And wander'd abroad till I quite miss'd my way;  
I look'd at the Misses, and love was a heartner,  
I wanted to hit on a Miss for a partner.  
I said, lest I miss now—I feel my heart quake,  
And can I take Miss now without a miss-take;  
For wedlock, folks say, is a state of full bliss,  
And I'd go a good mile, could I meet a good Miss.

But fate rules our hits, and whate'er must be—must,  
I made up my mind I would not have Miss Trust;  
Through many streets then I had a long dance,  
Trembling for fear I should meet with Miss Chance.  
Along with Miss Giving I walk'd straight a-head,  
And by one Miss Guiding did I get Miss Led.

But wedlock, &c.

Love I did Miss Place, and soon I could feel,  
That with my soft heart I had made a Miss Deal;

Then Miss Calculation my conscience kept nudging,  
 And said 'twas entirely the fault of Miss Judging.  
 Blinded by love, I could not see Miss Chief,  
 And foolishly would not turn to Miss Belief.

For wedlock, &c.

Miss Understanding declared 'twas a shame,  
 Miss Rule spoke up too, and join'd by Miss Claim,  
 That I was Miss Taken—my fancy a roamer,  
 It only arose from Miss Name and Miss Nomer;  
 But Miss Doubt declared that my love I did hatch,  
 If I had lost my heart, it was through a Miss Match.

But wedlock, &c.

Vex'd by these Misses, I left one and all,  
 Follow'd I was by Miss Ive and Miss Call;  
 But fair Miss Conception so blinded my eyes,  
 I laugh'd at Miss Like, and Miss Think, and Miss  
 Prise.

By any Miss I had no wish to be bit,  
 A man, unless careful, may get a Miss Fit.

Yet wedlock, &c.

Without Miss Report, whate'er Miss sets her cap,  
 I hope I shall always steer clear of Miss Hap;  
 One hour to Miss Spend, but leads to Miss Apply,  
 And Miss Reckoning walks the road to Miss Ery:  
 And Miss Conduct takes a man surely to ruin,  
 All through Miss Deeds, and Miss Do, and Miss  
 Doing.

But wedlock, &c.

In all I have sung there is no Miss Relation,  
 I even have steer'd clear of Miss Calculation;  
 I must a Miss Take,—not Miss Join I confess,  
 She must be a true wife, and not a Miss Tress.  
 As single, I'm wretched, and so I must marry,  
 'Twill be through Miss Fortune, if I should Miss  
 Carry.

For wedlock, &c.

## CLAW AND CRAW.

*Sung by Mr. Burton.*

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

OLD Christopher Claw the Crab alehouse kept,  
 Christopher Claw, Christopher Claw;  
 But he died one day, and his widow she wept,  
 The loss of her Christopher Claw, Claw, Claw;  
 The loss of her Christopher Claw.  
 Quoth she, now the Crab will backwards go,  
 For if I cannot keep the sign out to show,  
 I never can keep the inn I know;  
 So fare thee well, Christopher Claw, Claw, Claw,  
 So fare thee well, Christopher Claw.

The zodiac sign that swung at the gate,  
 Of Dorothy Claw, cross widow Claw,  
 Was meant for a boil'd crab laid on a plate  
 In the larder of landlady Claw.  
 But her temper was sour, and so was her wine,  
 And whenever a traveller stopp'd there to dine,  
 He found both of them more like a crab than her  
 sign,  
 Poor little Dorothy Claw.

Churchwarden Claw, he wanted a wife,  
 Barnaby Claw, Barnaby Claw.  
 The widow was worried half out of her life,  
 So she listen'd to Barnaby Claw.  
 Soon they courted, and wed, when the villagers saw,  
 The sign changed to the *twins*, while her husband  
 in law,  
 Found his children both mark'd with a crab and a  
 claw,  
 Like mister and mistress Claw.

## LUBLIN AND RUTH.

YEA, I fell in the pit of love,  
    With a ti tum ti,  
The spirit then began to move,  
    With a ti tum ti ;  
Quoth I, fair maiden, ne'er deride,  
For, verily, when thou'rt my bride,  
Lo ! I will cleave unto thy side.  
    With a ti tum ti,

Behold, said Ruth, there is a grove,  
    With a ti tum ti,  
Where birds, call'd turtles, coo and love,  
    With a ti tum ti.  
Lo ! then I thought her truly mine ;  
But when of love she gave this sign,  
She proved a cruel *Phyllis-tine*,  
    With a ti tum ti.

For she another suitor had,  
    With a ti tum ti,  
Profanely call'd a flashy lad,  
    With a ti tum ti.  
And when I reach'd the grove assign'd,  
He came before I Ruth could find,  
And kick'd me *ruth*-lessly behind,  
    With a toe tum ti.

---



### LUBIN AND RUTH.

He came before I Ruth could fad, And kick'd me ruthlessly behind.



## NOTHING.

*Written by T. Hudson, and sung by Mr. Burton.*

*Air, Irish Washerwoman.*

WITH ENCORE VERSES, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

WHEN rhyming and verses at first were in fashion,  
And poets and authors indulg'd in their passion :  
Select what they might for their subject 'twas new,  
And that's more than our modern scribblers can do ;  
The ancients have work'd upon each thing in na-  
ture,

Describ'd its variety, genius, and feature ;  
They having exhausted all fancy could bring,  
As nothing is left, why of nothing I sing.

From nothing we came, and whatever our  
station,

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

This world came from nothing, at least so says his-  
tory,

Of course about nothing there's something of mys-  
tery ;

Man came from nothing, and by the same plan,  
Woman was made from the rib of a man.

Since then a man thinks a nothing of taking  
A woman to join, and again his rib making ;  
As nothing can give so much joy to his life,  
For nothing's so sweet as a good-humour'd wife.

From nothing we came, &c.

Thinking of nothing is some folks' enjoyment,  
Doing of nothing a many's employment ;  
The love of this nothing have some folks so strong,  
They say nothing—do nothing—all the day long.



Some pass their time away, nothing beginning,  
 By nothing losing, and by nothing winning ;  
 Nothing they buy, and nothing they sell,  
 Nothing they know, and of nothing they tell.

From nothing we came, &c.

There's something in nothing exceedingly clever,  
 Nothing will last out for ever and ever ;  
 Time will make every thing fade away fast,  
 While nothing will certainly durable last.  
 You may talk about any thing, but its condition  
 With nothing for certain can't bear competition ;  
 And so I praise nothing, for nothing my gains,  
 And nothing I certainly get for my pains.

From nothing we came, &c.

That life is all nothing is plainer and plainer,  
 So he who gets nothing is surely a gainer ;  
 All about nothing I prove pretty plain,  
 Take nothing from nothing, there'll nothing remain.  
 Thus with this nothing the time out I'm spinning,  
 Nothing will sometimes set many folks grinning :  
 Believe me in this there is nothing so true,  
 The author wrote this having nothing to do.

From nothing we came, &c.

As there's nothing new, why of nothing I'll sing,  
 There's nothing so flat as to touch an old string,  
 There's nothing so bad as with trash to be bored,  
 And nothing that's stupid should e'er be encored ;  
 There's nothing so pleasing in love as love's sonnets,  
 There's nothing so ugly as ladies' large bonnets ;  
 My jokes, pretty ladies, with frowns do not meet,  
 For indeed when you smile there is nothing so sweet.

From nothing we came, &c.

How many young men, having nothing to boast of,  
 Pass their time well, making nothing the most of ;  
 On nothing they manage to raise their supplies,  
 And by saying nothing make folks think they're  
 wise.

I'm sure against nothing, there ne'er should be  
 railers,  
 For with this said nothing men oft pay their  
 tailors ;  
 On nothing they live, and on nothing grow old  
 And find nothing so useful as silver and gold.  
 From nothing we came, &c.

What wonders from nothing are every day rising,  
 Nothing for certain's grown very surprising,  
 Nothing is moving, and nothing stands still,  
 There's a fuss about nothing, go which way you  
 will.  
 If a man begins business with nothing, the chance  
 is,  
 All way his life through that for nothing he prances ;  
 But then, if he gets nothing, his heart may be gay,  
 For if he has got nothing, he can nothing pay.  
 From nothing he came, &c.

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SONG OF SIMILES.

*Air, The girls we left behind us!*

My passion is as mustard strong,  
 I sit all sober sad ;  
 Drunk as a piper all day long,  
 Or, like a March hare, mad.  
 Round as a hoop the bumper's flow,  
 I drink, yet can't forget her ;  
 For, though as drunk as David's sow,  
 I love her still the better.

Pert as a pearmonger I'd be,  
 If Molly were but kind ;  
 Cool as a cucumber, would see  
 The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,  
And eye her o'er and o'er ;  
Lean as a rake, with sighs and care,  
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge I was known,  
And soft as silk my skin ;  
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,  
But as a goat now thin.  
I, melancholy as a cat,  
Am kept awake to weep ;  
But she, insensible of that,  
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,  
She laughs to see me pale ;  
And merry as a grig is grown,  
And brisk as bottled ale.  
The god of love, at her approach,  
Is busy as a bee ;  
Hearts, sound as any bell or roach,  
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah, me ! as thick as hops or hail,  
The fine men crowd about her ;  
But soon as dead as a door nail  
Shall I be, if without her.  
Straight as my leg her shape appears ;  
O ! were we join'd together,  
My heart would soon be free from cares,  
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,  
No drum was ever tighter ;  
Her glance is as a razor keen,  
And not the sun is brighter.  
As soft as pap her kisses are,  
Methinks I feel them yet ;  
Brown as a berry is her hair,  
Her eyes are black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,  
 Her pretty hand invites ;  
 Sharp as a needle are her words,  
 Her wit like pepper bites.  
 Brisk as an Arab horse she trips,  
 Clean as a penny drest ;  
 Sweet as a rose her face and lips,  
 Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,  
 And happy as a king ;  
 Good lack ! how all men envied me !  
 She lov'd like any thing.  
 But, false as hell ! she, like the wind,  
 Chang'd, as her sex must do ;  
 Though seeming as the turtle kind,  
 And as the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,  
 Let who will take Peru ;  
 Great as an emperor I should be,  
 And richer than a Jew.  
 'Till you grow tender as a chick,  
 I'm dull as any post ;  
 Let us, like burs, together stick,  
 As warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a die,  
 And wish me better speed  
 Flat as a flounder when I lie,  
 And as a herring dead.  
 Sure as a gun you'll drop a tear,  
 And sigh, perhaps, and wish,  
 When I'm as rotten as a pear,  
 And mute as any fish.

## THE BACKWOODSMAN'S WILL.

*Air, Yankee Doodle.*

To my dear wife, my joy and life,  
 I freely now do give her,  
 My whole estate with all my plate,  
 Being just about to leave her  
 A tub of soap, a long cart rope,  
 A frying pan and kettle ;  
 An ashen pail, a thrashing flail,  
 An iron wedge and beetle.

Yankee doodle, &amp;c.

Two painted chairs, nine warder pears,  
 A large old dripped platter ;  
 A bed of hay on which I lay,  
 An old saucepan for butter.  
 A little mug, a two quart jug,  
 A bottle full of brandy ;  
 A looking glass to see your face,  
 You'll find it very handy.

Yankee doodle, &amp;c.

A musket true as ever flew,  
 A leather cap and wallet ;  
 A leather sash, my calibash,  
 My powder-horn, and bullet.  
 An old sword blade, a garden spade,  
 A hoe, a rake, a ladder ;  
 A wooden can, an earthen pan,  
 Some bear's fat in a bladder.

Yankee doodle, &amp;c.

A greasy hat, an old Tom cat,  
 A yard and half of linen ;  
 A pot of grease, a woollen fleece,  
 In order for your spinning.

A small tooth comb, a hickory broom,  
 A candlestick and hatchet ;  
 A coverlid striped down with red,  
 A bag of rags to patch it.  
 Yankee doodle, &c.

A ragged mat, a tub of fat,  
 A book put out by Bunyan ;  
 Another book by Robin Rook,  
 A skein or two of spun yarn.  
 An old black muff, some garden truck,  
 A quantity of borragé,  
 Some devil's weed, and burdock seed  
 To season well your porridge.  
 Yankee doodle, &c.

A chafing dish with one salt fish,  
 If I am not mistaken ;  
 A leg of pork, a broken fork,  
 And half a fitch of bacon.  
 A spinning wheel, a peck of meal,  
 A knife without a handle ;  
 A rusty lamp, two quarts of hamp,  
 And half a tallow candle.  
 Yankee doodle, &c.

My pouch and pipe, two oxen tripe,  
 An oaken dish well carved :  
 My little dog, and spotted hog,  
 With two young pigs, just starved.  
 This is my store, I have no more,  
 I heartily do give it ;  
 My years are spun, my days are done,  
 And so I think to leave it.  
 Yankee doodle, &c.

## LIEUTENANT LUFF.

*By T. Hood.—Air, Auld Lang Syne.*

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

ALL you that are too fond of wine,  
Or any other stuff,  
Take warning by the dismal fate  
Of one Lieutenant Luff.  
A sober man he might have been,  
Except in one regard,  
He did not like soft water,  
So he took to drinking hard.  
Fol lol, &c.

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

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

Full soon the sad effects of this  
His frame began to show,  
For that old enemy, the gout,  
Had taken him in toe ;

And, join'd with this, an evil came  
Of quite another sort ;  
For, while he drank himself, his purse  
Was getting something short.  
Fol lol, &c.

For want of cash he soon had popp'd  
One-half that he possess'd,  
And drinking show'd him duplicates  
Beforehand of the rest.  
So then his creditors resolved  
To seize on his assets,  
For why, they found that his half-pay  
Did not half pay his debts.  
Fol lol, &c.

But Luff contrived a novel mode  
His creditors to chouse,  
For his own execution he  
Put into his own house.  
A pistol, to the muzzle charged,  
He took, devoid of fear,  
Said he, This barrel is my last,  
So now for my last bier.  
Fol lol, &c.

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





## MOLLY MALONE.

*Sung by Mr. Power.*

By the big hill of Howth,  
 That's a bit of an oath  
 That to swear by I'm loath,  
     To the heart of a stone;  
 But be poison my drink,  
 If I sleep, snore, or wink,  
 Once for getting to think  
     On your lying alone.  
 Och! it's how I'm in love,  
 Like a beautiful dove,  
 That sits cooing above,  
     In the boughs of a tree:  
 It's myself I'll soon smother  
 In something or other,  
 Unless I can bother  
     Your heart to love me:  
 Sweet Molly, sweet Molly Malone!  
 I can see if you smile,  
 Though I'm off half a mile;  
 For my eyes, all the while,  
     Keep along wid my head;  
 And my head, you must know,  
 When from Molly I go,  
 Takes his lave wid a bow,  
     And remains in my stead.  
     Och! it's how, &c.  
 Like a bird I could sing,  
 In the month of the spring,  
 But it's now no such thing,  
     I'm quite bother'd and dead.  
 Och! I'll roar and I'll groan,  
 My sweet Molly Malone,  
 Till I'm bone of your bone,  
     And asleep by you laid.  
     Och! it's how, &c.

## BACHELOR'S HALL.

*Air, Billy Taylor.*

BACHELOR'S HALL ! what a queer looking place it is,  
 Keep me from such all the days of my life ;  
 Sure, but I think, what a burning disgrace it is,  
 Never at all to be getting a wife.

See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,  
 Placing his taykettle over the fire,  
 Soon it tips over—St. Patrick ! he's mad enough  
 (If he were present) to fight with the squire.

Now like a hog in a mortar bed wallowing,  
 Awkward enough, see him kneeding his dough ;  
 Troth ! if the bread he could ate without swallow-  
 ing,  
 How it would favour his palate you know.

His dishcloth is missing, the pigs are devouring it,  
 In the pursuit he has batter'd his shin ;  
 A plate wanted washing, grimalkin is scouring it ;  
 Tunder and turf what a pickle he's in !

Pots, dishes and pans, such greasy commodities,  
 Ashes and prater skins kiver the floor ;  
 His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,  
 Things that had never been neighbours before.

His meal being over, the table's left setting so,  
 Dishes, take care of yourselves if you can !  
 But hunger returns, then he's foaming and fretting  
 so ;  
 Och ! let him alone for a baste of a man !

Late in the night then he goes to bed shivering,  
 Never a bit is the bed made at all,  
 He creeps like a tarrapin under the kivering,  
 Bad luck to the picture of bachelor's hall.

## THE THREE JEWESSES.

I COURTED Miss Levi, pretty Miss Levi,  
O, vat a Miss Levi vash she !

Her eyes were such pretty little rollers,  
Dey soon got the better of me.

She vash all over so charming, and lovely, and killing,  
She cut ma heart in two all de world so it vash a  
bad shilling :

O, vat a charming girl !

So noting hinder'd out marriage; but only tink  
such a girl should deceive ye :

She came to me von morning, and says she, Ma  
tear Mr. Aaron, don't let it grieve ye,

But I vash married, yesterday, to somebody else,—  
and dere vash an end of Miss Levi :

O vat a Miss Levi, naughty Miss Levi,  
Vat a Miss Levi vash she !

Den dere vash Miss Rachael, taper Miss Ra-  
chael,

So tall from de head to de feet,  
She vash sweet as a China orange,  
And she lived in Lemon-street.

Her fader sold vatches and rings, and had a mighty  
pratty shop of it,

And de first time I saw her face behind de counter,  
I fell in love a top of it.

O, vat a charming girl !

So I made her all de love vat I could, but her heart  
vash made of ice,

For, like a stick of Dutch sealing wax, it melted in  
a trice,

And dere vash noting to do but to puy de ring, but  
couldn't agree about de price.

O vat a Miss Rachael, gawky Miss Rachael,  
Vat a Miss Rachael vash she !

Den dere vash Miss Moses, great fat Miss Moses,  
 O, vat a Miss Moses vash she !  
 I believe dat dere's very few ladies  
 Mit such lips and such noses you'll see.  
 Her broder he vash mighty rich, and got a great  
 deal of monies in de stocks,  
 He vashn't so vulgar to get it by trade, but taught  
 de nobb to spar aud to box.  
 O, vat a charming girl !  
 So Miss Moses took lessons of her broder, to use de  
 little fists of her own,  
 So I vash obliged to leave ma visits at dat end of  
 de town,  
 For, though married people may spar a little, I  
 should not like a vife to knock ma down.  
 O, vat a Miss Moses, tumping Miss Moses,  
 Vat a Miss Moses vash she !

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### JACK AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

*The words by the celebrated Dibdin.*

*Air, Lord Cathcart.*

At Wapping I landed, and call'd to hail Mog,  
 She had just shap'd her course to the play ;  
 Of two rums and one water I order'd my grog,  
 And to speak her stood soon under way :  
 But the Op'ra House I for Old Drury mistook,  
 Like a lubber so raw and so soft,  
 And a gold piece fork'd out, at the change did not  
 look,  
 Mann'd the rattlings and went up aloft.  
 As I mounted to one of the uppermost tiers,  
 With many a coxcomb and flirt,  
 Such a damnable squalling saluted my ears,  
 I thought there'd been somebody hurt :

But a devil a bit, 'twas your outlandish rips,  
 Singing out with their lanterns of jaws;  
 You'd a swor'd you'd been taking of one of they  
 trips,  
 'Mongst the Caffres or wild Catabaws.

What's the play, marm? says I to a good-natured  
 tit,  
 The play! 'tis the opera, you quiz;  
 My splinters! cried I, the right name on't you've  
 hit,  
 For the devil an uproar it is;  
 For they pipe and they squeal, now alow, now aloft,  
 If it warn't for the petticoat gear,  
 With their squeaking so mollyish tender and soft,  
 One should scarcely know ma'am from moun-  
 seer.

Next at kicking and dancing they took a long spell,  
 All springing and bounding so neat,  
 And spessiously one curious madamaselle,  
 O she daintily handled her feet.  
 But she hopp'd, and she sprawl'd, and she spun  
 round so queer,  
 'Twas, you see, rather oddish to me,  
 And so I sung out, Pray be decent, my dear,  
 Consider, I'm just come from sea.

'Tan't an old seaman's taste to have none of those  
 sprees,  
 So away to the playhouse I'll jog,  
 Leaving Marm Parley-vous and Marm Taglionees,  
 For old Billy Shakspeare and Mog.  
 So I made the theatre and hail'd my dear spouse,  
 She smil'd as she saw'd me approach,  
 And when I'd shook hands and saluted her bows,  
 We to Wapping set sail in a coach.

THE LOVES OF JEMMY JENKS AND BETSEY  
BALLS.

*Air, John Thomas.*

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

At a shop in Cranbourn Alley, where they hangs  
goods in and out,

Young Jemmy Jenks was shopman, and stood at  
the door to tout:

A smart young lass, Miss Betsey Balls, to view the  
goods did stop;

So, pushing for her custom, why, he push'd her in  
the shop.

Says she, "I likes that bonnet, and I'll have that  
tippet, too;

So let me know what I've to pay, and then I'll tip  
it you."

Quoth Jem, "Pray tell me where you live, I'll  
send home goods and bill:"

"My name," said she, "is Betsy Balls, and I lives  
on Mutton Hill."

So, full of love and Betsey Balls, in a shower off  
he set,

And, as the wet came heavy down, took down  
some heavy wet.

Thought Jem, I'll bury all my fears, and this shall  
be the bier;

And, better to support her sight, I'll sup a sight o'  
porter here.

Her father dealt in man's attire—(a coat and  
breeches shop;)

Where, though all the goods he sold were dry, the  
people call'd them slop.

When Jemmy ask'd for Betsey Balls, he answer'd,  
 in a pet,  
 "I'll hold you any wager, what you never wins my  
 Bet."

In vain they wept, and vow'd they loved; cried  
 Jem, "O, wretched elf!  
 Since your father will not list to me, I'll go and  
 list myself."  
 So when with cold and crying he had almost lost  
 his voice,  
 He went and enter'd into a horse regiment by  
 choice.

He listed in the Grays all for to prove he was true  
 blue,  
 And then, to cure his fit of love, he fit at Waterloo.  
 But when to stop a cannon-ball with his poor head  
 he tried,  
 They left him sprawling on the ground by no means  
 headified.

When Betsey heard the news she took to bed bereft  
 of joy;  
 But soon, to buoy her spirits up, she had a little boy;  
 The people stared, for round his neck was born a  
 riband blue,  
 With a medal such as soldiers wear who fit at  
 Waterloo.

Her father swore, but Betsey said she thought it no  
 disgrace,  
 If men would go get kill'd, there must be boys to  
 fill their place.  
 Since then, when our brave warriors home victorious  
 come from war,  
 Our little boys make bonfires, and the ladies find  
 the straw.



## THE TWO BITES.

*Air, Derry Down.*

HARD by Clapham Town end lived an old York-  
 shire tyke,  
 Who in dealings in horseflesh had never his like ;  
 'Twas his pride that in all the hard bargains he'd  
 hit,  
 He had bit a vast many, but never got bit.  
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

This old Tommy Towers (by that name he was  
 known)  
 Had a poor carrion tit that was sheer skin and  
 bone ;  
 To have kill'd him for the dogs would have been  
 quite as well,  
 But 'twas Tommy's opinion he'd die of himsel.  
 Derry down, &c.

Well, one Abraham Muggins, a neighbouring  
 cheat,  
 Thought to diddle old Tommy would be a great  
 treat ;  
 He'd a horse, too, 'twas worse than old Tommy's,  
 for why ?  
 The night afore that he thought proper to die.  
 Derry down, &c.

Thinks Abra'm, the old codger will ne'er smoke  
 the trick,  
 I'll swop him my poor de-ad horse for his wick ;  
 And if Tommy Towers I can manage to trap,  
 'Twill be a fine feather in Abra'm's cap.  
 Derry down, &c.

So to Tommy he goes, and the question he pops,  
 "Betwixt thy horse and mine, prithee, Tommy,  
 what swops?  
 What will't give me to boot? for mine's better  
 horse still;"

"Naught," says Tom, "but I'll swop even hands,  
 if you will."

Derry down, &c.

Abra'm preach'd a long time about something to  
 boot,  
 Insisting that his was the livelier brute;  
 But Tommy stuck fast where he first had begun,  
 Till Abra'm shook hands, and cried, "Well, Tom-  
 my, done!"

Derry down, &c.

"O Tommy," says Abra'm, "I'ze sorry for thee  
 I thought thou'd ha' hadden more white in thee e'e;  
 Good luck with thy bargain, for my horse is de-ad."  
 "Ay," says Tommy, "my lad, so's mine, and he's  
 fle-ad."

Derry down, &c.

So Tom got the best of this bargain a vast,  
 And came off with a Yorkshireman's triumph at  
 last:  
 For though 'twixt dead horses there's not much to  
 choose,  
 Yet Tommy were th' richer by th' hide and four  
 shoes.

Derry down, &c.

## HUMPHREY DUGGINS.

*Air, Young Lobski.*

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Old Humphrey Duggins, he wanted a wife,  
Resolving to lead a sober life ;  
A bachelor, he would have been a great rake,  
So courting he went for conscience' sake.

The old Widow Warmurse, she wanted a spouse ;  
No children had she, but she had a large house ;  
Six children had Duggins, though not very small,  
So, says he, the large house will just hold them all.

So to court the widow old Duggins began ;  
Says she, I've been told you're a sad naughty man ;  
He replied, it an't true, and the widow knew not  
That he'd one piccaninny, much less a whole lot.

When married to the widow, my dear, says he,  
No doubt we shall have a large family ;  
I hope we shall, she then to him did say,  
So the six little Duggins came home the next day.

The three Master Duggins, they made her a bow ;  
The three little misses, they courtesied. How,  
Says she, what means this ? Why, said he, my old  
lass,  
It's only my little ones come home from grass.

You wicked deceiver, quoth she, I am dish'd ;  
Says he, for a great many children you wish'd,  
And, as I much want your good wishes to aid,  
I thought you might fancy a few ready made.





## THE GREAT EXTINGUISHER.

For a save-all he takes the old miser,  
And claps an extinguisher on him.

## THE GREAT EXTINGUISHER.

*Air, Shelty's Song.*

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

AWAY, boys, with gloomy reflection,  
 Let's the moments enjoy while we may;  
 We've from death, that grim foe, no protection,  
 He will have, at last, his own way.  
 For we all know, as sure as we're born,  
 He will clap his paw on us at last,  
 But till he in earnest shall warn,  
 Let him not the bright moments o'ercast.  
 (Chorus, Then, away, &c.)

Death the king gives a crack on the crown,  
 He brings the accountant to book, sir;  
 And, while knocking the auctioneer down,  
 Makes a box of cold meat of the cook, sir.  
 He mows down the reaper like grass,  
 'The pawnbroker shoves up the spout, sir,  
 Nay, e'en silences woman, alas!  
 And the fat tallow-chandler puts out, sir.

Death makes sweet Miss Beauty look queer,  
 When with him she at length comes to wed,  
 He the publican brings to his bier,  
 And cuts the poor dressmaker's thread.  
 The proctor attest must his will,  
 And the fisherman enter his net,  
 He the jockey brings to a stand still,  
 And the spendthrift makes pay his last debt.

He cuts up the poor author's pen,  
 And, further to carry the farce on,  
 Makes the old parish clerk cry amen,  
 While coolly he buries the parson.

The packer he boxes up close,  
Puts your fine beaux and belles to the rout,  
Gives even the doctor his dose,  
And the fire of the blacksmith blows out.

The musician he puts out of tune,  
The fishmonger makes food for fishes,  
The wine merchant bottles off soon,  
And reduces the dustman to ashes.  
The cobbler he brings to an end,  
The bailiff arrests hard and fast,  
Knocks the pugilist out of his wind,  
And sews up the tailor at last.

To his level he brings the surveyor,  
His power there's no hero escapes,  
A new exit he gives to the player,  
And sends the old maid to lead apes;  
Thinks to root up the gardener no crime,  
And the wrestler trips up as of old,  
The watchmaker moves out of time,  
The sculptor casts in his own mould.

The soldier at last he makes halt,  
He makes a dead man of the baker,  
The sportsman through him is at fault,  
And he knocks off the hat of the quaker.  
The bold sailor strikes to his strength,  
And lays up in dock, life's voyage o'er,  
He becomes each one's landlord at length,  
And lodges us on the ground floor.

The curtain he draws on the bride,  
And makes with the reveiller sport,  
He pulls down the nobleman's pride,  
And the lawyer sends clean out of court.  
The wisest of men he makes wiser,  
Nor ever lets any one shun him,  
For a save-all he takes the old miser,  
And claps an extinguisher on him.

But let us not pine and look grave,  
 'Tis a maxim that grieving's a folly,  
 No wise man should e'er be care's slave,  
 Let good fellows live and be jolly ;  
 And let's do as we'd be done to,  
 Till 'tis time for life's folly to end,  
 When, who knows, my brave boys, I and you  
 May hail Master Death as a friend.

~~~~~  
 LOVE AND BACON.

THE spruce Mister Clark was a young Essex spark,
 A farmer uxorious and rich ;
 He loved, dearly as his life, fried bacon and his wife,
 And says he, " My duck, we'll claim the fitch."

Mistress Clark ('twas in bed) loved bacon, she said,
 But she vow'd she'd no more see it spoil'd ;
 Crying, " Clark, you're quite mistaken if you think
 to fry that bacon,
 I insist that every bit shall be boil'd."

Mr. Clark, though 'twas night, jump'd in bed bolt
 upright,
 Quite enraged at his rib by his side
 And says he, " Now, madam, mark ! though I love
 you, Mistress Clark,
 I'm d--n'd if it shan't all be fried."

The dispute ran so high, 'twixt a boil and a fry,
 That Clark, though he argued it roundly,
 Put an end to all turmoiling, as to frying and to
 boiling,
 By basting Mistress C. very soundly.

The turtles, no doubt, very soon found out
 That their claim to the fitch must be shaken ;
 They had children blithe as larks, but all the little
 Clarks
 Were mark'd with a rasher of bacon.

SALE OF SWEETHEARTS.

A Medley.

WITH ENCORE PARTS, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

HAIL to you, lovely women, the pride of our nation,
I lately have started a new speculation ;

I pray you attend, for I am your friend,
So list, every one.

I've thought of a scheme which must give satisfac-
tion

To all single folks, for I've set up an auction
For husbands and wives, who are all free from
blemishes,

To serve bashful maids, and each bachelor that
squeamish is.

Hush'd be all clamor, attend to the hammer,
I'm going, going, gone.

Spoken.) Ladies, to you I beg leave to address
myself. Marriage in every nation and in every
station is the one thing desirable. High or low,
rich or poor, short or tall, old or young, thick or
thin, somebody or nobody, any body and every
body, want to be married. To facilitate this desirable
object, and prevent matrimonial advertisements in
the papers, I have here a catalogue of unmarried
persons, whom I mean to put up at auction, and let
'em go off to the highest bidder. The first lot is an
old bachelor, nearly sixty, with a good estate and
a bad temper ; a little rheumatism, and a great wish
for a wife. If you please, I'll let him exhibit himself.

Air, Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.

Oh, pity my sorrows, a poor old man,
I can no longer tarry ;

Say, who'll wed, I'll put up the banns,
And we will go and marry.

I'm old and worse, I want a nurse,
I want sweet woman near me,

Oh, pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 And let the parson cheer me.
 Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do,
 Let sweet wedlock cheer me.
 No more bid? no more bid?—going, going, gone.
 (*Spoken.*) Bought in.

If my scheme don't succeed 'twill be really sur-
 prising,
 For surely 'tis better than such advertising,
 As daily we see, from some A or B,
 And much quicker done.

No occasion have I for describing the beauties
 Of those I've to sell, their attention to duties,
 Their virtues, their morals, their sweet dispositions,
 My lots will, you see, be their own expositions.
 Hush'd be all clamor, attend to the hammer,
 I'm going, going on.

(*Spoken.*) The next lot, ladies, is worth particu-
 lar attention. A lovely, insinuating, full fledged
 dandy; his income, I regret to say, is all swallow'd up
 in essences, rattans, kid gloves, and cigars. He owes
 a few thousands to his tailor, and has ruin'd many
 washerwomen. He is calculated to make any
 woman happy who wants a dashing husband, and
 can afford to keep a carriage, and find him plenty of
 pocket money. We will let him speak for himself.

Air, Voulez vous dansez.

Ladies, dear, pray how dy'e do,
 Permettez moi regardez vous,
 The ecstatic joy of pleasing you,
 Is all I now pretend to ;
 My hair and calves are all my own,
 I've a good idea of eau de Cologne,
 And when my whiskers are well grown,
 A finishing grace 'twill lend to.
 So now, dear ladies, pray bid free,
 Secure so great a prize as me:

Which is the happy, lucky she,
That claims me for her husband,
Voulez vous offer, dear ma'amselles.

Fai lai, &c.

No more bid? no more bid?—going, going, gone.
(Spoken.) Yours, ma'am.

Catalogues may be had here, containing enough in,
To give a description without any puffing,
Of graces and forms, of virtues and charms,
In the order they run.

You'll find here on sale lots of all sorts and sizes,
And many, no doubt, will be very great prizes;
I warrant 'em good, and I safely assure ye,
That all I here sell, will e'er love and adore ye.
Hush'd be each clamor, attend to the hammer,
I'm going, going, gone.

(Spoken.) The next lot is a choice specimen of
that nation famous for fine legs, warm hearts, broad
shoulders, impudence, and blarney. He hasn't
sixpence, but can wheedle with the devil. Let him
speak for himself.

Air, Barney Brallaghan.

Och, if you want a man,
The darling pride of love's hand,
Please ye I'm sure I can,
So take me for your husband.
I'm right, I'm tight, I can fight,
The devil a one is there stronger,
But I must be sold to night,
For I'm d——d if I wait any longer.
Ladies dear,
With delay dont tease me;
Never fear,
But I am the boy to please ye.
Only say
Who'll be Mistress Brallaghan,

Dont say nay,
Or I'll ne'er speak to girl again.
No more bid ? no more bid ?—going, going, gone.

Spoken.) Yours, ma'am.

ENCORE PART.

After first Verse.

Gentlemen, I've a few feminine lots to offer to your notice. Turn about is fair play. The ladies, I am satisfied, will fetch a much higher price than the gentlemen, and as I know there are many bachelors here, I hope to have some liberal biddings. I am commissioned to offer, without reserve, a buxom, lively, lovely widow, not thirty, with a comfortable independence. Now, gentlemen, as this desirable lot will fetch a good price, respectable references as to character will be required. The lady will speak for herself.

Air, My Own Blue Belle.

A lively belle, a handsome belle,
What a shame on your sex a young widow to sell,
None come to woo, so what can I do,
But a good bargain make a long courtship in lieu.
I oft did rove, through street and grove,
Though men quiz or stare, they ne'er offer their love;
But I hate such fun, I now have done,
For there's nothing like marrying under the sun.
A handsome belle, a lively belle,
My fortune is more than I here choose to tell;
My figure view, then tell me true,
What you have to offer to make me love you.
No more bid ? no more bid ?—going, going, gone.

(Spoken.) Yours, sir.

After second Verse.

The next lot is a spinster of some standing; very tall, thin, upright and bony. Disappointment, "like a worm i' the bud," feeds on her damask cheek. She owns to forty-nine, is partial to poetry, parrots, pugs, and peppermint. Takes snuff, and has a bad temper; would make an excellent wife to any quiet, old widower, afraid of his family. We'll let her speak for herself.

Air, A rose tree full in bearing.

The world's quite chang'd since my time,

Girls are forward, pert and bold,

For marriage think it high time,

When but fifteen years old;

As for men, I cant abide 'em,

Ugly, squeamish, pert, and gay,

I can't say I ever tried 'em,

Though for a spouse I often pray.

No more bid? no more bid?—going, going, gone.

(Spoken) Bought in.

After third Verse.

My last lot, gentlemen, is a very young lady, fresh from boarding school, full of fun and frolic, with an earnest desire to be wedded. Please let her make her own statement.

Air, Love was once a little boy.

My mother says to wed I'm young,

Heigho! heigho!

I think she'd better hold her tongue,

Heigho! heigho!

Kind gentlefolks then do not fear,

Nor keep a damsel singing here,

For I shall please myself, that's clear,

Heigho! heigho!

No more bid? no more bid?—going, going, gone.

(Spoken.) Three biddings—Yours, sir.

PROFESSIONAL DINNER PARTIES.

Written by C. Dibdin, jun.—Sung by Mr. Burton.

WITH ENCORE VERSES.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY barbers sat them down to dine,
 Knives sharp, plates hot, French bread, and nap-
 kins clean ;
 Like heads in a perfumer's shop, they look'd so
 smart and fine,
 Their appetites first whetted were like razors
 keen.

(*Spoken.*) Mr. Friz, shall I help you to a head
 of hare? Are the beards taken off those oysters?
 Who's for a pig tail? Do you take trifle? Trifle,
 I thought it was soap-suds!—Lather away boys.
 Here, waiter! Shave you directly, gentlemen.
 Hob, and nob! what's the toast? here's success to
 trade,
 Barber's blocks are not the only wooden heads
 that's made.

Four-and-twenty tailors sat 'em down to dine,
 Bold men in buckram, with appetites fine-drawn ;
 All the preparations were ordered superfine,
 Among the rest, beef-skirts and famous collar'd
 brawn.

(*Spoken.*) Mr. Snip, do you take turkey? No,
 I always prefer goose. Brother Clip, shall I help
 you to some cauliflower? No, cabbage for me.
 This beef is the real ingrain; shall I send you a
 slice? Let it be ell-wide, then. Give me a slice
 of that pudding—double milled drab, I declare, cuts
 like long cloth! Yes, but you'll soon make it short
 commons. Here, waiter! Sharp as a needle, gen-
 tlemen.

Hob, and nob ! what's the toast ? here's success to
trade,
Tailor's a'n't the only folks whom cabbaging has
made !

Four-and-twenty shoemakers sat 'em down to dine,
Strap too, peg away ; brush'd up and polish'd all ;
The cookery was right cordovan, and black strap
was the wine,
And not a sole among 'em left a heeltap e'er so
small.

(Spoken.) This lamb's as hard as a lap-stone.
You've made an end of it though. I declare this
tripe's like leather. You've got through it at last,
though. Shall I help you to a mealy potato ? No,
I prefer wax. Neighbour Brad, what are you doing ?
Hammering away. Shall I help you to a sole ?
Yes, and a glass of brandy after it, by way of upper-
leather. Here, waiter ! Brisk as a bristle, gen-
tlemen.

Hob, and nob ! what's the toast ? here's success to
trade,
Fortunes are by cobbling tricks in all professions
made !

Four-and-twenty tallow-chandlers sat 'em down to
dine,
Longs, shorts, middlings, of every sort and size ;
All cottoning together, no wax-lights half so fine,
Good humour lighted up, appear'd in all their
sparkling eyes.

(Spoken.) Give me some short-sixes. I suppose
you mean asparagus. I'll take a dip in the soup-
vat. This mutton's of the right mould. Mr. Wick,
you look as fine as a flambeau. Bless us, how your
wit gutters. Snuff him out. Here, waiter ! Can-
dles in a moment, gentlemen.

Hob, and nob ! what's the toast ? here's success to
trade,
And may illuminations for vict'ry oft be made !

ENCORE VERSES.

Four-and-twenty music masters sat 'em down to
dine,

All beaux, each at dinner could first fiddle play ;
Their mouths all moved in merry time to what they
may incline,

While they run up a pretty score, and piper had
to pay.

(*Spoken.*) Gentlemen, are you all in tune ? I'm
sharp set. Who's for a solo on a sirloin ? I like
a duet, beef and pudding. Who'll take a part in a
glee ?—I mean a glass. O, I'll rosin with all my
heart. Mr. Blowpipe, do you take strawberries ?
O no, hautboys for me. What say you, gents, to the
musical glasses ? Why we seem a little too flat.
I'll give you a toast : "May all enemies to concord
finish in a common cord." Here, waiter ! Com-
ing in a brace of shakes, gentlemen.

Hob, and nob ! what's the toast ? here's success to
trade,
And may all fortune's future scores in harmony
be made !

Four-and-twenty dancing masters sat 'em down to
dine,

All cut and figur'd in, not one inclined to cross ;
Each put his best foot foremost, their positions
were all fine,

From pig and cow they'd toe and heel, and loads
of caper sauce.

(*Spoken.*) Dear me, one might dance a hornpipe
on this crust. You're so impatient. I always eat
in jig time. Cast off one couple of fowls there.

Now shall I cut this up? Down the middle and back again. Who takes wine? All, right and left. Here, waiter! Set to in a moment, gentlemen.

Hob, and nob! what's the toast? here's success to trade,
How many fortunes, by all ranks, by shuffling are made!

Four-and-twenty doctors sat 'em down to dine,
Pulses all in unison, from hunger, tongues so, so;
Every thing in season, from the chicken to the chine,
The whole materia medica of Messrs. Glass and Co.

(Spoken.) The seasoning of this duck bites like a blister, and the peas are as big as bolusses. How's that tongue? Pretty fair. I don't like the looks of it. Let me prescribe rhubarb pie, then. Dr. Pop'em, a glass of wine? No objection to a black dose, doctor. Here, waiter! Repeat the dose immediately, gentlemen.

Hob, and nob! what's the toast? here's success to trade,
Fortunes are by quackery in all professions made!

Four-and-twenty lawyers sat 'em down to dine,
Like red tails and latitats, all awful in their looks;
All busy as in term time, the cause list full and fine,
The bill of fare as long as theirs, their counselors the cooks.

(Spoken.) Gentlemen, you hav'n't done that haunch justice. Then I move for a new trial. I move for a habeas, to bring that John Dory to this end of the table. Brother, will you take a rule?—Bless me, I mean a rump-steak. Brother Brief,

help me to a client. What do you mean? A flat fish, to be sure. Can any gentleman show cause why we shouldn't take a glass of wine round? Here, waiter! move the cloth. Clear the court in a moment, gentlemen.

Hob, and nob! what's the toast? here's success to trade,
Fortunes arc by wiggery in all professions made!

SECOND ENCORE.

Four-and-twenty painters sat 'em down to dine,
In colours gay as rainbows all set to in a trice;
The canvas for the dinner stretch'd, each had on't
a design,
For each was a good workman, and had a palate nice.

(Spoken.) Brother Daub, give me some turbot for a first coat, and lobster sauce over it for a second. I protest those are perfect pictures. Yes, here are soles done in oil, and salmon in water. That duck you've got is in famous keeping. Yes, he means to keep it all to himself. That pudding's too much in perspective. Who's for a glass of red-lake? Waiter, draw some wine. Brush in a moment, gentlemen.

Hob, and nob! what's the toast? here's success to trade,
May all our battle, pieces after Washington be made.

Four-and-twenty actors sat 'em down to dine,
Such cutting and such hacking, ne'er in tragedy you knew;
They came with comic phizzes, some dress'd farcically fine,
The singers all had op'ra hats, and all in merry cue.

(Spoken.) Waiter remove the covers. Yes, let's

have a peep behind the curtain. Will you have some of this fish? O yes, "I sigh for my beautiful maid." Mr. Rant, shall I give you some goose? No, I have enough of that on the boards. Has John Dory made his exit? Yes, and enter John Grouse. How they are fighting for the peas! Only rehearsing the Battle of Hastings. Do you take O. P. or P. S.? What's that? Old Port or Prime Sherry. Mr. Prompter, will you wet your whistle with a glass of wine! Here's a bumper to your benefit. Ring for the call-boy. Here, waiter! dessert and bill. Fine fruit and bill of the play directly, gentlemen.

Hob, and nob! what's the toast? here's success to
trade,
May all parts in nature's drama with applause be
play'd!

Four-and-twenty poets sat 'em down to dine,
Rare men, spare men, all hungry as could be;
All drest in their best clothes, though not very fine.
They sat 'em down in couplets, the dinner glad
to see.

(Spoken.) Brother Fiction, this is better than feeding on fancy. I fancy it is. Do you never mean to take that porter pot from your mouth? O, the poet says, "Drink deep, or taste not." Who'll have an L. E. G. of a fowl? Mr. Pun, shall I give you a merry thought? Brother Tagrhyme, which of the ancient poets do you like best? Chaucer at dinner time. Ah! Joe Miller. Here, waiter! all the porter's out of print. A second edition immediately, gentlemen.

Hob, and nob! what's the toast? here's success to
trade,
May fortunes be, if not by rhyme, at least by reason
made!

Four-and-twenty stock-brokers sat 'em down to dine,
 Stocks high, stomachs low, put them in humour fine,
 Their appetites would have no check, so they run
 up a score,
 And each member was ten per cent. more happy
 than before.

(Spoken.) Brother Indorsement, do you take fowl?
 No, no fowl work for me, so I prefer duck. Here's
 one with the leg broke off. O no, no, that's a lame
 duck. Mr. Discount, I'll thank you for the loan of
 that apple pie. It appears to bear a premium, as
 you're all dipping your fingers in it, and if I don't
 make haste it will be reduced. You'll find a devil-
 ish good stock in it indeed, 'tis five per cent. better
 than that pound cake. You're right brother, I'll
 note that--that's a compound. Here, waiter! our
 stock's reduced two and a half per cent. It will
 be higher immediately, gentlemen.

Hob, and nob! what's the toast? here's success to
 trade,
 How many fortunes in all ranks by stock jobbing
 are made!

THERE WAS A LITTLE WOMAN.

Sung by Mr. Foxcett.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

THERE was a little woman, as I've heard tell,
 Fal de ral lal lal la! de dee,
 She went to the market her eggs for to sell,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 She went to market, all on a market day,
 Fal lal de lal lal lal la! de dee,
 And she fell asleep all on the highway.
 Fal de ral, &c.

There came by a pedlar, whose name it was Stout,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 And he cut her petticoats all round about,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 He cut her petticoats up to her knees,
 Fal lal de, &c.
 Till this poor little woman's knees began for to
 freeze.
 Fal de ral, &c.

When this little woman began for to awake,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 She began to shiver, and she began to shake,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 She began to shake, and she began to cry,
 Fal lal de, &c.
 Lord have mercy on I, this be none of I.
 Fal de ral, &c.

If I be I, as I suppose I be
 Fal de ral, &c.
 I've got a little dog at home, and he knows me,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 If I be I, he'll wag his little tail,
 Fal lal de, &c.
 But if it be not I, he will bark and rail.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Home went this little woman, all in the dark,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 Up starts the little dog and began to bark,
 Fal de ral, &c.
 He began to bark, and she began to cry,
 Fal lal de, &c.
 Lord have mercy on I, this is none of I.
 Fal de ral, &c.

GOING OUT A SHOOTING

Sung by Mr. Burton.—Air, Hokey Pokes.

SOME friends of mine for mirth and glee,
 Fix'd on a day to have a spree,
 When 'twas agreed upon that we
 Should all go out a shooting.

There was Will Smith, and Stephen Shore,
 With Harry Grant and Bobby Blower,
 Besides old Muggins and Dickey Moore,
 I think in all full half a score ;
 Towards the autumn's dreary close,
 When frost begins to nip the toes,
 These friends of mine they did propose,
 We should go out a shooting.

With powder, wadding, dog and gun,
 Up, sportsmen, up, the day's begun,
 I never shall forget the fun,
 We had going out a shooting.

'Twas at old Muggins' house we met,
 All ripe for fun a jovial set ;
 We had cigars, and just a wet,
 Before we went a shooting ;
 Old Muggins he a musket had,
 Which was his father's when a lad,
 While Bob Blower made a pretty fuss,
 About his uncle's blunderbuss.
 Determined all things should be right,
 We primed and loaded overnight,
 Since full four hours before 'twas light,
 We were to start a shooting.

With powder, &c.

As off down Chesnut street we set,
 Towards Christchurch we meant to get,
 A lot of watchman there we met,
 As we went out a shooting ;

One of them quick did collar me,
 The rest as they the guns did see,
 Sung out, " lads, here's a burglary ;
 What's in those bundles, come, let's see."
 With that a dreadful fight arose,
 And Muggins got a broken nose,
 When off we to the watchhouse goes,
 Instead of out a shooting.

With powder, &c.

At length, by paying something each,
 As we for freedom did beseech,
 We did contrive to mend the breach,
 And started off a shooting.

Every thing then went on well,
 No pleasure sure could ours excel,
 Until we came to Kensington ;
 When there a precious fog came on,
 So thick and in such clouds arose,
 Like cobwebs it hung on our clothes,
 None saw an inch before his nose,
 As we went out a shooting.

With powder, &c.

Disasters still did follow nigh,
 For as we cross'd a field close by,
 Bob poked his gun in Bill Smith's eye,
 As we went out a shooting.

At length so dreadful came the fog,
 Poor Muggins fell into a bog,
 His gun went off and shot his dog,
 As dead as any wooden log ;
 And when he again on dry ground stood,
 We laugh'd, though forced to chew the cud,
 To see his mouth stuff'd full o' mud,
 Through going out a shooting.

With powder, &c.

We halted just about daybreak,
 As all our legs began to ache,
 And thought we'd each some breakfast take,
 Ere we commenced our shooting

Upon a stile then snugly moor'd,
 We had of meat a perfect hoard,
 The gin and water we had stored,
 Into our tumblers then we pour'd.
 But it seems misfortune never halts,
 For Muggins' wife, who had her faults,
 Instead of gin had put up salts
 For him to take a shooting.

With powder, &c.

We every step through rain did come,
 At last we saw poor Muggins home,
 Who vows he ne'er again will roam,
 At least to go a shooting.

For my part I can only say,
 I never spent so sad a day,
 And as to birds, black, white, or gray,
 We did not see one all the way.
 Muggins sits at home and crams,
 Sells his butter, eggs, and hams,
 But as for sporting fairly d—s
 The day we went out shooting.

With powder, &c.

PHYSIC, LAW, AND SPIRITS.

Sung by Mr. Mathews.—Air, There's nas luck.

In Yorkshire once there lived a man,
 As I have heard folks say,
 And as he does not live there still,
 He must have gone away.
 He was four feet upon a pinch,
 Though scarcely quite so tall,
 And as he never grew an inch,
 They call'd him very small.

Sing rumti doodle doodle do
 Sing rumti doodlem da ;
 Sing rumti doodle doodle do,
 Sing rumti doodlem da.

This little man of mighty fame,
 A doctor was, 'tis true,
 But as I never knew his name,
 I cannot tell it you.
 The patients came, both far and near,
 To try the doctor's skill,
 And those he didn't know how to cure,
 He well knew how to kill.

Sing rumti, &c.

The doctor once fell deep in love,
 With a lady tall and slim,
 And she, sweet turtle, cooing dove,
 Fell deep in love with him.
 And soon to church he took his bride,
 To make her bone of bone,
 She look'd a maypole by the side
 Of him, a little milestone.

Sing rumti, &c.

But soon the doctor, 'twas his lot,
 To find he had no prize,
 For she both tongue and nails had got,
 To teaze both ears and eyes.
 She caught a cold, and strange to tell,
 She bit her nails with pain,
 But the doctor physick'd her so well,
 She ne'er got well again.

Sing rumti, &c.

When done he feasted all his kin,
 In honour of her death,
 But drank so much of Holland gin,
 It fairly stopt his breath.
 So then they popp'd the doctor too,
 In coffin with his wife,
 And what is strange, though very true,
 They ne'er came again to life.

Sing rumti, &c.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

A Medley.—Written and sung by Mr. Burton.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Air, House that Jack built.

THE matchless bard, the drama's pride,
Great Billy Shakspeare 'tis I mean,
Does life into seven parts divide,
Each fixing nature's scene.
The men and women, naught but players,
Prove all the world's a stage;
Permit me to laugh a while at its cares,
Tracing man through every age.

Air, Bacchanalian tune from Freischutz.

First the infant, mewling loud,
Makes both dad and mammy proud,
As in nurse's arms it crows.
Round it friends and gossips creep,
At the mammy's pet to peep.
Ta iddle, liddle, liddle, li do, la.
Tei lol.

Air, Sabotier; or, Wooden Shoe Dance.

The schoolboy, unwillingly plodding along,
With nice shining face, and with pinafore white
as snow,
Whistling the air of some old country song,
Creeping like snail as to school he must go.
Yes, yes, his pedagogue fearing,
Fonder of marbles than reading his book,
Guess, less, his teens when he's nearing,
Upon the young maidens he ventures to look.

Air, C'est l'amour.

Then older grown, *love* makes him moan,
 Like any furnace sighing;
 Hard throbs his breast, devoid of rest,
 With love he's nearly dying;
 Does verses write to his soul's delight,
 In doleful, whining strain,
 Till, having wed, the life that's fled
 He wishes back again.

Air, All the Blue Bonnets.

March, march, sergeant and corporal,
 He has turn'd soldier and marches to order,
 March, march, captain must order all,
 For all the brave soldiers are over the border.
 Many a hoary head sleeps upon glory's bed,
 To taste reputation, that bubble of vapour,
 For honour a stickler, in quarrel none quicker,
 He cuts on the field-day some wonderful caper.
 March, &c.

Air, Roast Beef.

He then forms a justice with belly so round,
 With wig so immense, and with wisdom profound;
 His inside lined with capon, and many a pound
 Off the roast beef of old England,
 Off the old English roast beef.

Air, Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.

The lean, slipper'd waddler, hobbling, toddling,
 With spectacles placed on his nose,
 Just keeps life up, physicking, caudling,
 His legs wrapt up well in flannel hose.

Air, Home, Sweet Home.

But death comes at last, this eventful scene to end,
 To his grave, our last home, the wanderer doth send.
 Home, home, we all must go home,
 High or low, rich or poor, we all must go home.

Air, Cherry Ripa.

Cheerily, merrily, have I essay'd
To sing the changes in life that are made;
Cheerily, merrily, may I gain applause,
Your hands will approve, and I gain my cause.

SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

A Medley.—Arranged as an Encore to the preceding.

Air, Margery Topping.

You've heard the seven ages of great mister man
And now mistress woman's I'll chant, if I can;
And surely the ladies will sanction the plan
Of permitting mankind their dear ages to scan,
Without making mention of years.

Air, The Young May Moon.

A baby, first appearing, O,
Her voice, how strong and 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,
And I won't give you any titty, O.

Air, Bartlemy Fair.

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.

Air, Captain Mulligan.

Soon sly Cupid gives her a leer,
 Presents his bow, and tickling arrow, too;
 Plump! a lover she feels so queer,
 Shot through the 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.
 He's so killing, she's so willing,
 She elopes with Captain Somebody;
 Glad she's pinning, winning, grinning,
 Hoaxing, coaxing Captain Somebody.

Air, Merrily, O.

Then a happy bride just married,
 Merrily, O, merrily, O,
 Glad she hasn't longer tarried,
 Merrily, O;
 She fancies never-ending rapture
 Is to attend her through life's chapter,
 And every fun be onward carried,
 Merrily, O.

Air, 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.

Air, O, dear, what can the matter be!
 O, dear, what is the matter, now?
 Dear, dear, what is the matter, now?
 O, dear, what is the matter, now?

In widow's weeds she looks sad.
 All day a strong onion promotes the tears' pouring,
 With dry eyes all night she is pleasantly snoring;
 Her drunken spouse dead, with more lush than love
 boring,
 Would make any sober dame glad.

Air, O rest thee, babe.

Last enters poor granny, but not to last long,
 For her faculties quit her, and leave her no tongue.

Air, Here's a health.

Thus then ends my old woman's story
 Of sweet woman, man's best glory,
 For 'tis she that blesses life:
 Woman every grief assuages,
 Soothes our care in all her ages,
 Whether widow, maid, or wife.

THE FROG POND.

Air, Bow, wow, wow.

This world is but a frog pond, I think without a
 joke, sir,
 When frogs of every species come to swim about
 and croak, sir;
 They kick and splash through pond and marsh to
 get their share of snacks, sir,
 Until death comes a frog fishing, and turns them on
 their backs, sir.

Croak, croak, croak,
 This world is but a frog pond, croak, croak, croak.

The statesman is a tree frog upon the tree of state,
 sir,
 His coat turns like the party limb where interest
 awaits, sir;

And if the shower of success before him spreads her
cloud, sir,
He swells himself on party's tree and gayly croaks
aloud, sir.

Croak, croak, croak.

This world is but a frog pond, croak, croak, croak.

The lawyer is a marsh frog, he croaks but for his
fob, sir,

Upon some mossy bank he sits a^waiting for a job,
sir ;

But if you chance to want his aid and come without
the pelf, sir,

He'll quickly leap into the stream and let you croak
yourself, sir.

Croak, croak, croak,

This world is but a frog pond, croak, croak, croak.

The priest he is a yellow frog, who croaks from
morn till night, sir,

He gives a devils' d—— to all who do not say he's
right, sir ;

The justice he's a bull-frog, whose justice is in
pounds, sir,

He seats himself on some high log, and cries out
blood-an-ounds, sir.

Croak, croak, croak,

This world is but a frog pond, croak, croak, croak.

The black leg is a leap frog, he leaps from crime to
crime, sir ;

The poet he's a scaly frog, that croaks about in
rhyme, sir ;

The lover he's a green frog, and is a very sad soul ;
The dandy never drops his tail, but always is a
tadpole.

Croak, croak, croak.

This world is but a frog pond, croak, croak, croak.

MY SON TOM.

Written by T. H. Bayly.—Sung by Mr. Burton.

Music sold by Fiot, Meignen, & Co., 217 Chestnut st.

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.
 My Tom, Tom, Tom !
 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, &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, &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, &c.

MY DAUGHTER FAN.

Written by T. H. Bayly.—Sung by Mr. Burton.

Music sold by Flot, Meignen, & Co., 217 Chestnut st.

My daughter Fan, O look at her face,
 You'll own she's quite uncommon,
 A girl in years, but in beauty and grace
 My daughter Fan's a woman.
 And well, indeed, may her mother be proud,
 When she makes such a great sensation ;
 'Tis nature all, she was never allow'd
 To be bother'd with education.
 My daughter Fan, my daughter Fan,
 You'll own she's quite uncommon.

My daughter Fan has never been shown
 Her steps by a dancing master,
 But she skips about in a way of her own,
 And nobody gallops faster ;

She never was taught to sing a bit,
 And that's what makes me prouder,
 For when she sings, you'll all admit
 That nobody can sing louder.

My daughter Fan, &c.

My daughter Fan had her miniature done,
 I look'd upon that as a duty ;
 Next year, no doubt, her face will be one
 Of the gems of the "Book of Beauty ;"
 When Chantry sees her, I think he'll faint,
 So very superb her bust is,
 But, after all, neither chisel nor paint
 Can do my daughter justice.

My daughter Fan, &c.

The eyes of my daughter seem to me
 Divine, as I've often told her,
 While one looks straight, the other, you see,
 Seems peeping over her shoulder ;
 And that, with her nose, (in the turn-up style,)
 I give you my word and honour,
 Has such a charm, that it wins a smile
 From all who look upon her.

My daughter Fan, &c.

My daughter Fan will come out in the spring,
 She begs, and I can't refuse her ;
 But, O dear me, 'tis a terrible thing
 To think that I soon must lose her ;
 For when she's out she'll marry, 'tis clear,
 And that my bosom touches ;
 My daughter Fan, this time next year,
 Is sure to be a duchess.

My daughter Fan, &c.

FRYING-PANANA.

Air, Poor Mary Ann.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

O, BID adieu to eggs and bacon,
 Poor frying-pan !
 Pancakes from thee I oft have taken,
 Poor frying-pan !
 But now, alas ! thy day is gone by,
 Cutlets, sausages, liver, and pigs-fry,
 Smoking from thee, shall glad my sad eye,
 Poor frying-pan !

When new thou shining and so bright was,
 Poor frying-pan !
 The fire set at defiance quite was
 Poor frying-pan !
 But now age has thee o'ertaken,
 Farewell, liver ! and farewell, bacon !
 The shine out of thee quite is taken.
 Poor frying-pan !

For now a hole is in thy bottom,
 Poor frying-pan !
 Caused by the nasty cooks, od rot 'em,
 Poor frying-pan !
 For they left thee in damps to rust,
 For thy hole-iness may they be curst,
 But end my tale of wo I must.
 Alas ! frying-pan !



THE OLD COMMODORE.

THE OLD COMMODORE.

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

Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,
 Not a tow-rope at hand, nor an oar ;
 I am left by my crew, and may I be flogg'd,
 But the doctor's a lubberly bore.
 While I'm swallowing his slops,
 How nimble are his chops,
 Thus queering the old commodore—
 A bad case, commodore,
 Can't say, commodore,
 Mus'n't flatter, commodore, says he ;
 For the bullets and the gout,
 Have so knock'd your hull about,
 That you'll never more be fit for sea.

What ! no more be afloat ? blood and fury, they
 lie !
 I'm a seaman, and only three score ;
 And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
 Gad zooks ! let me not die ashore.
 And as to death, 'tis all a joke,
 Sailors live in fire and smoke,

So at least says an old commodore—
 The rum old commodore,
 The tough old commodore,
 The fighting old commodore, he !
 Whom the devil nor the gout,
 Nor the doctor's drugs to boot,
 Shall kill till they grapple him at sea.

A BEAU FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK.

LONDON is the place where a figure and a face
 Secures a tip-top situation ;
 An elegant waist, with people of taste,
 Is a letter of recommendation.
 When I was there, such a belle was I,
 Of my conquests there's many would speak ;
 While the girls of the parish with envy would cry,
 "She's a beau for each day in the week."
 On Monday, at the weekly ball,
 With Mr. Smith I'd jig ;
 Tuesday, young Mr. Jones would call,
 And drive me out in his gig ;
 Wednesday found me at the play,
 In Mr. Cummins's care ;
 Thursday, would call to pass the day,
 Mr. Jenkins's son and heir ;
 Friday, I'd go to see a sight
 With the nephew of Mr. Brooks
 Saturday would bring its delight
 In the person of Mr. Snooks ;
 While Sunday would see me in the park,
 Taking a walk with Mr. Clarke.
 Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
 Saturday, and Sunday—
 Of these golden days I love to speak,
 When I'd a beau for each day in the week.

STEAM PILLS.

Music sold by Flot, Meignen, & Co., 217 Chestnut st.

MYNHEER VON SHLOP was a man renown'd
 And for beauty was famed for miles around,
 But yet, all the ladies at him look'd shy,
 For at thirty, he only was three feet high!
 Tiddi diddi dol lol tiddi diddi da,
 Tiddi diddi dol lol ti di lol la.

This shocking disaster, it plagued him sore,
 For whenever he ventured outside his door,
 The people would bawl, and after him run,
 Crying, "there goes a queer little figure of fun!"
 Tiddi diddi dol, &c.

Half mad, mynheer knew not what to do,
 Too old to grow taller he very well knew,
 When, all in the dumps as he sat, one day,
 The steam doctor's chariot roll'd that way.
 Tiddi diddi dol, &c.

This doctor, he banish'd all sorrows and ills,
 By making folks swallow his patent steam pills!
 And so very "infallible" were their powers,
 That two would produce a new leg in three hours!
 Tiddi diddi dol, &c.

Says mynheer, who now was inspired with vigour,
 "Such pills as these must make me grow bigger;"
 So he went to the doctor without more delay,
 Who gave him a dozen, then sent him away.
 Tiddi diddi dol, &c.

Von Shlop, delighted, went home to bed,
 But scarce on the pillow had laid his head,
 When the pills took effect, and he grew so, ifegs!
 That he knock'd down the front of the house with
 his legs!

Tiddi diddi dol, &c.

Then he got out of bed in great amaze,
 But upright his body he could not raise,
 For the pills were so strong, in one hour or nigh,
 The Dutchman had grown nearly seven feet high !
 Tiddi diddi dol, &c.

From the door of his room he could make no retreat,
 So he stepp'd through the front of the house to the
 street ;
 But his terror increased when he had got in it,
 His legs shot up full two inches a minute !
 Tiddi diddi dol, &c.

The effect of the pills was so strong besides,
 That his lanky legs took such terrible strides,
 He steer'd through the streets at a deuce of a racket,
 More swift than the fastest going steam packet !
 Tiddi diddi dol, &c.

The people, alarm'd, did quickly fly,
 When they saw this huge Colossus speed by,
 While Von Shlop begg'd help they'd be bestowing ;
 But his legs kept on, and his body kept growing !
 Tiddi diddi dol, &c.

So fast did his stature and size increase,
 That he strode over rivers and lofty trees ;
 And in less than a day so much taller was he,
 That the tops of the houses scarce reach'd his knee ?
 Tiddi diddi dol, &c.

In vain he tried his growth to stay,
 The pills were so strong they kept working away ;
 And his body increased so in bulk and might,
 That he knock'd down whole streets in the course
 of his flight.
 Tiddi diddi dol, &c.

For years he kept running and growing, 'tis said,
 Till at last, poor Von Shlop, he grew himself dead ;

And so great was the shock when he fell on the
ground,
That it shook all the country for twenty miles
round!

Tiddi diddi dol, &c.

When dead—as the truth I would sing in my song,
His nose it measured full three yards long;
His mouth was four yards wide, or nigh,
And a man who was peeping tumbled into his eye!

Tiddi diddi dol, &c.

When the "Crowner's 'Quest" next morn went to
see,
They were very much puzzled where Von Whlop
could be,

His body was gone!—their verdict was just
For the steam pills had turn'd him to dust.

Tiddi diddi dol, &c.

Poor mynheer's story I've told at length,
I've not enlarged on his growth or strength;
He stood high in the world, nobody denies,
Yet large was his wo, and great his sighs!

Tiddi diddi dol, &c.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

Sung by Mr. Burton, in Character.

Music published by Flot, Meignen, & Co., 217 Chestnut-st.

WHEN I was a school boy aged ten,
O! mighty little Greek I knew;
With my short strip'd trousers, now and then,
With stripes upon my jacket too!
When I saw other boys to the playground run,
I threw my old gradus by,
And I left the task I had scarce begun,
"There'll be time enough for that," said I.
"There'll be time enough for that," said I.

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

I was just nineteen when I first fell in love,
 And I scribbled a deal of rhyme,
 And I talk'd to myself in a shady grove,
 And I thought I was quite sublime :
 I was torn from my love ! 'twas a dreadful blow,
 And the lady she wiped her eye ;
 But I didn't die of grief, O, dear me, no,
 " There'll be time enough for that," said I.
 There'll be, &c.

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

My next penchant was for one whose face
 Was her fortune, she was so fair !
 O ! she spoke with an air of enchanting grace,
 But a man cannot live upon air :
 And when poverty enters the door, young love
 Will out of the casement fly ;
 The truth of the proverb I'd no wish to prove,
 " There'll be time enough for that," said I.
 There'll be, &c.

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

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

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

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

MAN AND WIFE.

A comic Madley Duet.—Sung by Mr. Burton and Mrs. Rowbotham.

Air, Why are you wandering?

Wife. Where have you wandering been, I pray,
Neglecting your house and your wife all day?

Husb. I met with a friend, and a bottle we had,
Old times to chat over, and make our hearts
glad.

W. Nay, nay, is it true what you say?
How could you dare abroad to roam,
Whilst your wife was forlorn at home?
Abroad to roam, abroad to roam,
Whilst your wife was forlorn at home.

Air, Garry Owen.

H. I wonder what notion you have in your head,
To such whims and fancies I've never been bred;
I hope there's an end of it.

W. When we first wed,
You said a good husband you'd make, sir;
Now you fidget, and fret, and fume at me.

H. I only want you good temper'd to be.

W. It's you that are wrong—

H. Poo, fiddle de dee.

W. And I find in your heart you're a rake, sir.

Both. Fal de ral, tal de ral, de ral lal, de ral lal,
Tal de ral, lal de ral, li do.

Air, I've been roaming.

W. You've been roving, you've been roving,
You're a sad inconstant swain—

H. Ever proving, anger moving,
Treating me with cold disdain.

Air, Isabel.

W. 'Tis all very well, you men straying, and playing,

Delaying,
Still paying our rights.

H. Dear wife, when we wander, we ponder,
And fonder, no wonder,
Still prize home's delights.

W. Yes, in spite of your pleasures abroad,
You're glad back again soon to come.

H. Do not wrong thus your master and lord,

W. You will find there is no place like home,
Home, home!

Air, Home, Sweet Home.

H. Great beauties we meet with abroad, when we roam,

But there's no woman like one's own woman at home.

W. A charm from the skies seems to hallow her there,

Which, search through the world, you'll not meet with elsewhere.

Home, home—

H. One's own wife at home,

Both. There's no woman like one's own dear wife at home.

COMMON SENSE IS ALL NONSENSE.

Sung by Mr. Burton.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

O! music, sweet music's the language for me,

Dull tattle, to distance I fling it;

Small talk and long sermons are fiddle de dee,

If you'd speak to some tune you must sing it:

Thus the lawyer's a sharp, and you'll naturally own,
 That his client's a flat after trial:
 The 'squire plays the sackbut, the priest plays the
 drone,
 And the doctor shakes well on the viol.
 Common sense is all nonsense and fiddle de
 dee,
 Sweet music's the language for me.

The lover to play a duet would aspire,
 The widower pipes all forlorn, sirs;
 The shame-faced young bachelor hums with the
 lyre,
 And the married man oft plays the horn, sirs;
 The sailor wind instruments loudly would blow,
 The soldier, a drum let him thump it,
 The traveller plays with a very long bow,
 And the coxcomb, he sounds his own trumpet.
 Common sense, &c.

Upon a full bagpipe the usurer doats,
 The spendthrift with jingle would stun ye,
 The signora sings discord without her bank notes,
 And the banker deals large in har—mony.
 In England, the musical glasses oft ring,
 In France they sing small, folks to diddle,
 In Ireland, Pat harps on a blundering string,
 And in Scotland they scrape the Scotch fiddle.
 Common sense, &c.

The scold's vocal music is rapid and light,
 The prude a slow organ would blow, boys,
 The coquette loves to rosin her bows day and night,
 And the school-girl to flourish with ho—boys;
 But the ladies, God bless 'em! are ne'er out of tune,
 And so sweet is their mouth—piece, the fact is,
 I could be instrumental night, morning, and noon,
 And never grow tired of the practice.
 Common sense, &c.

SAN DOMINGO BILLY, O!

Time, Jack's the Lad.

WHEN last our gallant fleet did lay
 Just off scorching San Domingo Bay,
 Our admiral, though a jolly dog,
 Would often stint our mess of grog,
 Which made us often feel dev'lish chilly, O!
 Our tars soon determin'd to make him tack about,
 And each one for a plan was sharp on the look-out;
 Raw junk and biscuit, what a lark!
 To see us pitch it to a shark,
 And book a mess to San Domingo Billy, O!
 Singing—*Fol de rol, &c.*

'Bout eight bells he'd swim round the fleet,
 With three decks of grinders ready to eat
 His breakfast; whether beef or biscuit,
 Down his gullet how he'd whisk it!
 Captain's horse and gig there would look silly, O!
 One morning, while Billy was waiting for his share,
 A bumboat woman black as the devil came there;
 Her little piccaninny dropp'd
 From off her arm, and soon he popp'd—

(*Spoken.*) Now where, in the name of old Daddy
 Neptune, d'ye think he popped to, before any of us
 could say 'bout ship?

Why down the throat of San Domingo Billy, O!
 Singing—*Fol de rol, &c.*

Tom Gunnell, who stood six feet two,
 The best looking fellow of all the crew,
 Snatch'd up a knife, and down dives he,
 And soon he crimson'd all the sea,
 While blackey for her boy shriek'd shrilly, O!
 But bold Tom had been scarcely half a minute there,
 When up he came again, hail'd with a deafening
 cheer;

Mother Blackey nimbly danced for joy,
To see her darling little boy.

(Spoken.) Ah! and so did every man Jack of us; and as soon as that was over, we threw out our grappling irons, lugged Billy on deck, opened all his stowage holes, and found ourselves in possession of about five hundred backey boxes, 'twixt two and three hundred watches, a score of pilots' telescopes, three admirals' cocked hats, two fire buckets, the identical pistol which was knocked out of Will Watch's left hand in his last engagement, besides many other little odds and ends—in short, there was plenty for every man on board to take

A prize from master San Domingo Billy, O!
Singing—Fol de rol, &c.

BACHELOR TOM.

Old merry Tom Brag scorn'd the conjugal joke,
For a whimsical notion had he,
That a wife, like the ivy which twines round the
oak,

While adoring, yet injures the tree.
Tom vow'd he'd live single, his credit to save,
And begg'd, when this life summon'd from,
Some good-natured friend would write over his
grave,

“Beneath lies departed Old Bachelor Tom.”

But merry Tom Brag, like most boasters, was bit,
By a lass who was caught by his purse;
For Tom he had wealth, and the girl she had wit,
So he took her for better or for worse.

So Tom was a Benedick made at threescore,
And found when the church he came from,
Some quizzical friend had wrote over his door,
“This morning departed Old Bachelor Tom.”

MY GRANDMOTHER'S ROUT.

Sung by Mr. Burton. — Air, The Night before Larry.

My grandmother gave a grand rout,
 And invited the neighbours to see her,
 Herself served the provisions out,
 No soul in the world could be freer ;
 But all the visitors gobbled so fast,
 Ate the second course before the first, sirs,
 The first dish was left to the last,
 And the best of it all, was the worst, sirs.
 This is an Irish song,
 Can you tell me what it's about ?
 I hope you'll not think it too long,
 'Twas sung at my grandmother's rout.

The parson he open'd his leaf,
 O'Sheeley and Norah to wed,
 Says he, Mr. Mike you're a thief,
 Take notice of what I have said.
 And as Peter broke into that house,
 He knows well it can't be denied ;
 His life, my joy, an't worth a souse,
 For sheep-stealing he will be tried.
 This is an Irish song, &c.

Then Dermot he took up his fist,
 And kick'd his dad over the wall,
 Which gave his old back such a twist,
 That quite broke his neck by the fall ;
 Says he, " To make my will I'm inclined,
 Though fortune I never could boast of it,
 And as I leave nothing behind,
 Pray don't quarrel which has the most of it. .
 This is an Irish song, &c.

O'Shaugnessy swallow'd an egg,
 And says he, " Here's both boil'd meat and
 roast,

So, Mr. O'Gorman, I beg
 You'll give us some sort of a toast."
 Says O'Gorman, "Och, if I could speak,
 I, O yes, would say very soon to it,
 But you know I've been dumb for a week ;
 And besides, I don't know a good tune to it."
 This is an Irish song, &c.

Ned Grogan's wife's sister's Tom cat,
 Was purring and washing his face ;
 A mouse, almost as big as a rat,
 Ran across with pretty quick pace :
 Tom made a long spring with a douse,
 And look'd with his eyes all so grim,
 But instead of his swallowing the mouse,
 By the powers ! the mouse swallow'd him !
 This is an Irish song, &c.

Young Dan cries, " I'm too dull by half,
 For my stomach by eating is full,
 So endeavour to make us all laugh,
 By making some sort of a bull."
 Says t'other, " I can't, by my soul,
 For last night, though I do not know how,
 Some thieves broke in my bed room, and stole
 All the horsehair from the tail of my cow.
 This is an Irish song, &c.

Then the pigs they broke into the garden,
 And ate of *poratees* a peck ;
 Poor Matt Mullins despair'd of a pardon,
 For he got the rope round his neck ;
 His mother close by him did stand,
 A lady well vers'd in astronomy,
 Says she, Show me the lines of your hand,
 For I understand phy-si-o-gon-omy.
 This is an Irish song, &c.

Then the boat was upset by a squall,
 And the coachman and footman was drown'd,

And the rest for a jury did call,
 As soon as they got on dry ground:
 A verdict they gave in a breath,
 In less than a minute, so skilfully,
 That the coachman was burnt to death,
 But the footman did not do it wilfully.
 This is an Irish song, &c.

They ran for the doctor with haste,
 And he came back in his shirt;
 Says he, Och, there's no time to waste,
 For his elbow is all over dirt;
 So reach me the shovel and tongs,
 I'll on his left eye put a plaster;
 Says the patient let's have a few songs,
 For 'tis a most shocking disaster.
 This is an Irish song, &c.

Mr. M'Ginn he broke out in a flame,
 For he was a hot-headed spark,
 Says he, if I can't write my name,
 You shall know that I can make my mark:
 Then he flew upon Darby O'Kelly,
 And took the lad quite by surprise,
 Gave him such a punch in his belly,
 That caused him to have three black eyes.
 This is an Irish song, &c.

Poor Paddy O'Reilly went dead,
 And his wife and his neighbours did cry;
 Laid him out in a straw feather bed,
 And howl'd out, Och, why did you die?
 Och, why did I die! return'd he,
 Come, Judy, now, none of your scoffing,
 You know 'twas to let myself see
 What a beauty I'd look in my coffin.
 This is an Irish song, &c.

Then cried Barney, With love I'm growing
 Most doleful for want of some cash,

So I'll dress myself spruce, and be going
 A courting to Mrs. O'Flash ;
 Such a purse there's no lady can boast,
 And I, you must know, am the pride of her,
 And as she's as deaf as a post,
 I mean to get on the blind side of her.
 This is an Irish song, &c.

Then the fiddler pull'd out his pipes,
 And sung a most beautiful tune,
 But first he his nose and chin wipes,
 For he ate the boil'd beef with a spoon ;
 But Molly, for fear she'd have none,
 Took her's all in a piece fit to choke her ;
 And Tom swore he would not be done,
 So he swallow'd the plate and the poker.
 This is an Irish song, &c.

The midwife she squall'd out with joy
 Och, murder me ! gemini crack !
 See here's a most beautiful boy,
 With never a shoe to his back.
 Then take the pound weight in your hand,
 And run for a yard of pump water ;
 And let all the folks understand
 That your dad's brought to bed of a daughter.
 This is an Irish song, &c.

Then Teddy, being strangled with drinking,
 Call'd the boy to come down from above,
 And, not knowing what he was thinking,
 He writ a soft song about love ;
 But not one of the rest could get bail,
 Which caused a great big botheration,
 So they all broke out of the jail,
 And discharged themselves by proclamation.
 This is an Irish song,
 Can you tell me what it's about ?
 I hope you've not thought it too long,
 'Twas sung at my grandmother's rout.

POLLY GLOVER.

A favourite Comic Song, sung by Mr. Burton.

I'm going to confess my love,
 Though something of the oddest;
 I'm anxious here to clearly prove,
 My love is purely modest;
 The maiden's name I'll not conceal,
 'Tis dear Miss Polly Glover,
 And to the world I do reveal,—
 Ye gods! O how I love her!

Tol lol, &c.

Near Polly's door, there stands a stump,
 Which serves me for a seat;
 And there my heart goes bump a bump,
 Till I and Polly meet;
 And when she perches on my knee,
 Like ring-doves under cover,
 We sit and woo, and bill and coo;
 Ye gods! O how I love her!

Tol lol, &c.

Like sparrow on a chimney top,
 We sit in spite of smother,
 And niddle noodle as we squat,
 And chirp to one another;
 When mother church her work has done,
 And Cupid's wounds recover,
 And two fond hearts unite in one,
 Ye gods! O how I'll love her!

Tol lol, &c.

Should any here the banns forbid,
 Which thrice were read on Sunday;
 A bury'ng I should have instead
 Of wedding, on the Monday;

For Polly, she of grief would die,
 And grass would grow above her;
 And there she'd lie, and so should I,
 Ye gods ! I do so love her.

Tol lol, &c.

But hope, I'm told, 's the lover's food,
 Therefore I'll hope content, sir,
 And hope you will not deem me rude,
 For hoping your consent, sir ;
 'Tis all the fortune I implore,
 With dear Miss Polly Glover ;
 Obtain'd, I never can be poor,
 Ye gods ! O how I love her ! -

Tol lol, &c.

THE LOVES OF THE PIGS.

Sung by Mr. Burton.—Air, As slow our ship.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

A BOAR pig said to a lady pig, O, pretty piggy, say,
 If your mamma would say but yes, would you, dear
 miss, say nay ?

My trotter take, and be my bride, or else this pointed
 fork

I'll stick into my precious side, and turn myself to
 pork.

Miss Piggy then look'd very grave, and behind her
 snout blush'd she,

O, gallant, gentle Mr. Pig, pray rise up from your
 knee,

My pa, my ma, wont hear of it ; as you go grunting
 by,

They'll slam right into your pig's face, the door of
 our pigsty.

Mr. Pig then bristled up, and, says he, you must
 allow,
 That your father is a hog, and your mother a great
 sow ;
 But make my prize those lovely eyes, those cheeks so
 like the rose,
 I'll place a ring upon your toe like that upon your
 nose.

If I yield my melting heart, and quit my father's
 shed,
 Won't you become as cold and dull as any pig of
 lead ;
 Not roll me in a vis-a-vis, as folks of fashion do,
 But roll me in a sausage, or, pudding black to view.

No, singe my whiskers, if I do ; I'll love you true, by
 gosh,
 But see the trembling moonbeams how they play on
 yon hogwash ;
 Sweet home, adieu ; dear love, with you I'll quit
 these hated doors,
 And hark, the lark dispels the dark, and how my
 mammy snores.

Upon her pretty pettitoes, away Miss Pig did flee,
 And ho, ho, ho, went Mister Pig, and week, week,
 week, went she ;
 A look she cast, her tears fell fast, as she her home
 did spy,
 And so would you if you had got a sty, ma'am, in
 your eye.

The old ones waddled after them, but they were not
 o'ertaken,
 For having in their hams more brawn, the young
 ones saved their bacon ;
 To church they went, six virgin pigs strew'd chest-
 nuts at the door,
 And the parson was, like many of ours, a most
 enormous bore.

MY OLD UNCLE ROBIN.

Air, Hackney Coachman.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

My old uncle Robin were such an old tyke,
If you rummag'd all Essex you'd not find his like,
Bless your soul, he were up to all manner of things,
He could cripple wild rabbits and clip a crow's
wings,

And nibble the magpies that perch'd on the rails,
By sprinkling salt on their innocent tails.

What a pity, odds dickens! he's laid in the
ground,

Were he here, he'd enlighten you all, I'd be
bound.

He could spell, write, and cipher, chew carrots also,
Swig ale and eat bacon, write verses, and mow;
Sing psalms, play the fiddle, and roll on the green,
And for larking with milkmaids his like were ne'er
seen;

He was clever in all things, both little and big,
He could out-mag aunt Sukey and comb her old wig.

What a pity, &c.

He were master of music, a thrasher of oats,
An out-and-out glazier, a mender of coats;
He could make globes and noggins, build hay-ricks
and sheds,

Lock'd hoops like a good un, and dealt in pigs heads,
Pipes, salmon, and pepper, red-herrings and snuffs,
Ducks, ginger, and lap-dogs, and prime apple-puffs.

What a pity, &c.

He likewise sold treacle, twine, trotters, and corks,
Hops, mustard and cow-heels, cock-sparrows and
forks;

He were noted for grinding and lugging teeth out,
 He could take off a quaker, make sermons and
 spout ;
 He could brew, leap, and whistle, and thatch a pig-
 sty,
 Knit stockings, fry pancakes, and couch a chap's
 eye.

What a pity, &c.

SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE ARMY.

Air, Who'll be King but Charley.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

I'm Paddy Whack, of Ballyhack,
 Not long ago turn'd soldier ;
 In grand attack, in storm or sack,
 None will than I be bolder.
 With spirits gay, I march away,
 I please each fair beholder ;
 And now they sing, " he's quite the thing,
 Och ! what a jovial soldier !"
 In Londonderry or London merry,
 Och ! faith ! ye girls, I charm ye ;
 And there ye come, at beat of drum,
 To see me in the army.
 Rub a dub dub, and pilli li loo,
 Whack ! fal de lal la, and trilli li loo.
 I laugh and sing like any thing
 Since I've been in the army.

The lots of girls my train unfurls
 Would form a pleasant party ;
 There's Kitty Lynch, a tidy wench,
 And Suke and Peg M'Carthy :

Miss Judy Baggs, and Sally Maggs,
 And Martha Scraggs, all storm me;
 And Molly Magee is after me,
 Since I've been in the army.
 The Sallies and Pollies, the Kitties and Dollies,
 In numbers would alarm ye;
 E'en Mrs. White, who's lost her sight,
 Admires me in the army.
 Rub a dub dub, &c.

The roaring boys, who made a noise,
 And thwack'd me like the devil,
 Are now become, before me, dumb,
 Or else are very civil.
 There's Murphy Roake, who often broke
 My head, now daresn't dare me,
 But bows and quakes, and off he sneaks,
 Since I've been in the army.
 And if one neglect to pay me respect,
 Och! another tips the blarney,
 With "whisht! my friend, and don't offend,
 A gentleman of the army."
 Rub a dub dub, &c.

My arms are bright, my heart is light,
 Good-humour seems to warm me;
 I've now become with every chum,
 A favourite in the army.
 If I go on as I've begun,
 My comrades all inform me,
 They soon shall see that I will be
 A general in the army.
 Delightful notion, to get promotion,
 Then, ladies, how I'll charm ye;
 For't's my belief, commander in chief
 I shall be in the army.
 Rub a dub dub, &c.

CALEB QUOTEM'S JOURNAL.

Sung by Mr. Hadaway.

WHEN a lad, with my dad,
 Fertile genius I had,
 So resolved in my youth,
 To pursue the path of truth,
 I stole a little bit,
 From every famous wit ;
 Form'd alliance with each science,
 Got possession each profession :
 When to grace all my trades soon I turn'd poetaster,
 And fully accomplish'd, I set up schoolmaster.
 A shop, too, next the street, all in order complete,
 Stationery, hosiery, novels, drugs, and grocery,
 Coffee, tea, tobacco, slops, salt, histories, and bal-
 lads,
 Pickles, powders, pills, and drops, snuff, cucumbers,
 and salads.
 Rushlight taper, books of wit, O,
 Foolscap paper, ditto, ditto ;
 Songs and sentimental strains,
 Dean Swift's maw-wallop ;
 Sighing maids and love-sick swains,
 Sugar plums and jalap.

Thus in hurry and bustle I pass'd my prime ;
 Resolving to make the best use of my time ;
 For life, as the poet says, is but a summer's day ;
 Talking of the poet, reminds me what to say.
 Poets say, what's ugly produces care and strife ;
 And talking of what's ugly reminds me of my wife.
 She teaches girls plain work and knitting,
 A room full of scholars all day ;
 Her face for the office so fitting,
 It frightens young fellows away.

Then so truly blest are we,
 With a fine large family ;
 Pretty girls and witty boys,
 Daddy's hopes and mammy's joys.
 Jeremy, Jackey, and Joey,
 Humphrey, Harry, and Hugh,
 Caroline, Kitty, and Chloe,
 Cicely, Sally, and Sue,
 Peggy, Winny, Peter, Poll,
 Simon, Jenny, Dick, and Doll.

Spoken.) At night Mrs. Quotem and I sit by the
 fireside, she all snuff and twopenny, and I all pig
 tail and short cut ; sniff snuff, on one side, piff puff
 on t'other ; sniff snuff, piff puff, all smitch, smoke,
 and smother, mugging and making mouths at one
 another.

While Peggy is pettish and frettish,
 And Polly is prudish and coy,
 Blithe Nancy is pleased with a fancy,
 And Fanny all frolic and joy ;
 Droll Dick in the dish he is dipping,
 And Simon is sucking his thumbs,
 Sly Cudden is cribbing the pudding,
 And Peter is plucking out plums ;
 While Winny is winking and blinking,
 And Rachel is rubbing her eyes,
 Sweet Polly is dressing her dolly,
 And Martha is eating minced pies ;
 My wife she keeps stumping and dumping,
 And mumping her mouth all awry,
 Her thumping rump, up and down lumping,
 Seems bumping and jumping for joy.
 While I keep smoking and joking,
 And brimfull of frolic and gig,
 Good humour, and good liquor soaking,
 We finish the night with a jig.



OUT; OR, THE DEBTOR AND HIS DUNS.

Written by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq.

Out, John! Out, John! what are you about, John?
 If you don't say out at once, you make the fellow
 doubt, John!
 Say I'm out whoever calls, and hide my hat and
 cane, John!
 Say you've not the *least* idea when I shall come
 again, John!
 Let the people leave their bills, and tell them not
 to call, John!
 Say I'm courting Miss Rupee, and mean to pay
 them all, John!

Out, John, &c.

Run, John! Run, John! there's another dun, John!
 If its Podger, bid him call to-morrow week at one,
 John;
 If he says he saw me at the window as he knock'd,
 John,
 Make a face, and shake your head, and tell him
 you are shock'd, John;
 Take your pocket handkerchief, and put it to your
 eye, John,
 Say your master's *not* the man to bid you tell a
 lie, John.

Out, John, &c.

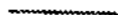
Oh, John! Go, John! there's Noodle's knock I
 know, John,
 Tell him that all yesterday you sought him high
 and low, John;
 Tell him just before he came you saw me mount
 the hill, John,
 Say you think I'm *only* gone to pay his little bill,
 John.

Then I think you'd better add, that if I miss to-
day, John,
You're sure I mean to call when next I pass his
way, John. Out, John, &c.

Hie, John! fly, John! I will tell you why, John;
If there is not Grimshaw at the corner, may I die,
John.

He will hear of no excuse; I'm sure he'll search
the house, John,
Peeping into corners hardly fit to hold a mouse,
John.

Beg he'll take a chair and wait; I know he won't
refuse, John;
I'll pop through the little door that opens to the
mews, John. Out, John, &c.



BILLY VITE.

Sung by Mr. Hadaway.

Come all you blades, both high and low,
And you shall hear of a dismal go,
It is all about one Billy Vite,
Who was his parents' sole delight.
Ri tol, &c.

He was a collier all by his trade,
And noted for a natty blade,
Till he fell in love with Molly Green,
The prettiest lass that never was seen.
Ri tol, &c.

Now this here young woman I'd have you know,
Loved that are young man but wery so so,
For she was wery vell wars'd in letters,
And fit to marry poor Billy Vite's better
Ri tol, &c.

Now when his suit she did deny,
 He in a coal-pit vent to cry,
 When straightway *disappear'd* to him Old Nick,
 Who bid him tip her a penn'orth of vite arsenic.
 Ri tol, &c.

To poison her he vas wery, wery loth,
 So he mix'd it up in some sheep's head broth,
 And she did eat while she vas able,
 Till she fell stiff stone dead underneath the table.
 Ri tol, &c.

One night when he lay fast asleep,
 He plainly saw the ghost of a sheep,
 And unto him it straightvay said,
 A maid you've poison'd with my head.
 Ri tol, &c.

I come, says he, from Old Nick straight,
 He wants you, and he vill not wait ;
 I'll tie you up in your red garters,
 And carry you away top of my hinder quarters.
 Ri tol, &c.

Now away they vent in a flash of fire,
 Which made all the people wery much admire,
 They had never seen such a sight afore,
 And I hope they never von't see such a sight ever
 any more.
 Ri tol, &c.

Now all you blades unmarried,
 Take varning by that are chap what's dead,
 And if he had never done any young voman any
 wrong,
 He might have been here to hear this here song.
 Ri tol, &c.

SAINT PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

Sung by Mr. Power.

O! SAINT PATRICK was a gentleman,
 And came from decent people;
 He built a church in Dublin town,
 And on it put a steeple.
 His father was a Gallagher,
 His mother was a Brady;
 His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
 First cousin to O'Grady.
 O! success attend St. Patrick's fist,
 For he's the handsome saint, O,
 O, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
 He's a beauty without paint, O.

The Wicklow hills are very high,
 And so's the hill of Howth, sir;
 But there's a hill much higher still,
 Much higher nor them both, sir.
 'Twas on the top of this big hill
 Saint Patrick preach'd his *sarmin't*,
 That drove the frogs into the bogs,
 And bother'd all the *varmint*.

O! success, &c.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
 Where dirty vermin musters,
 But there he put his dear fore-foot,
 And murder'd them in clusters.
 The toads went pop, the frogs went plop,
 Slap dash into the water,
 And the snakes committed suicide,
 To save themselves from slaughter.

O! success, &c.

No wonder that those Irish lads
 Should be so free and frisky,

For sure Saint Pat, he taught them that,
 As well as drinking whisky,
 No wonder that the saint himself
 To drink it should be willing,
 Since his mother kept a shebeen shop
 In the town of Enniskillen.
 O! success, &c.

O! was I but so fortunate
 But to be back in Munster,
 'Tis I'd be bound, that from that ground
 I never more would once stir.
 'Twas there Saint Patrick planted turf,
 And plenty of the praties;
 With pigs galore, ma gra m'astore,
 And cabbages—and ladies!
 O! success, &c.

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

Air, Hubbubboo Whack.

OLD Teddy O'Rooke kept a nice little school
 At a place called Clarina, and made it a rule,
 If the mind wouldn't mark, he'd soon mark the back,
 And he gave them their own with a devilish crack.
 His scholars were Jerry, and Billy, and Ted,
 With Murphy and Phelim, big Darby and Ned,
 Paddy O'Shaughnessy, Gerald M'Shaa,
 Faith were all noble boys to drive larning away.

(*Spoken.*) "Well," says old Ted, "my boys, since all of you are here, I'll just call over your names to see that none of you are missing. Gerald M'Shaa?"—"I'm here, sir." "Paddy O'Shaughnessy?"—"Here, but my brother Barney an't." "Where is your brother Barney, then?"—"He's dead, sir, and they are going to *wake* him." "Are they? well, you go and sit down by the fire, and larn your task, and don't be falling *asleep*, or I'll be

waking you—Paddy M'Shane, my darling, come here, and bring your ugly face wid you, and spell me Constantinople."—"I can't, sir." "Can't you, then, by the powers! I'll teach you: first of all, you see there's C."—"C." "O."—"O." "N."—"N." "Con."—"Con." "That's the Con."—"That's the Con." "S."—"S." "T."—"T." "A."—"A." "N."—"N." "Stan."—"Stan." "That's the stan."—"That's the stan." "And the Constan."—"And the Constan." "T."—"T." "I."—"I." "Ti."—"Ti." "That's the ti."—"That's the ti." "And the stanti."—"And the stanti." "And the Constanti."—"And the Constanti." "N."—"N." "O."—"O." "No."—"No." "That's the no."—"That's the no." "And the tino."—"And the tino." "And the stantino."—"And the stantino." "And the Constantino."—"And the Constantino." "P."—"P." "L."—"L." "E."—"E." "Ple."—"Pull." "That's the ple."—"That's the pull." "And the nople."—"And the nopull." "And the tinople."—"And the tinopull." "And the stantinopull."—"And the Constantinople."—"And the Constantinopull."

So long life to old Teddy, for he's always ready
To kick up a row, or the whisky to smack;
With his drinking and eating, and preaching and
beating,
Long life to old Teddy, and didderro whack.

Now old Ted had a nose, it was big as a ton,
And a chin, too, och honey! but that is all one;
And if ever his scholars were making a noise,
He would just give a squint, and he'd frighten the
boys.

A fortune he had, too; a bird, and a wig,
An ould black and white cow, and a clean dirty pig,
A potato plantation, a dog and a cat,
And a head which he popp'd in his ould greasy hat.

(Spoken.) "Now," said Teddy to Felix O'Brian, "before you go down, come up and say your letters. What is the name of the first letter in the alphabet?"—"X, sir." "No, sir, what does your father give the donkey to eat, sir?"—"Nothing, sir." "And what else, sir?"—"Hay, sir." "Ay, that's a good boy! and what's next to A?"—"Don't know, sir." "What is the name of the great bird that flies about the garden and stings the people?"—"A wasp, sir." "No, sir, what is it that makes all the honey?"—"Bee, sir." "B—that's right; B A good boy, and mind what I say, and you'll be a beautiful scholar. Now the next letter to B, what is it?"—"I don't know, sir." "What do I do when I turn up my eyes?"—"You squint, sir." "And what else, sir?"—"You see." "C—that's right: now what's next to C?"—"W, sir." "What is your grandmother's name?"—"Judy, sir." "Ar-rah, can't you say D without the Ju?"—"Yes, sir, D and no Jew." "Well, sir?"—"E, F." "Well, what do you stop for?"—"Because I can't go no further." "What do the wagoners say when they want their horses to go faster?"—"Gee ho dobbin." "G, and no ho dobbin."—"H." "Well, that's right, and what follows H?"—"Don't know." "What has your mother got by the side of her nose?"—"A pimple, sir." "A pimple?"—"Yes, sir, and one eye." "I—that's a good boy, you're my head scholar, and will soon be a man—well, go on."—"J." "What's next to J?"—"I'm sure I don't know." "What does your mother open the door with?"—"A poker, sir." "And what besides?"—"A string, sir." "And what else?"—"A key, sir." "K—that's right, to be sure; she opens the door with a key: now what's next to K?"—"L." "Well, now you've got to L, you may go and warm yourself, and sing,

Long life," &c.

FAT DOLLY THE COOK.

Air, As slow our ship.

O LOVELY Dolly, fat and sleek, when standing by
 the fire,
 Her shining neck, and greasy cheek, inflamed my
 fond desire ;
 But when the kitchen fire she stirr'd, she scorb'd
 my very liver,
 And as the mutton turn'd, I burn'd—we roasted
 both together !

Tol, lol, lol, &c.

How often have I sigh'd and pined, to see her make
 a pudding,
 To see her put the spice and wine, and other mat-
 ters good in ;
 But when the plums she pick'd so sweet, poor I
 was sure to rue it,
 And as the mutton fat she skinn'd, I curs'd the
 plums and suet.

Tol, lol, lol, &c.

No partridge, pheasant, cock, or hare, came within
 the larder,
 But little I was sure to share, 'twas that made me
 regard her ;
 And then a sop in the pan, so sweet, so nice, so
 brown and savoury,
 That though my master got the meat, 'twas I got
 all the gravy.

Tol, lol, lol, &c.

A fire she's made within my breast without the help
 of fuel,
 A calf's head on my shoulders plac'd, my soul is
 water gruel ;

Would but Pythagoras set me free from a life of
 melancholy,
 A little turnspit dog I'd be, and turn the wheel for
 Dolly.

Tol, lol, lol, &c.

BACHELOR'S BUTTONS.

*A comic Lament.—Sung by Mr. Burton, in the Swiss
 Cottage.*

I'm in love with a maid,
 But shall die, I'm afraid,
 For she acts as if love was a frolic;
 For love I shall die,
 For, between you and I,
 I'm afraid it has giv' me the cholic.
 O dear!
 I'm afraid it has giv' me the cholic.

My passion I broke,
 But she made it a joke,
 Now wasn't that monstrously cruel?
 It has me so tried,
 It has made my inside
 All wish-wash, and mere water gruel.
 O dear!
 All wish-wash, and mere water gruel.

O, when I am gone
 Let 'em 'grave on my stone,
 "Here lies one of Cupid's lost muttons;"
 Six old maids, sour and tall,
 Shall bear up my pall,
 And my grave strew with bachelor's buttons.
 O dear!
 And my grave strew with bachelor's buttons.

THE ACTOR AND MANAGER.

Air, Barney Brallaghan.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

AN actor, to Manager Prig,
 A right little, tight little fellow,
 Offer'd himself for a gig,
 For Harlequin, Scrub, and Othello !
 Punchinello, or Peer,
 Pantomime, Buskin, and Sock, too !
 Lingo, Lenitive, Lear,
 Hamlet the Dane, and the Cock, too !
 Would you pocket the pelf ?
 Jerry-go-nimble and jollity !
 I'm an actor myself,
 Give us a spice of your quality.

'List,' cried the spirit, "O list !"
 Not Liston himself could look drooler,
 Then he gave his mouth such a queer twist—
 O what a comical stroller !
 Cato, Cupid, and Crack,
 Hotspur, Darby, and Quiz, too ;
 Honest Sir John, with his sack,
 Endless the lawyer, with his, too !
 Would you pocket, &c.

King Richard he roar'd for his steed,
 Othello bawl'd loud for his handkerchief,
 Corioli swore he'd be dee'd
 If he'd truckle when Rome came to thank
 her chief !
 Then he threw in a Mother Goose jig,
 And Joey Grim's grinning auricular ;
 "Bravo !" cried Manager Prig,
 "This is London particular !"
 Would you pocket, &c.

Next Bobadil bully'd and swagger'd,
 And Pierre heard the bell quite unhappy toll;
 Half seas o'er queer Nipperkin stagger'd,
 And Cæsar was kill'd in the capitol!
 Then merrily piping a tune,
 By way of a musical sally,
 He chanted "The new May Moon,"
 And "Sally," too, "in our alley."
 Would you pocket, &c.

Then hoping he didn't intrude,
 He dropp'd in as Jemmy the stay-maker,
 Fought for the babes in the wood,
 Blarney'd as Looney the hay-maker!
 Quotem's pragmatistical strain,
 Daggerwood's comical trick o' rant,—
 When shall we three meet again?
 Macheath, Macbeth, Macsycophant!
 Would you pocket, &c.

He strutted the Frenchman and fop,
 And being in whimsical mood, he
 Twirl'd his head round like a top,
 And play'd Mister Punch and Miss Judy!
 Cried the Manager, "What are you at?
 Of antics I ne'er saw a rummer set!"
 When, fetching a fly through the flat,
 He finish'd the farce with a summerset!
 Come, and pocket the pelf,
 Jerry-go-nimble and jollity,
 You're as good as myself,
 I've had a spice of your quality!

~~~~~

## LOVE IN A TUB.

*Air, Fly not yet.*

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

I've heard certain folks, with a shake and a start,  
Sing, "Love in the eyes" and "Love in the heart,"  
And "Love among roses," which surely one's nose  
is

Most likely to scratch;—so, to vary the catch,  
I'll sing you, love in a tub!

Mister Timkins, a tanner of wealth and renown,  
Had a daughter, Miss Biddy, the toast of the town;  
Among the gay sparks that paid court to the maid,  
Was a spruce little tailoring dandified blade,  
Mister Timothy Popinjay Prig.

At her window one night, by the light of the moon,  
With his heart, and his voice, and his fiddle in tune;  
On a water-butt perch'd, to be nearer his miss,  
To whisper his vows, and to steal a sly kiss,  
And warble a soft serenade.

O, charming Miss Timkins! to gain your fair hand,  
I flatter myself on my merit I stand;  
When, as he look'd knowing, and cock'd up his chin,  
Why all of a sudden the kiver fell in!  
And plump he popp'd into the tub!

Miss Biddy laugh'd loud when her lover was fool'd,  
Mister Popinjay's passion was presently cool'd;  
'The water, so cold, put his love to the rout,  
'Twas love in a tub and the bottom fell out  
That moment the kiver fell in!

## MORAL.

Let each lover learn, from the comical rig  
That happen'd to Timothy Popinjay Prig,  
When, in courting a lady, the question he puts,  
Not to stand, like poor Tim, on his ifs and his buts,  
Or, his love may get cool'd in a tub!

## THE DANDY ALDERMAN.

*Air, Voulez vous dansez.*

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

WHEN I was young, in apparel so gay,  
     Pumps—ha ! ha !  
     Chapeau bras !  
 Powder'd and frizzled I went to the play,  
     A town-bred true macaroni !  
 Seated snug in the foremost row,  
 I ogled the girls with my quizzing-glass—so ;  
     Charming creatures,  
     How their features  
 Blush'd to behold their side box beau.  
 Balls and concerts were my delight,  
     Fiddling, singing,  
     Highland singing,  
 Then at the finish I revell'd the night,  
 For that was the time o' day, boys !

Spruce on Sundays, a frolicsome spark,  
     Coat of furs,  
     Boots and spurs,  
 I canter'd and gallop'd my nag in the park ;  
     A high-bred mettlesome gray, boys.  
 With lads of the whip, took to Richmond a start,  
 Laugh'd and joked with my landlady smart.  
     Drank a glass  
     To my favourite lass  
 Till my head and my purse grew as light as my  
     heart.

I dined with the moon, and I supp'd with the sun,  
     Champaign, gooseberry,  
     No matter whose berry,  
 Courting, sporting, frolic and fun,  
 For that was the time o' day, boys.

Still a beau, though my locks are gray,  
     Dancing, prancing,  
     Laughing, quaffing,  
 Who but I, on each gala day  
 To charm the hearts of the gay, boys ?  
 See me advance, all powder and friz,  
 The pretty girls lift their glasses to quiz,  
     With looks so sly,  
     They giggle and cry,  
 What an elegant fellow the alderman is.  
 Sidling, bridling, gammon and strut,  
     'Zounds, my cough, ma'am,  
     Now lead off, ma'am—  
 Capering, tapering, shuffle and cut,  
 For that is the time o' day, boys !

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#### THE KING AND COUNTRYMAN.

*A popular comic Song, as originally sung by Mr. Burton.*

THERE was an old chap in the west country,  
 A flaw in his lease the lawyers had found ;  
 'Twas all about felling of five oak trees,  
 And building a house upon his own ground.  
     Right too ra loo ra loo, &c.

Now this old chap to London would go,  
 To tell the king a part of his wo,  
 Likewise to tell un a part of his grief,  
 In hopes King George would give him relief.  
     Right too ra loo ra loo, &c.

Now when this old chap to Lunnun had come,  
 He found the king to Windsor had gone ;  
 But if he'd a known he'd not been at home,  
 He dang'd his buttons if ever he'd come.  
     Right too ra loo ra loo, &c.

Now when this old chap to Windsor did stump,  
 The gates were barr'd, and all secure ;  
 But he knock'd and thump'd with his oaken clump,  
 There's room within for I, to be sure.  
 Right too ra loo ra loo, &c.

Pray, Mr. Noble, show I the king:  
 Is that the king that I see there ?  
 I see'd a chap at Bartlemy Fair,  
 Look more like a king than that chap there.  
 Right too ra loo ra loo, &c.

Well, Mr. King, pray how d'ye do,  
 I gotten for you a bit of a job,  
 Which, if you'll be so kind as to do,  
 I gotten a summut for you in my fob.  
 Right too ra loo ra loo, &c.

The king, he took the lease in hand,  
 To sign it, too, was likewise willing ;  
 And he, to make him a little amends,  
 He lugg'd out his bag, and gave him a shilling.  
 Right too ra loo ra loo, &c.

The king, to carry on the joke,  
 Order'd ten pounds to be paid down ;  
 The farmer, he stared, but nothing spoke—  
 He stared again, and he scratch'd his crown.  
 Right too ra loo ra loo, &c.

The farmer, he stared to see so much money,  
 And to take it up was likewise willing ;  
 But if he'd a known he'd been so rich,  
 He dang'd his wig if he'd give him a shilling.  
 Right too ra loo ra loo, &c.

## THE COUNTRYMAN'S RETURN.

*A new comic Song, written and sung by Mr. Burton, as  
an Encore or Sequel to the King and the Countryman.*

You've heard how this old chap did speed,  
And what he unto the king did say ;  
I'll tell, if you please, what did succeed,  
When home to his farm he bent his way.  
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

He chuckling said, when his speech he found,  
I won't stump back, I'll ride by the coach !  
My lease be sign'd, I've gotten ten pound,  
I'll kaddle old dame wi' my grand approach.  
Ri tooral, &c.

When he got home, there wur a main fuss,  
Wi' kissing his brats, and hugging his wife ;  
My fortune's made, dame ; gi' us a buss,  
I've gotten ten pound a year for life !  
Ri tooral, &c.

I've been to court, and I've seen the king,  
And I shook'd un kindly by the hand ;  
He's bigger far nor old Parson Stubbs,  
But he bean't half so proud or grand.  
Ri tooral, &c.

I've heard folks say he wur main polite,  
Yet in good breeding he chanced to fail ;  
Though zartain he did the thing that's right,  
He never ask'd me to taste his ale.  
Ri tooral, &c.

If ever the king should come this way,  
And his smiling face I once more view'd,  
I'd stuff his hide, as long as he stay'd,  
Wi' prime fat bacon and strong home-brew'd.  
Ri tooral, &c.

This day, each year, main drunk I'll got,  
 And laugh, and dance, and loudly sing;  
 See none about me pine or fret,  
 But make 'em shout God save the king.  
 Ri toora!, &c.

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THE GOUTY OLD BACHELOR.

*Air, The Old Bachelor.*

WHEN I was a bachelor, eighteen years old,  
 I was merry as merry could be;  
 I was taught to expect youth, beauty, and gold,  
 And nothing less would do for me.

These were the days when my prospects were bright,  
 And at college my hours were spent,  
 And I drove four-in-hand from morning till night,  
 And blithely a courting I went.

The first was a girl any youth might adore,  
 And as pretty as pretty could be,  
 But my father soon heard that the maiden was  
 poor,  
 And she would not do for me.

The second, a dutchess, with ermine and gold,  
 And equipage dazzling to see,  
 But her face, like her family, was wrinkled and  
 old,  
 So she would not do for me.

The next was a baroness, with acres of land,  
 And riches as vast as the sea,  
 But as ladies' maid once she'd been known to  
 attend,  
 So she would not do for me.

A dowager next for my favours did beg,  
 As lame and as blind as could be,



For she wore a glass eye, and a false cork leg,  
And that would not do for me.

With a girl of eighteen, I began then to flirt,  
A ward in Chancery,  
But I told her I dreaded the pow'r of her court,  
So she would not do for me.

A Quakeress next would have plighted her vows,  
Expecting an heiress to be,  
But I hated the sound of her thees and her thous,  
So she would not do for me.

The next I attack'd was a dashing coquette,  
But a gamester I found her to be,  
I saw she would very soon lose my estate,  
So she would not do for me.

The next was a widow, not landed three weeks,  
From Jamaica,—a cargo brought she,  
Her guineas were yellow, and so were her cheeks,  
And she would not do for me.

An old maid was the last, I was then fifty-four,  
But I found we should never agree.  
Ah! I wish some of those I rejected before  
Would now take compassion on me.

My legs bound in flannel, and tortured by gout,  
As nervous as nervous can be,  
In an easy arm-chair they wheel me about,  
And nobody notices me.

Young men, all take warning, and don't be too  
nice,  
Whatever your station may be,  
You'll unpitied be left if you scorn my advice,  
Old bachelors of threescore and three.

L, A, W,—LAW.

WITH ENCORE VERSES.

*Sung by Mr. Burton.—Air, Malbrook.*

COME, list to me for a minute,  
 A song, I'm going to begin it,  
 There's something serious in it,  
 So pray your attention draw ;  
 'Tis all about the law,  
 Which has such a deuce of a claw.  
 Experience, I have bought it,  
 And now to you have brought it,  
 Will you or not be taught it?—

L, A, W,—Law :

I sing the charms of law,  
 Which has such a deuce of a claw.  
 If you're fond of pure vexation,  
 And sweet procrastination,  
 You're just in a situation  
 To enjoy a suit at law.

When your cause is first beginning,  
 You only think of winning,  
 Attornies slyly grinning,  
 The while the cash they draw ;  
 Your cause goes on see-saw,  
 As long as your cash they draw.  
 With brief and consultation,  
 Bill and replication,  
 Latin and botheration,  
 While the counsel loudly jaw.  
 J, A, W,—Jaw,  
 Is a very great thing in law.  
 If you're fond, &c.

Snail-like your causè is creeping,  
 It hinders you from sleeping,  
 Attorneys only reaping,  
     For still your cash they draw ;  
     D, R, A, W,—Draw,  
 Is the main-spring of the law.  
 Misery, toil, and trouble,  
 Make up the hubble bubble,  
 Leave you nothing but stubble,  
     And make you a man of straw.  
     S, T, R, A, W,—Straw,  
 Divides the wheat from the straw.  
                             If you're fond, &c.

And when your cause is ending,  
 Your case is no ways mending,  
 Expense each step attending,  
     And then they find a flaw—  
     Then the judge, like any jackdaw,  
     Will lay down what is law.  
 In a rotten stick your trust is,  
 You find the bubble burst is,  
 And, though you don't get justice,  
     You're sure to get plenty of law ;  
     And L, A, W,—Law,  
 Leaves you not worth a straw.  
                             If you're fond, &c.

Should you cling to another man's wife,  
 It is quite the rage in high life,  
 The big wigs, to settle the strife,  
     Plunge you and the husband in law.  
     And if you're a Johnny Raw,  
     Lord, how they will clapper and claw !  
 They'll knock you into the centre,  
 The piper you'll pay if you enter  
 Upon such a slippery venture,

As few but yourself e'er saw.

L, A, W,—Law,  
Keeps paw-paw people in awe.  
So if you're fond, &c.

So if life's all sugar and honey,  
And fortune has always been sunny,  
And you want to get rid of your money,  
I'd advise you to go law :  
Like ice in a rapid thaw,  
Your cash will melt awa'.

Comfort 'tis folly to care for,  
Life's a lottery—therefore,  
Without a why or a wherefore,  
I'd advise you to go to law :  
And L, A, W,—Law,  
Does like a blister draw.  
So if you're fond, &c.

#### ENCORE VERSES.

Attend unto me for a while,  
I've a story will make you all smile,  
And your cares it will surely beguile,  
And make them at once withdraw.  
The subject I sing of's the law,  
It gives room for a deal of slack jaw.  
I have paid for my knowledge so gayly  
To do good, then, a lesson can't fail ye,  
And a moral will rightly entail ye  
In L, A, W,—Law.

The cares and the pleasures of law  
The saint and the sinner both awe.—  
So if you are fond of a station  
Where, for cash, you can have an oration  
That in uproar would set all the nation,  
You're a downright tool for the law.

When a cause you have got coming on,  
 How the big wigs will smile you upon,  
 And they beat you ten to one,  
 While they make of you a cat's paw,  
 And lay on your sovereigns their claw,  
 Which into their fob they draw.  
 Then they tip you a long oration  
 With pomp and ostentation,  
 And leave you in consternation  
 At their L, A, W,—Law ;  
 Which is all you get for law,  
 Excepting a pish ! or a psha !  
 So if you are fond of, &c.

If in Chancery you'd be peeping,  
 The judge on your case is sleeping,  
 Or waking, and sighing, and weeping,  
 Instead of attending to law ;  
 Though of equity he will jaw,  
 And, swinging his leg see-saw,  
 Will puzzle you early and late,  
 And doubt and procrastinate,  
 And ruin you certain as fate,  
 Both in equity and in law.  
 L, A, W,—Law,  
 Your estate will from you draw.  
 So if you are fond of, &c.

Then while you're safely seated,  
 Never mind being cheated,  
 'Tis better than being heated  
 In the terrible oven of law :  
 If you wish to know what it's for,  
 It's like a game at taw ;  
 And you'll be knock'd out of the centre  
 If ever you attempt to enter ;  
 So take me for your Mentor,

And don't be quite so raw:  
 R, A, W,—Raw,  
 Is a quality known in law:  
 So I advise you to take a station,  
 Where for cash you can have an oration,  
 And auricular demonstration  
 That we are all of us tools for the law.  
 L, A, W,—Law, &c.

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'THE LADIES' DOMINION.

*Written by W. T. Moncrieff.—Sung by Mr. Burton.*

*Air, O cruel.*

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 examples, you'd  
 see then  
 That the ladies would do all things much better  
 than the men.

*Tooral looral, &c.*

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 will the ladies rule us  
 still.

*Tooral looral, &c.*

That well the ladies could our armies lead, we all  
 can see,  
 For tell me who like woman can command the  
*infantry?*

Let her but as white sergeant act, to fight who  
could defer?

There's not a man of us who wouldn't live and die  
for her.

Tooral looral, &c.

That greatly she'd the pulpit grace is clear as is  
the day,

For who'd not soar to virtue when an angel leads  
the way;

And that the woosack she'd adorn I've said and  
say again,

For after all, the ladies are best judges of us men.

Tooral looral, &c.

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?

Tooral looral, &c.

As vintners and distillers who can doubt the ladies  
merits,

For who so 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.

Tooral looral, &c.

As tailors, to their merits every tailor still must  
bow,

So well do they suit all mankind, as all men must  
allow;

As smiths, each smith the mastery still yields unto  
his wife,  
For O the chains the ladies forge are chains that  
last for life.

Tooral looral, &c.

That they'd make famous nursery-men our children  
fully prove,  
And were they but our gardeners for tulips none  
would rove ;  
Such flowers within themselves they'd be, they  
still would charm life's fever,  
Be balsam to our anguish, and hearts-ease prove  
for ever.

Tooral looral, &c.

As proctors they'd be perfect, for they still our wills  
control,  
Our marriage licenses they'd grant and wedlock's  
care console ;  
Then that they should our grocers be you surely  
won't contemn,  
For no one can deny that all the sweets are found  
in them.

Tooral looral, &c.

And thus I think I've clearly proved the ladies all  
in all,  
And while we've them to aid us, that our country  
ne'er can fall—  
And 'tis my firm belief they might soon bring men  
to that station,  
To be merely used as make-weights in the scale  
of population.

Tooral looral, &c.



## NEVER GET DRUNK IN THE MORNING.

*Air, Over the water.*

If toping ye love, and in bumpers delight,  
From an old friend of Bacchus take warning;  
Indulge as ye please in your cups over night,  
But never get drunk in the morning.

When Phoebus, fatigued, takes her evening snooze,  
Then order the jorum and horns in;  
Fill it up, toss it off, and encourage the booze,  
But never drink ale in the morning.

There are ill—*quantum suff.*, as we're told, for  
each day—  
Whatever the station man's born in;  
Then hail Madam Luna and moisten your clay,  
Postponing all care till the morning.

See yonder gay party surrounding the bowl,  
Which, mirth and good-humour adorning,  
Inspires with its magical spirit each soul,  
And makes them all better next morning.

Seek out the sad wretch who pays court to the pump,  
And set at defiance his scorning;  
Drench with blackstrap the throat of the old fa-  
shion'd frump,  
He'll relish the draught by the morning.

If ask'd for my proof, then, to show I am right,  
Dame Nature herself shall be drawn in;  
For mark how the beautiful dews of the night  
Refresh every plant in the morning.

## THE IRISHMAN'S INVENTORY.

*Air, Brian Boruh.*

Ye lasses and bucks, leave off your sly looks,  
 While I sing of one Thady O'Brady,  
 Who courted Miss Riley so snug and so slyly,  
 He determined to make her his lady.  
 But before he'd begin to commit the great sin,  
 Which the clergy they call matrimony,  
 His furniture all he would tell at one call,  
 Which he'd give to his own darling honey.

First, a neat feather bed, and a four-posted stead,  
 A bolster, quilt, blanket, and sheets, too ;  
 A straw curtain one side to the rafters well tied,  
 And a neat deal-board chest at our feet, too ;  
 In one corner some meal, in another a pail  
 Of sweet milk, and roll'd butter hard by it ;  
 Some salt in a barrel, and for fear we should quarrel,  
 Some whisky to keep us both quiet.

Four knives and four forks, four bottles and corks,  
 Six plates, spoons, and two pewter dishes,  
 Salt butter a store, and salt herrings galore,  
 With good praties as much as she wishes ;  
 Two pots and a griddle, a sieve and a riddle,  
 A slate for a tongs, to bring fire on ;  
 A pair of pot-hooks, and two little crooks,  
 To hang up the salt-box and gridiron.

Three noggins, three mugs, a bowl, and two jugs,  
 A crock, and a pan something lesser ;  
 A red four-penny glass, to dress at for mass,  
 Nail'd up to a clean little dresser.

Some starch and some blue, in two papers for you,  
 An iron and holder to hold it ;  
 A little to whack, and a stick horse's back,  
 To dry your cap on, afore you fold it.

Some onions and eggs in two little kegs,  
 A kish, wherein plenty of turf is,  
 A spade and gresfaun, to dig up the bawn,  
 And some manure to cover the murphies.  
 A dog and two cats, to run after the rats,  
 A cock for a clock to give warning ;  
 A plough and a sow, and a good Kerry cow,  
 To give milk for your tea in a morning.

A churn and a dish, to make the cream splash,  
 Some boiling hot water to fill it ;  
 Two saucepans with handles, and to make the rush  
 candles,  
 Some grease in a small metal skillet.  
 For a lump of fat bacon you'll not be short taken,  
 With some cabbage to put where the meat is ;  
 A pair of new brogues, and two osier kehogues,  
 To draw water from off the boil'd praties.

Some flax and a wheel, some wool and a reel,  
 A besom to keep the house snug, too ;  
 A few bundles of frieze to cover my thighs,  
 And for you, a neat piece of brown rug, too.  
 But we must think of young Thady, and have flannel  
 ready,  
 With pincady to keep him a feeding ;  
 A cradle see-saw, and a red lobster's claw,  
 To give to the brat when he's teething.

Some soap to wash all, shifts, stockings, and caul,  
 A table, three stools, and a forum ;  
 All this I'll give, and I think we may live  
 As well as the justice of quorum.  
 But Katbleen, astore, should you want any more,  
 Roar out without any pother,  
 For an Irishman's pride, let whatever betide,  
 Is to keep his poor wife in good order.





**THE TWO PADDIES.**

## THE TWO PADDIES.

From Brighton two Paddies walk'd under the cliff,  
For pebbles and shells to explore;  
When, lo! a small barrel was dropp'd from a skiff,  
Which floated, at length, to the shore.

Says Dermot to Pat, We the owner will bilk,  
To night we'll be merry and frisky,  
I know it as well as my own mother's milk,  
Dear joy! 'tis a barrel of whisky.

Says Pat, I'll soon broach it, O fortunate lot!  
(Now Pat, you must know, was a joker,)  
I'll go to Tom Murphy, who lives in the cot,  
And borrow his kitchen hot poker.

'Twas said, and 'twas done—the barrel was bored,  
(No Bacchanals ever felt prouder,)  
When Paddy found out a small error on board—  
The whisky, alas! was gunpowder!

With sudden explosion, he flew o'er the ocean,  
And high in air sported a leg;  
Yet instinct prevails when philosophy fails,  
So he kept a tight hold of the keg.

But Dermot bawl'd out, with a terrible shout,  
I'm not to be choused, Master Wiseman;  
If you do not come down, I'll run into town,  
And, by Jasus! I'll tell the exciseman.



## NEW COMIC MEDLEY.

My grandmother gave a grand rout,  
 And invited the neighbours to see her;  
 Herself served—  
 Miss Delany, Mr. Blaney, Mr. Murtoch, and Miss  
 Roe,  
 Who in a chaise together went—  
 Far over land, far over sea,  
 A pilgrim sad was roaming,—  
 It was past twelve o'clock, he'd a long way to go,  
 And he waddled like a crab, left and right—  
 Now when this old chap to Windsor did stump,  
 The gates were barr'd, and all secure;  
 He gave a loud thump with his oaken clump,—  
 And he met a man, and says he, "I say,  
 Mayhap you knows one Polly Gray,  
 Who lives hereabouts;" the man said—  
 And has she then fail'd in her truth,  
 The beautiful maid I adore—  
 For a quartern of peppermint away she ran,  
 And she drink'd a good health to the dog's meat  
 man—  
 Then home she went with sighs and tears,  
 Her hopes were all transform'd to fears,  
 And her hungry cat to mew began,  
 As much as to say—  
 I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
 Where the meadow dew is sweet,  
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming,—  
 Over the mountains, and over the moors,  
 Barefoot and wretched I've wander'd forlorn—  
 When in she looks  
 At a pastry cook's,  
 And wanted me to treat her—  
 Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe I cry,  
 Full and fair ones, come and buy—

Buy a broom, buy a broom,  
 No lady should e'er be without one—  
 I'll have a wife, whate'er her span,  
 I will have a son and daughter—  
 Pity the sorrows of a poor old man—  
 And if you can bite my tail you may.

Fat, lal, &c.

Here now my short ditty ends,  
 I don't wish to hurt high or low body,  
 I want to keep in with my friends,  
 So I never says nothing to nobody.

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#### MAJOR LONGBOW'S ADVENTURES.

*Sung by Mr. Burton.—Air, Madam Suck and I.*

WITH ENCORE VERSES, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

I'm a general, 'tis well known,  
 For ever in a bustle;  
 My head's as hard as a stone,  
 And, damme, lots of muscle.  
 Nothing hurts me, d'ye see,  
 I can either walk or fly,  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie?

I swam from Dublin bay  
 To the middle of the sea,  
 With three men on my back,  
 For, damme, nothing hurts me.  
 I fought a shark in my way,  
 And bung'd up his left eye,  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie?

I met with a ship in distress,  
 Bumping among the rocks,



I lifted her up (you may guess)  
And carried her safe in the docks:  
There I drank a whole puncheon of rum,  
Eat an ox and a half, or nigh;  
Upon my life it's true,—  
What will you lay it's a lie?

To the mermaids taught the quadrilles,  
Their assembly-room the sea,  
Their light the glorious sun,  
More brilliant what could be?  
They danced and then got hot,  
These fish began to fry;  
Upon my life it's true,—  
What will you lay it's a lie?

By way of a savoury dish,  
I toasted a whale on a fork,  
Drank thirty dozen of wine,  
In the time you would draw a cork;  
Pick'd my teeth with a unicorn's horn,  
Which by chance came trotting by;  
Upon my life it's true,—  
What will you lay it's a lie?

In the east I dined with a friend,  
Where they have no window-sashes,  
The sunbeams enter'd the room,  
And burnt his wife to ashes;  
Sweep your mistress away, said he,  
Bring wine for my friend and I;  
Upon my life it's true,—  
What will you lay it's a lie?

I came home on a Congreve rocket,  
And cross'd the seas in the dark;  
I landed safe near Achilles,  
The figure that stands in Hyde Park;

With joy I shook hands with the statue,  
 Which instantly wink'd its eye;  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie?

## FIRST ENCORE.

What! want this song again?  
 Well, well, then I will try;  
 To please you's my delight,  
 Who'll lay that is a lie?  
 With those around me now  
 I'd wish to live and die:  
 Upon my soul it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie?

I call'd on the man in the moon,  
 And took an early lunch,  
 Eat part of a fried baboon,  
 With a tumbler of whisky punch.  
 Coming down I fell in with the stars,  
 Where a comet run into my eye;  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie?

I went to a play in Florence,  
 Where I saw such a tragedy fellow,  
 From the boxes tears fell in such torrents,  
 In the pit I put up my umbrella;  
 But the tears fill'd the pit with water,  
 Not a thread on my clothes was dry;  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie?

I'm so strong and stoutly built,  
 Nothing can ever hurt me;  
 I can do whate'er I may choose,  
 However hard it may be:

To the north pole I'd easily swim,  
 Or up to the stars could fly ;  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie ?

In a balloon I once was sent,  
 Observations to descry :  
 How far up d'ye think I went ?  
 Why, damme, ninety miles high ;  
 The balloon caught fire by the way,  
 On a rainbow down slid I ;  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie ?

#### SECOND ENCORE.

The famous Major Longbow  
 Is once more before your view ;  
 I've come from the kingdom of Congo,  
 To ask ye how ye do :  
 I can't stop long with you,  
 Other fish I've got to fry ;  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie ?

A chap once gave me a shove,  
 So, determin'd to punish the fellow,  
 I knock'd off his head with my glove :  
 He began to roar and bellow ;  
 So his head I put on again,  
 Not liking to hear the wretch cry ;  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie ?

On a jumping match once I went,—  
 It's a fact what now I speak,—  
 I jump'd so wondrous high,  
 I didn't come down for a week.

Whilst roaming one night in the dark,  
 A comet ran bang in my eye ;  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie ?

I once caught a very large eagle,  
 In height he was full six feet ;  
 A bridle I form'd of my sash,  
 And on his back took my seat ;  
 He rose up with me steady and grand,  
 And over the ocean did fly,  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie ?

You must own I deserve the name  
 Of Major Longbow the great ;  
 My modesty you must blame,  
 Or more wonderful deeds I'd state :  
 I ne'er told an untruth in my life,  
 'To prove it the world I defy ;  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie ?

I once took a ball of cotton,  
 One end to my finger did tie,  
 The other I threw with such force,  
 It rested up in the sky ;  
 I pull'd myself up by the thread,  
 'Till I reach'd about four miles high ;  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie ?

When three days I'd been in the air,  
 I call'd on a friend in the moon ;  
 Says mooney, says he, who goes there ?  
 Says I, don't ye know me, you spoon ?  
 Ah, major, said he, how d'ye do ?  
 Sound as a roach, said I ;  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie ?

## ACTING MAD.

*Air, Bow, wow, wow.*

I'm call'd upon to chant a stave, which now I'll  
try to do, sirs;

And, since they say new brooms sweep clean, I'll  
give you summat new, sirs.

The world is all gone acting mad, which I will now  
be proving;

So, then, as madness is the go, push on, my boys,  
keep moving. Ri fol, &c.

The schoolboy, he is acting mad, his blood is all in  
rage, sirs,

His very soul is up in arms to get upon the stage, sirs;  
He makes his first debut as soon as e'er he leaves  
his school, sirs,

But soon as friends forsake, too late he finds he acts  
the fool, sirs. Ri fol, &c.

The lawyer acts his part so well, his pockets soon  
are lined, sirs,

Which acts upon his client's purse, as clients often  
find, sirs;

But as bad actions very rare do unrewarded go, sirs,  
The devil makes his mittimus, and then he acts  
below, sirs. Ri fol, &c.

The parson acts the judge's part, and quite forgets  
his own, sir,

So few the way to heaven know, because so seldom  
shown, sir;

Jack Ketch, he acts a tragic part, and often stops  
the breath, sirs,

And all allow that he too oft enacts the part of  
death, sirs. Ri fol, &c.

The doctor acts a certain part, for he's a man of  
 skill, sirs,  
 For if his patient he can't cure, he's pretty sure to  
 kill, sirs ;  
 Then next the undertaker comes, who acts his part  
 so clever,  
 He ends all animosity, and buries it for ever.  
 Ri fol, &c

The cobbler, he's a lad of wax, and has such great  
 control, sir,  
 The understandings he repairs, and even mends the  
 sole, sir ;  
 The tailor acts a boyish part, the ninth part of a  
 man, sir,  
 But acts upon his standing rule, to cabbage all he  
 can, sir.  
 Ri fol, &c.

The baker acts a roguish part, puts alum in his  
 bread, sirs,  
 So shortly we shall not have left a tooth within our  
 head, sirs ;  
 The barber acts like other men, he shaves you very  
 close, sirs,  
 The sailor acts a glorious part, and drubs his coun-  
 try's foes, sirs.  
 Ri fol, &c.

My song, good folks, is at an end, my act is now  
 to leave you,  
 My own acts I say naught about, for fear that they  
 should grieve you ;  
 May every man act honestly in every situation,  
 And then the acts of congress will all benefit the  
 nation.  
 Ri fol, &c.

## THE ART OF LYING.

*Written by Mr. Knight.—Air, Dennis Brulgruddery's  
Epilogue.*

In this world, as it's jogging, there's nothing but  
lies,

In the court, in the city, election, or rout ;  
But it's very well known, to the foolish or wise,  
That there's no harm in lying, unless you're  
found out.

With my tol lol, &c.

The statesman will promise, with smiles in his face,  
That the very first vacancy's yours without doubt,  
And the very next day gives another the place ;  
But, there's no harm in lying, unless you're  
found out.

With my tol lol, &c.

The lawyers when fee'd at each quarter session,  
Tell white lies by dozens, each other to scout,  
But that they don't heed, for it is their profession  
To fib without flinching, e'en when they're found  
out.

With my tol lol, &c.

The doctors give physic, their patients to cure  
Of all sorts of ills, rheumatics, or gout,  
But their killing for curing we're forced to endure ;  
For as they lie in Latin they're seldom found  
out.

With my tol lol, &c.

The farmers say that their crops will be poor,  
It's a white lie we know, yet they stick to it  
stout,

But this I will say, if flour an't soon lower,  
 They'll make Beelzebub blush when their lies  
 are found out.

With my tol lol, &c.

May the trade of this town o'er the world bear its  
 sway,

Though foreigners boast that our commerce  
 they'll scout,

For the sake of the poor, allow me to say,  
 It's a lie that I hope will be quickly found out.

With my tol lol, &c.

If you go to the play-house, the actors you'd swear  
 Were in earnest, believe me, from king to the  
 lout,

But, Lord bless your soul, why it's all shammy  
 there,

For it's nothing but lies they are talking about.

With my tol lol, &c.

So I'll put off the actor, and put on the man,  
 And for once in my life, I'll speak truth, if I can;  
 It comes from my heart, so let it be heard,  
 I'm grateful to night for your favours conferr'd.

On my tol lol, &c.

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FIRST VID THE GRACE EXTRAORDINAIRE.

*Sung by Mr. J. Reers.*

FIRST vid the grace extraordinaire,  
 I use de foil, and I hit you dere,  
 If vid de gentilhomme I parre quarte, O!  
 Ca, ca, I tap him on de right hand heart, O!  
 But if vid de demoiselle I parry tierce, O!  
 Vy den de little left hand heart I pierce, O!



Frappez deux fois, ne bougez pas, a la garde, I say,  
 Avancez, retirez vous, un, deux, trois, developpez !  
 Den on the theatre I play so free,  
 You never shall see one act like me.  
 In comedy I send so far away, O !  
 Perlet, and Potier, and Brunet, O !  
 In tragedy I do so tear about-a,  
 You tink poor Talma but a stupid lout-a ;  
 Regardez, look and see my tragic grace,  
 In comedy I have another face.

Den at de Opera so mosh I shine,  
 Dey cry bravo ! bis, bis, very much divine ;  
 I cut so neat and so long up remain, O,  
 You tink I never shall come down again, O.  
 And if in pirouette so light I hop-i,  
 You ask your ami if I never stop-i,  
 Chassez, croisez, chaine entiere, demoiselles ba-  
 lencez,  
 Dos à dos, promenade, cavaliers avancez.  
 Den ven in love such dolce tings I tell her,  
 In soft Italian so I call her " bella ;"  
 And on my knees I stay three hours or more, O ;  
 She di pietadi, takes me from the floor, O !  
 I press her mano to my poor cuore,  
 Dat she may feel how fierce is my adore.  
 " Cara, sweete t, 'tis for me you die ;"  
 " Ah ! no non-more !" she so sweet reply ;  
 Den for de song—ah ! ah ! I quickly soon  
 Shall put de very angels out of tune.  
 In seriosa, I've more force than any,  
 And make look foolish de great Tremazzani,  
 To talk of Naldi, pooh ! it is all stufia,  
 You crack your very side ven i sing buffa,  
 Now sotto voce, et concompianza,  
 Stiam furiosa—finish a la cadenza.

## CHAPTER OF CLOAKS.

*Air, Derry Down.*

WHEN I came to town lately, I found—'tis no joke—  
Young and old, men and women, each wearing a  
cloak ;

So thinks I, I will e'en do as other folks do,  
To be in the fashion, I'll have a cloak too.

*Tol de roi, &c.*

Why not ? for I'll prove, in the course of life's  
pother,

We all of us wear a cloak some time or other :  
For there's none but must own, howe'er great be  
his pride,

He has something 'tis sometimes convenient to hide.

*Tol de roi, &c.*

The dandy, en militaire, still wears his cloak,  
And thinks a cigar 'tis the tippy to smoke ; [show,  
With his fine frill and wristbands he makes a great  
But take off his cloak—'tis all dickey you know.

*Tol de roi, &c.*

Young miss, with her beauty spots, rouge, airs and  
graces,

In the hood of her cloak often carries two faces ;  
Her lover still swears she's an angel uncommon,  
Till she throws off her cloak, when he finds she's  
a woman.

*Tol de roi, &c.*

The lover till wed, seems to court beauty's sway,  
And swears he but lives her commands to obey ;  
But once tightly noosed in the conjugal yoke,  
'Tis do this and that, ma'am ! for off goes his cloak.

*Tol de roi, &c.*

The lawyer a cloak wears, as well as the lover,  
So many old suits he has always to cover ;  
His cloak once thrown off, shows a great deal of evil,  
For, 'stead of the lawyer, O dear ! there's the devil !

*Tol de roi, &c.*

## THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

*Written by Mr. Hudson.—Air,* Will you come to the  
bower?

"WILL you walk into my parlour?" said a spider  
to a fly,

"'Tis the prettiest little parlour, sure, that ever you  
did spy;

You've only got to pop your head within side of  
the door,

You'll see so many curious things you never saw  
before. Will you walk in, pretty fly?

"My house is always open," says the spider to the  
fly,

"I'm glad to have the company of all I see go by."

"They go in, but don't come out again,—I've heard  
of you before,"

"O yes, they do, I always let them out at my back  
door. Will you walk in, pretty fly?

"Will you grant me one sweet kiss then," says the  
spider to the fly,

"To taste your charming lips, I've a curiosity."

Said the fly, "If once our lips did meet, a wager I  
would lay,

Of ten to one, you would not after let them come  
away." Will you walk in, pretty fly?

"If you won't kiss, will you shake hands?" says the  
spider to the fly,

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

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

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

Will you walk in, pretty fly?

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

"If I had got such a pair, I in the air would fly,  
 'Tis useless all my wishing, and only idle talk,  
 You can fly up in the air, while I'm obliged to  
 walk." Will you walk in, pretty fly?

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

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

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

The spider laugh'd, "Ha, ha, my boy, I have you  
 safe at last."

Will you walk out, pretty fly?

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

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

'Tis vanity that ever makes repentance come too  
 late,

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

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

MORAL.

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

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

For although you may think that my advice is  
 quite a bore,

You're lost if you stand parleying outside of  
 pleasure's door.

Remember, O remember, the foolish little fly.

## THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

*Sung by Mr. Power.—Air, The meeting of the waters.*

O! THE boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring blades,  
 And if ever they meet with nice little maids,  
 They'll kiss them, and coax them, and spend their  
 money free,  
 And of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,  
 In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame;  
 Her lips are like roses, and her mouth much the  
 same,  
 Like a dish of fresh strawberries smother'd in  
 cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large coal,  
 Which through my poor bosom have burnt a big  
 hole;  
 Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear, and pure,  
 But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm  
 sure.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines where it  
 stands,  
 And the more I think on it, the more my heart  
 warms;  
 For if I was at Kilkenny, I'd think myself at home,  
 For it's there I get sweethearts, but here I get none.

## CHAPTER OF RHYMES.

*A comic Chant.—Sung by Mr. Burton.*

My chapter of chimes  
 And of truth-telling rhymes,  
 I've run o'er many times,  
 For of wisdom they're full.

First—birth rhymes to mirth,  
And boy rhymes to toy,  
And child rhymes to spoil'd,  
    And fool rhymes to school ;

Then miss rhymes to kiss,  
And kiss rhymes to bliss,  
While court rhymes to sport,  
    And coo rhymes to woo ;  
Approve rhymes to love,  
And love rhymes to dove,  
And dove rhymes to grove,  
    And true rhymes to new ;

Then fate rhymes to mate,  
And mate rhymes to hate,  
And hate rhymes to wait,  
    By cross spouses oft said ;  
And wife rhymes to strife,  
And home rhymes to roam,  
And wed rhymes to bed,  
    Bed to sleepy head.

Then ill rhymes to pill,  
Pill rhymes to long bill,  
And sometimes to kill,  
    As is very well known.

And flaw rhymes to law,  
And law rhymes to jaw,  
And jaw to cat's paw,  
    So law's best left alone ;

Then priest rhymes to feast,  
And feast rhymes to guest,  
And guest rhymes to jest,  
    And rosies to posies ;  
Poet still rhymes to show it,  
And show it to go it,  
And go it to stow it,  
    And posies to noses ;

Revel still rhymes to evil,  
 And evil to devil,  
 And devil to level,  
     Uncivil you sigh ;  
 Sigh still rhymes to cry,  
 And cry to my eye,  
 And my eye to—O ! my ;  
     And to end all there's die !

Beauty wakes admiration,  
 Which rhymes to flirtation  
 And sly assignation,  
     Which brings declaration ;  
 Then comes acceptation,  
 Then solemnization,  
 Then sweet consummation,  
     Then gratification ;

Then dear fascination,  
 Then soft palpitation,  
 And congratulation,  
     Then grave rumination ;  
 Then fond dubitation,  
 Then cold alteration,  
 Then deep tribulation,  
     Then sad situation ;

Then tantalization,  
 Then strong altercation,  
 And loud lamentation,  
     And great aggravation ;  
 Then fierce desperation,  
 Then determination,  
 And then detestation,  
     And last separation.







## THE HUMOURS OF A COUNTRY FAIR.

*Sung by Mr. Burton.*

WITH ENCORE VERSES.

Yes, I own 'tis my delight,  
 To see the laughter and the fright,  
 In such a motley merry sight,  
 As a country fair.

Full of riot, fun, and noise,  
 Little girls, and ragged boys,  
 The very flower of rural joys,  
 Is fun beyond compare.

Some are playing single stick,  
 Boys in round-about so thick,  
 Maidens swinging till they're sick,  
 All at a country fair.

Wooden toys, and lollipops,  
 Ribands, lace, and shilling hops,  
 Peg, and whip, and humming tops,  
 At a country fair.

(Spoken.) Here we are! all going to the fair in Mr. Squeezeum's calve cart—here we are; four-and-twenty of us, at sixpence a-piece. I say, that's a good deal of money though, arn't it? Yes. How much is it? four times five—no; seven times six—no, that won't do: I say, how much is four-and-twenty, at sixpence a-piece? I don't know; ask Mr. Doleful. Mr. Doleful, how much is four-and-twenty at sixpence each? I don't know, I was always dull in that line, but my son Tommy, he can tell. Tommy, how much is twenty-four at sixpence each? Thirteen and four-pence. Ladis and gentilhomme, if you sall walk up here, you sall see the greatest vonder as never vas: dere is no deception here; here is the vonderful pheasant

woman from Timbuctoo; de price of to enter is three-pence for the full grown man, and only half a child; ladis and gentilhomme as sall sit in de seat of de front must a sittee down, not to hinder those behind of from to see; dere is no deception here, ladis and gentilhomme, she is all overe feathers; dis is one of her quills, she moulted last a-night.

ENCORE AFTER FIRST VERSE.

(Spoken.) Walk up, walk up, and see the wonderful Anarabaracabaradaliana, the great physioner from Bengal, in the Vest Ilingus; he possesses the most unparalleled, inestimable, and never to be matched medicines, and can cure any thing incident to humanity, from a corn up to a consumption; we have a long list of cures performed by his grand elliptical, asiatical, panticurical nervous cordial, but will only read you three out of three thousand, the whole of which it would be tedious to read to you; this is one, sir. I was cut in half in a saw pit, cured with one bottle, sir. I was jammed to death in a linseed oil mill, cured with two bottles. Now comes the most wonderful of all. Sir, venturing too near the powder mills at Feversham, I was by a sudden explosion, blown into a million of atoms; by this unpleasant accident I was rendered unfit for my business, (a banker's clerk,) but hearing of your grand elliptical, asiatical, panticurical nervous cordial, I was persuaded to make essay thereof; the first bottle united my strayed particles, the second animated my shattered frame, the third effected a radical cure, the fourth sent me home to Lombard-street, to count sovereigns, to carry out bills of acceptance, and recount the wonderful effect of your grand elliptical, asiatical, panticurical nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity.

Yes, I own, &c.

Those in fairs who take delight  
 In shows, and seeing every sight,  
 Dancing, singing and a fight,

At a country fair:

Boys by mammas treacle fed,  
 With cakes and spicy gingerbread,  
 On every body's toes they tread,

All at a country fair.

Monkeys mounting camels' backs,  
 For prizes three men jump in sacks,  
 And others drinking quarts of max,

And think that that's your sort.

Corks are drawing, glasses jingle,  
 Trumpets, drums, together mingle,  
 Till your heads completely tingle,

Which quite completes the sport.

(Spoken.) Walk up, walk up, and see the great Shrop-shire giant; he is nine foot high. Ladies and gentlemen, he is of such extraordinary dimensions, that he can place his left leg in Lanky-shire, and his right leg in Shrop-shire; he grows three inches every year, and it is supposed by the Royal Feeler-soffecal and Zufferodgeical Society, that he never will reach his full growth. I repeat it without repetition, he is nine foot high. I say, Jack, how can that be, the whole caravan arn't nine feet high? Why he don't stand upright, he lies all along. O, he lies, do he; well, he arn't the only one in the caravan as do lie. Here is the wonderful Miss Biffin, without legs or arms, considered to be the wonder of the world, as cuts out watch-papers, and paints miniatures, said to be speaking likenesses, and writes and plays, and does it all with her mouth; she is supposed to be a perfect loo-sus nature a-bus—she dresses her own hair, and cleans her own teeth, and does it all with her own mouth. Pho, pho; how can she do that? She does, I tell you; she couldn't do it without a mouth, could she?

I don't believe it. I tell you I see her do it myself; I'll tell you how she does it—she has the tooth-brush fastened up tight before her, and she wiggle waggles herself, backwards and forwards, in this way. Now my little masters and mistresses, this is the most wonderful wonder of all the wonders the world ever wondered at; look through the glass and you'll see the misrepresentation of the wonderful combat between the English bull dogs and the Scotch lion Wallace, for eight hundred guineas a side. Stand aside, you little ragged rascals without any money, and let those little dears come up what is a going to pay. Now, my little dears, look straight forwards, blow your noses, and don't breathe upon the glass. Look to the left and you see Mr. Wombwell, the properriettor of the lion, a encouraging of him: look to the right, and you see the properriettors of the dogs, a encouraging of them: look through the middle hole, and you see the lion a nibbling of one of the dogs, and holding one under his foot, while he is whisking out the eyes of another with his tail. Which is the lion and which is the dogs, Mr. Showman? Whichever you please, my little dears.

ENCORE AFTER SECOND VERSE.

*Spoken.*) Walk up, walk up, here is the emperor of all the conjurors, and Prince-regent of Honximepoksimehocopococo; he shall take a red hot poker and thrust it into a barrel of gunpowder, and it shall not go off; he will then load a blunderbuss with some of the 'dential powder as would not explode, charged with twelve leaden bullets, which he will fire full in the face of any of the spectators as pleases without their being ever the worser; he will take the footman of any lady or gentlemam and hang him up to the ceiling of the room, where he will let him hang till he is requested

by the company to take him down ; he will borrow five or six shillings from any of the company, which he will never return to them. Ten a penny sausages, ten a penny sausages. Bless me, they smell very nice, and look very nice, don't they ? Yes ; I never ate any, but I should like. I am not hungry now, though : what are they made of, Mr. Doleful ? I don't know, I have often meant to taste them myself, but never had the resolution to try one of 'em ; there's a sort of prejudice, I've heard some people say they're made of——but I never mention it unless I'm certain, though it's a curious coincidence, I lost my dog Pincher last night. Ladies and gentleman, walk up and see the most surprising performance in the whole fair, by the three brothers, Hali, Muley, and Hassan, from the Carribee islands, of which I am a native myself. Hali will take a lighted torch in his hand and jump down the throat of his brother Muley, who will, in his turn, take another lighted torch and jump down the throat of his brother Hassan, and though Hassan, the elder, is encumbered with the weight of his two brothers, Hali and Muley, he will take another torch, throw a flip flap, and jump down his own throat, leaving the spectators completely in the dark.

For I own, &c.

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### THE POACHERS.

*Sung by Mr. Andrews.*

WHEN I was bound apprentice in fam'd Northamp-  
tonshire,  
I served my master truly for almost seven year,  
Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly  
hear—  
O, it is my delight of a shiny night in the season  
of the year.

As me and my comrades were setting of a snare,  
The gamekeeper was a watching us---for him we  
did not care,  
For we can wrestle, fight, my boys, jump over any  
where,  
For it is my delight of a shiny night in the season  
of the year.

As me and my companions were setting four or five,  
And taking of them up again, we took the hare  
alive ;  
We popp'd him into the bag, my boys, and through  
the wood did steer,  
For it is my delight of a shiny night in the season  
of the year.

We threw him over our shoulders, and wander'd  
through the town,  
Call'd into a neighbour's house and sold him for a  
crown ;  
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not  
tell you where,  
For it is my delight of a shiny night in the season  
of the year.

Well, here's success to poaching, for I do think it  
fair,  
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that would not sell  
his deer ;  
Good luck to every gamekeeper that wants to buy  
a hare,  
For it is my delight of a shiny night in the season  
of the year.

## SALLY CARTER.

*Air, Betsey Baker.*

I'ZE a simple, honest country lad, as ever stood in  
 leather,  
 My mother's wed another dad—we can't agree  
 together;  
 So I thought one night, as I lay down, as from him  
 I could not part her,  
 I'd travel up to Lunnun town, and marry Sally  
 Carter.

Ri tol, &amp;c.

Now Sally promised me her hand, if e'er she gave  
 it any,  
 And would not take the 'squire so grand, for me  
 without a penny;  
 But when the wenches come to town, they finer  
 get, and smarter,  
 They scorn to look upon a clown—'twere so with  
 Sally Carter.

Ri tol, &amp;c.

Arriv'd in town, I went to try if I could find her  
 out, sir;  
 At thoughts of her my heart beat high, I thought it  
 would jump out, sir;  
 At last I heard the people say, that she had proved  
 a Tartar,  
 And wi' another run away—so I lost Sally Carter.

Ri tol, &amp;c.

Well, thinks I, it is but little use to make a fuss  
 about her;  
 To have me if she doesn't choose, why I mun do  
 without her:



Why should a pretty chap like I, be to jealousy a  
 martyr,  
 I'll get another by-and-by, and laugh at Sally  
 Carter.

Ri tol, &c.

I soon got a sarvice wi' a blade, who well knew  
 how to dash on,  
 Wi' women kept a roaring trade, because it was the  
 fashion ;  
 He bid me watch his girl one night, to see what she  
 was arter,  
 But when I brought her to the light, by gum, 'twere  
 Sally Carter.

Ri tol, &c.

So fine and gayly dress'd was she, she look'd a  
 charming creature,  
 (Excepting present company) I never saw a  
 sweeter ;  
 But no, says I, it winna do, if you your love can  
 barter,  
 I'ze have no more to do wi' you, false hearted  
 Sally Carter.

Ri tol, &c.

So single ladies all who are not yet in Hymen's  
 clutches,  
 I'd have you of your hearts beware, from dairy  
 maids to dutchess ;  
 I'ze no way nice about her size, so she be tall or  
 shorter,  
 I'd do my best to make her blest—I've done with  
 Sally Carter.

Ri tol, &c.

## THE TEA PARTY.

*Air, Barney Bodkin broke his nose.*

Mrs. CLACK a party had,  
 Of tattling dames who came to tea,  
 Each express'd herself quite glad,  
 So many worthy friends to see ;  
 The tea pour'd out to comfort them,  
 Mrs. Clack with serious air  
 Said, tattling, ladies, I condemn,  
 But I expect a fine affair ;  
 I something know which gives me pain  
 I saw the fact the other night—  
 Pray don't mention it again  
 But Mrs. B. is very light.  
 She has been a friend of mine  
 Her character I would not stain—  
 Such goings on are very fine,  
 Things indeed are pretty plain.  
 Mrs. Maggs cries, I declare,  
 You may safely trust to me ;  
 Tattling, ma'am, I cannot bear ;  
 Have you heard of Mrs. Lee ?  
 I could tell you such a tale,  
 In confidence to me 'twas told,  
 Mrs. L. though lately wed,  
 Has got a daughter nine years old.  
 Then all at once the ladies prate ;  
 Nods and winks, and shrugs abound,  
 And scandal, at a driving rate,  
 Together with the tea goes round.

Mrs. Sharp, the lawyer's wife  
 Protests she somehow often thinks,  
 Yet would not for the world cause strife,  
 That Mrs. Murphy's lady drinks ;  
 Another says, 'tis true, no doubt,  
 For Mrs. Murphy's friend, Miss Wood,

With Mrs. M. is always out,  
 And she is not a bit too good:  
 And there is modest faced Miss O.,  
 Who constantly the church attends,  
 Although to balls she'll never go,  
 Has got some very flighty friends;  
 And surely she herself must be,  
 But all we know we dare not say;  
 But, ladies, 'twixt yourselves and me,  
 I saw enough the other day.  
 Then all at once, &c.

Envious Mrs. Lynx-eye spoke,  
 And on her favourite string began,  
 And under rigid virtue's cloak,  
 Her tongue 'gainst absent females ran;  
 Good nature, beauty, virtue, grace,  
 By Mrs. Lynx-eye were run down,  
 As proud and ugly, sly and base,  
 Or bad as girls upon the town.  
 Miss A. whose shape some folks call'd fine,  
 Had got a skin extremely coarse,  
 And as for Miss Amelia Pine,  
 She has a mouth just like a horse;  
 Mrs. Milton might have grace,  
 But gracefulness—well, what of that?  
 She really had a Chinese face,  
 Her nose it was so broad and flat.  
 But were their minds with virtue deck'd,  
 For beauty not a pin we'd care,  
 I'm really grieved to recollect,  
 What shocking characters they bear.  
 Then all at once, &c.

Another theme they now begin,  
 The servant girls are brought to book.  
 Sally dresses far too fine,  
 A saucy hussy is the cook;

Betty she's an idle jade,  
 Mary almost drives one wild;  
 Polly of deceit is made,  
 Jane the dinner twice has spoil'd;  
 Lucy is too long at meals,  
 Esther wants her wages rose;  
 There is no doubt that Ellen steals,  
 Susan is too short of clothes;  
 Jemima she is vastly pert,  
 Becky with the men is bold;  
 Rachel is a lump of dirt,  
 Hannah is a downright scold;  
 Nelly's always darning hose,  
 Emma wants the kitchen stuff;  
 Meatly's given much to doze,  
 Liddy uses soap too much.  
 Then all at once, &c.

---

MR. SOLOMON LEARY.

*Sung by Master Burke, in the March of Intellect.*

MISTER LEARY slipp'd into this world at Killarney,  
 The place of all others for beauty and blarney;  
 He soon found his mother, but found it was rather  
 A hard task for babies to know his own father.

Father O'Leary,

Sweet pretty deary,

It's a wise child that knows his papa, Mister Leary.

He'd a red nose, red hair, brawny limbs, and a clear  
 eye,

Which squinted a bit, so they christen'd him Leary.

But the boys call'd him Solomon, which was no joke,

For merry and wise were the first words he spoke.

Master O'Leary,

Lisping young Leary,

He was merry and wise Master Solomon Leary.

Growing up he made love to Miss Hester Molloy,  
 The virgin mamma of a very fine boy,  
 And he fain would have kiss'd, but she cried, "Go,  
 you joker,  
 Sure the child that's once burnt always dreads a  
 hot poker."

O'Leary, Leary,  
 Go, you sweet deary,  
 The burnt child dreads the fire, Mister Solomon  
 Leary.

Then he fill'd up a bumper, and leer'd at Miss Hes-  
 ter,  
 He toasted her charms, while he tenderly press'd  
 her,  
 Till a press-gang press'd him all on board a king's  
 ship;

O, there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,  
 Poor Leary, Leary,  
 He look'd very queery,  
 As he slipp'd both the cup and the lip, poor O'Leary.

Having lost both his liquor and lass, our nate dandy,  
 Fell deeply in love with the captain's nate brandy,  
 Till caught at the bung hole, they show'd him no  
 quarter,

O, the pitcher might go once too oft to the water.

O'Leary, Leary,  
 Look'd wretched and dreary,  
 For the pitcher was broke, Mister Solomon Leary.

Then they put him in chains, and condemn'd him  
 beside,

And up to the yard-arm his wizen they tied;  
 But the rope broke, and into the water he bounded,  
 Sure he that was born to be hang'd can't be drowned.

O'Leary, Leary,  
 Swim to your deary,  
 He that's born to be hang'd can't be drown'd,  
 Mister Leary.

## PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN.

*Sung by Mr. Burton, in the character of Solus.*

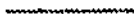
O PITY my sorrows, a poor old man's !  
 I will no longer tarry ;  
 O ! say you'll wed—I'll put up the bans,  
 And we will go and marry.  
 When I was young, I often ran  
 With girls to dance and mingle ;  
 Then pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
 Who fears he shall die single.

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

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

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

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



### BLACK RAPPEE ; OR, NOTHING LIKE SNUFF.

*A comic Parody on Home ! Sweet Home.*

In this life there is joy, in this life there is care,  
 And the mortal that lives, must of both have a share ;  
 But our cares were too great, and our joys not  
 enough,  
 If wanting the zest we derive from good snuff.  
     Snuff ! snuff ! good black snuff !  
     There's no snuff like black snuff,  
     And nothing like snuff.

How rich is the stream that we quaff from the bowl !  
 How soothing the charm it imparts to the soul ;  
 I've shared in these transports, and drank deep  
 enough,  
 But I find there is nothing more cheering than snuff.  
     Snuff ! snuff ! &c.

Then grant me good snuff—there I taste no alloy,  
 For it cannot, like wine, our reason destroy ;  
 O, this sensitive nose must be callous enough,  
 When I cease to delight in a pinch of good snuff.  
     Snuff ! snuff ! &c.

## LOVE-SICK LOOBY.

*Sung by Mr. Knight*

PRAY does any one here,—if I may inquire,  
 Know Cooky of Gooseberry Hall?  
 It's kept now by young Mister Cudden, Esquire,  
 And he keeps, too, my Dolly and all.  
 He's rich, and I'm poor, but I loved her first,  
 And first love is a heartbreaking thing;  
 And talking of hearts, mine's ready to burst,  
 While the tears are now washing my face;  
 Heigho!

O, the man that's in love is wretched, because,  
 He's like a poor mouse that's in the cat's claws.

I met Dolly one day by the side of a pit  
 I wur going to throw myself in;  
 But she gave me a kiss, and we sat down a bit,  
 But those kisses my ruin have been:  
 She swore on a book, to love me and no other,  
 And to wed, after axing in church;  
 But she turned her tail, and loving another,  
 And has left her fond looby i' th' lurch.  
 Heigho!

Ah, the man's that's in love, he's stung with a  
 nettle,  
 And as mad as a dog that is tied to a kettle.

There's no doctor can cure a deep lover's smart,  
 So I'll try what the lawyers can do;  
 For she's broken her promise, and broken my heart,  
 And the law is a heartbreaker, too.  
 When the judge comes to know all the vows that  
 we made,  
 And how her perjury increased,  
 O, I'm sure that he will, if a judge of his trade,  
 Grant a thousand pounds damage at least.  
 Heigho!



Ah! the man that's in love and in his love crost,  
 He goes quacking about like a duck that is lost.  
 Though the law it may claw this false-hearted  
 jade,

I never, no never, will wed,  
 But I'll swear, like my mother, to die an old maid,  
 And to haunt Squire Cudden when dead.  
 There's no young lady here, I hope, that's inclin'd  
 To make me forget the false fair!  
 For indeed, and indeed, I can't alter my mind,  
 So must leave the kind soul to despair:  
 Heigho!

Ah! the man that's in love, he's a man to bewail,  
 For he's like a cockchafer wi' a pin in his tail.

~~~~~

WHO WOULD BE AN OLD BACHELOR?

Air, Captain Mulligan.

LIVING a bachelor is not life;
 Life is love, and love's employment:
 What's the world worth without a wife?
 Without a wife there's no enjoyment.
 Cheerless is the bachelor's home
 Gloom dejecting him,
 Mumps infecting him,
 Lonely, drearily,
 Lingering, wearily,
 Sad and comfortless is an old bachelor;
 Full of sorrows,
 Has the horrors,
 Dull and desolate is an old bachelor.
 Always crusty,
 Rusty,
 Dusty,
 Musty,
 Fusty,
 Are old bachelors.

Bachelors' lives are void and vain,
 Bachelors' lives are only vanity;
 Bachelor fellows are insane,
 Bachelorship is but insanity:
 Fellows can we call them, nay!
 Fellows never so,
 Odd ones ever so;
 Wives denied themselves,
 So beside themselves,
 Beauty is never beside an old bachelor.
 Who can cure 'em?
 Who endure 'em?
 Out of their wits is every old bachelor.
 Are not misses,
 Kisses,
 Blisses,
 Meant for,
 Sent for
 Every bachelor?

Bachelors only must be blam'd,
 If old maids become so many more;
 Let old bachelors be reclaim'd,
 Maids will not be old maids any more.
 Bachelors, come to church away,
 Maidens require you,
 Parsons desire you:
 Do not tarry, now,
 Haste and marry, now;
 Married men be instead of old bachelors.
 Children plenty,
 Twenty,
 Sent ye;
 Gay be,
 Baby,
 Maids and bachelors.

WHEN A MAN'S A LITTLE BIT POORLY.

Air, Dance in Love in a Village.

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

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

Leach'd—cupp'd—bled—and blister,
 Slips and slops
 Eating stops,
 So low, each pill was a twister ;
 I swallow'd about three doctor's shops ;
 Countenance turn'd a cadaverous tint,
 A bitter pill,
 Grew weaker still,
 Through the nurse had a bit of a hint,
 Shouldn't die sooner for making my will.
 When a man, &c.

Worse and worse was my condition,
 My body sore,
 Life a bore,
 The doctor call'd in a physician,
 Who physick'd and boluss'd me ten times more ;
 Relations round with sighs and tears—
 Each nephew—niece—
 Disturb my peace,
 Even my wife chang'd hopes for fears,
 Fervently wish'd me a happy release.
 When a man, &c.

Then physician's consultation,
 They view my face—
 Hopeless case,
 Pronounc'd, with much deliberation,
 That I, alas ! had run my race ;
 Skeleton like my bones peep through ;
 My eyes I fix,
 I hear death ticks,
 To wife and friends I bade an adieu,
 Expecting with Charon to cross the Styx.
 When a man, &c.

Wishing to leave the world in quiet,
 Of drugs and such
 I'd had too much,
 So I took a meal of my usual diet,
 Got better and 'scap'd from death's cold clutch ;
 Physic since to the dogs I throw,
 Happy and gay
 I pass each day,
 And when I'm summon'd where all must go,
 I'm resolv'd to die in the natural way.
 When a man, &c.

L, O, V, E.—LOVE.

An original comic Song.—Air, Malbrook.

COME list unto my ditty,
 And you my case will pity,
 Address'd to ladies pretty,
 Their tender hearts to prove ;
 'Tis all about soft love,
 Which hearts of flint can move ;
 A passion long been raging,
 Sweet, when its first stage in ;
 But dangerous to engage in,
 L, O, V, E—Love !
 I sing the charms of love,
 Which hearts of flint can move ;
 If you'd wish to better your station,
 By a hazardous speculation,
 Or slippery embarkation,
 You've only to fall in love.
 When first you go a courting,
 Your cash you must be sporting—
 A trap that woman's caught in,
 For naught like cash will move ;
 You may try, ' my duck and my dove,'
 And all such nonsense in love,
 But such consolation
 Is all botheration ;
 Cash, without an oration,
 Will M, O, V, E—Move !
 When hearts you want to prove,
 Which is a great thing in love.
 If you'd wish to better, &c.
 All night there is no sleeping,
 When love folks fall quite deep in ;
 Sometimes it sets you weeping,
 When you jealous prove ;
 P, R, O, V, E—Prove,
 Plays the devil in love ;

Ranting, tearing, roaring,
 O'er your fancies boring,
 No more soft adoring,
 But curse your fate and love
 Your wife is hand and glove
 With one Mr. Shove.

If you'd wish to better, &c.

If you've plenty of money
 Your days may not prove sunny ;
 The first moon may be honey,
 Which soon will mustard prove :
 When folks in fashion move,
 They grow quite fickle in love ;
 Your spouse may soon bring on, sir,
 A case they call *crim. con.*, sir,
 And fix, your head upon, sir,
 The emblem of false love ;
 L, O, V, E—Love,
 Is all my eye, I'll prove ;
 Before you alter your station,
 Give this your consideration,
 And you may escape vexation,
 And all the plagues of love.

If you'd wish, &c.

CHIT CHAT.

A favourite comic Song, as sung by Mr. Burton.

PRETTY little damsels, how they chat,
 Chit chat, tittle tittle tat,
 All about their sweethearts—and all that ;
 Chit chat, tittle tittle tat.
 Up and down the city how the little damsels walk,
 And of the beaux and fashions how the little dam-
 sels talk,
 And now and then a little bit of slander's no baulk
 To their chit chat, tittle tittle tat.

Pretty little damsels go to cheapen in the stores,
Chit chat, &c.

Pretty little articles each pretty dear adores,
And chit chat, &c.

A little bit of rouge and a nice little fan,
A nice little miniature of a nice little man,
Or any little nice thing of which they can
Chit chat, &c.

Pretty little damsels go to feast their eyes,
And chit chat, &c.

But the splendid Diorama cannot suffice,
For their chit chat, &c.

Their pretty little parasols to keep their pretty
faces cool,

And their pretty little veils, under which they play
the fool,

And upon their pretty arm the pretty little reticule.
Chit chat, &c.

Pretty little damsels, how prettily they run,
Chit chat, &c.

For a little bit of flattery and a little bit of fun,
Chit chat, &c.

The pretty little nose and the pretty little chin,
The pretty little mouth with a pretty little grin,
And the pretty little tongue to keep admirers in,
Chit chat, &c.

Pretty little damsels, when they're wed,
Hum dum, hum dum;

Their pretty little foibles all are fled,
Hum dum, hum dum.

Their pretty little airs so bewitchingly wild,
Evaporate so prettily, and leave them so mild,
Then all the little tattle is about the little child.
Hum dum, hum dum.

PRETTY LITTLE GENTLEMEN.

Answer to Chit Chat, when encored.

THE satiric song of Chit Chat I mean now to reverse,

Chit chat, tittle tattle tat.

And offer this to you for better or for worse,

Chit chat, tittle tattle tat.

Whoever's my opponent, retaliation's due,

And all the ladies foibles I have pointed out to view,

So now, my pretty gem'men, I'll have a touch at you,

Chit chat, tittle tattle tat.

Their pretty little brutus's comb'd up so neat and spruce,

Chit chat, &c.

Their pretty little snuff-boxes they often introduce,

Chit chat, &c.

With dashing boots and spurs on, a natty whip beside,

A stranger would of course suppose they meant to take a ride,

But the deuce of any horse have they whereon to get astride,

Chit chat, &c.

Their collars and cravats which cover all their chin,

Chit chat, &c.

And every foppish means devise the ladies hearts to win,

Chit chat, &c.

Their coats are lined with sarsenet to cut a flaming dash,

All other sort of lining they consider merely trash,

Though a very, very few, have their pockets lined with cash,

Chit chat, &c.

Now are those flaming blades, bon ton, now completely dress'd,
Chit chat, &c.

Without a pretty quizzing-glass suspended from their breast,
Chit chat, &c.

A dashing gold watch-chain to constitute the beau,
A pretty bunch of seals *en suite*, to make a glaring show,

Though probably no watch at all, or one that will not go.

Chit chat, &c.

Their pretty little fingers, too, all bedizen'd out with rings,
Chit chat, &c.

Almost up to their shoulders are their trowsers fix'd with slings,
Chit chat, &c.

Their boots with military heels, and boot-tops nearly white,

At dances, fights, and races, they place their whole delight,

And with gaming and with rioting they turn the day to night.

Chit chat, &c.

These pretty dashing gentlemen, when they have lost their all,
Hum dum, hum dum.

Their credit's gone, too late they find, their pride must have a fall,
Hum dum, hum dum.

Perhaps a tender loving wife, and pretty children dear,

Reflection strikes that poverty's approaching very near,

With a pretty little pop-gun then he ends his life's career.

Hum dum, hum dum.

ONE DAY WHILE WORKING AT THE PLOUGH

A favourite comic Duet, sung by Mr. Hadaway and Mrs. Willis.—Air, Blue-tailed Fly.

He.

ONE day, while working at the plough,
 I felt just here I can't tell how,
 I turn'd my head round, just to see
 Who 'twas I heard, when there stood thee,
 Like Wenus com'd out of the sea.

Fal lal, &c.

She.

La! John, you flatters now, I'm sure,
 I look'd like I—and nothing more,
 I'd walk'd across a field or two,
 And might look rosy-cheek'd, or so—
 Besides, I met a charming beau!

Fal lal, &c.

He.

I knows the chap you mean, I trow,
 He's at the squire's here below,
 Be careful, Nan, take heed in time,
 Here's honest John, just in his prime—
 If you'd be his'n, he'd be thine—

Fal lal, &c.

She.

Why, John, you're sartain well to do,
 You've got a cow, and pig or two,

Fal lal, &c.

But mother's magpie talks to I,
She calls me angel of the sky!

He.

Then mother's magpie tells a lie.

Fal lal, &c.

She.

Tell lies! the bird does no such things,

Fal lal, &c.

For I'm an angel!

He.

Where's your wings?

Fal lal, &c.

She.

That gemman, sir, all sweet perfume,
Said—"O you goddess from the moon!"

He.

He meant a witch upon a broom.

Fal lal, &c.

She.

Well time will show, and, John, you'll find,

Fal lal, &c.

He.

You'd best take me, Nan, in the mind.

Fal lal, &c.

She.

Wi' all my heart, next Sunday—

He.

Done!

We'll married be, as sure as fun;

She.

And then, John—

He.

You and I'll make one.

Fal lal, &c.

Both.

So { lads } who'd wish to happy be,
 { maids }

Just copy { pretty Nan } and me.
 { honest John }

But to old Nick send jealousy.

Fal la!, &c.

THE DUTCH FISHMONGER.

Of all that strive to live and thrive,
 And by cunning to overreitch man,
 Whether trade been dead or trade been alive,
 De best trade of all is a dietsman.

The world he fish vat he can get,
 But all ben fish in the dietsman's net.

Ik ben liderlick,
 Du bist liderlick,
 Snick snack liderlick a lay te.

Mynheer can drink for drunk, by chance,

Mynheer, by chance, can caper;

But Ik never let mine vrow go dance,

Till somebody pay de piper;

And if myn Kroopen hott his hond,

I croak mine pipe, and I nick for stond.

Ik ben liderlick,
 Du bist liderlick,
 Snick snack liderlick a lay te.

We trade mit de Yonky, and deal mit de Scot,

And cheaten de tean and de to'ther;

We cheaten the Jew, and better as dat,

We cheaten one eithe'nother;

And at Amsterdam, when we come dere,
 We shall cheaten the devil, that's all fair.

Ik ben liderlick,
 Du bist liderlick,
 Snick snack liderlick a lay te.

De strange mans comes for de fish dats nice,
 And looks as sharp as donder;

Ik praise mine goods, and I tak mine price,
 And sell him stinking flounder;

Den he cry, thief, man, ik say, yaw,
 Mit mine hond to mine gelt, com' ca'.

Ik ben liderlick,
 Du bist liderlick,
 Snick snack liderlick a lay te.

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