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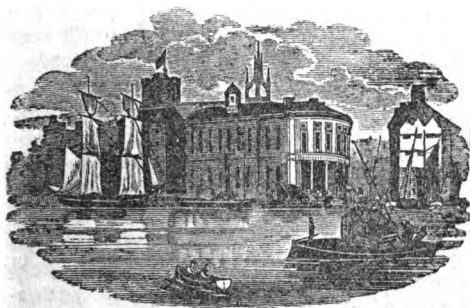
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A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS,
Comic, Satirical, and Descriptive,
CHIEFLY IN THE
NEWCASTLE DIALECT,

And illustrative of the Language and Manners of the Common
People on the Banks of the Tyne and Neighbourhood.

BY
T. THOMPSON, J. SHIELD, W. MIDFORD,
H. ROBSON, AND OTHERS.



NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:
PRINTED BY JOHN MARSHALL,
IN THE OLD FLESH-MARKET.

1827.
Young Add Northumb.
837.

THE
EDITOR'S ADDRESS.

IN editing a more extended collection of local Songs, descriptive of the language and manners of the common People of Newcastle upon Tyne and the Neighbourhood, the Editor claims little merit beyond that of giving to what some will designate "airy nothings, a local habitation and a name." One important consequence of the general diffusion of education among the labouring classes has been to destroy, in great part, that marked difference of character which formerly existed between the higher and lower grades of civilized society; and nothing perhaps has contributed more to this purpose than the publication, from time to time, of those local Songs, so familiar in their phraseology to the comprehension and understanding of all classes, in which the peculiarities of each are forcibly depicted, and in some cases humourously caricatured.

Those who are best acquainted with, and have been most observant of, the language and manners of the common people of this part of the kingdom will, it is presumed, admit that their general character has fully kept pace with the means of improvement presented to them, and that they are, generally speaking, better informed and more intelligent than those of their own class in most other parts of the country.

Our Keelmen and Pitmen have generally been the common subjects of satire for our local Poets; but, in attempting to describe the character of these useful bodies of men, the Poets appear often to have claimed their privilege, and given, instead of faithful portraits, only rude caricatures;—delineations not characteristic of the Keelmen and Pitmen of the present day.

One thing worthy of notice is, that a very striking difference exists between our Keelmen and Pitmen, both in moral and physical character. The former, a hardy

race of men, pursue an employment congenial to their health and muscular strength, possess strong feelings of independence, and have shewn, on some important occasions, that they are not easily subdued ; whilst, on the other hand, our Pitmen, who labour under ground, in an atmosphere generally contaminated with noxious vapours, seldom arrive at the common stature of men, and at an early period of life put on the appearance of age and decrepitude —Servile in their habits and manners, they possess little of that self-respect and feeling of independence which generally characterise the Keelmen, and too often become the dupes of illiterate, “ penny-hunting hypocrites,” the apostles of the most degrading superstitions—the result of which must necessarily be, the deterioration of their moral character.

A few words on what is called the Newcastle Dialect must suffice. This being a border town, was, before the union of the two kingdoms, subject to continual incursions from the Scotch ; and after the union great numbers of them settled here. The historians of the town tell us that most of our keelmen were originally from Scotland. This accounts for our dialect and accent being in great part Scottish. What is called the *bur*, or forcible guttural pronunciation of the letter *r*, is not, as has been commonly thought, peculiar to Newcastle ; it is observable in several other places in Northumberland, in some parts of Scotland, and is quite the fashionable pronunciation in Paris, whence it is thought to have been originally derived. Some of our gentry who, in this respect, affect to ape the dialect of their more southern neighbours, drop the letter altogether in their pronunciation, and instead of gridirion will talk glibly of the *gidion*, *oast* beef, &c. The clear and forcible pronunciation of this letter has been ably pointed out as a peculiar beauty of our language, by the celebrated lecturer, Mr. Thelwall.

Newcastle, Decr 16, 1826.

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NEWCASTLE SONGS.

X WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW.

AS I cam thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,
As I cam thro' Sandgate, I heard a lassie sing—
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row that my laddie's in.

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, a dimple in his chin:
And weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row that my laddie's in.

3 THE NEW KEEL ROW.

BY THOMAS THOMPSON.

WHE's like my Johnny,
Sae leish, sae blithe, sae bonny!
He's foremost 'rang the monny
Keel lads o' Coaly Tyne;
He'll set or row sae tightly,
Or in the dance, sae sprightly,
He'll cut and shuffle sightly,
'Tis true—were he not mine.

△

Tind
New
Burr

CHORUS.

Weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row
That my laddie's in :
He wears a blue bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple in his chin.

He's nae mair o' learning,
Than tells his weekly earning,
Yet reet frae wrang discerning,
Tho' brave, nae bruiser he ;
Tho' he no worth a plack is,
His awn coat on his back is,
And nane can say that black is
The white o' Johnny's e'e.

He takes his quairt right dearly,
Each comin' pay-day, nearly,
Then talks O, latin O,—cheerly,
Or mavies jaws away ;
How caring not a feather,
Nelson and he together,
The springey French did lether,
And gar'd them shab away.

Were a' kings comparely,
In each I'd spy a fairly,
An' ay wad Johnny barly,
He gets sic bonny bairns :
Go bon ! the queen, or misses,
But wad, for Johnny's kisses,
Luik upon, as blisses,
Scrimp meals, caff beds, and dairns.

Wour lads, like their deddy,
 To fight the French are ready ;
 But gie's a peace that's steady,
 And breed cheap as lang syne ;
 May a' the press-gang parish,
 Each lass her laddy charish :
 Lang may the Coal Trade flourish
 Upon the dingy Tyne.

Breet Star o' Heaton,
 You're ay wor darling sweet-on' ;
 May heaven's blessings leet on
 Your lyedy, bairns, and ye !
 God bless the King and Nation !
 Each bravely fill his station :
 Our canny *Corporation*,
 Lang may they sing, wi' me,
 Weel may the keel row, &c.

CANNY NEWCASSEL.

~~By Thomas Thompson~~

By Thomas Thompson

'BOUT Lunnun aw'd heerd ay sec wonderful spokes,
 That the streets were a' cover'd wi' guineas :
 The houses sae fine, an' sec grandees the folks,
 Te them huz i' th' North were but ninnies.
 But aw fand maw sel blonk'd when to Lunnun aw gat,
 The folks they a' luick'd wishy washy ;
 For gowld ye may howk till ye're blind as a bat,
 For their streets are like woss—brave and blashy !
 'Bout Lunnun then divent ye myek sic a rout,
 There's nowse there maw winkers to dazzle ;
 For a' the fine things ye are gobbin about
 We can marra iv Canny Newcassel.

A Cockney chep show'd me the Tyems' druvy fyace,
 Whilk he said was the pride o' the nation ;
 And thought at their shippin aw'd myek a haze-gaze ;
 But aw whop'd maw foot on his noration.

Wi' huz; mun, three hundred ships sail iv a tide,
 We think nowse on't, aw'll myek accydvay :
 Ye're a gowk if ye din't know that the lads o' Tyne-side
 Are the Jacks that myek famish wer Navy.
 'Bout Lunnan, &c.

We went big St. Paul's and Westminster to see,
 And aw war'nt ye aw thought they luick'd pritty :
 And then we'd a keek at the Monument te ;
 Whilk maw friend ca'd the Pearl o' the City.
 Wey hinny, says aw, we've a Shot Tower sae hee,
 That biv it ye might scraffle to heaven ;
 And if on Saint Nicholas ye once cus an e'e,
 Ye'd crack on't as lang as ye're livin.
 'Bout Lunnun, &c.

We trudg'd to St. James's, for there the King lives,
 Aw warn'd ye a good stare we tyuk on't ;
 By my faicks ! it's been built up by Adam's awn neeves,
 For it's aud as the hills, by the leuk on't.
 Shem bin ye ! says aw, ye should keep the King douse,
 Aw speak it without ony malice :
 Aw own that wor Mayor rather wants a new house,
 But then—wor Infirm'ry's a palace.
 'Bout Lunnun, &c.

Ah hinnies ! out com the King, while we were there,
 His leuks seem'd to say, Bairns, be happy !
 Sae down o' my hankers aw set up a blare,
 For God to preserve him frae Nappy :
 For Geordy aw'd dee—for my loyalty's trig,
 And aw own he's a gend leuken mannie ;
 But if wor Sir Matthew ye buss iv his wig,
 By gocks ! he wad leuk just as canny.
 'Bout Lunnun, &c.

Ah hinnies ! about us the lasses did lewp,
 Thiek as curns in a spice singin hinnie ;
 Some and, and some hardly fig'd ower the dowp,
 But aw kend what they were by their whinnie :

Ah ! mannie, says aw, ye hev monny a tight girl,
 But aw'm tell'd they're oft het i' their trappin'!
 Aw'd cuddle much rather a lass i' the Sworl,
 Than the dolls i' the Strand, or i' Wappin.
 'Bout Lunnun, &c.

Wiv a' the stravagin aw wanted a munch,
 An' maw thropple was ready to gizen ;
 So we went tiv a yell-house, and there tyuk a lunch,
 But the reck'ning, me sault was a bizon.
 Wiv huz i' the North, when aw'm wairsh i' my way,
 (But t' know wor warm hearts ye yar sell come)
 Aw lift the first latch, and baith man and dame say,
 "Cruck your hough, canny man, for ye're welcome."
 'Bout Lunnun, &c.

A shilling aw thought at the Play-house aw'd ware,
 But aw jump'd there wiv heuk finger'd people ;
 Me pockets gat rip'd, an' aw heerd them ne mair
 Nor I could fra Saint Nicholas's steeple.
 Dang Lunnun ! wor Play-house aw like just as weel,
 And wor play-folk aw's sure are as funny :
 A shillin's worth sarves me to laugh till aw squeel,
 Nae hallion there thrimmels maw money.
 'Bout Lunnun, &c.

The loss o' the cotterels aw dinna regaird,
 For aw've gotten some white-heft o' Lunnun ;
 Aw've learn'd to prefer my awn canny calf-yaird ;
 If ye catch me mair fra't ye'll be cunnun.
 Aw know that the Cockneys crack rum-gum-shus
 chimes,
 To myek gam of wor bur and wor 'parel ;
 But honest Blind Willey shall string this iv rhymes,
 And we'll sing'd for a Chrissenmas Carol.
 'Bout Lunnun, &c.

JEMMY JONESON'S WHURRY.

BY THE SAME.

WHEI, Cavers, biv the chimlay reek,
 Begox ! it's all a horney ;

For thro' the world aw wisht to keek,

Yen day when aw was corney :

Sae, wiv some varry canny chiels,

All on the hop, an' murry,

Aw thowt aw'd myek a voyge to Shiels,

Iv Jemmy Joneson's Whurry.

Ye niver see'd the Church sae scrudg'd,

As we wur there thegither ;

An' gentle, semple, throughways nudg'd,

Like burdies of a feather :

BLIND WILLIE, a' wor joys to croon,

Struck up a hey down derry ;

An' crouse we left wor canny toon,

Iv Jemmy Joneson's Whurry.

As we push'd off, loak ! a' the Key

To me seem'd shuggy-shooin :

An' tho' aw'd niver been at sea,

Aw stuid her like a new-on'.

And when the Malls began their reels,

Aw kick'd maw heels reet murry ;

For faix ! aw lik'd the voyge to Shiels,

Iv Jemmy Joneson's Whurry.

Quick went wor heels, quick went the oars ;

An' where me eyes wur cassin,

It seem'd as if the bizzy shores

Cheer'd canny Tyne i' passin.

What ! hez Newcassel now nae end ?

Thinks aw, it's wondrous, vurry ;

Aw thowt aw'd like me life to spend

Iv Jemmy Joneson's Whurry.

Tyne-side seem'd clad wiv bonny ha's,
 An' furnaces sae dunny ;
 Wey this mun be what Bible ca's,
 " The land ov milk and honey !"
 If a' thor things belang'd tiv I,
 Aw'd myek the poor reet murry ;
 An' cheer the folks i' gannin by,
 Iv Jemmy Joneson's Whurry.

Then on we went, as nice as owse,
 Till nenst au'd Lizzy Moody's ;
 A whirlwind cam an' myed a' souse,
 Like heaps o' babby boodies.
 The heykin myed me vurry wanf,
 Me heed turn'd duzzy, vurry ;
 Me leuks, aw'm shure, wad spyen'd a cauf,
 Iv Jemmy Joneson's Whurry.

For hyem an' bairns, an' maw wife Nan,
 Aw yool'd eot like a lubbart ;
 An' when aw thowt we a' shud gan
 : To Davy Jones's cubbart,
 The wind bee-baw'd—aw whish'd me squeels,
 An' yence mair a' was murry ;
 For seun we gat a seet o' Shiels,
 Frev Jemmy Joneson's Whurry.

Wor Geordies now we thrimmel'd oot,
 An' tread a' Shiels sae dinny ;
 Maw faix ! it seems a canny sprout,
 As big maist as its minny ;
 Aw smack'd thir yell, aw climb'd thir bree,
 The seet was wondrous, vurry ;
 Aw lowp'd sec gallant ships to see,
 Biv Jemmy Joneson's Whurry.

To Tynemouth then aw thowt aw'd trudge,
 To see the folks a' duckin ;
 Loak ! men an' wives together pludg'd,
 While hundreds stood by iuikin.

Amang the rest aw cowp'd me creels,
 Eh, gox ! 'twas funny, vurry :
 An' so aw end me voyge to Shiels,
 Iv Jemmy Joneson's Whurry.

out +
 NEWCASTLE ELECTION SONG.

BY THE SAME.

Sung by the Author, at the Election Dinner, at the Turk's Head
 Inn, Bigg-Market, on Saturday, Oct. 10, 1812.

WHEN joy wakes the Muse, though her accents are
 glowing,

Yet wildly and hurried they swell thro' the lay :
 While ardour less warm might, in lines softly flowing,
 Give voice to our feelings, and hail this proud day.

Hail, ELLISON, Senator ! what title greater
 Could call forth thy energies, all thy mind's force ?

Be thou as a Star, which, responsive to Nature,
 Both cheers and illumines our path in its course.

When won by thy eloquence, warm'd to emotion,
 The Citizens cheer'd thee with plaudits of zeal ;
 Each greeting voice swore thee an oath of devotion,
 Thy talents, thy life, to the national weal.

While Wellington, leading the soldiers of Britain,
 Eclipses the glories of Greece and of Rome,
 Old England might smile 'midst the dangers that
 threaten,

Did nought vex or bias our Councils at home.

A tool to no party, a slave to no passion,
 No wishes but those which from loyalty spring ;
 Unmov'd by the breeze of political fashion,

His meed the applause of his Country and King,
 Thus Statesmen should be, and our country would
 flourish,

Still prouder would stand on the records of Fame—
 Nor shadows one doubt the warm wishes we cherish,
 Such merits will blazon our Ellison's name.

Hail, RIDLEY ! the Muse, which, in rude local verses,
 Oft sung of thy Sire, bids her greetings be thine ;
 With ELLISON'S worth she thy worth too rehearses,
 And both your proud names in one wreath would
 entwine.

Alike high in honour, both ardently glowing
 With Patriot Zeal, in Britannia's cause ;
 Both proud of the source whence your honours are
 flowing,

Our Town's smiling Commerce, its Rights and its
 Lawa.

May health give you powers to keep pace with your
 spirit ;

And while in the Senate you worthily shine,
 As Burgesses, Patrons, alike may you merit
 The blessings of every Cottage on Tyne.

BONNY KEEL LADDIE.

MAW bonny keel laddie, maw canny keel laddie,
 Maw honny keel laddie for me, O !
 He sits in his keel, as black as the Deil,
 And he brings the white money to me, O.

Ha' ye seen owt o' maw canny man,
 An' are ye sure he's weel, O ?
 He's geane ower land, wiv a stick in his hand,
 To help to moor the keel, O.

The canny keel laddie, the bonny keel laddie,
 The canny keel laddie for me, O ;
 He sits in his huddock, and claws his bare buttock,
 And brings the white money to me, O.

MAW CANNY HINNY.

WHERE hest te been, maw canny hinny ?

An' where hest te been, maw bonny bairn ?

Aw was up and down, seekin for maw hinny,

Aw was thro' the town seekin for maw bairn :

Aw went up the Butcher Bank and down Grundin
Chare,

Call'd at the Dun Cow, but aw cuddent find thee there.

Where hest te been, maw canny hinny ?

An' where hest te been, maw bonny bairn, &c.

Then aw went t' th' Cassel-garth, and caw'd on Johnny
Fife,

The beer-drawer tell'd me she ne'er saw thee in her life.

Where hest te been, &c.

Then aw went into the Three Bulls' Heads, and down
the Lang Stairs,

And a' the way along the Close, as far as Mr Mayor's.

Where hest te been, &c.

Fra there aw went along the Brig, and up to Jackson's
Chare,

Then back agyen to the Cross Keys, but cuddent find
thee there.

Where hest te been, &c.

Then comin out o' Pipergate, aw met wi' Willy Rigg,

Whe tell'd me that he saw thee stannen p—hin on the

Brig. Where hest te been, &c.

Comin along the Brig agyen, aw met wi' Cristy Gee,

He tell'd me et he saw thee gannin down Humeses

entery. Where hest te been, &c.

Where hev aw been ! aw seun can tell ye that ;

Comin up the Kee, aw met wi' Peter Pratt ;

Meetin Peter Pratt, we met wi' Tommy Wear,

And went to Humeses t' get a jill o' beer.

There's where aw've been, maw canny hinny,
 There's where aw've been, maw bonny lamb!
 Wast tu up an' down seekin for thee hinny?
 Wast tu up and down seekin for thee lamb?

Then aw met yur Ben, and we were like to fight,
 And when we cam to Sandgate it was pick night:
 Crossin the road, aw met wi' Bobby Swinny.—
 Hing on the girdle, let's hev a singin hinny.

Aw me sorrow's ower, now aw've fund maw hinny;
 Aw me sorrow's ower, now aw've fund maw bairn;
 Lang may aw shout, Maw canny hinny!
 Lang may aw shout, Maw bonny bairn!

THE LITTLE PEE DEE.

'T WAS between Hebbbron and Jarrow,
 There cam on a varry strang gale,
 The Skipper luik'd out o' the huddock,
 Crying "Smash, man, lower the sail!
 "Smash, man, lower the sail!
 "Or else to the bottom we'll go!"
 The keel and a' hands wad been lost,
 Had it not been for Jemmy Munro.
 Fal lal, &c.

The gale blew stranger an' stranger,
 When they cam beside the Muck Hoose,
 The Skipper cry'd out—"Jemmy, swing'er!"
 But still was as fear'd as a moose.
 Pee Dee ran to clear the anchor,
 "It's raffled!" right loudly he roar'd:
 They a' said the gale wad sink her,
 If it was n't seun thrawn owerboard.
 The laddie ran sweat, ran sweat,
 The laddie ran sweat about;
 Till the keel went bump against Jarrow,
 And three o' the bullies lap oot:

Three o' the bullies lap out,
 And left nyen in but little Pee Dee ;
 Who ran about stamping and crying—
 " How ! smash, Skipper, what mun aw dee ? "

They all shoosed out fra the Kee,
 " Steer her close in by the shore ;
 " And then thraw the painter to me,
 " Thou cat-fyaed son of a whore ! "
 The lad threw the painter ashore,
 They fasten'd her up to the Kee :
 But whe knaws how far she might gyen,
 Had it not been for little Pee Dee.

Then into the huddock they gat,
 And the flesh they began to fry :
 The talk'd o' the gale as they sat,
 How a' hands were lost—very nigh.
 The Skipper roar'd out for a drink,
 Pee Dee ran to bring him the can :
 But odsmash ! mun, what d'ye think ?—
 He cowp'd a' the flesh out o' the pan !
 Fal lal, &c.

THE AMPHITRITE. *Robert Gilchrist.*

FRA Team Gut to Whitley, wi' coals black and brown,
 For the Amphitrite loaded, the keel had com'd down ;
 But the bullies ower neet had their gobs sae oft wet,
 That the nyem o' the ship yen and a' did forget.

To find out the nyem now each worri'd his shops,
 And claw'd at his hips, fit to murder the lops—
 When the Skipper, whe hungry was always most fright,
 Swore the pawhogger luggish was call'd Empty Kite.

Fra the Point round the Girt, a' the time sailin' slow,
 Each bully kept bawling " The Empty Kite, ho ! "
 But their blairin' was vain, for nae Empty Kite there,
 Tho' they blair'd till their kites wens byeth empty and
 sair.

A' slaverin', the Skipper ca'd Geordy and Jem,
 For to gan to Newcassel and ax the reet nyem :
 The youngest he thought myest to blame in this bore,
 So Pee Dee and his marrow were e'en pack'd ashore.

Up Shields Road as they trudg'd in their myest worn-
 out soles,

Oft cursin' the Empty Kite, Skipper, and coals ;
 At the sign o' the Coach they byeth ca'd, it befell,
 To mourn their hard case, an' to swattle some yell.

Here a buck at a sirloin hard eating was seen,
 Which he said wi' the air myed his appetite keen :
 " Appetite !" cried the bullies—like maialins they star'd,
 Wide gyepin' wi' wonder, till " Crikes !" Jemmy blair'd.

" The Appetite, Geordy ! smash dis thou hear that ?
 The very outlandish, cull nyem we forgat.
 Bliss the Dandy ! for had he not tell'd us the nyem,
 To Newcassel we'd wander'd byeth weary and lyem !"
 To Shields back they canter'd, and seun, fra the keel,
 Rair'd " The Appetite, ho ! " 'neuf to frighten the deil.
 Thus they fund out the ship, cast their coals in a swet,
 Still praisin' the dandy that day they had met.

Then into the huddock, weel tir'd, they all gat,
 And of Empty Kite, Appetite, lang they did chat :
 When the Skipper discover'd, mair wise than a king,
 Tho' not the syem word, they were much the syem thing

THE JENNY HOWLET,

OR LIZZIE MUDIE'S GHOST.

By the same

SUM time since, a Skipper was gawn iv his keel,
 His heart like a lion, his fyace like the Deil :
 He was steering his-sel, as he'd oft duim before,
 When at au'd Lizzie Mudie's his keel ran ashore.

Fal de ral la, &c.

The Skipper was vext when his keel gat ashore,
 So for Geordy and Pee Dee he loudly did roar :
 They lower'd the sail—but it a' waddent dee ;
 Sae he clik'd up a coal, and maist fell'd the Pee Dee.

Fal de ral la, &c.

In the midst of their trouble, not knaw'n what to do,
 A voice from the shore gravely cried out, Hoo ! Hoo !
 How now, Mister Hoo Hoo ! is thou myekin fun ?
 Or is this the first keel that thou e'er saw agrun' ?

Fal de ral la, &c.

Agyen it cried " Hoo ! Hoo ! " the Skipper he stamp't,
 And sung out for Geordy to heave out a plank :
 Iv a raving mad passion he curs'd and he swore,
 Aw'll hoo-hoo thou, thou b—r, when aw cum ashore !

Fal de ral la, &c.

Wiv a coal in each hand, ashore then he went,
 To kill Mister Hoo-hoo it was his intent :
 But when he gat there, O what his surprize !
 When back he cam running—O, Geordy ! he cries.

Fal de ral la, &c.

Wey, whe dis thou think hez been myekin this gam ?
 Aw'll lay thou my wallet thou'll not guess his nyem :
 " It's the Ghost of au'd Lizzie ! " O no, no, thou fool, it
 Is nae Ghost at all, but—an au'd Jenny Howlet !

Fal de ral la, &c.

COALY TYNE.

Tune—" Auld Lang Syne."

TYNE river, running rough or smooth,
 Makes bread for me and mine ;
 Of all the rivers, north or south,
 There's none like coaly Tyne.

CHORUS.

So here's to coaly Tyne, my lads,
 Success to coaly Tyne ;
 Of all the rivers, north or south,
 There's none like coaly Tyne.

Long has Tyne's swelling bosom borne
 Great riches from the mine,
 All by her hardy sons uptorn—
 The wealth of coaly Tyne.

Our keelmen brave, with laden keels,
 Go sailing down in line,
 And with them load the fleet at Shields,
 That sails from coaly Tyne.

When Bonaparte the world did sway,
 Dutch, Spanish did combine ;
 By sea and land proud bent their way,
 The sons of coaly Tyne.

The sons of Tyne, in seas of blood,
 Trafalgar's fight did join,
 When led by dauntless Collingwood,
 The hero of the Tyne.

With courage bold, and hearts so true,
 Form'd in the British line ;
 With Wellington, at Waterloo,
 Hard fought the sons of Tyne.

When peace, who would be Volunteers ?
 Or Hero Dandies fine ?
 Or sham Hussars, or Tirailleurs?—
 Disgrace to coaly Tyne.

Or who would be a Tyrant's Guard,
 Or shield a libertine ?
 Let Tyrants meet their due reward,
 Ye sons of coaly Tyne.

Let us unite, with all our might,
 Protect Queen Caroline ;
 For her will fight, both day and night,
 The sons of coaly Tyne.*

* This Song was written during the Trial of the Queen, in 1820.

THE TYNE.

BY JOHN GIBSON.

ROLL on thy way, thrice happy Tyne!
 Commerce and riches still are thine;
 Thy sons in every art shall shine,
 And make thee more majestic flow.

The busy crowd that throngs thy sides,
 And on thy dusky bosom glides,
 With riches swell thy flowing tides,
 And bless the soil where thou dost flow.

Thy valiant sons, in days of old,
 Led by their Chieftains, brave and bold,
 Fought not for wealth, or shining gold,
 But to defend thy happy shores.

So e'en as they of old have bled,
 And oft embrac'd a gory bed,
 Thy modern sons, by Patriots led,
 Shall rise to shield thy peace-crown'd shores.

Nor art thou blest for this alone,
 That long thy sons in arms have shone;
 For every art to them is known,
 And science, form'd to grace the mind.

Art, curb'd by War in former days,
 Has now burst forth in one bright blaze;
 And long shall his refulgent rays
 Shine bright, and darkness leave behind.

The Muses too, with Freedom crown'd,
 Shall on thy happy shores be found,
 And fill the air with joyous sound,
 Of—War and darkness' overthrow.

Then roll thy way, thrice happy Tyne!
 Commerce and riches still are thine!
 Thy sons in arts and arms shall shine,
 And make thee still majestic flow.

NANNY OF THE TYNE.

WHILST bards, in strains that sweetly flow,
 Extol each nymph so fair,
 Be mine my Nanny's worth to shew,
 Her captivating air.
 What swain can gaze without delight
 On beauty there so fine?
 The Graces all their charms unite
 In Nanny of the Tyne.

Far from the noise of giddy courts
 The lovely charmer dwells ;
 Her cot the haunt of harmless sports,
 In virtue she excells.
 With modesty, good nature join'd,
 To form the nymph divine ;
 And truth, with innocence combin'd,
 In Nanny of the Tyne.

Flow on, smooth stream, in murmurs sweet
 Glide gently past her cot,
 'Tis peace and virtue's calm retreat,—
 Ye great ones, envied not.
 And you, ye fair, whom folly leads
 Through all her paths supine,
 Tho' drest in pleasure's garb, exceeds
 Not Nanny of the Tyne.

Can art to nature e'er compare,
 Or win us to believe
 But that the frippery of the fair
 Was made but to deceive.
 Strip from the belle the dress so gay,
 Which fashion calls divine,
 Will she such loveliness display
 As Nanny of the Tyne.

B

BOB CRANKY'S ADIEU.

BY JOHN SHIELD.

FAREWHEEL, fareweel, maw comely pet!
 Aw's fourc'd three weeks to leave thee;
 Aw's doon for *parm'ent duty* set,
 O dinna let it grieve thee!
 Maw hinny! wipe them een, sae breet,
 That mine wi' love did dazzle;
 When tha heart's sad can mine be leet?
 Come, ho'way get a jill o' beer
 Thee heart to cheer:
 An' when thou sees me mairch away,
 Whiles in, whiles oot
 O' step, nae doot,
 "Bob Cranky's gane," thou'lt sobbing say,
 "A sowgering to Newcassel!"

Come, dinna, dinna whinge an' whipe,
 Like yammering Isbel Mackey;
 Cheer up, maw hinny! leet thee pipe,
 And tyek a blast o' backy!
 It's but for yen an' twenty days,
 The folks's een aw'll dazzle,—
 Prood, swagg'ring i' maw fine reed claes:
 Ods heft! maw pit claes—dist thou hear?
 Are waurse o' wear;
 Mind cloot them weel when aw's away;
 An' a posie goon
 Aw'll buy thee soon,
 An' thou's drink thee tea—aye, twice a-day,
 When aw come fra Newcassel.

Becrike! aw's up tiv every rig,
 Sae dinna doot, maw hinny!
 But at the *blue styen* o' the Brig
 Aw'll ha'e maw mairchin guinea.

A guinea! wuks! sae strange a sect,
 Maw een wi' joy wad dazzle;
 But aw'll hed spent that verra neet—
 For money, hinny! owre neet to keep,
 'Wad brick maw sleep:
 Sae, smash! aw think't a wiser way,
 Wi' flesh an' beer
 Mesel' to cheer,
 The lang three weeks that aw've to stay,
 A sowgering at Newcassel.

But whisht! the Sairjeant's tongue aw hear,
 "Fa' in! fa' in!" he's yelpin:
 The fifes are whuslin' lood an' clear,
 An' sair the drums they're skelpin.
 Fareweel, maw comely! aw mun gang,
 The Gen'ral's een to dazzle!
 But, hinny! if the time seems lang,
 An' thou frets about me neet an' day;
 Then come away,
 Seek out the yell-house where aw stay,
 An' we'll kiss an' cuddle;
 An' monny a fuddle
 Sall drive the langsome hours away,
 When sowgering at Newcassel.

THE BONNY GYETSIDERS.

Tunc—"Bob Cranky."

COME, marrows, we've happen'd to meet now,
 Sae wor thropples together we'll weet now;
 Aw've myed a new sang,
 And to sing ye't aw lang,
 For it's about the Bonny Gyetsiders.

B 2

Of a' the fine Volunteer corpses,
 Whether footmen, or ridin' o' horses,
 'Tween the Tweed and the Tees,
 Deel hae them that sees.

Sic a corpse as the Bonny Gyetsiders.

Whilk amang them can mairch, turn, an' wheel sae ?
 Whilk their guns can wise off half sae weel sae ?

 Nay, for myeking a *crack*,
 Through England aw'll back
 The corps of the Bonny Gyetsiders.

When the time for parading nigh hand grows,
 A' wesh theirsels clean i' the sleek troughs :

 Fling off their black duddies,
 Leave hammers and studdies,
 And to drill—run the Bonny Gyetsiders.

To Newcassel, for three weeks up-stannin,
 On Parmanent Duty they're gannin ;

 And seun i' the papers
 We's read a' the capers
 O' the corps o' the Bonny Gyetsiders.

The Newcassel chaps fancy they're clever,
 And are vauntin' and braggin' for ever ;

 But they'll find theirsels wrang,
 If they think they can bang,
 At sowg'rin', the Bonny Gyetsiders.

The Gen'ral sall see they can lowp dykes,
 Or mairch thro' whins, lair whooles, and deep sykes ;

 Nay, to soom (at a pinch)
 Through Tyne, waddent finch
 The corps o' the Bonny Gyetsiders.

Some think Billy Pitt's nobbit hummin,
 When he tells about Bonnepairt cummin ;

 But come when he may,
 He'll lang rue the day
 He first meets wi' the Bonny Gyetsiders:

Like an anchor shank, smash! how they'll clatter 'im,
 And turn 'im, and skelp 'im, and batter 'im ;
 His byens sall, by jing!
 Like a fryin-pan ring,
 When he meets wi' the Bonny Gyetsiders.

Let them yence get 'im into their taings weel,
 Nae fear but they'll give 'im his whaings weel ;
 And to Hezlett's Pond bring 'im,
 And there in chains hing 'im :
 What a seet for the Bonny Gyetsiders !

Now, marrows, to shew we're a' loyal,
 And that, wi' the King and Blood Royal,
 We'll a' soom or sink,
 Quairts a piece let us drink,
 To the brave and the Bonny Gyetsiders.

BOB CRANKY'S 'SIZE SUNDAY.

BY JOHN SELKIRK.

HO'WAY and aw'll sing thee a tune, man,
 'Bout huz seein' my Lord at the toon, man :

 Aw's seer aw was smart, now

 Aw'll lay thee a quart, now,

 Nyen them aw cut a dash like Bob Cranky.

When aw pat on maw blue coat that shines sae,
 Me jacket wi' posies sae fine, see,

 Maw sark sic sma' threed, man,

 Maw pig-tail sae greet, man !

 Odsplash ! what a buck was Bob Cranky.

Blue stockings, white clocks, and reed garters,
 Yellow breeks, and me shoon wi' lang quarters,

 Aw myed wor bairns cry,

 Eh ! sarties ! ni ! ni !

 Sic varry fine things had Bob Cranky.

B 3

Aw went to au'd Tom's and fand Nancy ;
Kiv aw, Lass, thou's myed to me fancy !

Aw like thou as weel
As a stannin-pye heel,

Ho'way to the town wi' Bob Cranky.

As up Jenny's backside we were bangin',
Ki' Geordy, How ! where are ye gannin' ?

Wey t' see me Lord 'Sizes,
But ye shanna gan aside us,

For ye're not half sae fine as Bob Cranky.

Ki' Geordy, We leeve i' yen raw, wyet,
I' yen corf we byeth gan below, wyet,

At aw things aw've play'd,
And to hew, aw'm not flay'd,

Wi' sic in a chep as Bob Cranky.

Bob hez thee at lowpin and flingin,
At the bool, foot-ball, clubby, and swingin :

Can ye jump up and shuffle,
And cross owre the buckle,

When ye dance ? like the clever Bob Cranky.

Thou knaws, i' my hoggars and drawers,
Aw'm nyen o' your scarters and clawers :

Fra the trap door bit laddie
T' the spletter his daddie,

Nyen handles the pick like Bob Cranky.

Sae, Geordy, od smash my pit sarik !

Thou'd best haud thee whisht about warik,

Or aw'll sobble thee body,
And myek thee nose bloody,

If thou sets up thee gob to Bob Cranky.

Nan laugh'd—to church we gat without 'im ;
The great crowd, becrike, how aw hew'd 'em !

Smasht a keel-bully roar'd,
Clear the road ! whilk's my Lord ?

Owse sae high as the noble Bob Cranky.

Aw lup up, and catch'd just a short gliff
 O' Lord Trials, the Trumpets and Sheriff,
 Wi' the little bit mannies,
 Sae fine and sae canny,
 Ods heft ! what a seet for Bob Cranky !

Then away we set off to the yell-house,
 Wiv a few hearty lasses an' fellows :
 Aw tell'd ower the wig,
 Sae curl'd and sae big ;
 For nyen saw't sae weel as Bob Cranky.

Aw gat drunk, fit, and kick'd up a racket,
 Rove me breeks and spoil'd a' me fine jacket ;
 Nan cry'd and she cuddled,
 Maw hinny, thou's fuddled,
 Ho'way hyem, now, me bonny Bob Cranky !

So we stagger'd along fra the toon, mun,
 Whiles gannin, whiles byeth fairly doon, mun ;
 Smash, a banksman or hewer,
 No, not a fine viewer,
 Durst jaw to the noble Bob Cranky.

What care aw for maw new suit, a' tatters,
 Twee black een—od smash a' sic matters !
 When me Lord comes agyen, mun,
 Aw'll strive, ev'ry byen, fun,
 To bang a' wor consarn, ki' Bob Cranky.

O' the flesh an' breed day, when wor bun, mun,
 Aw'll buy claes far bonnier than thon, mun ;
 For, od smash my nyavel !
 As lang as wour yebble,
 Let's keep up the day ! ki' Bob Cranky.

BOB CRANKY'S LEUM'NATION NEET.

For the Victory obtained at Waterloo.

LORD Sizes leuks weel in coach shinin',
Whese wig wad let Nan's heed an' mine in ;
But a bonnier seet,
Was the Leum'nation neet,—
It dazzled the een o' Bob Cranky.

About seven aw gov ower warkin,
Gat beard off, an' put a white sark on ;
For Newcasslers, thowt aw,
Gif they dinn't see me braw,
Will say, "What a gowk is Bob Cranky !"

Aw ran to the toon without stoppin',
An' fand ilka street like a hoppin ;
An' the folk stud sae thick,
Aw ssir wish'd for maw pick,
To hew oot a way for Bob Cranky.

The guns then went off fra the cassel,
Seun windors wur a' in a dazzle ;
Ilka place was like day,
Aw then shooted, "Hurray !
"There's 'Plenty an' Peace' for Bob Cranky !"

Some windors had pictures sae bonny !
Wi' sma' lamps aw can't tell how monny ;
Te count them, aw'm shure,
Wad bother the Viewer—
A greater Goggriffer than Cranky.

Aw see'd croons myed o' lamps blue an' reed,
Whilk aw wad na like put on me heed !
"G. P. R." aw see'd nex,
For our Geordy Prince Rex ;—
Nyen spelt it sae weel as Bob Cranky.

Some had anchors of leet high hung up,
To shew folk greet Bonny was deun up ;

But, far as aw see, man,
As reet it wad be, man,

Te leet up the pick o' Bob Cranky.

A leg of meat sed, "Doon aw's cummin !"
But some chep aw seun fand was hummin ;

For aw stopp'd bit below,
Haudin oot a lang paw,

But mutton cam ne nearer Cranky.

A cask on the Vicar's pump top, man,
Markt "Plenty an' Peace," gard me stop, man :

Thinks aw te me sel,
Awse here get some yel,

But only cau'd waiter gat Cranky.

Bonny, shav'd be a bear, was then shot, man ;
And be au'd Nick weel thump'd in a pot, man ;

But aw thowt a' the toon
Shuddent lick him when doon,

Tho' he'd a greet spite to Bob Cranky.

Yen Price had the cream o' the bowl, man,
Wi' goold lamps clagg'd close cheek by jowl, man :

It was sic a fine seet,
Aw cou'd glower'd a' neet,

Had fu' been the wame o' Bob Cranky.

Ne mair see'd aw till signal gun fired,
Out went the leets, an' hyem aw gat, tired ;

Nan ax'd 'boot Leum'nations,
Aw bade her hae patience,

An' first fetch some flesh te Bob Cranky.

Aw tell'd her what news aw had heerd, man,
That Shuggar was sixpence a pund, man,

An' good beef at a groat :—

Then oor Nan clear'd her throat,

An' shooted oot, "Plenty for Cranky !"

'Twas a' lees—for when Nan gang'd te toon,
 An' for yen pund a sixpence pat doon ;
 Fra shop she was winnin',
 When Grosser, deuce bin him !
 Teuk a' the cheap shuggar fra Cranky.

But gif *Peace* brings another gran' neet,
 Aw think folk shou'd hae *Plenty* te eat :
 Singin' hinnys, aw'm shoor,
 An strang yell at the door,
 Wad better nor candles please Cranky.

Then agyen, what a shem an' a sin !
 Te the Pit Dinner nyen ax'd me in :
 Yet aw work like a Turk,
 Byeth wi' pick, knife, and fork,—
 An' whese mair a *Pittie* nor Cranky ?

Or what cou'd ye a' de without me,
 When cau'd ice an' snaw com about ye ?
 Then sair ye wad shiver,
 For a' ye're sae cliver,
 An' lang for the pick o' Bob Cranky !

SWALWELL HOPPING.

LADS ! myek a ring,
 An' hear huz sing
 The sport we had at Swalwell-o ;
 Wour merry play,
 O' the Hoppen day,
 Ho'way, marrows ! an' aw'll tell ye-o.
 The sun shines warm on Whichham bank,
 Let's a' lie down at Dolly's-o ;
 And hear 'bout monny a funny prank,
 Play'd by the lads at Crowley's-o.

There was Sam, O zoons!
 Wiv's pantaloons,
 An' gravat up owre his gobby-o;
 An' Willy, thou,
 Wi' thee jacket blue,
 Thou was the varry bobby-o:
 There was knack-knee'd Mat, wiv's purple suit,
 An' hopper-a-s'd Dick, a' yellow-o:
 Great Tom was there, wi' Hepple's awd coat,
 An' buck-sheen'd Bob frae Stella-o.

When we wor drest,
 It was confest
 We shem'd the cheps fra Newcassel-o:
 So away we set,
 To wour toon gyet,
 To jeer them a' as they pass'd us-o.
 We shooted some, and some dung doon;
 Lobstrop'lus fellows, we kick'd them-o:
 Some culls went hyem, some crush'd to toon,
 Some gat about by Whickham-o.

The spree com on—
 The hat was won
 By carrot-pow'd Jenny's Jacky-o:
 What a fyace begok!
 Had buckle-mouth'd Jock,
 When he twin'd his jaws for the backy-o!
 The kilted lasses fell tid, pell mell,
 Wi' "Tally-i-o the grinder"-o—
 The smock was gi'en to slavering Nell;
 Ye'd dropp'd had ye been behind her-o.

Wour dance began,
 With buck-tyuth'd Nan;
 An', Geordy, thou'd Jen Collin-o:
 While the merry Black,
 Wi' monny a crack,
 Set the Tambourine a rolling-o.

Like wour forge-hammer, we bet sae true,
 An' shuk Raw's house sae soundly-o :
 Tuff canna cum up wi' Crowley's crew,
 Nor thump the tune sae roundly-o.

Then Gyetside Jack,
 Wiv's bloody back,
 Wad dance wi' goggle-eye'd Mally-o :
 But up cam Nick
 An' gave him a kick,
 And a canny bit kind of a fally-o :
 That day a' Hawks's blacks may rue,—
 They gat monny a varry sair clanker-o :
 Can they de owse wi' Crowley's crew,
 Frev a needle tiv an anchor-o?

What's that to say
 To the bonny fray
 We had wi skipper Robbin-o ?
 The keel-bullies a',
 Byeth great an' sma',
 Myed a b——rly tide o' the hoppen-o.
 Glead Will cried, *Ma-a!* up lup aud Frank,
 An' Robbin that marry'd his dowter-o :
 We hammer'd their ribs like an anchor shank ;
 They fand it six weeks efter-o.

Bald Pyat Jone Carr
 Wad hev a bit spar,
 To help his marrows away wid-o ;
 But, poor au'd fellow,
 He'd getten ower mellow,
 So we down'd byeth him and Davy-o :
 Then Petticoat Robbin jump'd up agyen,
 Wiv's gully to marcykree huz a',
 But Willanton Dan laid him flat wiv a styen :
 Hurraw ! for Crowley's crew, boys a' !

Their hash was sattled,
 So off they rattled,
 And jigg'd it up sae hearty-o,
 Wi' monny a shiver,
 An' lowp sae clever,
 Can Newcassel turn out sec a party-o?
 When, wheyt dyun ower, the fiddlers went,
 We stagger'd a-hint sae merry-o:
 An' thro' wour toon, till fairly spent,
 Roar'd—Crowley's Crew an' glory-o!

WINLATON HOPPING.

BY JOHN LENNARD.

YE sons of glee, come join with me,
 Ye who love mirth and topping-o,
 You'll ne'er refuse to hear my Muse
 Sing of Winlatoon fam'd Hopping-o.
 To Tenche's Hotel let's retire,
 To tippie away so neatly-o:
 The fiddle and song you'll sure admire,
 Together they sound so sweetly-o.
 Tal, lal, &c.

With box and die you'll Sammy spy,
 Of late Sword-Dancers' Bessy-o—
 All patch'd and torn, with tail and horn,
 Just like a De'il in dress-y-o:
 But late discharg'd from that employ,
 This scheme popp'd in his noddle-o;
 Which fill'd his little heart with joy,
 And pleas'd blithe Sammy Doddle-o.
 Tal, lal, &c.

Close by the stocks, his dice and box
 He rattled away so rarely-o;
 Both youth and age did he engage,
 Together they play'd so chearly-o:

While just close by the sticks did fly
 At spice on knobs of woody-o ;
 " How ! mind maw legs ! " the youngsters cry,
 " Wey, man, thou's drawn the bloody ! " -o.
 Tal, lal, &c.

Rang'd in a row, a glorious show,
 Of spice, and nuts for cracking-o ;
 With handsome toys, for girls and boys,
 Grac'd Winlato fam'd Hopping-o.
 Each to the stalls led his dear lass,
 And treat her there so sweetly-o ;
 Then straight retir'd to drink a glass,
 And shuffle and cut so neatly-o.
 Tal, lal, &c.

Ye men so wise, who knowledge prize,
 Let not this scene confound ye-o ;
 At Winship's door might ye explore
 The world a' running round ye-o :
 Blithe boys and girls, on horse an' chair,
 Flew round, without e'er stopping-o ;
 Sure Blaydon Races can't compare
 With Winlato fam'd Hopping-o.
 Tal, lal, &c.

The night came on, with dance and song
 Each public-house did jingle-o ;
 All ranks did swear to banish care,
 The married and the single-o :
 They tript away till morning light,
 Then slept sound without rocking-o ;
 Next day got drunk, in merry plight,
 And jaw'd about the Hopping-o.
 Tal, lal, &c.

At last dull Care his crest did rear,
 Our heads he sore did riddle-o ;
 Till Peacock drew his pipes and blew,
 And Tenche he tun'd his fiddle-o :

Then Painter Jack he led the van,
 The drum did join in chorus-o,—
 The old and young then danc'd and sung,
 Dull Care fled far before us-o.
 Tal, lal, &c.

No courtier fine, nor grave divine,
 That's got the whole he wishes-o,
 Will ever be so blithe as we,
 With all their loaves and fishes-o :
 Then grant, O Jove ! our ardent prayer,
 And happy still you'll find us-o ;—
 Let pining Want and haggard Care,
 A day's march keep behind us-o.
 Tal, lal, &c.

THE SKIPPER'S WEDDING.

NEIGHBOURS, I'm come for to tell ye,
 Our Skipper and Moll's to be wed ;
 And if it be true what they're saying,
 Egad, we'll be all rarely fed !
 They've brought home a shoulder of mutton,
 Besides two thumping fat geese,
 And when at the fire they're roasting,
 We're all to have sops in the greese.
 Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

And there will be pies and spice dumplings,
 And there will be bacon and peas ;
 Besides a great lump of beef boiled,
 And they may get crowdies who please.
 To eat of such good things as these are,
 I'm sure you've but seldom the luck ;
 Besides, for to make us some pottage,
 There'll be a sheep's head and a pluck.
 Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

Of sausages there will be plenty,
 Black puddings, sheep fat, and neats' tripes ;
 Besides, for to warm all your noses,
 Great store of tobacco and pipes.
 A room, they say, there is provided
 For us at " The Old Jacob's Well ;"
 The bridegroom he went there this morning,
 And spoke for a barrel o' yell.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

There's sure to be those things I've mention'd,
 And many things else ; and I learn,
 There's white bread and butter and shuggar,
 To please every bonny young bairn.
 Of each dish and glass you'll be welcome
 To eat and to drink till you stare :—
 I've told you what meat's to be at it,
 I'll next tell you who's to be there.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

Why there will be Peter the hangman,
 Who flogs the folks at the cart tail,
 And Bob, with his new sark and ruffle,
 Made out of an old *keel sail* !
 And Tib on the Quay who sells oysters,
 Whose mother oft strove to persuade
 Her to keep from the lads, but she wouldn't,
 Until she got by them betray'd.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

And there will be Sandy the cobbler,
 Whose belly's as round as a keg,
 And Doll with her short petticoats,
 To display her white stockings and leg ;
 And Sall, who when snug in a corner,
 A sixpence they say won't refuse ;
 She curs'd when her father was drown'd,
 Because he had on his new shoes.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

And there will be Sam the quack doctor,
 Of skill and profession he'll crack ;
 And Jack who would fain be a soldier,
 But for a great hump on his back ;
 And Tom in the streets, for his living,
 Who grinds razors, scissors, and knives ;
 And two or three merry old women,
 That call " Mugs and doublers, wives !"
 Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

But neighbours, I'd almost forgot
 For to tell ye—exactly at one
 The dinner will be on the table,
 And music will play till its done :
 When you'll be all heartily welcome,
 Of this merry feast for to share :
 But if you wont come at this bidding,
 Why then—you may stay where you are.
 Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

NEWCASTLE FAIR ;

Or, the Pitman drinking Jackey.

HA' ye been at Newcastle Fair,
 And did you see owse o' great Sandy ?
 Lord bliss us ! what wark there was there ;
 And the folks were drinking of brandy.
 Brandy a shilling a glass !
 Aw star'd, and thought it was shameful,
 Never mind, says aw, canny lass,
 Give us yell, and aw'll drink me wame-full.
 Rum te idily, &c.

Says she, Canny man, the yell's cau'd ;
 It comes frev a man they caw Mackey,
 And by my faith ! it's byeth sour and au'd ;
 Ye'd best hev a drop o' wour Jackey.

C

Your Jackey! says I, now what's that?

Aw ne'er heerd the nyem o' sic liquor.

English gin, canny man, that's flat!

And then she set up a great nicker.

Rum te idily, &c.

Says I, Divent laugh at poor folks,

But gang and bring some o' yor Jackey;

Aw want nyen o' yur jibes or jokes:

I' th' mean time aw'll tyek a bit backy.

Aw just tyuk a chew o' pig tail,

When she fetch'd in the Jackey sae funny:

Says she, Sir, that's better than ale,

And held out her hand for the money.

Rum ti idily, &c.

There's threepence to pay, if you please:

Aw star'd an' aw gyep'd like a ninny:

Odsdash thee! aw'll sit at me ease,

An' not stir till aw've spent a half-guinea.

Aw sat an' aw drank till quite blind,

Then aw gat up to gang to the door,

But deel smash a door cou'd aw find!

An' fell fiat o' maw fyace on the floor.

Rum te idily, &c.

There aw lay for ever sae lang,

And dreamt about rivers and ditches;

When wyaken'd, was singing this sang—

“Smash, Jackey, thou's wet a' me breeches!”

An' faith! but the sang it was true,

For Jackey had been sae prevailing,

He'd whistled himsel' quickly through,

An' the chairs an' tyables were sailing.

Rum te idily, &c.

Then rising, aw went maw ways hyem,

Aw knock'd at the door, and cry'd, Jenny!

Says she, Canny man, is te lyem,

Or been wading in Tyne, maw hinny?

I' troth, she was like for to dee,
 An' just by the way to relieve her,—
 The water's been wading through me,
 An' this Jackey's a gay deceiver.
 Rum te idily, &c.

If e'er aw drink Jackey agyen,
 May the bitch of a lass, maw adviser,
 Lowp alive down maw throat, with a styen
 As big as a pulveriser.
 Rum te idily, &c.

THE QUAYSIDE SHAVER.

ON each market day, sir, the folks to the Quay, sir,
 Go flocking with beards they have seven days worn,
 And round the small grate, sir, in crowds they all wait,
 sir,

To get themselves shav'd in a rotative turn.
 Old soldiers on sticks, sir, about politics, sir,
 Debate—till at length they quite heated are grown ;
 Nay, nothing escapes, sir, until *Madam Scrape*, sir,
 Cries, "Gentlemen, who is the next to sit down?"

A medley the place is, of those that sell laces,
 With fine shirt-neck buttons, and good cabbage nets ;
 Where match-men, at meeting, give each a kind greet-
 ing,

And ask one another how trade with them sets ;
 Join'd in with *Tom Hoggars* and little *Bob Packers*,
 Who wander the streets in their fuddling jills ;
 And those folks with bags, sir, who buy up old rags, sir,
 That deal in fly-cages and paper windmills.

There pitmen, with baskets and gay posey waistcoats,
 Discourse about nought but whe puts and hews best :
 There keelmen just landed, swear, May they be stranded,
 If they're not shav'd first, while their keel's at the *fest!*

With face full of coal dust, would frighten one almost,
 Throw off hat and wig while they usurp the chair ;
 While others stand looking, and think it provoking,
 But, for the insult, to oppose them none dare.

When under the chin, sir, she tucks the cloth in, sir,
 Their old quid they'll pop in the pea-jacket cuff ;
 And while they are sitting, do nought but keep spit-
 ting,

And looking around, with an air fierce and bluff.
 Such tales as go round, sir, would surely confound, sir,
 And puzzle the prolific brain of the wise :
 But when she prepares, sir, to take off the hairs, sir,
 With lather she whitens them up to the eyes.

No sooner the razor is laid on the face, sir,
 Than painful distortions take place on the brow ;
 But if they complain, sir, they'll find it in vain, sir,
 She'll tell them " there's nought but what *Patience*
 can do :"

And as she scrapes round 'em, if she by chance wound
 'em,

They'll cry out, as tho' she'd bereav'd them of life,
 ' 'Odsmash your brains, woman ! aw find the blood's
 comin,

' Aw'd rather been shav'd with an au'd gully knife !'

For all they can say, sir, she still rasps away, sir,
 And sweeps round their jaws the chop turturing
 tool ;

Till they in a pet, sir, request her to whet, sir ;
 But she gives them for answer, ' Sit still, you pist
 fool !'

For all their repining, their twisting and twining,
 She forward proceeds till she's mown off the hair ;
 When finish'd, cries, ' There, sir !' then straight from
 the chair, sir,

They'll jump, crying, ' Daresay you've scrap'd the
 bone bare !'

THE SANDGATE GIRL'S LAMENTATION.

I WAS a young maiden truly,
 And lived in Sandgate-street ;
 I thought to marry a good man,
 To keep me warm at neet.
 Some good-like body, some bonny body,
 To be with me at noon ;
 But last I married a keelman,
 And my good days are done.

I thought to marry a parson,
 To hear me say my prayers ;
 But I have married a keelman,
 And he kicks me down the stairs.
 He's an ugly body, a bubbly body,
 An ill-far'd, ugly loon ;
 And I have married a keelman,
 And my good days are done.

I thought to marry a dyer,
 To dye my apron blue ;
 But I have married a keelman,
 And he makes me sorely rue.
 He's an ugly body, a bubbly body,
 An ill-far'd, ugly loon ;
 And I have married a keelman,
 And my good days are done.

I thought to marry a joiner,
 To make me chair and stool ;
 But I have married a keelman,
 And he's a perfect fool.
 He's an ugly body, a bubbly body,
 An ill-far'd, ugly loon ;
 And I have married a keelman,
 And my good days are done.

I thought to marry a sailor,
 To bring me sugar and tea ;
 But I have married a keelman,
 And that he lets me see.
 He's an ugly body, a bubbly body,
 An ill-far'd, ugly loon ;
 And I have married a keelman,
 And my good days are done.

THE WATER OF TYNE.

I Cannot get to my love, if I should dee,
 The water of Tyne runs between him and me ;
 And here I must stand, with the tear in my e'e,
 Both sighing and sickly my sweetheart to see.

O where is the boatman ? my bonny honey !
 O where is the boatman ? bring him to me—
 To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
 And I will remember the boatman and thee.

O bring me a boatman—I'll give any money,
 (And you for your trouble rewarded shall be)
 To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
 Or skull him across that rough river to me.

THE NEWCASTLE SIGNS.

Written by Cecil Pitt, and sung at the Theatre-Royal, Newcastle, by Mr. Scriven, June 4, 1806.

SHOULD the French in Newcastle but dare to appear,
 At each sign they would meet with indifferent chear ;
 From the Goat and the Hawk, from the Bell and the
 Waggon,
 And Dog, they would skip, as St. George made the
 Dragon.

The Billet, the Highlander, Cross Keys, and Sun,
 The Eagle, and Ships too, would shew 'em some fun ;
 The Three Kings and Unicorn, Bull's Head and Horse,
 Would prove, that the farther they went they'd fare
 worse.

At the Black House, a *strong-Arm*, would lay ev'ry
 man on,

And they'd quickly go off, if they got in the Cannon :
 The Nelson and Turk's Head their fears would increase,
 And they'd run from the Swan like a parcel of geese.

At the York and the Cumberland, Cornwallis too,
 With our Fighting Cocks, sure they'd find plenty to do ;
 The Nag's Head, and Lions would cut such an evil,
 And the Angel would drive the whole crew to the devil.

At the World, and the Fountain, the Bridge, Crown
 and Thistle,

The Bee-Hive, and Tuns, for a drop they might whistle ;
 With our Prince, or our Crown, should they dare in-
 terpose,

They'd prick their French fingers well under the Rose.

At the Half Moon, the Wheat-Sheaf, and Old Barley-
 Mow,

A sup's to be got—if they could but tell how ;
 If they call'd at the Bull and the Tyger, to ravage,
 As well as the Black Boy, they'd find 'em quite savage.

At the Ark, and the Anchor, Pack Horse, and Blue Posts,
 And the Newmarket Inn, they would find but rough
 hosts ;

The Old Star and Garter, Cock, Anchor, and more,
 Would prove, like the Grapes, all most cursedly sour.

The Lion and Lamb, Plough, and Old Robin Hood,
 With the Crane House, would check these delighters
 in blood ;

From the Butchers' Arms quick they'd be running
 away,
 And we all know that Shakespeare would shew 'em
 some play.

At the White Hart, Three Bulls' Heads, the Old Dog
 and Duck,
 If they did not get thrash'd, they'd escape by good luck :
 At the Bird in Bush, Metters' Arms, Peacock, they'd
 fast,
 And our King's and Queen's Heads we'll defend till
 the last.

May the sign of the King ever meet with respect,
 And our great Constitution each Briton protect ;
 And may he who would humble our old British Crown,
 Be hung on a Sign-post till I take him down.

THE COLLIER'S RANT.

AS me and my marrow was gannin to wark,
 We met with the Devil, it was in the dark ;
 I up with my pick, it being in the neet,
 And knock'd off his horns, likewise his club feet.

Follow the horses, Johnny my lad, oh !
 Follow them through, my canny lad, oh !
 Follow the horses, Johnny my lad, oh !
 Oh, lad, lie away, canny lad, oh !

As me and my marrow was putting the tram,
 The lowe it went out, and my marrow went wrang ;
 You would have laugh'd had you seen the gam,
 The Deil gat my marrow, but I gat the tram.
 Follow the horses, &c.

Oh! marrow, oh! marrow, what dost thou think ?
 I've broken my bottle, and spilt a' my drink ;

I've lost a' my shin-splints among the great stanes,
Draw me to the shaft, it's time to gan hame.

Follow the horses, &c.

Oh, marrow ! oh, marrow ! where hest thou been ?
Driving the drift from the low seam,
Driving the drift from the low seam :
Haud up the lowe, fad ! deil stop out thy een !

Follow the horses, &c.

Oh, marrow ! oh, marrow ! this is wor pay week,
We'll get penny loaves, and drink to our beek ;
And we'll fill up our bumper, and round it shall go,
Follow the horses, Johnny lad, oh !

Follow the horses, &c.

There is my horse, and there is my tram ;
Twee horns full of greese will myek her to gan ;
There is me hoggars, likewise me half shoon,
And smash me heart, marrow, me putting's a' done !

Follow the horses, Johnny my lad, oh !
Follow them through, my canny lad, oh !
Follow the horses, Johnny my lad, oh !
Oh, lad, lie away ! canny lad, oh !

THE PITMAN'S REVENGE

AGAINST BONAPARTE.

HA'E ye heerd o' these wondrous Dons,
That myeks this mighty fuss, man,
About invading Britain's land ?

I vow they're wondrous spruce, man :
But little do the Frenchmen ken
About our loyal Englishmen ;
Our Collier lads are for cockades,
And guns to shoot the French, man.

Toll loll de roll, de roll de roll.

Then to parade the pitmen went,
 Wi' hearts byeth stout and strong, man ;
 Gad smash the French ! we are sae strang,
 We'll shoot them every one, man !
 Gad smash me sark ! if aw would stick
 To tumble them a' down the pit :
 As fast as aw could thraw a eol,
 Aw'd tumble them a' down the hole,
 And close her in aboon, man.
 Toll loll, &c.

Heeds up ! says one, ye silly sow,
 Ye dinna mind the word, man :
 Eyes right ! says Tom, and wi' a dam,
 And march off at the word, man :
 Did ever mortals see sic brutes,
 To order me to lift my cutes ?
 Ad smash the fool ! he stands and talks,
 How can he learn me to walk,
 That's walk'd this forty year, man !
 Toll loll, &c.

But should the Frenchmen shew their face
 Upon our waggon-ways, man,
 Then, there upon the road, you know,
 We'd myek them end their days, man :
 Aye, Bonaparte's sel aw'd tyek,
 And throw him in the burning heap,
 And with great speed aw'd roast him deed ;
 His marrows, then, aw wad nae heed,
 We'd pick out a' their een, man.
 Toll loll, &c.

Says Willy Dunn to loyal Tom,
 Your words are all a joke, man ;
 For Geordy winna hae your help,
 Ye're sic kamstarie folk, man :

Then, Willy, lad, we'll rest in peace,
 In hopes that a' the wars may cease ;
 But awse gi'e ye, Wull, to understand,
 As lang as aw can wield me hand,
 There's nyen but George shall reign, man.
 Toll loll, &c.

Enough of this has shure been said,
 Cry'd cowardly Willy Dunn, man ;
 For should the Frenchmen come this way,
 We'd be ready for to run, man.
 Gad smash you, for a fool ! says Tom,
 For if aw could not use me gun,
 Aw'd tyek me pick, aw'd hew them doon,
 And run and cry, through a' the toon,
 God save greet George our king, man !
 Toll loll, &c.

THE PITMAN'S COURTSHIP.

By William Midford.

QUITE soft blew the wind from the west,
 The sun faintly shone in the sky,
 When Lukey and Bessy sat courting,
 As walking I chanc'd to espy.
 Unheeded I stole close beside them,
 To hear their discourse was my plan ;
 I listen'd each word they were saying,
 When Lukey his courtship began.
 Last hoppen thou won up me fancy,
 Wi' thy fine silken jacket o' blue ;
 An' smash ! if their Newcassel lyedies
 Cou'd marrow the curls o' thy brow.
 That day aw whiles danc'd wi' lang Nancy,
 She couldn't like thou lift her heel :
 My Grandy lik'd spice singing hinnies,
 Maw comely ! aw like thou as weel.

Thou knaws, ever since we were little,
 Together we've rang'd through the woods ;
 At neets hand in hand toddled hyem,
 Varry oft wi' howl kites and torn duds :
 But now we can tauk about mairage,
 An' lang sair for wor weddin day :
 When mairied thou's keep a bit shop,
 An' sell things in a huikstery way.

An' to get us a canny bit leeven,
 A' kinds o' fine sweetmeats we'll sell,
 Reed herrin, broon syep, and mint candy,
 Black pepper, dye-sand, an' sma' yell ;
 Spice hunters, pick shafts, farden candles,
 Wax dollies wi' reed leather shoes,
 Chalk pussy-cats, fine curly greens,
 Paper skyets, penny pies, an' huil-doods.

Awse help thou to tie up thy shuggar,
 At neets when fra wark aw get lowse ;
 An' wor Dick, that leeves ower by High Whickham,
 He'll myek us broom buzzoms for nowse.
 Like an image thou's stand ower the coonter,
 Wi' thy fine muslin, cambricker goon ;
 An' to let the fokes see thou's a lyedy,
 On a cuddy thou's ride to the toon.

There's be matches, pipe clay, and broon dishes,
 Canary seed, raisins, and fegs ;
 And, to please the pit laddies at Easter,
 A dish full o' giltey paste eggs.
 Wor neybor, that's snuffers an' smokers,
 For wor snuff and backey they'll seek ;
 An' to shew them we deal wi' Newcassel,
 Twee Blackeys sal mense the dor cheek.

So now for Tim Bodkin awse send,
 To darn my silk breeks at the knee ;
 Thou thy ruffles an' frills mun get ready,
 Next Whissunday mairied we'll be.

Now aw think it's high time to be steppin,
 We've sitten tiv aw's about lyem.
 So then, wiv a kiss and a cuddle,
 These lovers they bent their ways hyem.

CAPPY, OR THE PITMAN'S DOG.

By the same.

IN a town near Newcassel a Pitman did dwell,
 Wiv his wife nyemed Peg, a Tom Cat, and himsel ;
 A Dog, called Cappy, he doated upon,
 Because he was left him by great uncle Tom :
 Weel bred Cappy, famous au'd Cappy,
 Cappy's the dog, Tallio, Tallio.

His tail pitcher-handled, his colour jet black,
 Just a foot and a half was the length of his back ;
 His legs seven inches frev shoulders to paws,
 And his lugs like twee dockins hung owre his jaws :
 Weel bred Cappy, &c.

For huntin of varmin reet clever was he,
 And the house frev a' robbers his bark wad keep free :
 Cou'd byeth fetch and carry—could sit on a stuil ;
 Or, when frisky, wad hunt waiter rats in a puil.
 Weel bred Cappy, &c.

As Ralphy to market one morn did repair,
 In his hat-band a pipe, and weel kyem'd was his hair,
 Owre his airm-hung a basket—thus onward he speels,
 And enter'd Newcassel wi' Cap at his heels :
 Weel bred Cappy, &c.

He haddent got farther than foot o' the Side,
 Before he fell in with the dog-killing tribe :
 When a highwayman-fellow slipp'd round in a crack,
 And a thump o' the skull laid him flat on his back ;
 Down went Cappy, &c.

Now Ralphy, *extonish'd*, Cap's fate did repine,
 While it's eyes like twee little pyerl buttons did shine :
 He then spat on his hands, in a fury he grew,
 Cries, " Gad smash ! but awse hev settisfaction o' thou,
 " For knocking down Cappy," &c.

Then this grim luikin fellow his bludgeon he rais'd,
 When Ralphy eye'd Cappy, and then stood amaz'd :
 But, fearin' beside him he might be laid doon,
 Threw him into the basket and bang'd out o' toon ;
 Away went Cappy, &c.

He breathless gat hyem, and when lifting the sneck,
 His wife exclaim'd, ' Ralphy, thou's suin gettin back :'
 ' Gettin back !' replied Ralphy, ' I wish I'd ne'er gyen,
 ' In Newcassel they're fellin dogs, lasses, and men ;
 ' They've knock'd down Cappy ! &c.

' If aw gan to Newcassel, when comes wor pay week,
 ' Aw'll ken him agyen by the patch on his cheek :
 ' Or if ever he enters wor toon wiv his stick,
 ' We'll thump him about till he's black as au'd Nick,
 ' For killin au'd Cappy,' &c.

Wiv tears in her een Peggy heard his sad tale,
 And Ralph wiv confusion and terrow grew pale :
 While Cappy's transactions with grief they talk'd o'er,
 He crap out o' the basket, quite brisk o' the floor ;
 Weel duin, Cappy ! &c.

X Y Z AT NEWCASTLE RACES, 1814.

OR PITMAN'S LUCK.

By the same.

SMASH ! Jemmy, let us buss, weel off
 And see Newcassel Races ;
 Set Dick the Trapper for some syep,
 We'll suin wesh a' wor faces.
 There's ne'er a lad in Percy Main
 Be bet this day for five or ten ;

Wor pockets lin'd wiv notes an' cash,
 Among the cheps we'll cut a dash :
 For X Y Z, that bonny steed,
 He bangs them a' for pith and speed,
 He's sure to win the Cup, man.

We reach'd the Moor, wi' sairish tews,
 When they were gawn to start, man :
 We gav a fellow tuppence each,
 To stand upon a cart, man :
 The bets flew round fra side to side ;
 " The field agyen X Y ! " they cried :
 We'd hardly time to lay them a',
 When in he cam—Hurraw ! hurraw !
 " Gad smash ! " says aw, " X Y's the steed,
 " He bangs them a' for pith an' speed,
 " We never see'd the like, man ! "

Next, to the tents we hied, to get
 Some stuffin for wor bags, man ;
 Wi' flesh we gaily pang'd wor hides—
 Smoak'd nowse but patten shag, man :
 While rum and brandy soak'd each chop,
 We'd Jackey an' fine Ginger Pop ;
 We gat what myed us winkin blin'—
 When drunkeny aw began to sing—
 " Od smash ! X Y, that bonny steed,
 " Thou bangs them a' for pith an' speed,
 " We never see'd the like, man ! "

Next up among the shows we gat,
 Where folks a' stood i' flocks, man,
 To see a chep play Bob and Joan,
 Upon a wooden box, man ;
 While bairns and music fill'd the stage,
 An' some, by gox ! were grim wi' age :
 When next au'd grin a pony brought,
 Could tell at yence what people thowt !

“ Od smash !” says aw, “ if he’s the breed
 “ Of X Y Z, that bonny steed,
 “ Thou never see’d his like, man !”

But haud ! when we cam to the toon,
 What thinks tou we saw there, man ?
 We see’d a Blacky puffin, sweetin,
 Sucking in fresh air, man ;
 They said that he could fell an ox—
 His name was fighting Molinox :
 But ere he fit another round,
 His marrow fell’d him te the ground.
 “ Od smash !” says aw, “ if thou’s sic breed
 “ As X Y Z, that bonny steed,
 “ Thou never see’d his like, man !”

Next ’board the Steemer Boat we gat,
 A laddie rang a bell, man ;
 We haddent sitten varry lang,
 Till byeth asleep we fell, man :
 But the noise seun myed poor Jemmy start—
 He thowt ’twas time to gan to wark,
 For pick and hoggars roar’d out he—
 And myed sic noise it waken’d me.
 “ Od smash !” says aw, “ X Y’s the steed,
 “ He bangs them a’ for pith and speed,
 “ Aw never see’d his like, man !”

When landed, straight off hyem aw gans,
 An’ thunners at the door, man ;
 The bairns lap ower the bed wi’ fright,
 Fell smack upon the floor, man :
 But to gar the wifey haud her tongue,
 Show’d her the kelter aw had won :
 She with a cinder brunt her toss,
 An’ little Jacob broke his nose—
 ‘The brass aw’ve gatten at the Race,
 Will buy a patch for Jacob’s face,—
 So now my sang is duin, man.

THE EAGLE STEAM PACKET ;

OR, A TRIP TO SUNDERLAND.

By the same.

OH, ha'e ye heard the wondrous news ?
To hear my sang ye'll not refuse,
Since the new Steam Packet's ta'en a cruise,

An' bore away for Sunderland.

The folks cam flockin ower the keels,
Betwixt Newcassel Key an' Sheels,
Before she ply'd her powerful wheels,
To work their way to Sunderland.

The sky was clear, the day was fine,
Their dress an' luggage all in stile ;
An' they thought to cut a wondrous shine,

When they got safe to Sunderland.

Now when they to the Pier drew nigh,
The guns did fire and streamers fly ;
In a moment all was hue and cry

Amang the folks at Sunderland.

There was male and female, lean an' fat,
An' some wi' whiskers like a cat ;
But a Barber's ' water-proof silk hat'

Was thought the tip at Sunderland.

In pleasures sweet they spent the day,
The short-liv'd moments wing'd away ;
When they must haste, without delay,

To quit the port of Sunderland.

As on the ocean wide they drew,
A strong North wind against them blew,
And the billows dash'd the windows through :

A woeful trip to Sunderland !

Such howlin, screamin rend the sky,
All in confusion they did lie,

With pain and sickness like to die,

They wish'd they'd ne'er seen Sunderland.

D

A Lady lay beside the door,
 Said, she had been at sea before,
 Where foaming billows round did roar,
 But ne'er had been at Sunderland :
 She soon amongst the heap was thrown,
 While here and there they sat alone :
 Poor Puff had passage up and down,
 But none could get from Sunderland.

Some in a corner humm'd their prayers,
 While others choak'd the cabin stairs ;
 And bloody noses, unawares,
 Were got in sight of Sunderland :
 In vain they strove now to proceed,
 So back again they came with speed ;
 But the passengers were all nigh deed,
 When they got back to Sunderland.

Now their dresses fine look'd worse than rags,
 While each a safe conveyance begs ;
 And many had to use their legs,
 To travel home from Sunderland.
 By this affair your reason guide,
 When on the seas you'd wish to ride,
 Choose a good strong ship, with wind and tide ;
 And so good bye to Sunderland.

THE WONDERFUL GUTTER.

By the Same.

SINCE Boney was sent to that place owre the sea,
 We've had little to talk of, but far less to dee ;
 But now they're a' sayin, we seun will get better,
 When yence they begin with the wonderful Gutter,
 The greet lang Gutter, the wonderful Gutter :
 Success to the Gutter ! and prosper the Plough !

The way how aw ken—when aw was at the toon
 Aw met Dicky Wise near the Rose and the Croon ;
 And as Dicky reads papers, and talks about Kings,
 Wey he's like to ken weel about Gutters and things ;
 So he talk'd owre the Gutter, &c.

He then a lang story began for to tell,
 And said that it often was ca'd a Cannéll ;
 But he thowt, by a Gutter, aw wad understand,
 That it's cutten reet through a' the Gentlemen's land.
 Now that's caw'd a Gutter, &c.

Now, whether the sea's owre big at the West,
 Or scanty at Sheels—wey, ye mebbly ken best ;
 For he says they can team, aye, without any bother,
 A sup out o' yen, a' the way to the tother,
 By the greet lang Gutter, &c.

Besides there'll be bridges, and locks, and lairge keys,
 And shippies, to trade wiv eggs, butter, and cheese :
 And if they'll not sail weel, for went o' mair force,
 They'll myek ne mair fuss, but yoke in a strang horse,
 To pull through the Gutter, &c.

Ye ken there's a deal that's lang wanted a myel,
 When they start wi' the Gutter 'twill thicken their
 kyell :

Let wages be high, or be just what they may,
 It will certainly help to drive hüngrer away,
 While they work at the Gutter, &c.

There's wor Tyne sammun tee 'ill not ken what's the
 matter,

When they get a gobful o' briny saut watter ;
 But if they should gan off, it's cum'd into my nob,
 For to myek sum amends we mun catch a' the cod,
 That sweems down the Gutter, &c.

So cum money and friends support Willy Airmstrang,
 In vent'rin a thoosan ye canna get wrang ;
 While we get wor breed by the sweet o' wor broo,
 Success to the Gutter ! and prosper the Plough !
 The greet lang Gutter ! the wonderful Gutter !
 Success to the Gutter ! and prosper the Plough !

THE TYNE COSSACKS.

By the same.

NOT long ago, a fray in Shields
 And Sunderland began,
 'Tween the Seamen and Ship-owners,
 How their vessels they should man ;
 But the Owners stiff, to them were deaf,
 Which made the Seamen for to grumble,
 For our Tyne Cossacks they soon did send,
 The haughty pride of Jack to humble.
 Whack row de dow, &c.

A letter being sent, they were
 Call'd out, without delay ;
 But the Gen'ral thought he'd try their skill
 Before they went away :
 So round the Moer he made them scour,
 Before him cut such wondrous capers ;
 Their praise he sounded high and low,
 In all the three Newcassel papers.

He cries, My lads, you're qualified
 To do such wondrous feats,
 That to Shields and Cleadon you must go,
 To clear the lanes and streets ;
 Destroy all those who may oppose
 The ships from sailing down the River,
 And then our Prince will sure commend
 Your deeds in arms, my boys, so clever.

The Butcher cries, If we begin,
 We'll surely kill and slay ;
 The Tanner swore they'd tan their hides
 Before they came away :
 A Taylor next, with fear perplext,
 Said, he should like no other station,
 Than to be the Doctor's waiting man,
 If sanction'd by the Corporation.

To Shields they got, tho' much fatigued,
 Upon their worn-out hacks,
 Some cried, " The Polish Lancers come !"
 And others, " Tyne's Cossacks !"
 By some mishap, the Farrier's cap
 Blew off, but met with coolish treatment,
 Into a huckster's shop it went,—
 Now Martin's cap's a tatie beatment.

For several weeks they rode about,
 Like poachers seeking game ;
 The Marines so bold, as I am told,
 Had better sight than them ;
 For every boat that was afloat,
 They seiz'd upon with mad-like fury,
 And to the bottom sent them straight,
 Not asking either Judge or Jury.

The deed was done by this effort,
 All opposition gone,
 The ardour of the heroes cool'd,
 'Cause they were lookers on :
 Odsmash ! says yen, if e'er agyen
 There's ony mair au'd boats to smatter,
 We'll hev horses that's web-footed, then
 We'll fight byeth on the land and watter.

Now should our Tyne Cossacks e'er have
 To face their enemies,
 They'll boldly meet them on the land,
 Or on the stormy seas.
 While the farmers sing, that they, next spring,
 At spreading dung will ne'er be idle :
 So—success to these Invincibles,
 Their long swords, saddle, bridle.
 Whack row de dow.

THE PITMAN'S RAMBLE,

OR, NEWCASTLE FINERY.

By the Same.

HO! lizzen, a' ye neybor's roun,
 Yor clappers haud and pipes lay doen ;
 Aw've had a swagger through the toon,
 Yen morning aw went suin ti'd.
 Ye see, aw fand aw wasn't thrang,
 Se to Newcassel aw wad gang :—
 Awse lapt a' up, just like a sang,
 An' try te put a tune ti'd.

Bad times they're now, yen weel may say ;
 Aw've seen, when on a market day,
 Wiv wor toon's cheps aw'd drink away,
 An' carry on the war, man :
 But now yen staups an' stares about,
 To see what's strange te carry oot ;
 Brass letters fassen'd on a cloot,
 A unicorn, or star, man.

Ye see, aw thowt they wer te sell ;
 So ax'd the chep, if he cud tell,
 What he wad tyek for C an' L,
 To nail upon maw hen hoose :

But he insisted, smash his crop !
 Aw'd like a fuil mistyen the shop ;
 An' bad me quickly off te hop,
 He'd bowt them for his awn use.

He flang maw hump sae out o' joint,
 Sae, smash ! aw thowt aw'd hev a pint !
 But when aw gat te Peterpoint,

The chep that sells the candy,
 The folks luik'd in wiv greedy wish,
 He'd bonny siller iv a dish ;
 An' just abuin, twee bits o' fish
 Was sweemin, fine as can be.

The tyen was like Hob Fewster's cowt,
 A' spreckled round aboot the snout ;
 They flapp'd their tails aboot like owt,
 Quite full o' gamalerie :

An' then the munny shin'd sae breet,
 The greet Tom Cat wad hev a peep,
 And paunder'd tiv he fell asleep ;
 The silly thing was weary.

Sae farther up aw teuk my cruize,
 And luik'd amang the buits and shoes ;
 Where yen aw thowt they did ill use,

It sweem'd, aye, like a daisy :
 Says aw, How ! man, what's thou aboot ?
 Wey, cum an' tyek that slipper oot ;
 Thou's flay'd away thy sammun trout :
 Says he, Young man, thou's crazy !

Had aw not been a patient chap,
 Aw wad hae fetch'd him sike a rap
 As that which daver'd poor au'd Cap ;*
 But, faith ! the Kitty scar'd me :

* Alluding to the song called Cappy, or the Pitman's Dog.
 See page 49.

Sae whisht aw grew ; for, efter that,
 Iv a lairge glass bowl, byeth round an' flat,
 Aw spy'd a macaroni hat,
 But at maw peril dar'd me.

Sae, efter dark, up Pilgrim-street,
 The fine Gas Leeters shin'd sae breet,
 That if a bonny lass ye meet,
 Ye'd ken her varry features :
 When pipes are laid, and a' things duin,
 They say Newcassel, varry suin,
 Will darken, aye, the varry muin,
 A' wi' thor fine Gas Leeters.

THE PITMAN'S SKELLYSCOPE.

By the Same.

OH ! Tommy, lad, howay ! aw's myek thou full o' play ;
 Aw'm sartin that thou'll byeth skip an' lowpey o :
 Aw've sike a bonny thing, an' it's myed o' glass an' tin,
 An' they say it's nyem's a bonny Gleediscowpey o.
 Skellyscowpey o, &c.

A gawn along the Close, a bit laddy cock'd his nose,
 An' was keekin throu'd, aside the Jabel Growpey o :
 Aw fand that he wad sell'd ; se, odsmash ! aw'm prood
 te tell'd !

For twee shillin bowt his bonny Gleediscowpey o.

Wey, then aw ran off hyem—Nan thought me myekin
 gyem ;

Said, My Deavy* for a new aw'd had a cowpey o :
 But she gurn'd, aye, like a sweeper, when aw held it
 tiv her peeper,
 See'd church winders thro' my bonny Gleediscowpey o.

* A term for the new invented Safety Lamp.

Then the bairns they ran like sheep, a' strove to hev a
peep,

Fra the awdest lass, aye, down to the dowpey o:
There Dick dang ower Cud, myed his nose gush out
o' blood,

As he ran to see the bonny Gleediscowpey o.

There was dwiney little Peg, not se nimmel i' the leg,
Ower the three-footed stuil gat sic a cowpey o;
And Sandy, wiv his beak, myed a lump i' mother's
cheek,

Climbin' up to see the bonny Gleediscowpey o.

But she held it tiv her e'e, aye, till she cud hardly see,

Oh! then about the marketin she thowty o:

Wey, Lukey, man! says she, 'stead o' shuggar, flesh,
an' tea,

Thou's fetch'd us hyem thy bonny Gleediscowpey o.

She struck me wi' surprise, while she skelly'd wiv her
eyes,

An' aw spak as if I'd gettin a bit rowpey o.

So, neybons, tyek a hint, if ye peep ower lang ye'll
squint,

For aw think they're reetly nyem'd, a Gleediscowpey o.

THE LOCAL MILITIA-MAN.

TUNE—"Madam Fig's Gala.

By the Same.

HOW! Marrows, I'se tip you a sang,
If ye'll nobbit give your attention,
Aw've sarrow'd my king seven years,
And I'm now luikin out for the pension.
But when my adventures aw tell,
An' should ye fin reason to doubt it,
An' think it mair than aw deserve,
Aw'se just rest contented without it.
Rum ti idity, &c.

Ye mun ken, when aw first went to drill,
 My gun aw flang ower my heed,
 Fell'd the chep that stuid close in a-hint me,
 He lay kickin and sprawlin for deed:
 But when wor manovers we lairn'd,
 Wor Cornel o' huz grew se fond, man,
 He match'd us gyen four smashing targets,
 Close ower ayont Heslop's Pond, man.
 Rum ti idity, &c.

We maircht off at nine i' the mornin,
 And at four we were not quite duin,
 While a bite never enter'd wor thropples ;
 Wi' hunger were fit to lie doon.
 But wor fellows they tuik sic an aim,
 Ye wad thought that they shot for a wager ;
 And yen chep, the deel pay his hide,
 He varra nigh shot the Drum-Major.
 Rum ti idity, &c.

Suin efter, 'twas on the Vairge Day,
 'Bout the time 'at wor Cornel was Mayor,
 Fra Gyetshead we fir'd ower their heeds,
 Myed the fokes in Newcassel to stare.
 To Newburn we then bore away,
 An' embark'd close aside a great Dung-hole,
 Wi' biscuit an' plenty o' yell,
 An' wor Adjutant Clerk o' the Bung-hole.
 Rum ti idity, &c.

Wor Triangler Lad lowp'd first ashore,
 When the folkes ran like cows or mad bulls ;
 Iv a jiffy they cam back to fight us,
 Wi' pokers an' three-footed stuils.
 When they fand he was not Bonnyparty,
 Nor nyen ov his sowgers fra France,
 The music then started to play,
 And we, for to caper and dance.
 Rum ti idity, &c.

Sic wark as we had efter that,
 Wad tyek a lang day for to tell,
 How we fronted, an' flankt it, an' maircht
 Through the sowgers at Thropley Fell.
 At the Play-house we've shin'd mony a time,
 Wor scaups aw besmatter'd wi' flour ;
 But that neet it wad myed the Deel gurn,
 To see us a' pouthert wi' stour.
 Rum ti idity, &c.

Yen day we were form'd in a ring,
 An' wor Cornel said this, 'at ne'er spoke ill,
 "Ye your' sarvis, my lads, mun transfar
 "Tiv a core caw'd the Durham Foot Local."
 So tiv Sunderland if ye'd but gan,
 An' see us a' stand in a line,
 Ye'd swear that a few finer fellows
 Ne'er cam fra the Wear and the Tyne.
 Rum ti idity, &c.

THE MASQUERADE

AT NEWCASTLE THEATRE ;

Or, The Pitman turned Critick.

By the Same.

AS Jemmy the brakesman and me
 Was taukin 'boot sentries and drill,
 We saw, clagg'd agyen a yek tree,
 A fower-square little hand-bill.
 Says Jemmy, Now halt tiv aw read her ;
 When up cam wor canny au'd Saorgan :
 Says he, Ye mun cum to the Teapot,
 On Friday, and get yor dischairge, man.
 Tol de rol, &c.

We dress'd worsels smart, cam to toon,
 Mister Goverment paid us wor brass ;
 Then we swagger'd off to the Hauf Meun,
 To rozzel wor nob's wiv a glass.
 We sang, smoak'd, and fuddled away,
 And cut mony a wonderful caper ;
 Says aw, Smash ! howay to the Play,
 Or, what some fokes ca' a Theāter.
 Tol de rol, &c.

We ran, and seun fand a good plyace,
 Aye, before they'd weel hoisted their leets ;
 When a Lyedy, wi' gauze ower her fyace,
 Cam an' tummel'd ower twee o' the seats.
 Aw hardly ken'd what for to say ;
 But say's aw, Div ye fin owse the warse ?
 Says her neybour, Pop Folly's the Play,
 An' Maskamagrady's the Farce.
 Tol de rol, &c.

The Players they cam on iv dozens,
 Wiv fine dusty buits without spurs ;
 And they tauk'd about mothers and cousins,
 So did Jemmy and me about wors.
 We had plenty o' fiddlin and fleutin,
 Till the bugles began for to blow ;
 Then aw thowt'aw heerd wor Major shootin,
 Fa' in, my lads ! stand in a raw !
 Tol de rol, &c.

We then see'd a little smart chap,
 Went lowpin and skippin aboot ;
 Says aw, Smash ! thou is up to trap !
 For he let the fokes byeth in and out.
 There was Fawstaff, a fat luikin fellow,
 Wiv a Miss in each airm, bein drunkey ;
 Then a black Lyedy, wiv a numbrella,
 A fiddler, a bear, and a monkey.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Next cam on a swaggerin blade,
 He's humpt o' byeth shouthers an' legs ;
 A blackymoor, painter by trade,
 And o' dancin was myekin his brags :
 When a collier cam on, quick as thowt,
 Maw sarties ! but he gat a pauler ;
 Says he, Smash ! aw'll dance thou for owt ;
 Then says aw, Five to fower o' Kit Swaller !
 Tol de rol, &c.

He danc'd the Keel Row to sic tuin,
 His marrow declar'd he was bet :
 Some yell ower Kit's shouthers was slung,
 So they byeth had their thropples weel wet.
 A lyem sowger cam on wiv twee sticks,
 Then a bussy-tail'd pinkey wee Frenchman ;
 Next a chep, wiv some young lunaticks,
 Was wanting the mad-house at Bensham.
 Tol de rol, &c.

There was Punch fed his bairn wiv a laidel,
 And ga'd some kirn milk for to lyep ;
 Then he thumpt it till he wasn't yebbel,
 Because the poor thing cuddent gyep.
 Some were shootin shoe-ties iv a street ;
 Lang Pat, wiv his last dyin speeches,
 Wagg'd han's wiv a lass, that, yen neet,
 Tuik sevenpence out o' maw breeches.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Then a Gentleman's housey tuik feyre,
 As the watchman caw'd ' Past ten o'clock !'
 The manny fell into the meyre,
 And the wife ran away iv her smock.
 The Skipper, that saddled the cow,
 And rid seven miles for the howdy,
 Was dancin wiv Jenny Bawloo,
 That scadded her gob wiv a crowdy.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Then a chep, wiv a show on his back,
 Cam an' show'd us fine pictures, se funny ;
 He whupt it a' off in a crack,
 Because they wad gether ne munny.
 To end with, their cam a Balloon,
 But some gav it's puddings a slit, man ;
 For, afore it gat up to the meun,
 It empty'd itsel i' the pit, man.
 Tol de rol, &c.

NEWCASSEL RACES.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

IT'S hae ye heard the ill that's duin ?
 Or hae ye lost ? or hae ye won ?
 Or hae ye seen what mirth an' fun,
 At fam'd Newcassel Races, o ?
 The weather fine, an' folks sae gay,
 Put on their best and bent their way
 To the Town Moor, to spend the day,
 At fam'd Newcassel Races, o.

There shows of all sorts you may view ;
 Polito's grand collection too ;
 Such noise an' din, an' lilli-bulloo,
 At fam'd Newcassel Races, o.
 There some on horses sat astride,
 An' some in gigs did snugly ride,
 With smart young wenches by their side ;
 Look'd stilish at the Races, o.

A Tailor chep aw chanc'd te spy,
 Was sneekin through the crowd sae sly,
 For he'd tyen the darlin of his eye,
 To swagger at the Races, o.

He says, My dear, we'll see the show,
 Egad! says she, I do not know,
 It looks so vulgar and so low,
 We'd better see the Races, o.

One Buck cries, Demme, go the rig!
 Got two smart lasses in a gig;
 He crack'd his whip, an' look'd quite big,
 While swagg'rin at the Races, o.

But soon, alas! the gig upset,
 An ugly thump they each did get;
 Some say, that he his breeches wet,
 For fear, when at the Races, o.

The one was lyem'd abuin the knee,
 The other freeten'd desp'rately;
 "This demm'd unlucky job!" says she,
 "Has fairly spoil'd my Races, o!"

He gat them in, wi' some delay,
 An' te Newcassel bent his way;
 But oft, indeed, he curs'd the day,
 That e'er he'd seen the Races, o.

Now some were singin songs sae fine,
 An' some were lying drunk like swine,
 Some drank porter, others wine;
 Rare drinkin' at the Races, o!

The wanton wags in corners sat,
 Wiv bonny lasses on their lap;
 An' mony a yen gat tit for tat,
 Before they left the Races, o.

Now lads and lasses myed for toon,
 And in the road they oft lay doon;
 Faith! mony a lassie spoil'd her geon,

A comin fra the Races, o:
 Some gat hyem, midst outs and ins,
 Some had black eyes an' broken shins,
 An' some lay drunk amang the whins,
 A comin frae the Races, o.

Let every one his station mense,
 By acting like a man of sense ;
 'Twill save him mony a pund expense,
 When he gans te the Races, o.
 Kind Friends, I would you all advise,
 Good counsel ye shud ne'er despise,
 The world's opinion always prize,
 When ye gan te the Races, o.

THE GLISTER.

SOME time since, a Pitman was tyen varry bad,
 So ca'd his wife Mall te the side of his bed :
 Thou mun run for a Doctor, the forst can be fund,
 For maw belly's a' wrang, an' aw'm varry fast bund.
 Wey, man, thou's a fuil, aw ken thou's fast boon,
 Wi' thy last bindin munny thou bowt this new goon :
 Nae Doctor can lowze thou one morsel or crumb,
 For thou's bun te Tyne Main for this ten month te come.
 Aw divent mean that—maw belly's sae sair ;
 Run fast, or aw'll dee lang afore ye get there !
 So away Mally ran to their awn doctor's shop ;
 Gie me somethin for Tom, for his belly's stopt up.
 A Glister she gat—and nae langer she'd wait,
 But straight she ran hyem, an' gat out a clean plate :
 Oh, Tommy ! maw Tom ! ony haud up thy heed !
 Here's somethin 'ill mend thou, suppose thou was deed.
 Thou mun eat up that haggish, but sup the thin forst ;
 Aw's freeten'd that stoppel it will be the worst,
 Oh, Mally ! thou'll puzzen poor Tom altogether,
 If aw drink a' the thin, an' then eat up the blether.
 He manag'd it a', wiv a great deal to do.—
 Oh, Mally ! oh, Mally ! thou's puzzen'd me now !
 But she tuik nae notice of poor Tommy's pain,
 But straight she ran off te the Doctor's again.

O Docter! maw hinny! Tom's tyen'd a' thegether,
 He suppd up the thin, then he eat up the blether:
 The blether was tuif, it myest stuck in his thropple;
 If he haddent bad teeth he wad eaten the stopple.

Oh, woman! you have been in too great a hurry,
 'Stead of mending your husband, you'll have him to
 bury:

'Stead of making him better, you've sure made him warse,
 For you've put in his mouth what should gone up his
 a—c.

THE BABOON.

SUM time since, sum wild beasts there cam te the toon,
 And in the collection a famous Baboon,
 In uniform drest—if my story you're willin
 To believe, he gat lowse, and ran te the High Fellin.
 Fol de rol la, &c.

Three Pitmen cam up—they were smoaking their pipe,
 When straight in afore them Jake lowp'dower the dike:
 Ho, Jemmy! smash, marrow! here's a reed-coated Jew,
 For his fyace is a' hairy, an' he hez on nae shoe.

Wey, man, thou's a fuil! for ye divent tell true,
 If thou says 'at that fellow was ever a Jew:
 Aw'll lay thou a quairt, as sure's my nyem's Jack,
 That queer luikin chep's just a Russian Cossack.

He's nae Volunteer, that aw ken biv his wauk;
 An' if he's outlandish, we'll ken biv his tauk:
 He's a lang sword ahint him, ye'll see'd when he turns;
 Ony luik at his fyace! smash his byens, how he gurned!

Tom flang doon his pipe, an' set up a great yell;
 He's owther a spy, or Bonnypairty's awnsel:
 Iv a crack the High Fellin was in full hue an' cry,
 Te catch Bonnypairt, or the hairy French spy.

E

The wives scamper'd off, for fear he should bite,
 The men-folks an' dogs ran te grip him sae tight ;
 If we catch him, said they, he's hev ne lodgin here,
 Ne, not e'en a drop o' Reed Robin's sma' beer.

Fol de rol la, &c.

TILL THE TIDE COMES IN.

WHILE strolling down sweet Sandgate-street,
 A man o' war's blade I chanc'd to meet ;
 To the sign of the Ship I haul'd him in,
 To drink a good glass, till the tide came in.

Till the tide came in, &c.

I took in tow young Squinting Meg,
 Who well in the dance could shake her leg :
 My friend haul'd Oyster Mally in,
 And we jigg'd them about till the tide came in.

Till the tide came in, &c.

We boos'd away till the break of day,
 Then ask'd what shot we had to pay ?
 You've drank, said the host, nine pints of gin ;
 So we paid him his due—now the tide was in.

Now the tide was in, &c.

THE SANDGATE LASSIE'S LAMENT.

THEY've prest my dear Johnny,
 Sae sprightly and bonny,—
 Alack ! I shall ne'er mair de weel, o ;
 The kidnapping squad
 Laid hold of my lad
 As he was unmooring the keel, o.

O my sweet laddie,
 My canny keel laddie,
 Sae handsome, sae canty, and free, o ;

Had he staid on the Tyne,
 Ere now he'd been mine,
 But, oh ! he's far awer the sea, o.

Should he fall by commotion,
 Or sink in the ocean,
 (May sic tidings ne'er come to the Kee, o!
 I could ne'er mair be glad,
 For the loss of my lad
 Wad break my poor heart, and I'd dee, o.
 O my sweet laddie, &c.

But should my dear tar
 Come safe from the war,
 What heart-bounding joy wad aw feel, o!
 To the Church we wad flee,
 And married be,
 And again he should row in his keel, o.

O, my sweet laddie !
 My canny keel laddie !
 Sae handsome, sae canty, and free, o!
 Though far frae the Tyne,
 I still hope he'll be mine,
 And live happy as any can be, o.

THE POLITICIANS.

BY T. R. VALENTINE, GATESHEAD.

LAST Setterday, as we were gannin
 Frae Newcassel, Dick Martin and I,
 We caw'd at the sign o' the Cannon,
 Because we byeth turn'd varry dry.
 They were taukin o' reedin the papers,
 'Bout Cobbett an' his politics,
 How fine he exposes the capers
 Of Government's comical tricks.

E 2

He tauks o' the millions expences
 Browt on us by gannin te war :
 But he maun be a man o' greet senses,
 Or he cuddent hae reckon'd sae far.
 He tauks o' the National Debt,
 O' sinequeers, pensions, an' such ;
 Wey, aw think how wor Mally wad fret,
 If she'd awn just quarter as much.

Mister Government mun hae greet credit,
 Or he ne'er wad get into debt ;
 But they tell yen he hez sike a spîrit,
 Aw's fish that comes intiv his net.
 Says Dick, If aw wanted a shillin,
 Want, then, yor sartin aw must ;
 For, if yen was ever sae willin,
 Ye diwent ken where to seek trust.

We expected that, when it cam Peace,
 Wor sowgers and sailörs reduc'd,
 Wor burdens they quickly wad cease,
 But, smash ! man, we've been sair seduc'd.
 Says Dicky, The taxes this year,
 Myeks yen cry, iv a rage, Devil hang them !
 For the backey an' yell they're sae dear—
 Wey, it's just a colloguin anfang them.

Good folks ! aw wad hev ye beware
 Of some that in Parliament sit ;
 For they're not hauf sae good as they waur,
 Sin' that taistrel they caw'd Billy Pitt.
 If ye 'loo them te de as they please,
 Believe me, aw'm shure, aye, an' sartin,
 They'll bring us syef doon te wor knees !
 Se ended byeth Dick an' Jack Martin.

NANCY WILKINSON.

AT Cullercoats, near to the sea,
 Lives one I often think upon ;
 Bewitching is the lovely e'e
 Of bonny Nancy Wilkinson.
 By Tyne, or Blyth, or Coquet clear,
 No swain did ever blink upon
 A charmer, equal to my dear,
 My handsome Nancy Wilkinson.

Sweet cherry cheeks, a lofty brow,
 Bright hair, that waves in links upon
 A neck, white as the purest snow,
 Has comely Nancy Wilkinson.
 By Tyne, or Blyth, &c.

Her virtues, like her beauty, rare ;
 But terms I ne'er can think upon,
 Fit to panegyryze my fair,
 My constant Nancy Wilkinson.
 By Tyne, or Blyth, &c.

For her rich ladies I'd refuse,
 With all their shining tinsels on ;
 None else can wake my slumbering Muse,
 But lovely Nancy Wilkinson.
 By Tyne, or Blyth, &c.

Aurora, from the Eastern sky,
 Her robes the glowing tints upon,
 Is not so viewly to mine eye,
 As modest Nancy Wilkinson.
 By Tyne, or Blyth, &c.

Let sordid Misers count their wealth,
 And guineas guineas clink upon ;
 All I request of heav'n is health,
 And dear, dear Nancy Wilkinson.
 By Tyne, or Blyth, &c.

BILLY OLIVER'S RAMBLE,

BETWEEN BENWELL AND NEWCASTLE.

ME nyem it's Billy Oliver,
 Iv Benwell toon aw dwell ;
 An' aw's a clever chep, aw's sure,
 Tho' aw de say'd mesell.
 Sec an a clever chep am aw, am aw, am aw,
 Sec an a clever chep am aw.

There's not a lad iv a' wur wark,
 Can put or hew wi' me ;
 Nor not a lad iv Benwell toon
 Can coax the lasses sae.
 Sec an a clever chep, &c.

When aw gans tiv Newcassel toon
 Aw myeks mesell sae fine ;
 Wur neybors stand an' stare at me,
 An' say, Eh ! what a shine !
 Sec an a clever chep, &c.

An' then aw walks wiv sec an air,
 That if the folks hev eyes,
 They a'wis think it's sum greet man,
 That's cumin i' disguise.
 Sec an a clever chep, &c.

An' when aw gans down Westgate-street,
 An' alang biv Denton Chare,
 Aw whussels a' the way aw gans,
 To myek the people stare.
 Sec an a clever chep, &c.

An' then aw gans intiv the Cock,
 Ca's for a pint o' beer ;
 An' when the lassie comes in wid,
 Aw a'wis says, Maw dear !
 Sec an a clever chep, &c.

An' when aw gets a pint o' beer,
 Aw a'wis sings a sang ;
 For aw've a nice yen aw can sing,
 Sig an' thorty vairses lang.
 Sec an a clever chep, &c.

An' if the folks that's i' the house,
 Cry, " Had yur tongue, ye cull !"
 Aw's shure to hev a fight wi' them,
 For aw's as strang as ony bull.
 Sec an a clever chep, &c.

An' when aw've had a fight or twee,
 An' fairly useless grown ;
 Aw back, as drunk as aw can be,
 To canny Benwell toon.
 Sec an a clever chep, &c.

BOB CRANKY'S ACCOUNT

OF THE ASCENT OF MR. SADLER'S BALLOON,

From Newcastle, Sept. 1, 1815.

HOWAY, a' me marrows, big, little, and drest,
 The furst of a' seets may be seen ;
 It's the Balloon, man, se greet ! aye, fuiks ! it's ne jest,
 Tho' it seems a' the warld, like a dream.
 Aw read iv the papers, by gocks ! aw remember,
 It's to flee without wings i' the air,
 On this varry Friday, the furst of September,
 Be it cloudy, wet weather, or fair.
 And a man, mun, there means in this varry Balloon,
 Above, 'mang the stars to fly,
 And to haud a converse wi' the man i' the moon,
 And cobwebs to sweep frae the sky.
 So we started frae hyem by eight i' the morn,
 Byeth faither, and mother, and son,
 But fand a' wor neybons had started before,
 To get in gude time for the fun.

The lanes were a' crouded, some riding, some walking,
 Aw ne'er see'd the like iv my life ;
 'Twas Bedlam broke oot, aw thowt by their talking,
 Every bairn, lad, lass, and the wife.
 The folks at the winders a' jeer'd as we past,
 And thowt a' wor numbers surprisin ;
 They star'd and they glowr'd, an' ax'd, in jest,
 Are all of you pitmen a rising ?

Aw fand, at the toon te, the shops a' shut up,
 And the streets wi' folks were sae flocken ;
 The walls wi' Balloon papers sae closely clag'd up,
 Be cavers ! it luckt like a hoppen.
 A fellow was turnin it a' into joke,
 Another was a' the folks hummin,
 While a third said, it was a bag full o' smoke,
 That ower wor heeds was a cummin.

To the furst o' these cheps, says aw, Nyen o' yur fun,
 Or aw'll lay thee at length on the styens,
 Or thy teeth aw'll beat oot, as sure as a gun,
 And mevies aw'll choke ye wi' byens.
 To the beak o' the second aw held up me fist,
 D—mn ! aw'll bray ye as black as a crow,
 Aw'll knock oot yur e'e, if aw don't aw'll be kist,
 An' mump a' the slack o' yur jaw.

Aw put them to reets, an' onward aw steer'd,
 And wonder'd the folks aw had see'd,
 But a' was palaver that ever aw heurd,
 So aw walk'd on as other folk did.
 At last aw gat up on the top o' some sheds,
 Biv the help of an ould crazy ladder ;
 And ower the tops o' ten thousand folks heads,
 Aw suin gat a gliff o' the bladder.

D—mn, a bladder aw call it ! by gocks, aw am reet,
 For o' silk dipt iv leadeater melted,

It's made of, an' Lord! what a wonderful seet,
 When the gun tell'd that it was *filated*.
 'Twas just like the boiler at wor Bella Pit,
 O'er which were a great cabbage net,
 Which fassen'd, by a parcel of strings sae fit,
 A corf for the mannie to sit.

As aw sat at me ease aw cud hear a' the folk
 Gie their notions about the Balloon;
 Aw thowt aw shud brust when aw heurd their strange
 talk,

About the man's gaun to the Moon.
 Says yen, iv a whisper, Aw think aw hev heurd
 He is carryin a letter to Bonny,
 That's ower the sea to flee like a burd;
 The thowt, by my jinkers! was funny.

A chep wiv a fyace like a poor country bumpkin,
 Sed he heurd, but may hap tisent true,
 That the thing whilk they saw was a great silken
 pumpkin,

By me eye, what a lilly-ba-loo!
 Another said, Sadler (for that is the nyem
 Of the man) may pay dear for his frölic,
 When he's up iv the clouds (a stree for his fame!)
 His guts may hev twangs of the cholic.

The man a' this time the great bladder was filling,
 Wiv stuff that wad myed a dog sick,
 It smelt just as though they were garvage distilling,
 Till at length it was full as a tick.
 They next strain'd the ropes to keep the thing steady,
 Put colley and drams iv the boat;
 Then crack went the cannon; to say it was ready,
 An' aw see'd the bladder afloat.

Not a word was there heurd, a' eyes were a stairin,
 For the off gannen moment was near:

To see sic a crowd se whisht was amazen,
 Aw thowt aw fand palish and queer.
 After waitin a wee, aw see'd him come to,
 Shaken hands, as aw thowt, wiv his friend ;
 Of his mountin the corf aw had a full view,
 As he sat his ways down at the end.

The ropes were then cut, and upwards he went,
 A wavin his flag i' the air ;
 Ev'ry head was turn'd up, and a' eyes wur intent
 On this comical new flying chair :
 It went it's ways up like a lavrick sae bee,
 Till it luckt 'bout the size of a skyate ;
 When in tiv a cloud it was lost t' the e'e,
 Aw wisht the man better i' fate.

GREEN'S BALLOON.

[Mess. Green ascended in their grand Coronation Balloon, from the Nuns' field, in Newcastle, four times : the first-time, on Wednesday, May 11 ; second time, on Whit-Monday, May 23 ; third time, on Monday, May 30 ; and the fourth time, on Race Thursday, July 14, 1825.]

TUNE—" *Barbara Bell.*"

NOW just come an lissen a while, till aw tell, man,
 Of a wonderful seet t'other day aw did see :
 As aw was gaun trudgen along by mysel, man,
 Aw met wi' wor skipper, aye just on the Key.
 O skipper, says aw, mun, wye where are ye gannen ?
 Says he, come wi' me, for aw's gaun up the toon ;
 Now just come away, for we munnet stand blabbin,
 Or we'll be ower lang for to see the Balloon.
 Right fal de, &c.

The balloon, man, says aw, wye aw never heard tell on't,
 What kind o' thing is it? now skipper tell me :
 Says he, It's a thing that gans up by the sel' on't,
 And if ye'll gan to the Nuns' Gate, man, ye'll see.

So to the Nuns' Gate then we went in a hurry,
 And when we gat there, man, the folks stood in
 crowds ;

And aw heerd a chep say, he wad be varry sorry
 If it went to the moon, reet clean thro' the clouds.
 Right fal de, &c.

We stared and luikt round us, but nought could we
 see, man,

Till a thing it went up as they fir'd a gun :
 Cried the skipper, Aw warnd that's the little Pee-dee,
 man,

Gyen to tell folks above 'twill be there varry suin.
 Then a' iv a sudden it cam ower the house tops, man,
 It was like a hay-stack, and luikt just as big ;
 Wiv a boat at the tail on't, all tied tid wi' ropes, man,
 Begox ! it was just like wor awd Sandgate gig.
 Right fal de, &c.

And there was twe cheps that sat in the inside, man,
 Wi' twe little things they kept poweyin her roun' ;
 Just like wor skipper when we've a bad tide, man :
 Aw warnd they were fear'd that the thing wad come
 down ;

And still the twe cheps kept poweyin her reet, man,
 For upwards she went, aye clean ower the toon ;
 Theypowey'd till theypowey'd her reet out o' seet, man,
 That was a' that we saw o' this grand air balloon.
 Right fal de, &c.

The skipper cam to me, tuik haud o' my hand, man,
 Says, What do ye think o' this seet that's been given ?
 Says aw, Aw can't tell, but it's a' very grand, man ;
 Aw wish the cheps byeth safely landed in heaven.
 'Twad be a good plan to tyek's up when we're deed,
 man ;

For which way we get there 'twill be a' the syem :
 An' then for wor Priests we'd stand little need, man :
 So me an' the skipper we went wor ways hyem.
 Right fal de, &c.

THE NEWGATE STREET PETITION

TO MR. MAYOR.

ALACK ! and well-a-day !
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor ;
 We are all to grief a prey,
 Mr Mayor :
 They are pulling NEWGATE down,
 That structure of renown,
 Which so long hath graced our town,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

Antiquarians think't a scandal,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor ;
 It would shock a Goth or Vandal,
 They declare :
 What ! destroy the finest *Lion*
 That ever Man set eye on !
 'Tis a deed all must cry fie on,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

Saint Andrew's Parishioners,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 Loud blame the Jail-Commissioners,
 Mr Mayor ;
 To pull down a Pile so splendid,
 Shews their powers are too extended
 And *The Act* must be amended,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

If *Blackett Street* they'd level,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor, .
 Or with *Bond Street** play the devil,
 Who would care :

* Now called Prudhoe Street.

But on *Newgate's* massive walls,
 When Destruction's hammer falls,
 For our sympathy it calls,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

'Tis a Pile of ancient standing,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 Deep reverence commanding,
 Mr Mayor ;
 Men of *Note* and *Estimation*,
 In their course of *Elevation*,
 Have in it held a station,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

'Tis a first-rate kind of College,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 Where is taught much useful knowledge,
 Mr Mayor :
 When our fortunes "gang alee,"
 If worthy Mr Gee*
 Does but on us turn his key,
 All's soon well, Mr Mayor.

In beauty, nought can match it,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor :
 Should you think we *throw the Hatchet*,
 Mr Mayor,
 John A——n, with ease,
 (In purest *Portugùeze*)
 Will convince you, if you please
 To consult him, Mr Mayor.

He'll prove t'ye, in a trice,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 'Tis a pearl of great price,
 Mr Mayor :

* *The Quaker.*

For of ancient wood or stone,
 The value—few or none,
 Can better tell than John,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

Of this Edifice bereft,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 To the Neighbourhood what's left?
 Mr Mayor,
 The *Nuns' Gate*, it is true,
 Still rises to our view,
 But that Modern Babel, few
 Much admire, Mr Mayor.

True, a Building 'tis, *unique*,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 A charming *fanoy-freak*,
 Mr Mayor :
 But candour doth impel us,
 To own, that Strangers tell us,
 The *Lodge* of our *Odd-Fellows*,
 They suppos'd it, Mr Mayor.

Still, if *Nengate's* doom'd to go,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 To the *Carlol Croft*—heigho-ho!
 Mr Mayor,
 As sure as you're alive,
 (And long, sir, may you thrive,)
 The shock we'll ne'er survive,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

Then pity our condition,
 Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 And stop it's demolition,
 Mr Mayor ;
 The Commissioners restrain,
 From causing us such pain,
 And we'll pay, and ne'er complain,
 The *Jail-Cess*, Mr Mayor.

BURDON'S ADDRESS TO HIS CAVALRY.

A PARODY.—BY JAMES MORRISON.

SOLDIERS whom Newcastle's bred,
View your Cornel at your head,
Who's been call'd out of his bed
To serve his Country.

Now's the time, when British Tars
With their Owners are at wars;
And they've sent for us—O Mars!
Assist the Cavalry!

Now, my noble Sons of Tyne!
Let your valour nobly shine;
There at last has come a time
To shew your bravery.
But, my lads, be not alarm'd!
You've to fight with men unarm'd!
Who in multitudes have swarm'd—
Before us they must flee!

Then they cry out, every man,
"Cornel, we'll de a' we can!"
So away to Shields they ran:
O what Cavalry!
But they had no call to fight,
The Marines had bet them quite;
And the Cornel's made a Knight,
For the Victory!

THE COLLIER'S KEEK AT THE NATION.

HUZ Colliers, for a' they can say,
Hae byeth heads and hearts that are sound—
And if we're but teun i' wor way,
There's few better cheps above ground.

Tom Cavers and me, fra West Moor,
 On a kind ov a jollification,
 Yen day myed what some folks call a tour,
 For a keek at the state o' the nation.

We fand ere we'd lang been on jaunt,
 That the world wasn't gannin sae cliver—
 It had gettin a Howdon-Pan cant,
 As aw gat once at wor box dinner.
 Monny tyels, tee, we heard, stiff and gleg—
 Some laid the world straight as a die—
 Some crook'd as a dog's hinder leg,
 Or like wor fitter's nose, ~~al~~ a-wry.

One tell'd me, my heart for to flay,
 (Thinking aw knew nowt about town)
 Out o' my three-and-sixpence a-day,
 The King always gat half-a-crown.
 Aw said they were fuels not to ken
 That aw gat a' the brass me awnse!—
 Ga' wor Peg three white shillins, and then
 Laid the rest out on backey and yell !

They blabb'd oot that aw was mistuen—
 That maw brains sairly wanted *seduction*—
 Without *animal* Parliaments seun
 We wad a' gan to wreck and *construction*—
 That we'd wrought ower lang for wor lair—
 That landlords were styen-hearted tykes—
 For their houses and land only fair,
 To divide them and live as yen likes !

To bring a' these fine things about
 Was as easy as delwing aslent is—
 Only get some rapscallion sought oot,
 And to Lunnin sent up to 'present us.
 Thinks aw to mesel' that's weel meant—
 There's wor Cuddy owre laith to dee good,
 We'll hev him to Parliament sent,
 Where he'll bray, smash his byens, for his blood.

Then, says aw, Tommy, keep up thy pluck,
 We may a' live to honour wor nation—
 So here's tiv Au'd England, good luck !
 And may each be content in his station.
 Huz Colliers, for a' they can say,
 Hae byeth heeds and hearts that are sound—
 And if we're but teun i' wor way,
 There's few better cheps above ground.

BLIND WILLIE SINGING.

YE gowks that 'bout daft Handel swarm,
 Your senses but to harrow—
 Styen deaf to strains that 'myest wad charm
 The heart iv a wheelbarrow—
 To wor Keyside a while repair,
 'Mang malls an' bullies pig in,
 To hear encor'd, wi' mony a blair,
 Poor au'd Blind Willie's singin'.

To hear fine Sinclair tune his pipes
 Is hardly worth a scuddock—
 It's blarney fair, and stale as swipes
 Kept ower lang i' the huddock.
 Byeth Braham and Horn behint the wa'
 Might just as weel be swingin,
 For a' their squeelin's nowt at a'
 Beside Blind Willie singin'.

About "*Sir Maffa*" lang he sung,
 Far into high life keekin'—
 Till "*Buy Broom Buzzoms*" roundly swung,
 He ga' their lugs a sweepin'.
 A stave yence myed *Dumb Bet* to greet,
 Sae fine wi' catgut stringin'—
Bold Airchy swore it was a treat
 To hear Blind Willie singin'.

Aw've heard it said, *Fan Welch*, one day,
 On pepper'd oysters messin',
 Went in to hear him sing and play,
 An' get a moral lesson.
 She vow'd 'twas hard to haud a heel—
 An' thowt (the glass while flingin)
 Wi' clarts they should be plaister'd weel
 That jeer'd Blind Willie's singin'.

It's fine to hear wor bellman talk—
 It's wondrous fine and cheerin'
 To hear *Bet Wat* and *Euphy Scott*
 Scold, fight, or bawl fresh heerin':
 To see the keels upon the Tyne,
 As thick as hops a' swimmin',
 Is fine indeed—but still mair fine
 To hear Blind Willie singin'.

Lang may wor Tyneside lads sae true,
 In heart byeth blithe an' mellow,
 Bestow the praise that's fairly due
 To this bluff, honest fellow—
 And when he's hamper'd i' the dust,
 Still i' wor memory springin',
 The times we've run till like to brust
 To hear Blind Willie singin'.

But may he live to cheer the *bobs*
 That skew the coals to shivers,
 Whee like their drink to grip their gobs,
 And burn their varry livers.
 So, if ye please, aw'll myek an end,
 My sang ne farther dingin',
 Lest ye may think that aw pretend
 To match Blind Willie singin'.

BOLD ARCHY AND BLIND WILLIE'S LAMENT

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN STARKEY.

"What! is he gyen?" *Bold Airchy* said,
And moungin' scratch'd his head—

"O can sic waesome news be true?
Is Captain Starkey dead?"

Aw's griev'd at heart—push round the can—
Seun empty frae wor hands we'll chuek it—
For now we'll drink wor last t' him,
Since he hez fairly kick'd the bucket.

"My good shag hat ne mair aw'll wave
His canny fyace to see—

Wor bairns' bairns will sing o' him,
As Gilchrist sings o' me—

For O! he was a had o' wax!

Aw've seen him blithe, an' often mellow—
He might hae faulks, but, wi' them a',
We've seldom seen a better fellow.

"Yen day they had me drown'd for fun,
Which myed the folks to blair.

Aw myest could wish, for his dear sake,
That aw'd been drown'd for fair.

On monny a day when cannons roar,
Yen loyal heart will then be missin'—

If there be yell, we'll toast his nyem—

If there be nyen, he'll get wor blissin'."

Blind Willie then strumm'd up his kit

Wi' monny a weary drone,

Which *Thropler*, drunk, and *Cuckoo Jack*

Byeth answer'd wiv a groan.

"Nice chep! poor chep!" *Blind Willie* said—

"My heart is pierc'd like onny riddle,

To think aw've liv'd to see him dead—

Aw never mair 'ill play the fiddle.

" His gam is up, his pipe is out,
 And fairly laid his craw—
 His fame 'ill blaw about, just like
 Coal dust at Shiney-Raw.
 He surely was a joker rare—
 What times there'd been for a' the nation,
 Had he but liv'd to be a Mayor,
 The glory o' wor Corporation.

" But he hez gi'en us a' the slip,
 And gyen for evermore—
Au'd Judy and Jack Coxon, tee,
 Hae gyen awhile before—
 And we maun shortly follow them,
 An' tyek the bag, my worthy gentles—
 Then what 'ill poor Newcassel dee,
 Deprived iv all her ornamentals !

" We'll moralize—for dowly thowts,
 Are mair wor friends than foes—
 For death, like when the tankard's out,
 Brings a' things tiv a close.
 May we like him, frae grief and toil,
 When laid in peace beneath the hether—
 Upon the last eternal shore
 A' happy, happy meet together !"

THE QUACK DOCTORS.

WOR laureate may sing for his cash,
 Of laws, constitution, and proctors,
 Contented aw'll blair for a dash
 At the slee, understrapping quack doctors.
 They gob o' their physical skill,
 Till their jaws yen might swear they wad rive,
 To prove what's alive they can kill,
 And what's dead they can suen myek alive.

A' ye wi' the glanders snout-full,
 Repair to each wondrous adviser—
 For though ye were born a stark fuel,
 Depend on't, they'll seun myek ye wiser.
 Their physic, they say, in a trice,
 Snaps every disease like a tow :
 But the best on't all is their advice—
 Ye can get it free gratis for nowt.

Wiv a kessle puffed up to the chin,
 Went to see yen, a strappin' young doxy,
 He examin'd her lugs and her een,
 And declared her myest dead o' the dropsy.
 The lassie he therefore wad tap,
 At which she set up a great yell ;
 When out popp'd a little wee chap
 Myest as wise as the doctor's awnsel'.

Next they teuk him a man, whee for fancies,
 A' day wad sit silent and sad—
 He upheld that he'd lost his reet senses,
 And therefore he surely was mad.
 But now he gies monny a roar,
 Of the doctor's great skill to convince—
 If he was'nt a madman before,
 At least he's been yen ever since.

Last, in hobbled gouty Sir Peter,
 To get ov his drugs a good dose—
 Three days he deep studied his water,
 Ere he'd his opinion disclose.
 Then proclaim'd that Sir Peet was ower fat,
 (For the doctor was never mistyen)
 By my faiks ! but he cur'd him o' that—
 Seun Sir Peet left the world skin and byen.

Now, he that winn't loyally sing,
 May he swing like an ass in a tether,

Good hilt and lang life to the King,
 To keep us in union together.
 The heart iv each Briton he leads
 To rejoice i' the fall o' the quacks—
 So we'll ay keep the brains i' wor heeds,
 An' we'll ay hae the flesh on wor backs.

A VOYAGE TO LUNNIN.

LANG years ower meadows, moors, and muck,
 I cheerly on did waddle—
 So various is the chance o' luck
 Between the grave and cradle.
 When wark at hyem turn'd rather scant,
 I thought 'twas fair humbuggin' ;
 An' so aw even teuk a jaunt,
 Faiks, a' the way to Lunnin.

Lord Howick was my chosen ship,
 Weel rigg'd byeth stem and quarter
 The maister was a cannie chep—
 They ca'd him Jacky Carter.
 Wi' heart as free frae guilt as care,
 I pack'd up all my duddin,
 And shipp'd aboard—the wind blew fair—
 Away we sail'd for Lunnin.

Safe ower the bar a-head we tint—
 The day was fine and sunny ;
 And seun we left afar behint,
 Wor land o' milk and honey.
 But few their dowly thoughts can tyem—
 May-be the tears were comin'—
 Sair griev'd, ne doubt, to pairt wi' hyem,
 Though gaun to keek at Lunnin.

Fareweel, Tyne Brig and cahnée Kée,
 Where aw've seen moony a shangy,
 Blind Willie, Captain Starkey tee—
 Bold Archy and great Hangy.
 Fareweel Shoe Ties, Jack Tate, Whin Bob,
 Cull Billy, and Jack Cummin,
 Au'd Judy, Jen Balloo—aw'll sob
 Your praises all at Lunnin.

Some such as me the hyke made sick,
 And myed them rue their roamin'.
 Still foremost plung'd wor gallant ship,
 And left the water foamin'.
 Wæs me ! but 'tis a bonny seet,
 O land o' beef and puddin' !
 To see thy tars, in pluck complete,
 Haud fair their course for Lunnin !

Hail, Tyneside lads ! in collier fleets,
 The first in might and motion—
 In sunshine days or stormy neets
 The lords upon the ocean.
 Come England's foes—a countless crew—
 Ye'll gie their gobs a scummin',
 And myek them a' the day to rue,
 They glib'd their jaws at Lunnin.

I thought mysel a sailer good,
 And fire'd while some lay sprawlin',
 Till whiere the famous Robin Hood
 Sends out his calms or squallin'—
 'Twas there aw felt aw scarce ken how—
 For a' things tuek a bumm'n',
 And myed me wish, wi' retch and spew,
 The ship safe moor'd at Lunnin.

As round by Flambrough Head we shot,
 Down cam a storm upon us—

Thinks aw, we're fairly gyen to pot—
 O dear!—hev mercy on us!
 Ower northern plains, 'twill dowly sound,
 And set their eyes a runnin',
 When they shall tell that aw was drown'd,
 Just gannin up to Lunnin.

To cheer wor hearts in vain they brought
 The porter, grog, and toddy—
 My head swam round whene'er aw thought
 Upon a fat pan-soddy.
 "O what the plague fetch'd us frae hyem!"
 Some in the glumps were glummin';
 I could ha'e blubber'd, but thought shyem,
 While gaun a voyage to Lunnin.

'Cross Boston Deeps how we did spin,
 Skelp'd on by noisy Boreas,
 Up Yarmouth Roads, and seun up Swin,
 The water flew before us.
 O glorious seet! the Nore's in view—
 Like fire and flood we're scuddin':
 Ne mair we'll bouk wor boily now,
 But seun be safe at Lunnin.

Hail, bonny Tyames! weel smon thy waves!
 A world might flourish bi' them—
 And, faiks, they weel deserve the praise
 That a' the world gies ti them.
 O lang may commerce spread her stores
 Full on thy bosom dinnin'—
 Weel worthy thou to lave the shores
 O' sic a town as Lunnin.

Seun Black-Wall Point we left astern,
 Far ken'd in dismal story—
 And Greenwich Towers we now discern,
 Au'd England's pride and glory.

Sure Nature's sel' inspir'd my staves,
 For I began a crunnin',
 And blair'd, ' Britannia rule the waves !'
 As by we sail'd for Lunnin.

Fornest the Tower, we made a click,
 Where traitors gat their fairins',
 And where they say that hallion Dick
 Yence scumfish'd two wee bairins.
 Hitch, step, and lowp, I sprang ashore,
 My heart reet full o' funnin'—
 And seun forgat the ocean's war
 Amang the joys o' Lunnin.

THE NEWCASSEL PROPS.

OH, waes me, for wor canny toon,
 It canna stand it lang—
 The props is tumbling one by one,
 The beeldin seun mun gan ;
 For Deeth o' late hez no been blate,
 But sent some jovial souls a joggin :
 Aw niver griev'd for Jackey Tate,
 Nor even little Airchy Loggan.

But when maw lugs was 'lectrified
 Wiv Judy Downey's deeth,
 Alang wi' Heufy Scott aw cried,
 Till byeth was out o' breeth ;
 For greet an' sma', fish-wives an' a'
 Luik'd up tiv her wi' veneration—
 If Judy's in the Courts above
 Then for au'd Nick there'll be nae 'casion.

Next Captain Starkey tuik his stick,
 And myed his final bow ;
 Aw wonder if he's scribblin yet,
 Or what he's efter now ;

Or if he's drinking jills o' yell,
 Or axing pennies to buy bakky—
 If not allow'd where Starkey's gye,
 Aw'm sure that he'll be quite unhappy.

Jack Coxon iv a trot went off,
 One morning very seun—
 Cull Billy said, he'd better stop,
 But Deeth cried, Jackey, come!
 Oh! few like him could lift their heel,
 Or tell what halls were in the county:
 Like mony a proud, black coated chiel',
 Jack liv'd upon the parish bounty.

But cheer up, lads, and dinna droop,
 Blind Willy's to the fore,
 The blythest iv the motley group;
 And fairly worth the score:
 O weel aw like to hear him sing,
 'Bout au'd Sir Mat. an' Doctor Brummel—
 If he but lives to see the King,
 There's nyen o' Willy's friends need grummel.

Cull Billy, tee, wor lugs to bliss,
 Wiv news 'bout t'other warld,
 Aw move that, when wor Vicar dees,
 The place for him be arld;
 For aw really think, wiv half his wit,
 He'd myek a reet good pulpit knocker:
 Aw'll tell ye where the birth wad fit—
 He hugs sae close the parish copper.

Another chep, and then aw's dacti,
 He bangs the tothers far:
 Yor mavis wonderin whie aw meati—
 Ye gowks, it's Tommy C—r!

When lodgin's scarce, just speak to him,
 Yor hapless case he'll surely pity,
 He'll 'sist upon yor gannin in',
 To sup wi' S—tt, an' see the Kitty.

NEWCASSEL WONDERS.

SIC wonders there happens iv wor canny toon,
 Sae wise and sae witty Newcassel hez grown,
 That for hummin, an' hoaxin, an' tyekin folk in,
 We'll seun learn the Lunners far better things.

We've wonderful Knights, and wondrous Hussars,
 Wonderful Noodles, and wonderful Mayors ;
 For as lang as a keel gans doon river Tyne,
 For wisdom an' valour, O A——y, thou'll shine.

We've R——s and V——s, a time-serving crew ;
 But, says aw to mysel, gie the deevil his due,
 For ov priests an' excisemen, an' limbs o' the law,
 There's ten tiv the dozen 'ill gati down belaw.

And whe wad hae thowt now that iver awd Nick,
 Wiv wor canny toon wad hae gettin sae thick ;
 That iv Luckley's awd house he's set up Hell's Kitchen,
 Whers the tyelyers an' snobs find the yell se bewitchin.

There's canny Tom Lid—l they've myed him a lord,
 For learning his ploughmen to play wi' the sword ;
 But if ony invaders should Britain assail,
 They'd slip off their skins an' run to the plough tail.

We've a Captain of watchmen, he's second to nyen,
 He dislikes to see folks gannin quietly hyem ;
 For if ye but mention the nyem o' Tom C—r,
 To the care of Jack S—tt he'll yor body transfer.

TIM TUNBELLY.

TUNE—' *Canny Newcastle.*'

NOW lay up your lugs, a' ye freemen that's poor,
 An' aw'll rhyme without pension or hire—
 Come listen, ye dons that keep cows on the moor,
 Though ye couldn't keep them iv a byre—
 An' a' ye non-freemen, wherever ye be,
 Though danè Fortune hez myed sic objections,
 That you're neither o' Toon nor o' Trinity free,
 To be brib'd an' get drunk at elections.

When aw was but little, aw mind varry weel
 That Joe C—k was the friend o' the freemen—
 Aw mysel' heerd him say, his professions to seal,
 He wad care very little to dee, man.
 Corporation corruptions he sair did expose,
 An' show'd plain whee was rock an' whee pigeon—
 While El—h, the cobbler, in fury arose,
 An' pummell'd Sir M——w's religion.

Some sly common councilman happen'd to think
 That the patriots mebbies had pocket—
 So they sent Joe an order for wafers an' ink,
 An' the custom-house swallow'd the prophet.
 Now if ever these worthies should happen to dee,
 An' Awd Nick scamper off wiv his booty,
 Just imagine yorsels what reformin' there'll be,
 If belaw there's ne *printin'* nor *duty*.

But there's honest folk yet now, so dinna be flaid,
 Though El—h and Joe hez deserted—
 For a chep they ca' Tunbelly's ta'en up the trade,
 An' bizzy he's been sin' he started:
 About town-surveyin' he's open'd wor eyes,
 An' put Tommy Gee into a pickle—
 He's gi'en to Jack Proctor a birth i' the skies,
 And immortal he's render'd Bob Nichol.

Now, if ony refuse to the freemen their dues,
 They're far greater fules than aw thowt them—
 Let R——y ne mair stand godfather to cows,
 Nor his cousin swear on—till he's bowt them.
 Niver mind what the cheps o' the council may say,
 He'll seun saddle obströpolous Billy—
 Ne mair he'll refuse for a way-leave to pay,
 For fear o' the ditch and Tunbelly.

The good that he's deun scarce a volume wad tell,
 But there's one thing that will be a wonder—
 If Tunbelly losses conceit iv his sel'
 Till his head the green sod be laid under.
 But we a' ha'e wor likens, what for shouldn't Tim?
 An' aw'm shure he a mense to wor town is—
 So fill up your glasses once mair to the brim,
 An' drink to the Newcastle JUNIUS.

THE KEEL ROW.

WEEL may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
 Weel may the keel row,
 And better may she speed:
 Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
 Weel may the keel row,
 That gets the bairns their breed.

We tyuk wor keel up to the dyke,
 Up to the dyke, up to the dyke,
 We tyuk wor keel up to the dyke,
 And there we gat her load;
 Then sail'd away down to Shields,
 Down to Shields, down to Shields,
 Then sail'd away down to Shields,
 And ship'd wor coals abroad.
 Singing Weel may the keel row, &c.

Then we row'd away up to the fest,
 Up to the fest, up to the fest,
 We row'd away up to the fest,
 Cheerly every man ;
 Pat by wor geer and moor'd wor keel,
 And moor'd wor keel, and moor'd wor keel,
 Pat by wor geer and moor'd wor keel,
 Then went and drank wor can,
 Singing Weel may the keel row, &c.

Our canny wives, our clean fireside,
 Our bonny bairns, their parents' pride,
 Sweet smiles that make life smoothly glide,
 We find when we gan hyem :
 They'll work for us when we get au'd,
 They'll keep us frae the winter's caud ;
 As life declines they'll us uphaud—
 When young we uphaud them.
 Weel may the keel row, &c.

MY LORD 'SIZE ;

OR, NEWCASTLE IN AN UPROAR.

BY JOHN SHIELD.

THE jailor, for trial, had brought up a thief;
 Whose looks seem'd a passport for Botany Bay ;
 The lawyers, some with and some wanting a brief,
 Around the green table were seated so gay :
 Grave jurors and witnesses, waiting a call ;
 Attornies and clients, more angry than wise,
 With strangers and town's-people throng'd the Guild-
 Hall,—

All waiting and gaping to see my Lord 'Size:
 Oft stretch'd were their necks, oft erected their ears,
 Still fancying they heard of the trumpets the sound ;
 When tidings arriv'd, which dissolved them in tears,
 That my lord at the dead-house was then lying drown'd!

Straight left *tête a tête* were the jailor and thief;
 The horror-struck crowd to the dead-house quick hies;
 Ev'n the lawyers, forgetful of fee and of brief,
 Set off helter-skelter to view my Lord 'Size.

And now the Sandhill with the sad tidings rings,
 And the tubs of the taties are left to take care;
 Fish-women desert their crabs, lobsters, and lings,
 And each to the dead-house now runs like a hare.
 The glassmen, some naked, some clad, heard the news,
 And off they ran smoaking, like hot mutton pies;
 Whilst Castle-garth Tailors, like wild Kangaroos,
 Came tail-on-end jumping to see my Lord 'Size.

The dead-house they reach'd, where his Lordship they
 found,
 Pale, stretch'd on a plank, like themselves out of breath;
 The Coroner and Jury were seated around,
 Most gravely enquiring the cause of his death.
 No haste did they seem in, their task to complete,
 Aware that from hurry mistakes often rise;
 Or wishful, perhaps, of prolonging the treat
 Of thus sitting in judgment upon my Lord 'Size.

Now the Mansion-house Butler thus gravely depos'd:—
 ' My Lord on the terrace seem'd studying his charge;
 ' And when (as I thought) he had got it compos'd,
 ' He went down the stairs and examin'd the barge.
 ' First the stem he survey'd, then inspect'd the stern,
 ' Then handled the tiller, and look'd mighty wise;
 ' But he made a false step when about to return,
 ' And souse in the river straight tumbled Lord 'Size.'

Now his narrative ended—the Butler retir'd,
 Whilst Betty Watt, mutt'ring (half drunk thro' her
 teeth,
 Declar'd, ' in her breest greet consarn it inspir'd,
 That my Lord should sae cullishly come by his death.'

Next a keelman was call'd on, Bold Airchy his name,
 Who the book as he kiss'd shew'd thewhites of his eyes;
 Then he cut an odd caper, attention to claim,
 And this evidence gave them respecting Lord 'Size.

' Aw was settin the keel, wi' Dick Stavers and Matt,
 ' An' the Mansion-hoose Stairs we were just alangside,
 ' When we a' three see'd somethin, but didn't ken what,
 ' That was splashing and labbering about i' the tide.'
 ' It's a fluiker !' ki Dick ; ' No,' ki Matt, ' it's owre
 big,
 ' It luik'd mair like a skyat when aw furst see'd it rise :'
 ' Kiv aw—for aw'd gotten a gliff o' the wig—
 ' Ods marcy! wye, marrows, becrike, it's Lord 'Size!'

' Sae aw huik'd him an' haul'd him suin into the keel,
 ' An' o'top o' the huddock aw rowl'd him aboot :
 ' An' his belly aw rubb'd, an' aw skelp'd his back weel;
 ' But the waiter he'd drucken it wadn't run oot.
 ' Sae aw brought him ashore here, an' doctors, in vain,
 ' First this way, then that, to recover him tries ;
 ' For ye see there he's lying as deed' as a stane,—
 ' An' that's a' aw can tell ye about my Lord 'Size.'"

Now the Jury for close consultation retir'd :
 Some '*Death accidental*' were willing to find ;
 Some '*God's visitation*' most eager requir'd,
 And some were for '*Fell in the river*' inclin'd :
 But ere on their verdict they all were agreed,
 My Lord gave a groan, and wide open'd his eyes ;
 Then the coach and the trumpeters came with great
 speed,
 And back to the Mansion-house carried Lord 'Size.

THE BARBER'S NEWS;

OR, SHIELDS IN AN UPROAR!

By the Same.

GREAT was the consternation, amazement, and dismay, sir,

Which, both in North and South Shields, prevail'd the other day, sir ;

Quite panic struck the natives were, when told by the Barber,

That a terrible Sea Monster had got into the harbour.

“ Have you heard the news, sir ?” What news, pray, Master Barber ?

“ Oh a terrible Sea Monster has got into the harbour !”

Now each honest man in Shields—I mean both North and South, sir,

Delighting in occasions to expand their eyes and mouth, sir :

And fond of seeing marv'lous sights, ne'er staid to get his beard off ;

But ran to view the Monster, its arrival when he heard of,

Oh ! who could think of shaving when inform'd by the Barber,

That a terrible Sea Monster had got into the harbour.

Each wife pursu'd her husband, and every child its mother,

Lads and lasses, helter skelter, scamper'd after one another ;

Shopkeepers and mechanics too, forsook their daily labours,

And ran to gape and stare among their gaping staring neighbours.

All crowded to the river side, when told by the Barber,

That a terrible Sea Monster had got into the harbour.

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It happens very frequently that Barber's news is fiction,
sir,

But the wondrous news this morning was truth, no
contradiction, sir ;

A something sure enough was there, among the billows
flouncing,

Now sinking in the deep profound, now on the surface
bouncing.

True as Gazette or Gospel were the tidings of the
Barber,

That a terrible Sea Monster had got into the harbour.

Some thought it was a Shark, sir ; a Porpus some con-
ceiv'd it ;

Some said it was a Grampus, and some a Whale be-
liev'd it ;

Some swore it was a Sea Horse, then own'd themselves
mistaken,

For, now they'd got a nearer view—'twas certainly a
Kraken.

Each sported his opinion, from the Parson to the
Barber,

Of the terrible Sea Monster they'd gotten in the harbour.

"Belay, belay !" a sailor cried, "What that, this thing
a Kraken !

'Tis no more like one, split my jib ! than it is a flitch
of bacon !

I've often seen a hundred such, all sporting in the Nile,
sir,

And you may trust a sailor's word, it is a Crocodile, sir."

Each straight to Jack knocks under, from the Parson
to the Barber,

And all agreed a Crocodile had got into the harbour.

Yet greatly Jack's discovery his auditors did shock, sir,
For they dreaded that the Salmon would be eat up by
the Croc. sir :

When presently the Crocodile, their consternation
crowning,

Rais'd its head above the waves, and cried, " Help!
O Lord, I'm drowning!"

Heavens! how their hair, sir, stood on end, from
the Parson to the Barber,

To find a speaking Crocodile had got into the harbour.

This dreadful exclamation appall'd both young and old,
sir,

In the very stoutest hearts, indeed, it made the blood
run cold, sir;

Ev'n Jack, the hero of the Nile, it caus'd to quake and
tremble,

Until an old wife, sighing, cried, " Alas! 'tis Stephen
Kemble!"

Heav'n's! how they all astonish'd were, from the
Parson to the Barber,

To find that Stephen Kemble was the Monster in
the harbour.

Straight Crocodilish fears gave place to manly gen'rous
strife, sir,

Most willingly each lent a hand to save poor Stephen's
life, sir;

They dragg'd him gasping to the shore, impatient for
his history,

For how he came in that sad plight, to them was quite
a mystery.

Tears glisten'd, sir, in every eye, from the Parson to
the Barber,

When, swoln to thrice his natural size, they dragg'd
him from the harbour.

Now, having roll'd and rubb'd him well an hour upon
the beach, sir,

He got upon his legs again, and made a serious speech,
sir:

Quoth he, " An ancient proverb says, and true it will
be found, sirs,

Those born to prove an airy doom will surely ne'er be
drown'd, sirs :

For Fate, sirs, has us all in tow, from the Monarch
to the Barber,

Or surely I had breath'd my last this morning in the
harbour.

Resolv'd to cross the river, sirs, a sculler did I get into,
May Jonah's evil-luck be mine, another when I step into!
Just when we reach'd the deepest part, O horror! there
it founders,

And down went poor Pillgarlick amongst the crabs and
founders !

But Fate, that keeps us all in tow, from the Monarch
to the Barber,

Ordain'd I should not breathe my last this morning
in the harbour.

I've broke down many a stage coach, and many a
chaise and gig, sirs ;

Once in passing through a trap-hole, I found myself
too big, sirs ;

I've been circumstanc'd most oddly, whilst contesting
a hard race, sirs,

But ne'er was half so frighten'd, as among the Crabs
and Plaise, sirs.

O Fate, sirs, keeps us all in tow, from the Monarch
to the Barber,

Or certainly I'd breath'd my last this morning in
the harbour.

My friends, for your exertions, my heart o'erflows
with gratitude,

O may it prove the last time you find me in that la-
titude

God knows with what mischances dire the future may
 abound, sirs,
 But I hope and trust I'm one of those not fated to be
 drown'd, sirs."

Thus ended his oration, sir, I had it from the Barber;
 And dripping, like some River God, he slowly left
 the harbour.

Ye men of North and South Shields too, God send you
 all prosperity!

May your commerce ever flourish, your stately ships
 still crowd the sea:

Unrivall'd in the Coal Trade, till doomsday may you
 stand, sirs,

And, every hour, fresh wonders your eyes and mouth
 expand, sirs.

And long may Stephen Kemble live, and never may
 the Barber

Mistake him for a monster more, deep floundering
 in the harbour.

O NO, MY LOVE, NO.

By the Same.

WHILST the dread voice of war thro' the welkin re-
 bellows,

And aspects undaunted our Volunteers show,
 Do you think, O my Delia! to join the brave fellows,
 My heart beats impatient? O no, my love, no.

At the dawn of the day, their warm beds still forsaking,
 To scamper thro' *bogs*, or where prickly *whins* grow,
 When I view them of pastimes so martial partaking,
 Do I sicken with envy? O no, my love, no.

Array'd in full splendour, their arms brightly shining,
 On *guard* or on *picquet*, when proudly they go,
 (For the pleasures of *permanent duty* repining)
 Do I sigh to go with them? O no, my love, no.

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Ot think you that, eager to quell rude disorder,
 What time our brave heroes shall face the dread foe,
 I've determin'd to serve under Mr. Recorder,
 In the tip-staff battalion? O no, my love, no.
 What means, my lov'd Delia! that frown now ap-
 pearing?
 Why, why does your brow such severity show?
 And wherefore those glances, so cold and uncheering?
 Do you think me a *polltroon*? O no, my love, no.
 Though I wear not a red coat, my honour's untainted—
 To Coventry ne'er was I fated to go;
 But, whilst with the *plan of removal* acquainted,
 Can I, cruel, desert thee? O no, my love, no.
 Soon war from thy home may a fugitive send thee,
 Soon give thee of keels and their huddocks to know;
 In the voyage to Newburn who'll succour and tend thee?
 Shall the task be another's? O no, my love, no.
 Then wear not, my Delia! an aspect so chilling,
 Nor doubt not with ardour heroic I glow;
 But love's dear delights shall I barter for *drilling*?
 That smile methinks answers,—'O no, my love, no.'

THE BONASSUS.

Tune—"Jemmy Johnson's Wherry."

LET Wembwell, James, an' a' the pack
 Iv yelpin' curs, beef-eaters,
 Ne mair about Bonasses crack,
 Them queer, outlandish cretura.
 Be dumb, ye leeing, yammering hounds,
 Nor wi' yor clavers fash us,
 For seun aw'll prove wor canny town
 Can boast its awn Bonassus.

It chanc'd when honest Bell was Mayor,
 An' gat each poor man's blessin—
 When cheps like G—e, an' Tommy C—r
 Gat monny a gratis lesson ;
 Then Bell refus'd to stand agyen,
 Tir'd iv the situation,
 An' ne awd wife wad tyek the chain
 Iv a' wor Corporation.

The folk iv Shields hes lang begrudg'd
 The Custom-house beside us ;
 This was the time, they reetly judg'd,
 To come sae fine langside us :
 They had a chep, W——t was his nyem,
 To poor folk rather scurvy,
 They sent him up wor heeds to kyem,
 An' turn us topsy turvy.

He seun began to show his horns,
 An' treat the poor like vassals—
 He sent the apple-wives to mourn
 A month iv wor awd Cassel.
 The *timber marchants* will ne mare
 Wiv ten-a-penny deave us—
 They swear iv W——t's to be wor Mayor,
 That i' the dark they'll leave us.

The drapers next he gov a gleece,
 'Bout their unruly samples—
 Bound ower the clouts to keep the peace,
 Wiv strings to the door stanchells.
 The tatee-market iv a tift—
 (Ye heuxters a' resent it !
 My serties ! but that was a shift,)
 To the Parade Ground sent it.

Ye gowks, fra' Shields ye've oft slipt up,
 When ye had little 'casion,

To see wor snobs their capers cut,
 Or Geordy's Coronation ;
 Now altogether come yence mair,
 Wor blissins shall attend ye,
 If ye'll but rid us i' wor Mayor,
 Iv hackneys back we'll send ye.

SHIELDS CHAIN BRIDGE,

Humourously described by a Pitman.

NOW, Geordy, my lad, sit as mute as a tyed,
 An' aw'll tell ye 'bout Chain Brig at's gaun to be myed ;
 Aw'll begin at the furst, an' gan on till aw cum
 To the end o' my story—an' then aw'll be deun.
 Some folks tell a plain, simple story at times,S
 But aw'm nothing like them, aw tell a' things iv rhymes.
 Smash, Geordy, sit quiet—keep in thaw greet toes,
 An' aw'll gan as straight forrat as waggoners goes.

Wey, ye see, the folks thought, i' gaun ower the water,
 'Stead o' crossing wi' boats, 'at a Brig wad be better ;
 So the gentlemen gether'd a greet congregation,
 The syem as folks de at the heed o' the nation :
 Then they some things brought forrat, an' some they
 put back,

So they sattled a Brig sud be built iv a crack.
 'Twasn't lang efter this, aw gat had iv a paper,
 Tell'd the size it should be, just as nice as a taper.

How ! says aw to mysell, but they hevent been lang,
 Dash ! a fellow like me may stite myek up a sang,
 Or some such like thing—just to myek a bit fun :
 So it's ne seuner said than it's cleverly deun.
 Folks thought me a genius when first aw was born.—
 But what is aw deein ?—aw mun tell ye the form
 O' this said Iron Brig 'at aw's talking aboot,
 When aw pull up me breeches, an' blaw out me snout.

Huge abutments o' styen, aw think they are call'd—
 When aw com to that word aw was varry near 'pall'd ;
 On each side o' the river yen o' thor things is myed,
 To fit intiv a hole they howk out wiv a spyed.
 Fra the tops o' thor pillars to the edge o' the banks,
 Very strang iron chains, myed o' wrought iron links,
 Hingin' ower the house-tops o' byeth sides o' the river,
 Thor chains is continued fra pillar to pillar.

Fra the big'uns is hung some inferior in length,
 To the boddom of which a foundation of strength
 Is fixt, wrought wi' iron, an' cover'd wi' styen,
 Then surmounted wi' railing—it's deun, skin and byen.
 Now, Geordy, what de ye think of it, my lad?—
 Wey, speak—what's the maiter—or ye tyen varry bad?
 Or extonishment is it that's sew'd up yor mouth?
 But aw divent much wonder, so aw'll tell the real truth.

Aw wonder wor owners disn't see into it,
 An' myek a Chain Brig for to gan doon wor pit.
 A ! man, but it's cliver—it's use 'ill be greet ;
 For to what lad o' Shields wad the thowt not be sweet,
 To cross ower the water without danger or fear,
 As aw've monny a time deun 'i gan ower the Wear.
 When we cross ower the water i' boats we're in danger,
 But the hazard is warse tiv a man 'at's a stranger.

While this hang'd ugly sailing o' packets survives,
 We're in very greet danger o' lossin wor lives.
 But it's ne use to tell the unnumber'd disasters
 Which happen to 'prentices, workmen, and masters,
 On crossing the Tyne i' them sma' sculler boats,
 Or any thing else on the water that floats.
 At any rate, the Chain Brig is a far safer plan,
 And would save monny lives—contradict it whe can !

Besides, ye knaw, Geordy, it's easier and better
 For the canny folks 'at leves on the banks o' the water,

To walk straight afore them 'stead o' gaun doon the
street,
And when they're iv a hurry running doon a' they
meet;
Forbye being kept myest an hour in suspense,
By cairts, that sometimes myek a plague of a fence,
Then the folks are a' stopt, suppose they be iv a hurry.
Now, ye blithe lads o' Shields, let it be a' your glory,
To get this Chain Brig rear'd on high in the air,
Then we'll de'er ha'e to soom amang steam boats ne
mair;
Smash their greet clumsy wheels! aw like nyen o' their
wark,
They once cowpt me owerboard, an' aw was wet to the
sark;
But catch me gaun onny mair near them again—
If aw de, say aw divent belang Collingwood Main !

THE COLLIERS' PAY WEEK.

By Henry Robson.*

THE Baff week is o'er—no repining—
Pay-Saturday's swift on the wing;
At length the blithe morning comes shining,
When kelter makes colliers sing.
'Tis Spring and the weather is cheary,
The birds whistle sweet on the spray;
Now coal working lads, trim and airy,
To Newcassel town hie away.

* Henry Robson, the author of this and the two following pieces, is a native of Benwell, near Newcastle. In the place of his birth he enjoyed frequent opportunities, during his early years, of witnessing the manners, customs, and language of the Colliers, which he so well describes in the "Pay Week."—Besides these, he has written several other pieces of Poetry, humorous, satirical, and descriptive, possessing a considerable degree of merit. He was brought up to the printing business in Newcastle, where he has resided many years.

Those married jog on with their hinnies,
 Their canny bairns go by their side ;
 The daughters keep teasing their minnies
 For new cloaths to keep up their pride :
 They plead—Easter Sunday does fear them,
 For then, if they've nothing that's new,
 The Crow, spiteful bird ! will besmear them ;
 Oh then ! what a sight for to view !

The young men, full blithesome and jolly,
 March forward, all decently clad ;
 Some liltng up, " Cut-and-dry, Dolly,"
 Some singing, " The bonny Pit Lad :"
 The pranks that were play'd at last binding
 Engage some in humourous chat ;
 Some halt by the way-side on finding
 Primroses to place in their hat.

Bob Cranky, Jack Hogg, and Dick Marley,
 Bill Hewitt, Luke Carr, and Tom Brown,
 In one jolly squad set off early
 From Benwell to Newcassel town :
 Such hewers as they (none need doubt it)
 Ne'er handled a shovel or pick ;
 In high or low seam they could suit it,
 In regions next door to Old Nick.

Some went to buy hats and new jackets,
 And others to see a bit fun ;
 And some wanted leather and tacketts
 To cobble their canny pit shoon :
 Save the ribbon Dick's dear had requested,
 (Aware he had plenty of chink)
 There was no other care him infested,
 Unless 'twere his care for good drink.

[In the morning the dry man advances
 To purl-shop to toss off a jill,

Ne'er dreading the ill and mischances
 Attending on those who sit still :
 The drink, Reason's monitor quelling,
 Inflames both the brain and the eyes ;
 The enchantment commenc'd, there's no telling
 When care-drowning tipplers will rise.

O MALT ! we acknowledge thy powers,
 What good and what ill dost thou brew !
 Our good friend in moderate hours—
 Our enemy when we get fu' :
 Could thy vot'ries avoid the fell furies
 So often awaken'd by thee,
 We should seldom need Judges or Juries
 To send folk to Tyburn tree !]

At length in Newcastle they centre—
 In Hardy's,* a house much renown'd,
 The jovial company enter,
 Where stores of good liquor abound :
 As quick as the servants could fill it,
 (Till emptied were quarts half a score)
 With heart-burning thirst down they swill it,
 And thump on the table for more.

While thus in fine cue they are seated,
 Young cock-fighting Ned from the Fell†
 Peep'd in—his "How d'ye?" repeated,
 And hop'd they were all very well ;
 He swore he was pleased to see them—
 One rose up to make him sit down,
 And join in good fellowship wi' them,
 For him they would spend their last crown.

* Sign of the Black Boy, Groat Market.

† Gateshead Fell.

The liquor beginning to warm them,
 In friendship the closer they knit,
 And tell and hear jokes—and, to charm them,
 Comes Robin, from Denton-Bourn pit ;
 An odd witty, comical fellow,
 At either a jest or a tale,
 Especially when he was mellow
 With drinking stout Newcassel ale.

With bousing, and laughing, and smoking,
 The time slippeth swiftly away ;
 And while they are ranting and joking,
 The church-clock proclaims it mid-day.
 And now for black-puddings, long measure,
 They go to Tib Trollibag's stand,
 And away bear the glossy rich treasure,
 With joy, like curl'd bugles in hand.

And now a choice house they agreed on,
 Not far from the head of the Quay ;
 Where they their black puddings might feed on,
 And spend the remains of the day ;
 Where pipers and fiddlers resorted,
 To pick up the straggl'ing pence,
 And where the pit lads often sported
 There money at fiddle and dance.

Blind Willie* the fidler sat scraping,
 In corner just as they went in :
 Some Willington callants were shaking
 Their feet to his musical din :
 Jack vow'd he would have some fine cap'ring,
 As soon as their dinner was o'er,
 With the lassie that wore the white apron,
 Now reeling about on the floor.

* William Purvis, a blind fiddler so called.

Their hungry stomachs being eased,
 And gullets well clear'd with a glass,
 Jack rose from the table and seized
 The hand of the frolicsome lass.
 "Maw hinny!" says he, "pray excuse me—
 To ask thee to dance aw make free:"
 She reply'd, "I'd be loth to refuse thee!
 Now fiddler play—"Jigging for me."

The damsel displays all her graces,
 The collier exerts all his power,
 They caper in circling paces,
 And set at each end of the floor:
 He jumps, and his heels knock and rattle,
 At turns of the music so sweet,
 He makes such a thundering brattle,
 The floor seems afraid of his feet.

This couple being seated, rose Bob up,
 He wish'd to make one in a jig;
 But a Willington lad set his gob up,—
 O'er him there should none "run the rig."
 For now 'twas his turn for a caper,
 And he would dance first as he'd rose;
 Bob's passion beginning to vapour,
 He twisted his opponent's nose.

The Willington lads, for their Franky,
 Jump'd up to revenge the foul deed;
 And those in behalf of Bob Cranky
 Sprung forward—for now there was need.
 Bob canted the form, with a kevel,
 As he was exerting his strength;
 But he got on the lug such a nevel,
 That down he came, all his long length.

Tom Brown, from behind the long table,
 Impatient to join in the fight,

Made a spring, some rude foe to disable,
 For he was a man of some might :
 Misfortune, alas ! was attending,
 An accident fill'd him with fear ;
 An old rusty nail his flesh rending,
 Oblig'd him to slink in the rear.

When sober, a mild man was Marley,
 More apt to join friends than make foes ;
 But rais'd by the juice of the barley,
 He put in some sobbling blows.
 And cock-fighting Ned was their Hector,
 A courageous fellow, and stout ;
 He stood their bold friend and protector,
 And thump'd the opponents about.

All hand-over-head, topsy turvy,
 They struck with fists, elbows, and feet ;
 A Wellington callant, called Gurvy,
 Was top-tails tost over the seat :
 Luke Carr had one eye clos'd entire,
 And what is a serio-farce,
 Poor Robin was cast on the fire,
 His breeks torn and burnt off his a—e.

Oh, Robin ! what argued thy speeches ?
 Disaster now makes thee quite mum ;
 Thy wit could not save the good breeches
 That mencefully cover'd thy bum :
 To some slop-shop now thou may go trudging,
 And lug out some squandering coins ;
 For now 'tis too late to be grudging,—
 Thou cannot go home with bare groins.

How the warfaring companies parted,
 The Muse chuseth not to proclaim ;
 But, 'tis thought, that, being rather down-hearted,
 They quietly went—" toddling hame."

Now ye Collier callants, so clever,
 Residing 'tween Tyne and the Wear,
 Beware, when you fuddle together,
 Of making too free with strong beer.

THE TYNE.

By the Same.—Written in 1807.

IN Britain's blest island there runs a fine river,
 Far fam'd for the ore it conveys from the mine:
 Northumbria's pride, and that district doth sever
 From Durham's rising hills, and 'tis called—the Tyne

Flow on, lovely Tyne, undisturb'd be thy motion,
 Thy sons hold the threats of proud France in disdain;
 As long as thy waters shall mix with the ocean,
 The fleets of Old England will govern the main.

Other rivers for fame have by Poets been noted
 In many a soft-sounding musical line;
 But for sailors and coals never one was yet quoted,
 Could vie with the choicest of rivers—the Tyne.
 Flow on, lovely Tyne, &c.

When Collingwood conquer'd our foes so completely,
 And gain'd a fine laurel, his brow to entwine;
 In order to manage the matter quite neatly,
 Mann'd his vessel with tars from the banks of the
 Tyne. Flow on, lovely Tyne, &c.

Thou dearest of rivers, oft times have I wander'd
 Thy margin along when oppressed with grief,
 And thought of thy stream, as it onward meander'd;
 The murmuring melody gave me relief
 Flow on, lovely Tyne, &c.

From the fragrant wild flowers which blow on thy
border,

The playful Zephyrus oft steals an embrace,
And curling thy surface, in beauteous order,
The willows bend forward to kiss thy clear face.
Flow on, lovely Tyne, &c.

One favour I crave—O kind Fortune befriend me!
When downhill I totter, in Nature's decline—
A competent income—if this thou wilt send me,
I'll dwindle out life on the banks of the Tyne.
Flow on, lovely Tyne, &c.

THE SPRING.

By the Same.—Written early in May, 1809.

NOW the gay feather'd train, in each bush,
Court their mates, and love's melody sing—
The blackbird, the linnet, and thrush,
Make the echoing vallies to ring.

The bird with the crimson-dy'd breast,
From the hamlet has made his remove;
To join his love-song with the rest,
And woo his fond mate in the grove.

The lark, high in æther afloat,
Each morn, as he ushers the day,
Attunes his wild-warbling throat,
And sings his melodious lay.

Yon bank lately cover'd with snow,
Now smiles in the spring's bloomy pride;
And the sweet-scented primroses grow
Near the streamlet's sweet gurgling tide.

To the banks of the Tyne we'll away,
And view th' enrapturing scene;
While Flora, the goddess of May,
With her flow'rets bespangles the green.

G

PARSON MALTHUS.

By the Same.

Tune—"Ranting roaring Willie."

GOOD people, if you'll pay attention,
 I'll tell you a comical jest;
 The theme I'm about now to mention
 Alludes to one MALTHUS, a priest—
 A proud, hypocritical preacher,
 Who feeds on tithe-pigs and good wine;
 But him I shall prove a false teacher—
 Oh, all things have but a time.

Some time ago, through all the nation
 He publish'd a scandalous book—
 An Essay about "*Population*;"
 But widely his text he mistook.
 From marriage his plan's to restrain all
 Poor people who are in their prime,
 Lest the Earth prove too small to contain all—
 Such notions can last but a time.

But the Clergy who're plac'd in snug station,
 The nobles, and such like fine folks,
 May continue their multiplication—
 What think you, my friends, of such jokes?
 What think you of Malthus the Parson,
 Who slights each injunction divine,
 And laughs while he carries the farce on;—
 But all things have but a time.

When the poor folk of hunger are dying,
 He deems it no sin in the *great*,
 To with-hold all their hands from supplying
 The wretched with victuals to eat!

Such doctrine—sure a great evil—
 Becomes not a Christian Divine ;
 'Tis more like the speech of the Devil ;—
 But all things have but a time.

Now, my friends, you will readily see
 Malthus' argument's not worth a curse ;
 For to starve the industrious bee,
 Is no better than—killing the goose.
 That he does not believe in the Bible,
 His book is a very true sign ;
 On Sacred Writ 'tis a libel,—
 Such trash can last but for a time.

Place the drones on one part of our isle,
 The industrious class on the other ;
 There the former may simper and smile,
 And bow and scrape each to his brother :
 They can neither plough, throw the shuttle,
 Nor build with stone and lime ;
 They'll then get but little to guttle,
 And may grow wiser in time.

Ye blithe British lads and ye lasses,
 Ne'er heed this daft, whimsical Priest ;
 Get sweathearts in spite of such asses—
 The *Bible Plan* sure is the best :
 Then away go in couples together,
 And marry while you're in your prime,
 And strive to agree with each other,
 For life only lasts a short time !

PETER WAGGY.

By the Same.—Written February, 1836.

I, WHEN a child, for trinket ware
 Would often cry to mam and daddie :
 With other trifles, from the fair,
 Dad brought me once a Peter Waggy.

Fine dolls, and many things forby,
 A gilded coach and little naggie ;
 But oh, the darling of my eye,
 Was little dancing Peter Waggy !

Love of such trifles time destroys—
 At length each well-grown lass and laddie
 Seeks to be pleas'd with other toys,
 Some other sort of Peter Waggy.

A lover came to me at last,
 In courting me he ne'er grew faggy ;
 Now he and I are buckled fast—
 He is my darling Peter Waggy.

We've got a boy of beauty rare,
 A credit to his mam and daddie ;
 When I go to Newcastle fair,
 I'll buy my child a Peter Waggy.

BESSY OF BLYTH.

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 "A VIRTUOUS WOMAN IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES."  
 ~~~~~

By the Same.—Written February, 1826.

IN Cramlington we've bonnie lasses enow,
 With cheeks red as roses, and eyes black or blue ;
 But Bessy of Blyth I love better than onie—
 My heart is still there with my own dear honey.

My uncle says, " Robin, why sure you are mad,
 To slight Suky Swan—she's worth money, my lad !"
 " Dear uncle," says I, " I'll ne'er marry for money,
 " And none will I have but my own dear honey."

Her face I compare to the blush of the morn,
 Her breath to the scent of the fresh blossom'd thorn ;
 For virtue and sense she's not equal'd by monie—
 Few, few can compare with my own dear honey.

As in this world of care there is nought we approve,
 Compar'd to the faithful good wife that we love ;
 To sweeten life's sorrow, the gall mix with honey,
 I'll wed my dear Bess, and a fig for their money.

SONG.—TO ANNA.

By the Same.

DEAR ANNA, though thy parents move thee
 To withdraw thy smiles from me,
 I can never cease to love thee,
 Though no more thy face I see.

The sense of thy parental duty
 Urgeth thee from me to part ;
 Conquer'd by thy peerless beauty,
 Soon, ah ! soon I'll break my heart !

As through this world of woe I wander,
 Cross'd in love, and worn with care ;
 Oft I'll think on lovely Anna,
 Who's the " fairest of the fair."

KELVIN GROVE.

THE LASSIE'S ANSWER.

By the Same.

TO the Kelvin Grove we'll go, bonnie laddie, O,
 Where the sweetest flowers grow, bonnie laddie, O ;
 With my true love by my side,
 Of a' the flowers the pride,
 I'd wander the warld wide, bonnie laddie, O.

When the throstle hails the morn, bonnie laddie, O,
 We'll wander by the burn, bonnie laddie, O ;
 And we'll rest in the alcove,
 In bonnie Kelvin Grove,
 Where first I told my love to my laddie, O.

When thou leav'st thy native home, bonnie laddie, O,
 With thee I mean to roam, bonnie laddie, O ;
 I'll watch thee in the fight,
 And guard thee day and night,
 That no mishap alight—on my laddie, O.

In the fatal battle-field, bonnie laddie, O,
 Shouldst thou thy spirit yield, bonnie laddie, O—
 When thy een are clos'd in death,
 I'll sigh my latest breath,
 And one grave shall hold us baith, bonnie laddie, O.

But kind should Fortune prove, bonnie laddie, O,
 And spare us baith to love, bonnie laddie, O :
 By the stream again we'll rove,
 In bonnie Kelvin Grove,
 And fra hame nae mair remove, dearest laddie, O.

TO MR. PETER WATSON,*

WHO LAYS POW'RFUL BATS ON.

By the Same.—Written in 1824.

O WATSON! O Watson! what are you about?
 What have you been doing to cause such a rout?
 'Tis said you've been giving the Clergy a clout;
 Which nobody does deny.

* Peter Watson, of Chester-le-Street, Shoemaker.—This person for some time laudably exerted himself to oppose the claims of the Government Clergy to what are called Easter dues or offerings; and by a powerful appeal to the public, succeeded in convincing many that such claims were equally oppressive and unjust, and founded neither in the law nor the gospel.—The late worthy Vicar of Newcastle, Mr John Smith, actuated with the generous feelings of a Man and a Christian, and with due deference to public opinion, restrained the Clergy in his jurisdiction from collecting these Exactions during the latter years of his life. To him, therefore, and to Peter Watson, in particular, who aroused the public attention to the subject, the inhabitants of Newcastle are indebted for being relieved from this odious, unjust, and oppressive Clerical Tax.

O stop! Watson, stop! O whither?—say whither
Directs thy bold genius?—'twould seem you choose
rather

To hammer the Parsons, instead of bend leather;
At starting you were not shy.

What tho' the good Clergy for long time have got,
At Easter, fat pullets to put in their pot,
And ta'en from the people full many a groat;
Yet why into this should you pry?

Of matters relating to Church or to State,
'Tis surely not fit you should trouble your pate;
Yet still you keep thumping, with spirit elate,
As if you would maul the whole fry.

I'd have you respect more the *Lord's* own *Anointed*,
Who over your conscience to rule are appointed,
And to whom pigs and pullets are sent to be jointed,
And other good things forby.

Repent, then, and quick pay your *EASTER DUES*,
And to *guileless* Parsons give no more abuse,
Or spiritual comfort to you they'll refuse,
And this may cause you to sigh!

For things are so chang'd since you rang them a peal,
That the Clerk seems afraid thro' our parish to speal;
For he's look'd on no better than one come to steal;
Which nobody can deny.

The Clerk of St. John's, that he might have good luck,
Employ'd a brave Noodle, whose nick-name is *Pluck*,
To collect Easter-pence; but the people had struck—
Few, few were brought to comply.

Now the Parsons to you attach all the blame,
O Watson, for saying they had no just claim;
Thus you've brought on yourself their *holy* disdain;
Yet you'll fill a niche in the Temple of Fame,
Which nobody will deny.

THE FISH-WIVES' COMPLAINT,

On their Removal from the Sandhill to the New Fish Market,
on the 2nd. of January, 1826.

BY R. EMERY.

Tune—"Sleeping Maggie."

THE merry day hes gettin past,
And we are aw myest broken hearted;
Ye've surely deun for us at last—
Fra Sandhill, noo, ye hev us parted.

Oh! hinnies, Corporation!

A! marcy! Corporation!

Ye hev deun a shemful deed,
To force us fra' wor canny station.

It's nee use bein' in a rage,
For aw wor pride noo fairly sunk is—
Ye've cram'd us in a Dandy Cage,
Like yellow-yowlies, bears, and monkees.
Oh! hinnies, &c.

The cau'd East wind blows i' wor teeth—
With iron bars we are surrounded;
It's better, far, to suffer deeth,
Than thus to hev wor feelings wounded.
Oh! hinnies, &c.

Wor haddocks, turbot, cod, and ling,
Are lost tiv a' wor friends' inspection;
Genteelish folk frev us tyek wing,
For fear of catching some infection.
Oh! hinnies, &c.

O, kind Sir Matt.—ye bonny Star,
Gan to the King, an' show this ditty—
Tell him what canny folks we are,
And make him free us fra this Kitty.
Oh! hinnies, &c.

If ye succeed, agyen we'll sing—
 Sweet Madge, wor Queen, will ever bless ye ;
 And poor au'd Jemmy tee, wor King,
 With a' us fish-wives will caress ye.
 Oh ! hinnies, &c.

THE NEW FISH MARKET.

BY WM. MIDFORD.

Tune—" Scots, come o'er the Border."

MARCH! march to the Dandy Fish Market!
 See what our Corporation's done for you,
 By pillars and paling so nobly surrounded,
 And your stone tables all standing before you.

Where's there a river so fam'd in the nation?
 Where's the bold tars that so well grace their station?
 Coals, fish, and grindstones—we'll through the world
 bark it—

And now we ha'e gotten a bonny Fish Market.
 March ! march, &c.

Oh ! did the fish ken they'd be cage'd like a birdie,
 (Euphy, the Queen, singing " Maw canny Geordie,")
 They'd pop out their heads then, should ye only watch
 them,

And call on the fishermen sharply to catch them.
 March ! march, &c.

Yet all isn't right, tho'—in time you may hear it ;
 One week is past, and but one cart's come near it :
 The loons above stairs preconcerted the order,
 And hinder poor bodies to hawk round the border.
 March ! march, &c.

Gan to the coast—where the fisherman's weeding—
 Gan to the fells—where the cuddies are feeding—
 Gan to hell's kitchen—should ye have occasion—
 Ye'll see hizzies drinking through spite and vexation.
 March ! march, &c.

Where's Madgie's troops that so well could shout oysters?
Gone to a convent or nunnery cloisters!

Where's the wee shop that once held Jack the Barber?
Gone to make room for the fish brought to harbour!

March! march, &c.

Then hie to the Custom House, add to your pleasures,
Now you're well cover'd, so toom the new measures:

It ne'er will be finish'd, I'll wager a groat,
Till they've cut a canal to admit five-men boats!

March! march, &c.

A NEW YEAR'S CAROL,

For the Fish-Wives of Newcastle.

BY METCALF ROSS.

Tune—"Chevy Chase."

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all!
A woeful ditty we may sing
On ev'ry fish-wife's stall.

Good Magistrates, it were a sin
That we should *rail* at you;
Altho' the *plaiice* you've put us in,
Is *grating* to our view.

If *crab-bed* looks we should put on,
Or *flounder* in a pet,
Each fish-wife's *tub* would, very soon,
Be in the *kit-ty* set.

Sure we are not such simple *soles*,
Though in your legal *net*,
But we will haul you *o'er the coals*,
And play *hot cockles* yet.

The iron ring in which we're shut,
 To make the *gudgeons* stare,
 Will not, says ev'ry scolding slut,
 With *her-ring* e'er compare.

Then ev'ry night, that duly falls,
Fresh water may be seen
 All floating round our seats and stalls,
 As if we *had-ducks* been.

But thus *shell'd* in, as now we are,
 Within our corp'rate bounds,
 Altho' we may not curse and swear,
 We still may cry, *Cod-sounds!*

Let gentle people *carp* their fill,
 At us, our *sprees* and *pranks* ;
 For tho' we're now turn'd off the *Hill*,
 Themselves may lose their *Banks*.

JESMOND MILL:

BY PHIL. HODGSON.

TO sing of some nymph in her cot,
 Each bard will oft flourish his quill :
 I'm glad it has fall'n to my lot,
 To celebrate Jesmond Mill.

When Spring hither winds her career,
 Our trees and our hedges to fill,
 Vast oceans of verdure appear,
 To charm you at Jesmond Mill.

To plant every rural delight,
 Mere Nature has lavish'd her skill ;
 Here fragrant soft breezes unite,
 To wanton round Jesmond Mill.

When silence each evening here dwells,
 The birds in their coverts all still ;
 No music in sweetness excels
 The clacking of Jesmond Mill.

Reclin'd by the verge of the stream,
 Or stretch'd on the side of the hill,
 I'm never in want of a theme,
 While learning at Jesmond Mill.

Sure Venus some plot has design'd,
 Or why is my heart never still,
 Whenever it pops in my mind,
 To wander near Jesmond Mill.

My object, ye swains, you will guess,
 If ever in love you had skill ;
 And now, I will frankly confess,
 'Tis—Jenny of Jesmond Mill.

TOMMY THOMPSON.

Author of 'Canny Newcassel,' 'Jemmy Joneson's Whurry,' &c.

BY ROBERT GILCHRIST.

ALL ye whom minstrel's strains inspire,
 Soft as the sighs of morning—
 All ye who sweep the rustic lyre,
 Your native hills adorning—
 Where genius bids her rays descend
 O'er bosoms bleak and lonesome—
 Let every hand and heart respond
 The name of Tommy Thompson.

CHORUS.

His spirit now is soaring bright,
 And leaves us dark and dolesome ;
 O luckless was the fatal night
 That lost us Tommy Thompson.

The lyric harp was all his own,
 Each mystic art combining—
 Which Envy, with unbending frown,
 Might hear with unrepining.
 The sweetest flower in summer blown
 Was not more blithe and joyous,
 Than was the matchless, merry tone,
 Which died with Tommy Thompson.
 His spirit, &c.

FAREWELL TO THE TYNE.

BY THE SAME.

FAREWELL, lovely Tyne, in thy soft murmurs flowing,
 Adieu to the shades of thy mouldering towers!
 And sweet be the flowers on thy wild margin growing,
 And sweet be the nymphs who inhabit thy bowers!

And there shall be ties which no distance can sever,
 Thou land of our fathers, the dauntless and free;
 Tho' the charms of each change smile around me, yet
 never
 Shall the sigh be inconstant that's hallow'd to thee.

Thy full orb of glory will blaze o'er each contest—
 Thy sons, e'er renown'd, be the dread of each foe—
 Till thy tars chill with fear in the fight or the tempest,
 And the pure streams of Heddon have ceased more
 to flow.

May commerce be thine—and from Tynemouth to Stella
 May thy dark dingy waters auspiciously roll—
 And thy lads in the keels long be jovial and mellow,
 With faces as black as the keel or the coal.

O Albion! of worlds thou shalt e'er be the wonder,
 Thy tough wooden walls, thy protection and pride,
 So long as the bolts of thy cloud-rending thunder
 Are hurl'd by the lads on the banks of Tyneside.

NORTHUMBERLAND FREE O' NEWCASSEL.

COMPOSED EXTEMPORE,

On the Duke of Northumberland being presented with the
Freedom of Newcastle.

BY THE SAME.

TO that far ken'd and wondrous place, Newcassel town,
Where each thing yen lucks at surprises,
Wiv a head full o' fancies, an' heart full o' fun,
Aw'd com'd in to see my Lord 'Sizes.
In byeth town an' country aw glowrin' beheld
Carousin' laird, tenant, an' vassal ;
On axin' the cause o' sic joy, aw was tell'd,
'Twas Northumberland free o' Newcassel.

The guns frae the Cassel sent monny a peal—
My hair stood an' end a' confounded—
The folks on Tyne Brig set up monny a squeel,
And the banks o' Tyneside a' resounded.
In the Mute Hall, Judge Bayley roar'd out, " My poor
head !—
Gan an' tell them not to myek sic a rattle."
Judge Wood cried out, " No—let them fire us half dead,
Since Northumberland's free o' Newcassel !"

The Duke e'er has been byeth wor glory an' pride,
For dously he fills up his station ;
May he lang live to hearten the lads o' Tyneside,
The glory an' pride o' their nation.
Brave Prudhoe* triumphant shall plough the wide main,
The hash o' the Yankees he'll sattle ;
An' ages hereafter but sarve to proclaim
Northumberland free o' Newcassel.

* Baron Prudhoe, of the Royal Navy.

May it please Heav'n to grant that the sweet Flower
o' Wales,*

Wi' Northumberland's roses entwinin',
May its fragrance shed forth i' celestial gales,
In glory unceasin'ly shinin'.

In defence o' wor country, wor laws, an' wor King,
May a *Peerey* still lead us to battle ;
An' monny a brisk lad o' the nyem may there spring
Fra Northumberland, free o' Newcassel.

THE DUCHESS AND MAYORESS.

Written in September, 1819.

YE Northumberland lads and ye lasses,
Come and see what at Newcastle passes,
Here's a damnable rout,
At a tea and turn out,
And no one knows how to bring matters about.

It seems, at our summer Assizes,
(Or at least so the present surmise is)
The wife of the Mayor
Never offer'd her chair
At the Ball when the Duchess from Alnwick was there.

Then 'tis said, too, by way of addition,
To the Mayoress's turn for sedition,
That, in right of her place,
With her impudent face,
She march'd out to tea at the head of her Grace.

So our vigorous young Lord Lieutenant,
Next day, when the Grand Jury were present,
Disclos'd to their view,
(In enigma, 'tis true)
The plot of the Mayoress and all her d—d crew.

* The Duchess of Northumberland.

When his health was propos'd, as Lieutenant,
 He bow'd to the company present ;
 Then, with tears in his eyes,
 And to all their surprize,
 " My office, (his Grace said) too heavily lies.
 " I had firmly imagin'd till now, Sirs,
 " That our County was free from all row, Sirs ;
 " But what has occur'd,
 " Though I sha'n't say a word,
 " Till the voice of yourselves and the county is heard.
 " All at present I wish you to know is,
 " That my Duchess and dame Lady Powis,
 " Have receiv'd such a blow,
 " That they never can go
 " To your ball, at Newcastle, while things remain so.
 " A high rank has its weight in the nation,
 " If you hold it in due estimation ;
 " Then the Duchess and I
 " For redress must apply,
 " Tho' at present I mention no name—no not I.
 " All I wish is to find out your pleasures,
 " And hope to avoid all harsh measures ;
 " Yet I always foresaw
 " This Republican jaw
 " Would sooner or later produce Martial Law."

Thus ended the young Lord Lieutenant,
 When the terrified company present,
 Cried, " Name, my Lord, name
 " Who's to blame—who's to blame ;"
 But the Duke said, the County must smother the flame.
 And the Duchess and he, the next morning,
 Fulfill'd my Lord Lieutenant's warning ;
 Then up before day,
 And to Alnwick away,
 Their faces have ne'er since been seen to this day.

NEWCASTLE ASSIZES.

DUCHESS v. MAYORESS ;

Or, a Struggle for Precedence.

WHY, what's a' this about,
Mister Mayor, Mister Mayor ?

Why, what's a' this about,
Mister Mayor ?

Yor Worship's wife, they say,
To the Duchess won't give way,
Nor due attention pay,
Mister Mayor !

But is this true, aw pray,
Mister Mayor, Mister Mayor ?

But is this true, aw pray,
Mister Mayor ?

If it's true, as aw believe,
Ye'll ha'e muckle cause to grieve—
The Duke yor toon will leave,
Mister Mayor !

The Judge, Sir William Scott,
Mister Mayor, Mister Mayor !

The Judge, Sir William Scott,
Mister Mayor !

Says, yor wife is much to blame ;
And aw think 't wad be ne shame,
To skelp her for the same,
Mister Mayor !

'Tis not the Judge alane,
Mister Mayor, Mister Mayor !

'Tis not the Judge alane,
Mister Mayor !

But the Judge and Jury baith,
Say, she's guilty o' maw faith,
An' so Sir Thomas saith,
Mister Mayor !

H

The Duke the Jury towld,
 Mister Mayor, Mister Mayor !
 The Duke the Jury towld,
 Mister Mayor !
 He went with them to dine,
 And sarely he did whine,
 'Boot his wife, mun, ow'r his wine,
 Mister Mayor !

'Twas sure ne noble deed,
 Mister Mayor, Mister Mayor !
 'Twas sure ne noble deed,
 Mister Mayor !
 He shew'd ne mighty sense,
 At yor Dame to take offence ;
 So let His Grace gan hence,
 Mister Mayor !

But there's other folk to blame,
 Mister Mayor, Mister Mayor !
 But there's other folk to blame,
 Mister Mayor !
 Yor wife has counsell'd with
 Wor Vicar, Johnny Smith,
 An' he's nought, ye know, but pith,
 Mister Mayor !

Enjoy life when ye can,
 Mister Mayor, Mister Mayor
 Enjoy life when ye can,
 Mister Mayor !
 Nor let the Brewer Knight,
 Nor the Duke, wi' a' his spite,
 Say yor wife's no i' the right,
 Mister Mayor !

THE COAL TRADE.

GOOD people, listen while I sing
 The source from whence your comforts spring,
 And may each wind that blows still bring

Success unto the Coal Trade !

Who but unusual pleasure feels
 To see our fleets of ships and keels !
 Newcastle, Sunderland, and Shields,
 May ever bless the Coal Trade.

May vultures on the caitiff fly
 And gnaw his liver till he die,
 Who looks with evil, jealous eye,
 Down upon the Coal Trade.

If that should fail what would ensue ?
 Sure, ruin and disaster too !
 Alas ! alas ! what could we do,
 If 'twere not for the Coal Trade !

What is it gives us cakes of meal ?
 What is it crams our wames sae weel
 With lumps of beef and draughts of ale ?
 What is't, but just the Coal Trade.
 Not Davis' Straits or Greenland oil,
 Nor all the wealth springs from the soil,
 Could ever make our pots to boil,
 Like unto our Coal Trade.

Ye sailors' wives that love a drop,
 Of stingo fra the brandy shop,
 How could you get one single drop,
 If it were not for the Coal Trade.
 Ye pitmen lads, so blithe and gay,
 Who meet to tipple each pay-day,
 Down on your marrow bones and pray,
 Success unto the Coal Trade !

May Wear and Tyne still draw and pour
 Their jet black treasures to the shore,
 And we with all our strength will roar,
 Success unto the Coal Trade !
 Ye owners, masters, sailors a',
 Come shout till ye be like to fa' ;
 Your voices raise—huzza ! huzza !
 We all live by the Coal Trade.

This nation is in duty bound,
 To prize those who work under ground,
 For 'tis well known this country round
 Is kept up by the Coal Trade.
 May Wear, and Tyne, and Thames ne'er freeze,
 Our ships and keels will pass with ease,
 Then Newcastle, Sunderland, and Shields,
 Will still uphold the Coal Trade.

I tell the truth, you may depend,
 In Durham or Northumberland,
 No trade in them could ever stand,
 If it were not for the Coal Trade.
 The owners know full well, 'tis true,
 Without pitmen, keelmen, sailors too,
 To Britain they might bid adieu,
 If it were not for the Coal Trade.

So to conclude, and make an end
 Of these few lines which I have penn'd,
 We'll drink a health to all those men
 Who carry on the Coal Trade :
 To owners, pitmen, keelmen too,
 And sailors, who the seas do plough,
 Without these men we could not do,
 Nor carry on the Coal Trade.

**TOM CARR AND WALLER WATSON,
OR TOM AND JERRY AT HOME.**

Tune—"There was a bold Dragoon."

O MARROWS, howay to the toon,
What fan we will ha'e there !
We needn't fear the watchmen now,
Let them come if they dare !
We'll hev a jill and sing a sang,
And thro' the streets we'll roar a ditty,
For Tom Carr hez ne bizness now
To put us a' neet i' the Kitty.
Whack, fal, &c.

For when he cam before me Lord,
He fand his sel a' wrang,
For tyaken Watson up yen neet
For singin a wee bit sang.
Another chep ca'd Walton te,
Aw own that he was rather murrly,
For he tell'd the watchman to be off,
Or else he'd give him Tom and Jurry.
Whack, fal, &c.

The watchman seiz'd him by the neck,
Then up cam other two :
Says Walton, ' Now let go o' me,
Or aw'll let ye knaw just now.'
Then he lifted up his great lang airm,
Me sowl ! he gav him sec a knoller ;
But the watchman kept his haud se lang,
He pull'd off Walton's Dandy Collar.
Whack, fal, &c.

To the watch-house then they dragg'd them off,
Before greet Captain Carr :
Says he, ' What ha'e ye gotten here,
Me worthy men o' war ?'

H 3

Wye, sir, says they, here's twe greet cheps,
 The yen aw shure deserves a swingin;
 For they've roar'd and shooted thro' the streets,
 And wyaken'd a' the folks wi' singin.

Whack, fal, &c.

'Aye, aye,' says Carr, 'aw ken them weel,
 Tyek them out o' my seet!

Away wi' them to Mister Scott,
 And keep them there a' neet.'

Says Walton 'Will ye hear me speak?'

Says Tommy, 'Go you to the devil!'

'Wye, wye,' says Watson, 'never mind,
 But surely this is damn'd uncivil.'

Whack, fal, &c.

Then away they went to Mr Scott,
 And fand him varry kind:

Says he, 'Young men, I'll treat ye weel,
 Tho' here against your mind.'

'O Sir,' said they, 'you're very good,
 But faith this place luiks dark and frightful!'

Says Walton, 'What a sweet perfume!'

Says Watson, 'Lord, it's quite delightful!'

Whack, fal, &c.

But Watson myed Tom Carr to rue,
 Before 'twas varry lang:

He had him tried before me Lord,
 And Carr fand he was wrang.

Me Lord tell'd Carr he had ne reet

To shop them, e'en had it been lyater,
 Until he'd tyen them, first ov a',

Before a Mister Magistrater.

Whack, fal, &c.

Now Tommy Carr may claw his lug,
 Th' expences he mun pay:

But still there's nyen that's sorry for't;

"It sarves him reet," they say.

So howay, lads, let's off to toorr,
 We'll a' put wor bit better hats on ;
 And if Tom Carr shops us agyen,
 Me sowl ! we'll give him Waller Watson.
 Whack, fal, &c.

JOHNNY SC—TT AND TOMMY C—RR.

A DIALOGUE.

*Sc*tt*—AH ! woes me ! what shall I do,
 Tommy C*rr, Tommy C*rr ?
 For I have moat cause to rue,
 Tommy C*rr !
 Though your costs are very great,
 Yet much harder is my fate—
 I may shut the Kitty gate,
 Tommy C*rr !

*C*rr*—I will soon be clear of mine,
 Johnny Sc*tt, Johnny Sc*tt !
 For I will myself confine,
 Johnny Sc*tt !
 Just for three short weeks or so,
 Up the nineteen steps I'll go,
 And be wash'd as white as snow,
 Johnniy Sc*tt !

*Sc*tt*—Oh ! that tyrant of a Judge,
 Tommy C*rr, Tommy C*rr !
 He has surely had some grudge,
 Tommy C*rr !
 Can we gain our honest bread,
 Now when cut off in full trade,
 We who've been so long well fed,
 Tommy C*rr !

*C*rr*—Oh ! how trifling was our chance,
 Johnny Sc*tt, Johnny Sc*tt !
 Oh ! had Scarlett been at France,
 Johnny Sc*tt !
 Brougham's help was all we had,
 Well he knew our case was bad ;
 And au'd Bayley frown'd like mad,
 Johnny Sc*tt !

*Sc*tt*—I my huckstering shop may let,
 Tommy C*rr, Tommy C*rr !
 No more customers we'll get,
 Tommy C*rr !
 Mrs Sc*tt has room to growl,
 There is not one hungry soul
 For to buy a penny roll,
 Tommy C*rr !

*C*rr*—Let us curse the day and hour,
 Johnny Sc*tt, Johnny Sc*tt !
 That depriv'd us of our power,
 Johnny Sc*tt !
 Fam'd Newcastle's rattling boys
 Will kick up a thund'ring noise,
 And for fun will black our eyes,
 Johnny Sc*tt !

TOMMY C—R IN LIMBO.

Tune—"Scots wha ha'e, &c."

YE that like a lark or spree !
 Ye that's iv the Kitty free !
 Now's the time for mirth an glee,
 For Tommy is 'up stairs.
 Ye that never yet went wrang—
 Ne'er did warse than sing a sang,
 Ye that offen had to gan
 And visit Mr Mayor's.

Now then let your joys abound—
 Now begin yor neetly rounds,
 An' myek the streets wi' mirth resound,

Since Tommy is up stairs.

Whe before Judge Bayley stood,
 For sending Watson into quod?—
 Whe wad grace a *frame of Wood*?

But honest Tommy C—r.

And when fou, wi' cronies dear,
 Ye'd sally out to Filly Fair,
 Whe was sure to meet ye there?

But honest Tommy C—r :

Wiv his beaver round and low,
 Little switch, an' thick surtou',
 Like Satan prowling to and fro,
 Seeking to devour.

Whe was sure your sport to mar,
 And send ye off to Cabbage Square?
 Whe was Judge and Jury there?

But honest Tommy C—r.

Whe wad niver tyek yor word?
 An' if to walk ye'd not afford,
 Whe wad strap ye on a board?

But honest Tommy C—r.

The KITTY PORT ADMIRAL at the BENCH ;

OR, DOGBERRY IN THE SUDS.

AIR—"The Opera Hat."

OH the Devil go with you, fat Tom C—r!

Bribe him well he'll be your counsellor,
 Give you courage when at the bar,
 And grant you a special favour:

Some folks thowt you were gyen to hell,
 And other some to Derry :

But sup the broth you've made yoursel,

There's no one can be sorry.

So the Devil, &c.

'Tis well you leave the scorn of those
 You've sent into the work-house,
 For, hangman like, you'd have cash and clothes,
 When their friends were glad of the carcase.
 So the Devil, &c.

Bad luck, say I, to your broad brimair!
 Your crimes 'twill not half smother;
 So go to Stuart's, in Denton Chare,
 And prithee choose another.
 So the Devil, &c.

For if ever upon the Quay again,
 You beg for beef and biscuit,
 The sailor lads will surely cry,
 Gods! lad, you've sairly miss'd it.
 So the Devil, &c.

May the tread mill turn to a whiskey shop,
 The parrot into a monkey,
 And Tom C—r selling fine shirt neck buttons
 Upon a tripe-wife's donkey,
 So the Devil, &c.

THE OWL.

Written Feb. 1826.—Tune—X, Y, Z.

NOW run away amang the snobs,
 An' stangies i' the Garth, man,
 An' hear about the greet black Owl,
 That's let on Cappy's hearth, man—
 Of sic a breed, the Deil his sell
 Its marrow canna' find in Hell!
 It hops about wiv its slouch hat,
 Can worry mice like wor Tom Cat—
 An' sic a yarkin blubber heed,
 It bangs X, Y, that famous steed,
 Or ony thing ye like, man.

Oft frev its nest, in Cabbage Square,
 It flaffer'd out at neets, man,
 'Mang sic a flock that neatly blare,
 An' carry crooks an' leets, man—
 Then prowld wor streets in search o' prey,
 An' if a mouse but cross'd his way,
 He quickly had it by the nose,
 An' pawk'd it off to kuel its toes,—
 Did Hoo! Hoo! wi' the blubber heed,
 That bangs X, Y, that famous steed—
 So, Cappy, keep him tight, man.

To tell how Cappy gat this burd,
 Aw wad be rather fash'd, man ;
 Some say that, of its awn accord,
 It went to get *white wash'd*, man.
 So scrub him, Cap, with a' yor might,
 Just nobbit make the lubbart white—
 But if yor brushin' winna dee,
 There's Waller Watson, Walton tee,
 They'll scrub him as they did before,
 An' make the bowdy-kite to roar—
 If Cappy keeps him tight, man.

St. Nich'las bells now sweetly ring,
 Yor music's sae bewitchin'—
 Ye lads in Neil's* now louder sing,
 An' warble weel, Hell's Kitchent†—
 For yor au'd friend is in the trap,
 Alang wi' his awn brother, Cap:
 Then shout hurra ! agyen we're free,
 At neets to hev a canny spree ;
 In gannin hyem, ne mair we'll dreed
 The lubbart wi' the chuckle heed—
 Mind, Cappy, keep him tight, man.

* A famed public-house, at the head of Manor-chare.

† The tap-room of a famed public-house, near the head of Groat Market.

LOVELY DELIA.

Tune—"Sleeping Maggie."

UPON the flow'ry banks o' Tyne,
 The rose and myrtle may entwine ;
 But were their every sweet divine,
 They wadna a' be like my Delia.
 Clear beams the eye o' Delia,
 Heaven's in the smile o' Delia ;
 Nor flowers that blaw, nor falling snaw,
 Were e'er sae pure as lovely Delia.

Gently blaw, thou whistlin' wind,
 Along the bonny banks o' Tyne,
 Where nature every grace combin'd
 When she first form'd my life, my Delia !
 Clear beams the eye o' Delia,
 Heaven's in the smile o' Delia ;
 Nor flower that blaws, nor winter snaws,
 Were e'er sae pure as lovely Delia.

Tho' a' the wee birds round me sing,
 To welcome back the blithefu' spring ;
 Yet a' the music they can bring
 Is na sae sweet's the voice o' Delia.
 Clear beams the eye o' Delia,
 Heaven's in the smile o' Delia ;
 Nor flower that blaws, nor drifting snaws,
 Were e'er sae pure as my lov'd Delia.

The bonny little playfu' lamb,
 That frisks along the verdant plain,
 Is nae mair free fra guilty stain,
 Than is my life, my love, my Delia.
 Clear beams the eye o' Delia,
 Heaven's in the smile o' Delia ;
 Nor flowers that blaw, nor whitest snaw,
 Were e'er sae pure as my sweet Delia.

The priests they tell us, all above,
 With angels, do delight in love ;
 Then surely angels must approve
 Their image in my lovely Delia.

Clear beams the eye o' Delia,
 Heaven's in the smile o' Delia ;
 Nor flower that blaws, nor new-born snaws,
 Were e'er sae pure as lovely Delia.

Truth and kindness ever reigns,
 In a' her heart, thro' a' her veins ;
 Yet nane shall ken the pleasing pains
 I ha'e endur'd for my sweet Delia.

Heaven's in the smile o' Delia,
 Bright's the beam in her dark eye ;
 Nor flower that blaws, nor virgin snaws,
 Were e'er sae pure as my lov'd Delia.

PANDON DEAN.

Tune—" Banks o' Doon."

FAREWELL, ye fragrant, shady groves !

Farewell, thou charming sylvan scene,
 Where partial mem'ry hapless roves—
 I bid adieu to Pandon Dean.

I bid ye all a long adieu,

And fare thee well, my lovely Jean ;
 Thine equal I shall never view,
 Whilst far awa' fra Pandon Dean.

The songsters chanting on the spray,
 The shrubs and flowers, sae fresh and green,
 Increase my heart's tumultuous play,
 Which dwells on thee and Pandon Dean.

Tho' far awa' in foreign lands,
 And trackless oceans foam between,
 I ne'er shall break those dearest bands
 Thou wreath'dst for me in Pandon Dean.

These to my heart shall dearest be
 When sharp afflictions pierce me keen ;
 'Twill soothe my woes to think on thee,
 Thou fairest flower in Pandon Dean.

If Fortune smile I'll then return,
 To deck my love in silken sheen ;
 And dwell with her just by the burn
 That wimples through the bonny Dean.

NANNY OF THE TYNE.

WHILST bards, in strains that sweetly flow,
 Extol each nymph so fair,
 Be mine my Nanny's worth to show—
 Her captivating air.
 What swain can gaze without delight
 On beauty there so fine ?
 The Graces all their charms unite
 In Nanny of the Tyne.

Far from the noise of giddy courts
 The lovely charmer dwells ;
 Her cot the haunt of harmless sports,
 In virtue she excels.
 With modesty, good nature join'd,
 To form the nymph divine ;
 And truth, with innocence combin'd,
 In Nanny of the Tyne.

Flow on, smooth stream, in murmurs sweet
 Glide gently past her cot,
 'Tis peace and virtue's calm retreat,—
 Ye great ones, envied not.
 And you, ye fair, whom folly leads
 Through all her paths supine,
 Tho' drest in pleasure's garb, exceeds
 Not Nanny of the Tyne.

Can art to nature e'er compare,
 Or win us to believe
 But that the frippery of the fair
 Was made but to deceive.
 Strip from the belle the dress so gay,
 Which fashion calls divine,
 Will she such loveliness display
 As Nanny of the Tyne.

THE NEWCASTLE HACKNEYS.

THE Londoners long for example we've chose,
 And imported each fashion as fast as it 'rose ;
 But the best hit of all, in our awkward approaches,
 Is St. Nicholas' Square, and the new hackney coaches.

The ladies have long had advantage of man,
 In that easy conveyance, a walking sedan ;
 Now the tables are turn'd on the opposite side,
 For the ladies must walk while the gentlemen ride.

When our beaux are dress'd out for a rout or a ball,
 They've nothing to do but a hackney to call—
 Consult not the weather, nor muffle their chins—
 No danger of breaking, o'er scrapers, their shins.

When a couple's resolv'd on a trip to the church,
 Where a lady has sometimes been left in the lurch ;
 To prevent a misfortune like this, for the future,
 Pack up in a hackney your amiable suitor.

When impertinent tradesmen your're likely to meet,
 Or a bailiff desery at the end of the street—
 Press into your service a hackney and pair,
 For the devil himself would not look for you there.

To many things else they'll apply, I've a notion,
 They'll even be found to assist your devotion ;
 The doctors will find them most useful, no doubt on't,
 In peopling the world, or to send people out on't.

Then success to the hackneys, and long may they roll—
 Of balls and assemblies the life and the soul :
 Since so useful they are, and so cheap is the fare,
 Pray who would not ride in a carriage and pair ?

NEWCASTLE HACKNEY COACHES.

TUNE—"The Bold Dragoon."

OF a' the toons that's i' the north,
 Newcastle bangs them a',
 For lady folk and gentlemen,
 And every thing tha's braw,
 A fig for Lunnen i' the Sooth—
 But mind now, let's ha'e nae reproaches,
 For they say that Lunnen's hang'd hersel,
 Thro' spite at wor new Hackney Coaches.
 Yep ! fal der al dal, &c.

Wor toon hez grown see big now,
 Aw ne'er saw the like before ;
 Live ye only lang eneugh
 Ye'll see't join'd to Tynemouth shore :
 We've our Literantary Sieties,
 Shops cram'd wiv plate and diamond broaches,
 But it's nee use telling ony mair,
 There's nowt gans doon but Hackney Coaches.
 Yep ! &c.

Ca-la-de-scoups were yence the rage,
 Sedans—were a' the go ;
 But till the noise gets fairly ower,
 They may keep them iv a row :
 Gang where you will the talk is still,
 At tea or cards why all the rage is,
 " Why bless me, sir ! have you not seen
 " Our stilish two-horse Hackney Stages !"
 Yep ! &c.

A Bond-street lounge tea we might hev,
 If 't wasent for the mud!
 A Piccadilly woz gaun to get,
 And other streets as good:
 Maw sange! aw, think we'll 'clipse them out!
 But faish aw'd better haud me ditty,
 For fear, ye ken, in ganging hyem,
 The Hackneyfy me to the Kitty.
 Yep! fal der al dal, &c.

NEWCASTLE WONDERS;

OR, OUR HACKNEY COACH CUSTOMERS.

BY R. EMERY.

Tune—"Gee, ho, Dobbin."

SINCE the Hackneys began in Newcassel to run,
 Some tricks ha'e been play'd off which mayed lots o' fun:
 For poor folks can ride now, that ne'er rode before,
 The expence is sae canny, its suen gettin o'er.
 Gee, ho, Dobbin, &c.

'Mang the rest o' the jokes was a lad fra the Fell,
 Where he lives wiv his fyether, his nyem's Geordy Bell:
 For hewin' there's nyen can touch Geordy for skill—
 When he comes to Newcassel he gets a good jill.
 Gee, ho, Dobbin, &c.

One day, being cram'd wi' fat flesh an' strang beer,
 Left some friends at the Cock,* an' away he did steer,
 Wiv his hat on three hairs, through Wheat Market did
 stride,
 When a Coachman cam up, an' said—Sir, will ye ride?
 Gee, ho, Dobbin, &c.

Wey, smash nee—wha's thou, man?—How! what dia
 thou mean?
 I drive the best coach, sir, that ever was seen.—

* A famed public-house, at the Head of the Side.

To ride iv a coach ! Smash, says Geordy, aw's willin'—
 Aw'll ride i' yor coach though it cost me ten shillin' !
 So Gee, ho, Dobbin, &c.

Then into the coach Geordy clavver'd wi' speed,
 And out at the window he popp'd his greet heed :—
 Pray, where shall I drive, sir—please give me the nyem?—
 Drive us a' the toon ower, man, an' then drive us hyem!
 Gee, ho, Dobbin, &c.

Then up an' doon street how they rattled alang,
 Till a chep wi' the news tiv au'd Geordy did bang,
 'Bout his son in the coach, and, for truth, did relate,
 He was owther turn'd Mayor, or the greet Magistrate !
 Gee, ho, Dobbin, &c.

Au'd Geordy did caper till myestly duen ower,
 When Coachee, seun after, drove up tiv his door—
 Young Geordy stept out, caus'd their hopes suen to
 stagger,
 Said, he'd paid for a ride just to cut a bit swagger.
 Gee, ho, Dobbin, &c.

To ride fra Newcassel mun cost ye some brass :—
 Od smash, now, says Geordy, thou talks like an ass !
 For half-a-crown piece thou may ride to the Fell—
 An', for eighteen-pence mair, smash, they'll drive ye
 to Hell !
 Gee, ho, Dobbin, &c.

Au'd Geordy then thowt there was comfort in store,
 For contrivance the coaches nyen could come before :
 Poor men that are tied to bad wives needn't stick—
 Just tip Coachee the brass an' they're off tiv Au'd Nick.
 Gee, ho, Dobbin, &c.

NEWCASTLE IMPROVEMENTS.

BY R. CHARLTON.

Tune—"Canny Newcassel."

WHAT a cockneyfied toon wor Newcassel hez grown—

Wey aw scarce can believe me awn senses ;

Wor canny au'd customs for ever ha'e flown,

An' there's nowt left ahint for to mense us :

The fashions fra Lunnin are now a' the go,

As there's nowt i' wor toon to content us—

Aw'll not be surpris'd at wor next 'lection day,

If twe Cockneys put up to 'present us.

Times ha'e been when a body's been axt out to tea,

Or to get a wee bit of a shiver,

Wor hearts were sae leet we ne'er thowt o' the cau'd,

Or the fear o' wet feet plagu'd us niver ;

But i' blanket coats now we mun get muffled up,

For fear that the cau'd should approach us—

And to hinder a spark gettin on to wor breeks,

We mun jump into fine Hackney Coaches.

Aw've seen when we've gyen iv a kind, freenly way

To be blithe ower a jug o' good nappy—

The glass or the horn we shov'd round wi' the pot,

For then we were jovial and happy :

But now we mun all hev a glass t' wor sels,

Which plainly appears, on reflection,

We think a' wor neighbours ha'e gettin the cl-p,

And are frighten'd we catch the infection.

The very styen pavement they'll not let alyen,

For they've tuen'd up and puttin down gravel ;

So now, gentle folks, here's a word i' yor lugs—

Mind think on't whenever ye travel ;

If in dry dusty weather ye happen to stray,

Ye'll get yor een a' full o' stour, man—

Or, if it be clarty, you're sure for to get

Wael plaister'd byeth 'hint and afore, man

If a' their improvements aw were for to tell,
 Aw might sit here and sing—aye, for ever ;
 There's the rum weak as watter, i'stead o' the stuff
 That was us'd for to burn out wor liver !
 Aw's fair seek and tir'd o' the things that aw've sung,
 So aw think now aw'll myek a conclusion,
 By wishing the cheps iv a helter may swing,
 That ha'e browt us tiv a' this confusion.

COME UP TO THE SCRATCH !

OR, THE FITMAN HAGGERS'D.

BY R. EMERY.

Tune—"Calder Fair."

NOW haud yor tongues 'bout Mellinnox, or any o'
 the trade,
 Ye ne'er could say that Kenton Ralph of e'er a chep
 was flay'd—
 Yor Langans an' yor Springs may come to Kenton toon
 iv flocks,
 Wor Ralph 'll smatter a' their ribs, he is sae strang,
 begox ! Fal de ral, &c.
 Wiv Ralph an' Luke aw off yen neet for Sandgate on
 a spree,
 An' swore Newcassel dandy cheps to fight and myek
 them flee—
 We gat into the Barley Mow wor thropples for to wet,
 An' sat an' drank till fairly foo, along wi' Wood-leg'd Bet.
 Fal de ral, &c.
 We gat up, for 'twas gettin' lyet, an' leaving Sandgate
 suen,
 To Pandon went to hev a quairt before we left the toon ;
 Some Fawdon lads were in the Boar, carryin' on the war,
 Wi' Humpy Dick an' Black Scotch Peg, a' singin'
 'Slush Tom C—r.' Fal de ral, &c.

Then gannis byem by Pilgrim Street, some dandy for
to catch,
Twe cheps, half drunk, cam up tiv us, an' said, *ow's th'
th' scatch!*
Here's Lukey kens that aw's a man, an' scartin' aw
disdain,
But come an' lick us if ye can—aw'll fight till aw be
slain! Fal de ral, &c.

They cram'd a haggish on each fist, or something very like,
Then held them up close to wor fyece, an' dar'd us for
to strike:
But Lukey, clicken up his claes, cried, Ralphy, lad,
let's run!
Od smash yor luggish heed, how-way—becrike it's
Tommy D—n! Fal de ral, &c.

Poor Lukey ran, but Ralphy was left, he couldn't get
away,
They pelted him till Watchey cam an' ended wor sad
fray;
Then Ralphy aen fand Luke agyen; but such a seet,
begox!
His nose an' fyece was thick o' blood—just like a
Bubbly Jock's: Fal de ral, &c.

Smash! how dis thou ken Tommy D—n? said Ralphy
in a hurry:
Aw seed him fightin' on the stage yen neet in 'Tom
and Jurry';
A grocer chep, aw sat beside, tell'd me his nyem in turn,
Wi' Cribb, an' Gas, an' a' the rest, an' cliver Jemmy
B—n. Fal de ral, &c.

That neet we had a haggish fight, 'tween B—n an'
D—n sae fine—
Aw roar'd out, Aw'll lay ony brass that Jim ower Tom
will shine!

But, wiv his haggish, Tommy suen gav Jemmy such a
 peg,
 He fell smack doon upon the stage—begox, he broke
 his leg! Fal de ral, &c.

The next time aw cum ti' the toon, if we fa' in together,
 We'll hiev a jill and drink success to B—n an' D—n
 howsever:—

Aw own that aw was fairly duen, an' smatter'd varry
 sair,
 But ne'er for want o' haggishes shall Ralph be beaten
 mair. Fal de ral, &c.

THE PITMAN'S DREAM;

OR, A DESCRIPTION OF THE NORTH POLE.

By the Same.

Tune—"Newcastle Fair."

AW dream'd aw was at the North Powl,
 It's a fine place a-back o' the muen, man—
 Maw sangs! Captain Parry 'll growl,
 For he cannot get tid half sae seun, man:
 There aw seed the Queen, Caroline,
 An' her lass they sae badly did use, man,
 Wi' Geordy the Thurd drinkin wine,
 An' the snuffy au'd dyem brushing shoes, man.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

Aw began then to swagger about,
 Just to see Castleree aw was itchin',
 When Percival gav a greet shout,
 Od smash, he's doon stairs i' the Kitchen!—
 Thowt aw, then he's just safe enough—
 Walking farther, aw meets Bonapartie
 Alang wi' au'd Blucher, sae bluff,
 Speaking gabb'rish to poor Captain Starkie.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

Aw gat in to see Robin Hood,
 Had twe or three quairts wi' John Nipes, man ;
 An' Wesley, that yence preach'd sae good,
 Sat smoakin' an' praisin' the swipes, man :
 Legs of mutton here grows on each tree,
 Jack Nipes said, an' wasn't mistaken—
 When rainin' there's such a bit spree,
 Fer there comes doon greet fat sides o' bacon.
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

Brave Nelson here sells wooden legs,
 Iv a shop, where aw think he'll get rich in—
 Just to see au'd Mahomet aw begs,
 But, wi' Thurtell, he's doon i' the Kitchen :
 Aw seed Billy Shakespeare sae prime,
 Of plays he has written greet lots, man—
 An' there greet John Kemble does shine—
 Sam. Johnson sups crowdies wi' Scots, man.
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

How canny Joe Foster did stare,
 As he trotted past me on a donkey,
 'Mang lasses still wild as a hare,
 An' he keeps Jacky COXON as flonkey :
 Ne bishops nor priests here they need,
 For the folks they can say their awn pray'rs, man—
 But, to myek them work hard for their breed,
 They're sent, on a mission, doon stairs, man.
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

Aw agyen seed the canny au'd King,
 He's a far better chep now then ever—
 But, set aw yor fine kings iv a ring,
 Aw still think fourth Geordie's as clever.
 Aw've gotten a pass for Doon Stairs,
 An' if aw see owt there bewitchin',
 Wey just think o' me i' yor pray'rs,
 An' aw'll send an account o' the Kitchen.
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

THE PITMAN'S DREAM;

OR, HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE KITCHEN.

By the Same.

Tune—"Hell's Kitchen."

THE day was fine, the sun did shine,
 Aw thout aw was preparing
 To leave the Powl, myed me repine—
 Aw scarce could keep fra blairin' ;—
 A greet balloon was browt me seun,
 Twe cheps wi' wings sae switchin'
 Wiv it were sent to tyek me doon
 To show me a' the kitchen.

Right'fal, de ral, &c.

Wiv a' my friends aw had a jill,
 King Geordy was quite canty—
 Says he—Now eat and drink yor fill,
 Doon stairs godd things are scanty.
 When deun, says, aw—Kind folks, fareweel !
 Maw Guides their wings are stretchin' :—
 In the balloon aw off did reel
 To see this queerish kitchen.

Right fal, de ral, &c.

We doon a narrow place did rowl—
 As sure as maw nyem's Cranky,
 This is the passage in the Powl
 That's mention'd by the Yankee :*

* Alluding to the following extraordinary advertisement which recently made its appearance in the American journals:—

"St. Louis, (*Missouri Territory*)
North America, April-10, A. D. 1818.

"To all the world—I declare the earth to be hollow and habitable within; containing a number of concentric spheres, one within the other, and that their poles are open 12 or 16 degrees. I pledge myself in support of this truth, and am ready to explore the concave, if the world will support and aid me in the undertaking.

"JOHN C. SYMMES," &c. &c.

As we flew on it darker grew,
 Wi' such a 'noise an' screechin'—
 Greet clouds o' fire we darted through,
 An' landed in the kitoen.

Right fal, de ral, &c.

They use poor folks here warse than beasts—
 Greet lots o' Turks an' Tartars,
 Wi' lawyers, quakers, kings, an' priests,
 Were phizzin' in a' quarters.
 The Jews were bowling lumps o' pork—
 Mahomet, that au'd vixen,
 Was toss'd about frae fork to fork
 Wi' Derry in the kitchen.

Right fal, de ral, &c.

Fast i' the stocks an'd Neddy sat,
 The late Newcassel bellman—
 An' there was *Honor Breet, Bet Watt,*
 Just gaun the rig hersel, 'man :
 Then fatter in, upon a stuel,
 Sat Judy Downey stitchin',
 She damn'd me for a greet stark cull,
 For cumin' to the kitchen.

Right fal, de ral, &c.

Aw, wi' the heat an' want o' drink,
 Was swelter'd myest to deed, man—
 When fairly deun an' gaun to sink,
 Aw was whupt off wi' speed, man.—
 How aw escap'd aw's puzzled sair,
 'Twas like a sudden twitchin'—
 Aw, like a lairk, flew through the air,
 Half roasted fra the kitchen.

Right fal, de ral, &c.

As aw cam doon aw pass'd the mraen,
 An' her greet burning mountains—
 Her turnpike roads aw fand out sraen,
 Strang beer runs here in fountains :

To hev a sup aw was reet fain,
 Wi' some queer cheps thrang ditchin'—
 But waken'd then in Peercy Main,
 A lang way frae the kitchen.
 Right fal, de ral, &c.

HYDROPHOBIE ;

OR, THE SKIPPER AND THE QUAKER.

By the Same.

Tune—" Good Morrow to your Nightcap."

AS Skipper Carr an' Markie Dunn,
 Were gannin, drunk, through Sandgate—
 A dog bit Mark and off did run,
 But sair the poor sowl fand it ;
 The skipper in a voice sae rough—
 Aw warn'd, says he, its mad enough—
 How-way an' get some doctor's stuff,
 For fear of Hydrophobie !
 Fal de ral, &c.

The doctor dress'd the wound sae wide,
 An' left poor Markie smartin'—
 Then, for a joke, tells Carr, aside,
 Mark wad gan mad, for sartin :—
 Now, skipper, mind, when in yor keel,
 Be sure that ye watch Markie weel—
 If he begins to bark and squeel,
 Depend it's Hydrophobie !
 Fal de ral, &c.

For Shields, next day, they sail'd wi' coal,
 An' teuk on board a Quaker,
 Who wish'd to go as far's Dent's Hole,
 To see a friend call'd Baker :

The Skipper whisper'd in his ear—
 Wor Markie will gan mad, aw fear!
 He'll bite us a'—as sure's yor here,
 We'll get the Hydrophobie!
 Fal de ral, &c.

Said Quack—I hope this can't be true—
 Nay, friend, thou art mistaken;
 We must not fear what man can do—
 Yea! I will stand unshaken!
 The skipper, to complete the farce,
 Said—Maister Quaker, what's far warse,
 A b———n' dog bit Markie's a—e,
 An' browt on Hydrophobie!
 Fal de ral, &c.

Now Markie overheard their talk,
 Thinks he, aw'll try the Quaker—
 Makes Pee Dee to the huddock walk,
 Of fun to be partaker:
 To howl an' bark he wasn't slack,
 The Quaker owerboard in a crack,
 With the fat skipper on his back,
 For fear of Hydrophobie!
 Fal de ral, &c.

How Pee Dee laugh'd to see the two,
 Who, to be sav'd, were striving—
 Mark haul'd them out wi' much ado,
 And call'd them culls for diving:—
 The Quaker seun was put on shore,
 For he was frighten'd very sore—
 The skipper promis'd never more
 To mention Hydrophobie!
 Fal de ral, &c.

ON ST. CRISPIN'S PROCESSION,
AT NEWCASTLE, JULY 30th. 1823.

BY Wm. MEDFORD.

Tune—"Fie, let us a' to the Bridal."

THE herald of day is approaching,
To summon the Craft to repair,
To honour the grand Coronation,
In famed Peace and Unity Square ;
By loyalty bound to our Sovereign,
By reverence due to our Saint,
We'll fasten the trappings of office,
And march till we're ready to faint :
Then fie, let us join the Procession,
For there will be splendour there ;
The King and his nobles are coming,
And shouting resounds in the air.

The Champion, upon his gay charger,
The courage of Dymoke to show,
Will fearlessly throw down his gantlet,
And undauntedly combat the foe,
That shall for the honour contend,
Of opposing the king with his might :
But, being the choice of his people,
Thus doubly secure is his right.
Then fie, let us join, &c.

Then there'll be his Grace the Archbishop,
In ancient druidical form :
He hopes that the church and the state
May ne'er have to encounter a storm.

* The name given to the Hospital at the Head of Westgate Street, at the Ceremony of laying the Foundation Stone of that Building.

If times were as bad as they have been,
 I'm sure he would soon leave his see,
 For fear Robin Hood, or his party,
 Should bind him hard fast to a tree.
 Then fie, let us join, &c.

There'll be Princes, their Spearmen, and Yeomen,
 Dukes, Lords, and Knights not a few ;
 Captains, Lieutenants, and Colours,
 With Crispin's old master, Sir Hugh.
 From the woolstack the Chancellor talking,
 Like Eldon, with sense does abound ;
 He hopes that our trade's manufacture
 May be trod on through all the world round.
 Then fie, let us join, &c.

The Mayor kindly granting permission,
 With numerous friends in his train,
 While gratitude reigns in our bosoms,
 We'll thank them again and again.
 Our bills we have honourably settled ;
 Our clothes are upon the right shelf ;
 And I wish every sordid intruder
 Could say the same thing of himself.
 Then fie, let us close the Procession,
 Though there was *less* grandeur there :
 We paid a blind bargain, I own it—
 'Twill help us of cheats to beware.

CRISPIN'S VOLUNTEERS.

BY THE SAME.

Tune—"The British Grenadiers."

YE jovial sons of Crispin ! attend my rustic lay,
 While I relate what happen'd upon the other day :
 For music's sound made me look round, when instantly
 appears,
 In order grand, the jovial band of Crispin's Volunteers.

The lofty Crispin banners were by two Ensigns bore,
 The Champion clad in armour went prancing on before,
 With martial stride, heroic pride, a warlike look he
 bears,

While the Sword of State proclaims how great is Crispin's Volunteers.

Knights of the Cross soon follow'd, succeeded by his
 Grace,

The worthy grave Archbishop, with firm & steady pace;
 He placed the Crown, to their renown, on Crispin and
 his heirs,

Then join'd the line, with looks divine, of Crispin's
 Volunteers.

But mark the King, in grandeur, appears in public view,
 In majesty walks forth in robes of royal hue,
 Supporters true, with Pages too, a lofty head he bears,
 While the Crown of State proclaims how great is Crispin's
 Volunteers.

The Rods bound in a bundle do strength and union
 prove ;

The little Girls, dear emblems of innocence and love :
 Let mirth pervade this gay parade ;—vile calumny
 who fears !

It ne'er shall smart the honest part of Crispin's Volunteers.

Among the Dukes and Princes who grac'd this happy
 court,

An Indian Prince Ambassador did to the King resort ;
 Upon his steed he smokes the weed his native country
 rears,

Who clos'd the train—the gallant train of Crispin's
 Volunteers.

They leave admiring thousands, to grace the festive
 board ;

Let now my feeble efforts their lasting praise record :

Wives, sweethearts, all attend the ball!—let mirth dispel your fears,
While the trump of Fame echoes the name of Crispin's Volunteers.

FAMED FILLY FAIR ;

OR, A PEEP INTO PILGRIM STREET.

COME, Geordy, an' aw'll tell ye, lad, where aw hae been,
In Pilgrim Street, where there's to see an' to be seen,
A great many lasses, an' they shew off sic fine airs,
Aw's sure they're all as wild as ony March hares.

Now, d'ye no-but gan there iv next Sunday neet,
About the time o' six o'clock, you'll see the fine seet ;
A large show of lasses fine, that drive about there,
They've neam'd it but reet when they ga'd Filly Fair.

Now, one Sunday neet, to the high town aw went,
That aw might get the evening cannily spent ;
Among the rabble, sure enough, aw gat there,
And saw the fine dresses in fam'd Filly Fair.

There's some lasses, they say, that are so very keen,
That they come to this place just for to be seen ;
And, on every wet Sunday, they sit down to prayer,
And think it provoking they're not at the Fair.

Aw enter'd the street with a great of deal of glee,
Where the lads and the lasses in flocks aw did see :
The task wad be endless to tell a' what was there,
Aw meen the fine dresses in fam'd Filly Fair.

Aw look'd about all these fine dresses to see,
Aw glowr'd at the lasses, and they glowr'd at me :
So now for a description, I will give to a hair,
Of all the fine things in this fam'd Filly Fair.

There was white gowns, silk spencers, and flouncers
galore,

And queer monkey-jackets aw'd ne'er seen before ;
With little drakes tails, that hing from the hair,
And large ringlets a' curl'd, was in fam'd Filly Fair.

The spencers a' carv'd, wye, with cords of a' kind,
That seem'd just like soulgers afore and behind ;
And black silks, and stript silks, and a' silks was there,
And pads, and cat backs were in fam'd Filly Fair.

There was hats like my awn, with fine flec behint cloaks,
And queer things abint them, like the pitmen's bait
pokes ;

And hats myed of muslin, to let in the air,
Besidea some with high-crowns were in fam'd Filly Fair.

The hats were deck'd o'er a' with ribbons and lace,
And laige cabbage nets were thrawn o'er their face :
Paddysoles too were there, as were many things mair,
And fine mobbed caps were in fam'd Filly Fair.

There was scarfs of a' kinds, and of every degree ;
And little wea bairneys, scarce up-to my knee ;
With beaux, arm in arm, they were driving thro' there,
'Twas shameful to see them in fam'd Filly Fair.

O, mun ! just like a loadstone is this curious place,
For what I have tell'd you, aw'm sure it's the case,—
It's the case of them all that walk about there,
To be talk'd of by strangers in fam'd Filly Fair.

And besides a' the tricks that aw cannot explain,
For this kind of rambling I'm sure I disdain :
Take advice, my good lasses, and don't wander there,
Or your character's stained by walking the Fair.

This advice now, I hope, you will readily take,
And keep up your character, for your own sake ;
It's nought unto me if all night you walk there,
But your name will be blasted by attending the Fair.

KEELMEN AND THE GRINDSTONE.

BY W. ARMSTRONG.

Tune—"Derry Down."

NOT lang since some keelmen were gaun doon to
 Sheels,-
 When a hoop round some froth cam alangside their
 keel ;
 The skipper saw'd furst, an' he gov a greet shout,
 How! b——r, man, Dick, here's a grunstan afloat!
 Derry Down, &c.

Dick leuk'd, and he thowt that the skipper was reet,
 So they'd hev her ashore, an' then sell her that neet :
 Then he jump'd on to fetch her—my eyes, what a
 splatter!—
 Ne grunstan was there, for he fand it was watter.
 Derry down, &c.

The skipper astonish'd, quite struck wi' surprise,
 He roar'd out to Dickey when he saw him rise—
 How! smash marrow—Dick, ho!—What is thou a-
 boot?—
 Come here, mun, an' let's ha'e the grunstan tyen oot.
 Derry Down, &c.

A grunstan! says Dick—wey, ye slavering cull !
 Wi' watter my belly. an' pockets are full ;
 By the gowkey, aw'll sweer, that ye're drunk, daft or
 doating—
 Its nee grunstan at a', but some au'd iron floating.
 Derry Down, &c.

K

T—LY'S BEST BLOOD.

A North Shields Song.—Written in 1820.

WHILE Cartwright, and Wooler, and Cobbett, and all
The souls of the brave attend Liberty's call,
J**n T**ley, the best friend of kings since the flood,
Is ready for slavery to spill his best blood.

A press so licentious—for 'twill tell the truth—
Is truly distressing to T**ley, forsooth ;
He's a foe to the Queen, and no wonder he should,
Since he vows for oppressors to spill his best blood.

What an excellent orator in his own way,
Mechanics, Shoemakers, and Joiners do say :
But he does not remember that Drones steal their food,
Were it not for the Bees he would have no best blood.

The Loyalist party consumptive are grown,
Though time-serving T**ley the fact may disown :
And it will not be long—God forbid that it should !
Ere Reform freeze the springs of T**ley's best blood.

THE NEWCASTLE NOODLES.

BY JAMES MORRISON.

Be easy good folks, for we're all safe enough,
Better fortune seems now to attend us ;
And two canny fellows, both lusty and tough,
Have raised a new corps to defend us.
Men sound wind and limb, good sighted and stout,
That can fight well, without being daunted ;
Free from all diseases, such like as the gout,
And can jump, or be ready when wanted.

CHORUS.

Then if any invaders should dare us to fight,
Let it be on the shore or the river,
Bold Archy the Noodle, and Tommy the Knight,
Will guard and protect us for ever.

The Noodles have ne'er been at battle as yet,
 Nor been brought down by scanty provision ;
 So to try them whenever his worship thinks fit,
 He'll find them in famous condition.

In all their manœuvres there's scarcely a flaw,
 They're quite up to the science o' killing ;
 For the Noodle drill Sergeant's a limb o' the law,
 And an old practis'd hand at the drilling.

Then if any invaders, &c
 Misfortunes however will sometimes attend,
 For one morning, by danger surrounded,
 A poor fellow splinter'd his fore-finger end,
 And, of course, in the sarvice was wounded.

'Tis true a sair finger's a very bad thing,
 But it didn't diminish his beauty ;
 So the next day he just popp'd his arm in a sling,
 And, Briton-like, went upon duty.

Then if any invaders, &c.
 They have all been abroad, and as far too as Shields,
 But to walk there was no easy matter,
 So, for fear that their boots should go down in the heels,
 They took the steam boat down the watter.
 Their warlike appearance was awfully grand,
 When they fired, it sounded like thunder,
 Which put all the natives o' Shields to a stand,
 And left them for ages to wonder.

Then if any invaders, &c.
 What a pity they cannot get medals to buy,
 It greatly would add to their grandeur ;
 " There's Waterloo soldiers !" the strangers would cry,
 And think Archy was great Alexander.
 These mighty Preservers if death cannot save,
 But send one or two o' them bummin ;
 The rest o' the Noodles would fire o'er his grave,
 And tell the below-folks he's coming.

Then if any invaders, &c.

THE LOYAL ADDRESS.

ABOUT sixty wealthy, learned men,
 In a certain borough town,
 Whose zeal you cannot equal, in
 The cause of Church and Crown ;
 Their zeal so great and ardent, did
 Their learning far surpass ;
 And tempt these sapient, loyal men
 Their Sovereign to address.

Now after consultation held
 Among themselves and friends,
 Concerning this their Loyal Address,
 Their private views and ends ;
 It happened, I can't tell how,
 But this they did confess,
 That not one of them talent had
 To write a loyal Address.

This sad discovery for a while
 Did check their mad career,
 And damp the ardour of their souls,
 And fill their minds with fear :
 Till one, much wiser than the rest,
 Swore by the holy mass,*
 The Vicar† of this borough town
 Could write the Loyal Address.

Then to the Vicar straight they went
 And besought that he would aid
 The committee's *trade-loyalty*,
 With his pen and eke his head.

* Supposed to be G. D. a Catholic, who, having no constitutional rights himself, was offended at others for asking for those rights.

† The Rev. John Smith.

His consent given, they loudly boast
 That they would far surpass
 The ins'lent Whigs and Radicals,
 With this their Loyal Address.

The Vicar, a fastidious man,
 This application charm'd ;
 He redder grew about the face,
 Because his blood was warm'd :
 He dipt his pen in ink, and then,
 Despising rules that pass
 With vulgar souls, who writing love,
 He wrote the Loyal Address.

The ins'lent Whigs, and trait'rous Rads,*
 He flatly told the King,
 Were striving which into contempt
 Their Sovereign first should bring :
 And eke the Church they held in scorn,
 And sought her to depress ;
 Therefore himself and Loyal Friends
 Had sent this Loyal Address.

No sooner did this Loyal Address
 Behold the light of day,
 Than wags were found commenting on't ;
 And one was heard to say,—
 That if the Priest would learn to write
 What with the world should pass,
 He to the Rads should go to learn
 To write a Loyal Address.

* Rads, a term sometimes used instead of the word Radicals.

BRITISH JUSTICE ;

OR, NEWCASTLE PRIVY COURT.

COME, all ye Britons who delight
 In Freedom's sacred cause,
 And boast the Triumphs of your Sires,
 Of just and equal laws,
 Wrung from a Despot's feeble grasp,
 List to this tale of mine,
 In baseness which you cannot peer,
 Since the days of Lang Syne.

To famed Newcastle's *Secret Court*
 A poor unlucky wight
 Was, for the sin of Bastardy,
 But very lately brought :
 Where, tortur'd most ingeniously,
 The rogue was made to whine,
 As few have been, for sporting so,
 Since the days of Lang Syne.

In vain the culprit urg'd his cause,
 In eloquence of woe ;
 In vain he urg'd his poverty,
 To save him from the blow :
 Regardless of his just complaint,
 His judges laid the fine,
 So great as few poor dogs could pay,
 Since the days of Lang Syne.

Now mark the justice of the Judge,
 Precisely at the time—
 A gentleman was brought to him,
 Just for the self same crime ;
 To whom the Judge, in alter'd tone,
 Begg'd he would not repine,
 Such ills are common to the rich,
 Since the days of Lang Syne.

Suffice it, these two sinners were,
 Tho' in the same degree
 Of guilt, adjudg'd a fine to pay,
 The ratio one to three :
 The man of rags was made to pay
 Three times a greater fine ;
 And sunk in misery, sent to think
 On the days of Lang Syne.

Thus, Britons, are your laws dispens'd,
 Your boasted freedom's gone,
 Laid in your predecessors' graves,
 Or from the island flown :
 No longer Justice holds her seat,
 In majesty divine,
 In British Courts presiding now,
 As in days of Lang Syne:

In vain you strive to wander back
 To times of peaceful joy,
 In vain you hope times to recall,
 Lost in eternity ;
 No, never shall those scenes return,
 No more shall Britain shine,
 As she was wont, so splendidly,
 In the days of Lang Syne.

Can then Eternal Justice sleep,
 Regardless of the prayer
 Of toiling millions sunk in debt,
 And driven to despair,
 By stern Oppression's iron hand,
 Oh ! no, the Power Divine
 Shall plead our cause as heretofore,
 In the days of Lang Syne.

The MISFORTUNES of ROGER and his WIFE.

BY J. B.

Tune—"Calder Fair."

LAST week was wor pay-week, and aw went te th' toon,
 Alang wi' wor Susy to buy her a new goon;
 A sixpence i' my pocket—we cudden pass the Close,
 But went into the Robin Hood and gat worsells a dose.
 Wiv a tooral, looral, looral, &c.

Suin efter we gat canny, and com alang the Brig,
 An' up the Bottle-Bank, man, we byeth sae went the rig,
 Wi' reelin and wi' dancin—"knacking heel an' toe,"
 Our heads began to rattle where wor feet before did go.

The Half-Muin Lyen we com te, an' that wor Susy
 found,
 For ower the stanes she fell, man, that's lyen all around,
 A daver, a deveshier agyen the metal pump,
 An' aw, to save poor Susy, got a duckin i' th' sump.

Ower anenst the Dun Cow, there is a place myed reet,
 As good for breekin necks, man, as ony i' th' street;
 Had e'er an inclination been for leadin me astray,
 I'm conscience that aw'd fund naw end by comin up
 this way.

The biggest house i' Gyetshead projecting ower th' road
 Diz scarcely-leave a footpath to pass on, if you would:
 Were it not for the gas leet that's on the other side,
 Mony windpipes wad be closed, aye, and mony open'd
 wide.

A little farther up the street, abuin auld Jackson's Chare,
 A neatish bit o' dournament began, as passin there,
 For a ——— a ——— wi' guise an' shop-board new,
 Is cabbaging at Pleasant ——— to patch his Waterloo.

But the worst o' all these evils is, their plannin o' the
sreet,

Aye, sec a shem an bizen, were but decent folks te see't;
For here's a hill, an' there's a hill, an' here they're
pullin doon,

And here they're buildin up, (whose fault?) the *only*
fuils i' toon.

Thus onward we were passin, thro' trouble an' thro'
strife,

Scarce caring what misfortunes had 'Roger an' his Wife';
But ere we gan that way agyen, we'll greese our soles
and heels,

To scamper down by Sunderland, and up by smoky
Sheels.

Wiv a tooral looral, looral, &c.

NEWCASTLE THEATRE IN AN UPROAR,

With the Bear, the Horses, and the Dogs, as principal Performers

IT's ha'e ye seen how crouse and gay
The lads and lasses bent their way,
To see the horses act the play,
At fam'd Newcastle Theatre?

There some in silks did proudly shine,
And some were dress'd in caps se fine,
And some on sticks there did recline,
At fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

The belles and beaux of low degree
Were eager this fine sight to see;
And soon as they had got their tea,
They set off for the Theatre.

Then at the gallery door they stood,—
Impatient, and in fretful mood;
And many a one, faith, did no good
By coming to the Theatre.

The doors being open'd, on they push'd,
 Without distinction they were crush'd ;
 The cry was, Tumble up you must,
 To fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

Next direful shrieks were heard aloud,
 Whilst heedless throng'd the busy crowd,
 Alike the slothful and the proud
 Were driven in the Theatre.

A miller chap I chanc'd to see
 Frae out amang the crowd sae blae,
 Was running up an entry
 Near fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

He'd got his coat torn cross the lap,
 My conscience ! 'twas a sad mishap ;
 But others still were worse than that,
 At fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

There some their gowns held in their hand,
 And others lost their shawls se grand ;
 For if you crush'd not you might stand,
 At fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

The pretty girls, to get a seat,
 Crush'd on, wi' hair dress'd up sae neat ;
 But soon came back, in sic a freet,
 Frae fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

Now some got in without their shoes,
 And some got in wi' mony a bruise,
 And some cam hyem to tell the news,
 At fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

Within the pit a brutish chap
 Had hit a maiden sic a rap,
 'Cause she refused to take her hat
 Off, in Newcastle Theatre.

They took her home without delay,
 When in a fit she fainting lay ;
 And faith she well may curse the day
 That e'er she saw the Theatre.

The boxes too were fill'd se fine,
 With all the labouring sons of Tyne ;
 And servant lasses, all divine,
 Did beautify the Theatre.

The heat was so excessive great,
 That, not to keep the folk too late,
 They hurry'd on poor Timour's fate,
 At fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

The play was done as it struck ten,
 Some greedy folks said, 'twas a shem ;
 However, they all wet went hyem,
 From fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

FAREWELL, ARCHY.

Written in 1820.

Tune.—“ Chapter of Donkies.”

NOW, Archy, my boy, drop the civical gown,
 For none ever fill'd it with half your renown,
 For wisdom and valour so glorious you shine,
 You're the pride, boast, and bulwark of old coaly Tyne.

O brave Archy, miraculous Archy !

The pink o' the wise, and the wale o' the brave.

To recount all your virtues a volume 'twould swell,
 So we'll just name a few, sir, in which you excel ;
 Your reign's been eventful, the times have gone mad,
 And well might have puzzled more brains than you had ;
 But sufficient was Archy, well able was Archy,
 To crush the sedition and treason of Tyne.

Sure Machiavel's self was a fool to our Mayor,
 So honest he seem'd—then he promis'd so fair,
 To reform all abuses, give justice to all,
 And regulate watchmen, blood-suckers and all.
 O specious Archy ! legitimate Archy !
 The firm, staunch supporter of things as they are.

Then at the Great Meeting,* by Jove, what a jest !
 The Rads set you down for their chairman at least ;
 But the yeomen and specials in court you kept hid,
 Then sent off that precious Epistle to Sid.
 O rare Archy ! sly old Archy !
 Archy's the boy for the word or the blow !

O thou first of inditers, thou brightest of scribes,
 Thy invention, how fertile, in infamous lies !
 How assassin-like was it to stab in the dark,
 And from truth and from justice so far to depart.
 O serpent-like Archy ! O fiend-like Archy !
 O Archy, but that was a damnable deed.

Next you went on a voyage of discovery to Shields,
 And got handsomely pepper'd for meddling with keels ;
 Then for refuge you fled to Northumberland's Arms,
 Who till now has defended your paper from harms,
 Else down had gone Archy, thy paper, dear Archy,
 Down stairs might have gone for the public good.

Then, for raising a riot, and reading the act,
 Your honour against all opponents I'll back :
 And to crown you with laurels, and finish my song,
 You're a Colonel of Noodles, and nine makes a man,
 Such as Archy and Cabbage,
 Canny Jack Dixon, and thief-taking Tom.

* Held on Newcastle Town Moor, Oct. 11, 1819, relating to the Manchester Massacre.

SIR TOMMY made an ODD FELLOW.

A Provincial and very popular Song.

I'VE sung o' Newcassel till black o' the fyess,
 Tyne's Muse is as modest as ony ;
 Tho' oft she comes out in a comical dress—
 Here she goes for a lilt at Sir Tommy.
 Ye've seen him, nae doubt, wi' his hat on ten hairs,
 Then he cuts sic a wonderful caper ;
 He has long been thought odd, for his kickmashaw airs,
 Now he's odd baith by name and by nature.
 Let Fame canter on till she's sair i' the hips,
 Proclaiming, frae Tynemouth to Stella,
 How the sun, moon, and stars a' went into the 'clipse,
 When Sir Tommy was made an Odd Fellow.

There's scarce sic a man in a' Newcassel toon,
 With the famous Tyne Legion outseting :
 Down at Shields in a fray, they pick'd up sic renoon,
 That his nyem will nae mair be forgotten.
 Tho' envious at valour, ye a' look asquint,
 What heroes in fame e'er surpass'd them ?
 Wi' Sir Tommy before, and the sailofs behind,
 It was run! and the Deil tyek the last one !
 Let Fame canter on, &c.

A Knight he was dubb'd, for sic sarvices brave,
 But a Knight without fee, is but little ;
 So they sent him to govern* where folks rant and rave,
 A station he fit tiv a tittle.
 Grand Master of Orangemen next he was call'd,
 Bells rung till the toon was a' quaking ;
 Now Most Noble Grand of Odd Fellows install'd—
 Faicka! it's time a straight jacket was making.
 Let Fame canter on, &c.

* Governor General of the Lunatic House.

That Sir Tommy has wit I wad fain here convince,
 He can myek sic a thumping oration,
 By which he astonish'd the Legion lang since,
 Now he wants to astonish the nation.
 By humbug reduc'd, tho' his head's very lang,
 His brains scarce wad balance a feather:
 But just nominate him a Parliament man,*
 Head and brains will take flight a' thegither.
 Let Fame canter on, &c.

O sons o' Newcassel! free Burgesses a',
 Ne'er be tempted your freedom to barter;
 May they hing in tatters to frighten the craws,
 If ye budge but an inch frae your Charter.
 If ye send up Sir Tommy to London, M. P.
 I' the Parliament house to be seated,
 Ye may just as weel send Captain Starkey† up tee,
 Your glory will then be completed.
 Let Fame canter on, &c.

WRECKINGTON HIRING.

OH, Lads and Lasses, hither come
 To Wreckington, to see the fun,
 An' mind ye bring yor Sunday shoon,
 There'll be rare wark wi' dancing-o.
 An' Lasses now, without a brag,
 Bring pockets like a fiddle bag,
 Ye'll get them cram'd wi' mony a whag
 Of pepper-kyek an' scranchim-o.

* It was reported in the London Papers, that Sir T. B. intended putting up as a Candidate to serve Newcastle in Parliament.

† An eccentric character, well known in Newcastle.

An' Bess, put on that bonny goon
 Thy mother bought thou at the toon ;
 That straw hat wi' the ribbons broon,
 They'll a' be buss'd that's coming-o :
 Put that reed ribbon round thy waist,
 It myeks thou luik sae full o' grace,
 Then up the lonnen come in haste,
 They'll think thou's com'd frae Lunnen-o.

Ned pat on his Sunday's coat,
 His hat and breeches cost a note,
 With a new stiff'ner round his throat,
 He luikt the very dandy-o :
 He thought that he was gaun to choke,
 For he'd to gyep before he spoke :
 He met Bess at the Royal Oak,
 They had baith yell and brandy-o.

Each lad was there, wi' his sweetheart,
 An' a' was ready for a start,
 When in com Jack wi' Fanny Smart,
 And brought a merry Scraper-o :
 Then Ned jump'd up upon his feet,
 An' on the table myed a seet ;
 Then bounc'd the Fiddler up a heet,
 Sayin, ' Play an' we will caper-o.'

Now Ned and Bess led off the ball,
 ' Play Smash the windows,' he did call,
 ' Keep in yor feet,' says Hitchy Mall,
 ' Learn'd dancers hae sic prancin-o :'
 Now Ned was nowther laith nor lyem,
 An' faith he had baith bouk an' byen,
 Ye wad thought his fœt was myed o' styen,
 He gav sic thuds wi' dancin-o.

Now Jackey Fanny's hand did seize,
 Cry'd, " Fiddler, tune your strings to please !"
 Play, " Kiss her weel among the trees,"

She is my darlin', bliss her-o !
 Then off they set, wi' sic a smack,
 They myed the joists a' bend and crack :
 When duen he took her round the neck,
 An' faith he dident miss her-o.

The fiddler's elbow wagg'd a' neet,
 He thought he wad dropp'd off his seet,
 For deel a bit they'd let him eat,
 They were sae keen o' dancin'-o.
 Some had to strip their coats for heet,
 An' sharts an' shifts were wet wi' sweet !
 They cram'd their guts, for want o' meat,
 Wi' ginger-breed and scranshim-o.

Now cocks had crawn an hour or more,
 An' ower the yell-pot some did snore ;
 But how they luikt to hear the roar
 Of Matt, the King Pit caller-o !
 ' Smash him !' says Ned, " he mun be rang,
 He's callin' through his sleep, aw's war'n ;'
 Then shootin' to the door he ran—
 ' Thou's asleep, thou rousty bawler-o !'

Now they danc'd agyen till it was day,
 An' then went hyem—but, by the way,
 Some of them had rare fun, they say,
 An' fand it nine months after-o :
 Such tricks are play'd by heedless youth ;
 And tho' they're common, north and south,
 That's nae excuse for breach of truth,
 Nor food for wit and laughter-o.

Suen Wreckington will bear the sway,
 Two Members they'll put in, they say ;
 Then wor Taxes will be duen away,
 An' we'll a' sing now or never-o:
 Backey an' Tea will be sae cheap,
 Wives will sit up when they sud sleep,
 An' we'll float in yell at wor Pay-week,
 Then Wreckinton for ever-o.

ON RUSSELL THE PEDESTRIAN,

Who walked 101 miles in 23 hours, 56 minutes, and 30 seconds,
 on the 25th and 26th of July, 1822, on the
 Newcastle Race Course.

MEN's talents vary—for wise ends design'd,
This man has strength of body, *that*, of mind ;
 Each his peculiar art assiduous plies,
 And every maxim of improvement tries,
 Till he attain perfection by degrees,
 And learns to execute his task with ease.

Wilson* desist ! and Simpson† take your rest !
 Ease and retirement now will suit ye best ;
 Your brief excursions will excite no more
 That admiration which they did before ;
 Though doubtless ye have both endeavour'd hard,
 Perhaps without an adequate reward ;
 But such laborious journies lay aside,
 And if ye can, instead of walking, *ride*.
 " Hide your diminish'd heads ! " nor vainly talk,
 Among your friends, how rapidly you walk :

* George Wilson, the Blackheath Pedestrian, walked 90 miles in 24 successive hours, on the same ground, on Easter Monday and Tuesday, 1822.

† John Simpson, the Cumberland Pedestrian, attempted to walk 96 miles on the same ground, in the same period of time, on Whit-Monday, and again on the 29th and 30th. of July, 1822; in both of which attempts he failed.

First in the annals of Pedestrian fame,
 Historians now will enter RUSSELL'S name ;
 Where he will most conspicuously shine,
 And long be hail'd—The Hero of the Tyne.
 Upon this art he has so much refin'd,
 That he leaves all competitors behind.
 With buoyant step we've seen him tread the plain,
 And hope, ere long, to see him walk again.

On SIMPSON the PEDESTRIAN'S FAILURE.

Tune—"Barbary Bell."

SITTING crush'd i' the haddock a' gobbing and talking,
 We were mov'd wiv a spoke frae the little Pee Dee;
 Ah! Skipper, he says, the auld man 'ill be walking,
 So we a' rose together and set off to see.
 When we gat to the Moor, he was dodging away, man,
 Wi' twe cheps on each side, keeping a' the folks back;
 And the bairns running after him, shouting hurra, man,
 So we just got a gliff, for he pass'd in a crack.

Now Barney M'Mullin, his reet hand protector,
 With a sprig o' shelelah preparing the way,
 Was stopt on the road by a publican hector,
 Who hinted that Barney intended foul play.
 If Barney mov'd forward he threaten'd to drop him,
 For his walking, he said, put the man off his pace ;
 But Barney concluded he'd ne right to stop him,
 And call'd him a big-gutted rogue to his face.

Every Freeman, say Barney, of land has a small stock,
 But to dunch people off is most rascally mean ;
 Then their rights were protected by bold Tommy Alcock,
 Who said he'd a share of the pasture sae green.
 When Tommy put on his election-day swagger,
 His genteel appearance made Barney's tongue cease ;
 His speech was sae pointed, it pierc'd like a dagger :
 So Barney, poor soul, he departed in peace.

We stopt there a' neet, till weel on i' the morning,
 Expecting he still would keep dodging away ;
 But he gav us the double, without ony warning,
 And hodg'd off the Moor, like a sheep gyen astray.
 When he enter'd the tent, we were a' sitting drinking,
 It was thought he had come to get something to eat ;
 But now it appears the poor soul had been thinking
 On the best ways and means to obtain a retreat.
 It seems the auld man had nae notion o' stopping,
 But as to what ail'd him, he knaws best his sell ;
 For whether he fail'd in his wind, strength or bottom,
 The Skipper and I were byeth puzzled to tell.
 But it's owre and deun, so what signifies talking,
 Poor man he mun just lay his fist to the spade :
 Let them that think fit make their living by walking,
 For his part he's fund it's a very bad trade.

THE VICTORY ;

OR, THE CAPTAIN DONE OVER.

Tune—" O the golden days of good Queen Bess."

IT happen'd very lately, (upon my word 'tis true, sir,)
 A party at the Peacock supp'd, as I shall shew to you,
 sir ;
 The names of those I shall disclose, who form'd this
 happy party,
 Were Waller Watson, Walton too, both honest blades
 and hearty ;
 And with them were two friends of theirs, who just
 had come to town, sir,
 Hedges and Ingram are their names, both travellers
 of renown, sir,
 They sang and drank, and drank and sang, till time
 was weating late, sir,
 Nor ever thought a moment what that night might be
 their fate, sir :

L 2

Near eleven o'clock they sallied out, the night being
rather cold, sir,

('Twas on the eighth of April, as we hear the story
told, sir,)

They felt it not, for friendship's glass had warm'd
their hearts within, sir,

By drinking brandy, rum, or wine, or eke good Hol-
land's gin, sir.

Watson and Ingram both inclin'd to be a little merry,
sir,

The others left—to Dean Street they proceeded in a
hurry, sir;

When Hedges he sung "Fly not yet," why haste ye
so away? sir;

And Ingram promptly answer'd him, by calling out,
"Oh! stay," sir.

The *Verges* of the night were rous'd—demanded
why such clatter, sir,

What's all this hound-like noise about? come tell us
what's the matter, sir.

Then Walton said, They're friends of mine, and
strangers in the place, sir;

But this they disregarded quite, and star'd them in the
face, sir.

Now Halbert cried out, "Seize them, Ross!—to the
watch-house they shall go, sir;

"And Master Carr will *Kitty* them, old friendship for
to shew, sir."

Then to the watch-house they were ta'en trium-
phantly along, sir,

For nothing, as the trial prov'd, but singing Tom
Moore's song, sir.

Arriving at the watch-house, where Dogberry sat in
state, sir, [glibly prate, sir;

The watchmen made false charges out, and did so

Tom cried out, "What d'ye think of this? No defence
 will I hear, sir, [pear, sir.
My servants I will listen to, they've made it plain ap-
 Off to the *Kitty* with them, watch, nor grant one
 short respite, sirs,
 But see that they're completely fast in durance all
 the night, sirs."

Ye watchmen, for the future, remember Scarlett's dress-
 ing, sirs,
 The real sound drubbing you've receiv'd may be es-
 teemed a blessing, sirs :
 And should you e'er repeat such acts, vile tyrants as
 you've been, sirs,
 Scarlett against you may appear, and trim you black
 and green, sirs.
 Therefore a warning take in time, leave your infer-
 nal tricks, sirs,
 As you ere this must clearly find, you've kick'd
 against the pricks, sirs.

THE ALARM!!!*

OR, LORD FAUCONBERG'S MARCH.

Tune—"Chevy Chace."

GOD prosper long our noble king,
 And noblemen also,
 Who valiantly, with sword in hand,
 Do guard us from each foe.
 No sooner did Lord Fauconberg,
 With heart undaunted hear,

* On the commencement of the impress service, in March, 1793, considerable riots took place at Shields, which were represented, at Newcastle, in a thousand terrific shapes; and a false alarm having been given at the Mansion House, the drums of the York Militia beat to arms; Lord Fauconberg marched that regiment to the house of Rendezvous in the Broad Chare, and then marched back again.

That news to Gotham had been brought,
Which caus'd our Mayor to fear,

Than up he rose, with eyes on fire,
Most dreadful to the view :
" To arms ! to arms !" aloud he cried,
And forth his falchion drew.

To arms ! to arms ! full long and sore
The rattling drums did beat :
To arms in haste each soldier flies,
And scours through every street.

The women shriek and wring their hands,
Their children weep around ;
While some, more wise, fast bolt their doors,
And hide them under ground.

The French are at our gates ! they cry,
And we shall all be slain ;
For Dumourier is at their head,
And that arch-traitor Paine.

In haste drawn up, in fair array,
Our Yorkshire Guards are seen ;
And mounted on a jet black steed,
Lord Fauconberg I ween.

And now he gave the word to march,
And valiant foremost rode :
And now he bounds from side to side,—
'Twas well the streets were broad.

From Newgate down to the Broad Chare
They march'd, with might and main ;
Then gallantly they turn'd them round,
And so march'd up again.

Now fill a bumper to the brim,
And drink to Gotham's Mayor ;
And when again he hears such news,
May Fauconberg be there.

SUNDAY EVE ;

OR, LORD FAUCONBERG'S HEEL.

O GOTHAM ! seat of dire alarms !
 When will thy tumults cease ?
 And, undisturb'd by clanging arms,
 Thy sons repose in peace ?
 When will the brazen trumpet's voice
 Cease to excite our fears ;
 And fifes and drums' united noise
 No longer stun our ears ?

Lo ! scarce were Tuesday's terrors past,
 And calm'd our perturbation,
 When news from Bambro' came, post haste,
 Reviving consternation.
 For Fauconberg, and Yielder too,
 Then felt their blood run cool ;
 And thinking, both, the tidings true,
 Both chose to play the fool.

Time soon expos'd the waggish trick,
 And so restor'd our quiet ;
 When keelmen next of spouts grew sick,
 And straight began to riot.
 Terror once more each heart assail'd,
 And clouded every brow ;
 For nought his Lordship's force avail'd,
 To quell so fierce a crew.

But see ! to chase away our fears,
 And guard us safe from dangers,
 The brave Lord Darlington appears,
 With his terrific Rangers.
 Fine fellows, faith ! yet certain wags,
 For ever on the banter,
 Declar'd, that neither men nor nags,
 As yet had learn'd to canter.

Some thought, nor were they far mistaken,
 Such precious, Light Dragoons,
 Had but some weeks before forsaken
 Their stalls, and boards, and looms.
 Such Cavalry, God knows, our care
 Serv'd little to dispell ;
 For fitter were they crows to scare,
 Than rioters to quell.

Next came, of Leigh, the dashing corps,
 All daubs at fighting reckon'd ;
 Who, very pious, seldom swore
 Above ten oaths a second.
 Then, then began the warm campaign,
 Surpassing that in Flanders,
 As far, in deeds of martial fame,
 As Tyne excels the Sambre.

Of gallantry and skill display'd,
 In succouring Vulcan's sons,
 .What time ferocious Keelmen flay'd
 Their's and their dearie's bums.
 Of sheep devour'd, and beer casks drain'd,
 By horse and foot so bold,
 Whilst in the cause of spouts retain'd,
 What wonders might be told.

But mine is not the Epic strain,
 Nor mine Heroic fire ;
 Of course, those deeds of deathless fame
 Belong not to my lyre.
 Suffice it, then, that storm blew by,
 Fair Peace on Gotham smil'd ;
 But soon, soon lour'd again the sky,
 And all was uproar wild.

O Muse ! thy aid I humbly ask ;
 Come, help me to achieve,

To wrest from dull oblivion's grasp
 Th' events of Sunday eve.
 O come, in tuneful verse disclose
 The consequences great,
 When noble heels and plebeian toes
 In contact chance to meet.

Reader, if thou'rt a country clown,
 Some hedging, ditching blade,
 Great chance thou know'st what folk in town
 Mean by—a Grand Parade.
 Didst e'er, like pins on paper stuck,
 A regiment see display'd?
 Thou hast—why then how great thy luck!
 Thou'st seen a Grand Parade.

Such sights we Gothamites adore,
 And run in crowds to see;
 At which, though often seen before,
 We gape and stare—like thee.
 And when the sport is at an end,
 A down the spacious street,
 Straight homewards we our courses bend,
 Like droves of hogs or sheep.

On Sunday eve, with heedless steps,
 Two wights thus wander'd home,
 One Jack, the other Will 'yclept—
 Alike to fame unknown.
 Onward they went, 'midst thousands more,
 And little did they mind,
 Or who might chance to walk before,
 Or who to walk behind.

Fate Fauconberg did near them guide,
 To prove what man can do,
 When, flush'd with wine, his heart is void
 Of fear and prudence too.

And now—for Fate had order'd so,
 His Lordship's noble heel
 The pressure of Jack's plebeian toe,
 Ye powers! was doom'd to feel.

His Lordship straight, in angry mood,
 Wheel'd suddenly about;
 And Will—who scarce the shock withstood,
 Encounter'd, snout to snout.
 "God d—n your blood!" his Lordship cried,
 "You hound! damnation seize you!"
 "What for?" the simple wight replied;
 "What for, my Lord, an' please you?"

My Lord it pleas'd not to explain,
 Unconscious of mistake;
 But straight began Will's luckless frame
 Most manfully to shake.
 Whilst Jack, who knew himself the cause
 Which mov'd his Lordship's wrath,
 Irreverent dar'd to stretch his jaws,
 And burst into a laugh.

Oh! lost to shame, good manners, grace!
 Of decency all sense!
 What! laugh—laugh in an Earl's face!
 Consummate impudence!!!
 No wonder signs his Lordship shew'd
 Of hydrophobic ire;
 Nor that his noble visage glow'd
 Like some hot kitchen fire.

Frantic with rage, dread things he vow'd,
 By fits bounc'd, stamp'd, and swore;
 And much the vast surrounding crowd
 He curs'd—the soldiers more.
 "Go fetch the guard!" he madly roar'd,
 "Zounds! bid the trumpets sound!"

“ The mob put straightway to the sword !
 “ Then fire the town around ! ”

He spake—obedient to command
 “ To horse ! ” the trumpets sound !
 The guard appears—a chosen band,
 And rang’d his Lordship round.
 Next came the officers, so bold,
 Their Leader’s fate to share :
 The mob increas’d a thousand fold,
 And tumult rent the air.

It chanc’d just then a luckless cow,
 Who ’mongst the crowd had got,
 And, having forc’d her passage through,
 Before the Earl did stop.
 And then, in Cow-enquiring way,
 She gave a loud, loud rowt ;
 As tho’ indsed, she meant to say,
 “ Pray, what’s all this about ? ”

But Hall and Sterling, Ensigns fam’d,
 Mistook her language quite ;
 And thus the enquiring rowt explain’d,
 “ Who dares with me to fight ? ”
 Fond of achieving deeds of fame,
 Straight forth their rapiers flew,
 And both the proffer’d combat claim’d,
 And both would fight the cow.

Then forth stept Hale, a smock-fac’d spark,
 As ere wore red coat gay :
 Much fitter he a Tailor’s part,
 Than Grenadier’s to play.
 Forth did he step with martial stride,
 And bold, intrepid air ;
 And thus to Hall and Sterling cried,
 “ Forbear ! my friends, forbear ! ”

" To Fame already are you known,
 " By many a matchless feat ;
 " Say, didn't you Robertson knock down,
 " And Whitfield soundly beat ?
 " And would you then, in Cow-blood base,
 " Your valiant hands embrue ?
 " No, nō, my lads, to me give place,
 " D—m me, I'll fight the Cow ! "

Thus did the flower of Grenadiers
 Disclose his warlike mind ;
 And instantly his brave compeers
 To him the field resign'd.
 Then putting on the fiercest look
 His features would allow,
 His sword he from the scabbard took,
 And bold attack'd the Cow.

And now, with store of hard dry blows
 Poor Mistress Cow he clatter'd ;
 And now her legs, ribs, back, and nose,
 Unmercifully batter'd.
 Bringing to mind that Earl, far fam'd,
 High Guy of Warwick bold,
 Who fought (and thereby glory gain'd)
 The Cow, in days of old.

Whether it was that renown'd story
 Now set his soul on fire,
 Engendering thirst of kill-cow glory,
 I stop not to enquire.
 Certain it is that gallant Hale,
 Exerted all his might,
 Until the four-legg'd foe turn'd tail,
 And fairly took to flight !

O, when on England's throne I'm set,
 As soon I'll likely be,

Hale, pray thee, let me not forget
 To make a Knight of thee.
 Yes, valourous youth ! my sacred word
 I solemn pledge thee now,
 To dub thee then, with kingly sword,
 Knight of the rampant Cow.

Mean while, with unabated ire,
 His Lordship's bosom glow'd,
 Impatient quite, with sword of fire,
 To extirpate the crowd.
 But ah ! the voice of law, abhorr'd,
 Restrain'd his noble will ;
 Thus whispering in his ear, " My Lord,
 " Remember Tower Hill !"

At length, on capering steeds astride,
 Beaumont's Dragoons appear'd ;
 And much their look their hearts belied,
 If mortal foe they fear'd.
 A fine bold Ranger-looking breed,
 In truth they seem'd to be ;
 As like Lord Dar'nton's corps, indeed,
 As pea is like to pea.

With them off march'd the Earl, amain,
 And off the mob too hies ;
 And soon the Mansion-house they gain,
 To Yeilder's great surprize.
 Him thus--when various " how d'ye do's,"
 And " hope you're wells" were past,
 With divers scrapes and sundry bows,
 The Earl address'd at last.

" I'm come to inform you, Mister Mayor,
 " Amongst yon roaring mob,
 " Certain damn'd Gothamites there are,
 " Who on my heels have trod.

- " Nay, on my heels not only trod,
 " But at me laugh'd their fill ;
 " For which offence I mean, by G—d!
 " Forthwith the mass to kill."
- " Indeed, my Lord ! I say, my Lord !"
 Thus Yeilder quick reply'd,
 " You've been ill-us'd, upon my word,
 " That—that can't be deny'd :
 " But—but, my Lord, in crowds, you know,
 " With *treads* we sometimes meet :
 " I'm sure I've often been serv'd so,
 " Oft trod on in the street."
- " Sir !" thus the Earl again did say,
 " I don't dispute your word ;
 " But, dam'me, Mister Yeilder, pray,
 " Are you—a noble Lord ?"
 " A Lord—my Lord ! who ? I a Lord !"
 Thus Yeilder 'gan to stammer ;
 " No, faith ! not I—upon my word,
 " I am—hem !—hem !—a Tanner !
- " But—but a Tanner is a man,
 " And—hem !—a Tanner's heel,
 " As well as any Noble's, can
 " A painful pressure feel :
 " And with your Lordship to be brief,
 " E'en tho' they'd made you fall,
 " You shall not put the mob to death—
 " No, dam'me if you shall !"

Like some dread calm, when aspin leaf
 Is scarce perceiv'd to quiver,
 Ere yet the roaring tempest's breath
 The oak's strong branches shiver :
 Such was of silence now the pause,
 Which reign'd portentous round,

Ere, bursting from his Lordship's jaws,
The storm a passage found.

At length, endangering Yeilder's ears,
The thunder 'gan to roll,
When, lo! an Aid-du-Camp appears,
The tempest to controul:
" Thus General Grant commands, he cry'd,
" Let heel commotions cease!"
He said—mob, soldiers homewards hied,
Restor'd was Gotham's peace.

THE HALF DROWNED SKIPPER.

Air—" Chapter of Donkies."

'TOTHER day up the water aw went in a boat,
Aw brush'd up my trowsers, put on my new coat;
We steer'd up wor boat 'lang side of a keel,
And the luiks of the Skipper wad frighten'd the Deel.
Fol de rol, &c.

So thinks aw, wi' the keel we'll gan a' the way,
And hear a few words that the Skipper may say;
For aw was sure if ought in the keel was duen wrang,
The Skipper wad curse, aye, and call every man.
Fol de rol, &c.

Now we'd just gotten up to the fam'd Skinner's Burn,
When the Skipper bawl'd out that the keel was to turn:
Wye he shouted and roar'd like a man hung in chains,
And swore by the keel he wad knock out their brains.
Fol de rol, &c.

The little Pee-dee jump'd about on the deck,
And the Skipper roar'd out he wad sure smash his neck;
" What for?" says the Pee-dee, " can one not speak a
word?"—
So he gav him a kick—knock'd him plump owerboard.
Fol de rol, &c.

There was nyen of the bullies e'er lost a bit time,
 But flung their greet keel-huiks splash into the Tyne;
 They brought up the Pee-dee just like a duck'd crow,
 And the Skipper, wi' laughin', fell smack ower an' a'.
 Fol de rol, &c.

Now the keelmen being tired of their skipper se brave,
 Not one e'er attempted his life for to save;
 They hoisted their sail, and we saw no more,
 But the half-drowned Skipper was swimming ashore.
 Fol de rol, &c.

THE NEWCASTLE WORTHIES.

BY WM. ARMSTRONG.

Air—" We've aye been provided for."

THE praises o' Newcassel aw've lang wish'd to tell,
 But now then aw'm determin'd to ha'e a right good
 spell,
 An' shew what noted *kiddies* frae Newcassel toon hes flit,
 For it's a'wis been a canny place, an' sae will it yet.

A chep, they call'd him Scott, he liev'd on the banks
 o' Tyne,
 Had a son, that i' the Government he wanted to shine:
 By degrees the youth he rose up, now Lord Chancellor
 does sit,
 An' he's fill'd his place reet brawly, aye an' sae will
 he yet.

Of a' the fine Engravers that grace fine Lunnen toon,
 Wor Tom Ransom an' Bill Harvey bang a' that's up
 or doon:
 The praises frae the 'Cademy they constantly do get;
 For their pieces they've got medals, aye an' sae will
 they yet.

For boxing tee, the Lunnen cheps we'll thresh them
 i' their turns ;
 Ony see what science he has lairnt—that noted chep,
 Jem Burns :
 Jem Wallace tee, wor champion, how Tommy Dunn,
 he hit ;
 But they both good ones ever were, an' sae will they
 yet.

A vast mair cliver cheps we ha'e, o' some aw'll let ye
 knaw ;
 For a strong man, whe could beat Bold Airchy wi' his
 wondrous claw ;
 When six men tuik him in a boat, her bottom suen he
 split,
 An' the hiding that he ga'e them, they've not forgot it
 yet.

For fiddling tee, now whe is there wor Blind Willie can
 beat ;
 Or for dancing whe before Jack Coxon e'er could set
 their feet.
 Cull Billy, only try him now, he'll cap ye wi' his wit ;
 He's truly wondrous, ever was, an' sae will he yet.

Bob Cruddace, ah, poor soul ! he's deed,—he had a
 cliver knack
 O' kepping beer, aye three yards off, when he “parish'd
 the pack !”
 An' Whin Bob 'bout the militia constantly does swet ;
 But by cunningness escap'd them, aye an' sae will he
 yet.

Jack Nicholson, the noble soul, a deal o' breeding shows,
 Got a patent frae the King to splet sheep heads wi'
 his nose ;

M

The butchers fearing o' disgrace, a job he ne'er cud
get,—

But the honour's e'er been wi' him, aye, an' sae will
it yet.

Of Fishwives, tee, that's i' wor toon, up to the present
day,

Euphy Scott she is prime minister to Queen Madgie
Gray :

The understrappers and descendants hear it's ony fit,
That's she's rul'd the market as she lik'd, an' sae will
she yet.

Captain Starkey, Pussey Willie, and poor Cuddy Reed,
Lousy Donald an' au'd Judy, poor souls! they've a'
gyen deed :

But, marrows, keep ye up your hearts, this is not the
time to fret,

For their memories ha' e'er been up, aye an' sae will
they yet.

On the Coronation.

INVITATION to the MANSION-HOUSE DINNER

IN HONOUR OF THE CORONATION.

Air—"Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled."

MEN who have with Mayors fed ;
Men whom oft the Mace hath led ;
Welcome to your Beef and Bread,
Come and feast to day.

See yon Ox's buttocks lower ;
See yon bags of pudding flower ;
Shew your masticating power,
Teeth and Loyalty.

Who can't eat is sure a knave ;
 Send the scoundrel to his grave ;
 Who can't drink should be a slave ;
 Such we ne'er will be.

Who for King and Country's Law
 Will cut away and stuff his maw,
 Cans will drain, and corks will draw,
 Brothers, come with me.

By what's worse than Slavery's chains,
 Empty stomachs, gripes, and pains,
 We'll eat and drink, until our veins
 Swoll'n like bladders be.

See yon lumps of beef laid low,
 Puddings fall at every blow !
 Wine in bumpers round shall flow :
 Brothers, look to me !

THE NEWCASTLE
 SWINEHERDS' PROCLAMATION.

O YES! Ye swinish Multitude !
 To our Newcastle sties repair :
 Two whole fat beeves are barbecu'd,
 So go and cram your gorges there.

Your mouths will water at the sight ;
 The oose your unshav'd chops run down ;
 Your dirty sleeves away will dight
 The slobber of tobacco-brown.

With cart-grease basted, dredg'd with dust,
 The outsides burnt, the insides raw,
 Next to some tit bit carrion, must
 Delight a hog's voracious maw.

Hey ! to the Pants, where dribbling wine
 And brewer's rot-gut beer distil ;

With speed let every greedy swine
 Swig what he can ! aye, swig his fill.
 Then, to your grov'ling nature true,
 Return to wallow in the mire ;
 And let the Corporate-body view
 The consummation they require.—
 Swineherds expect the brutes that run
 To guzzle at their garbage feast,
 Should compensate, and make them fun ;
 So hogs come on and play the beast !
 “ And grunt, ye pigs, with savage joy,
 While stuffing full your craving maws,
 Nor care if staves your skulls annoy,
 But quickly move your greedy jaws.
 While guzzling down your wishy-wash,
 Squeak loud with *make-believe* affection ;
 And in the puddle kick and splash,
 Nor shew one sign of disaffection.
 Then, all ye lordly herds, laugh loud,
 And shake your portly paunches fine ;
 Shew to your dames the rabble crowd,—
 And having pray'd, retire to dine.
 Then tell how the voracious pigs,
 With greedy spite press'd to the *trow*,
 And gave each other loyal digs,
 Nor car'd for e'er a waddling sow.
 Next sagely argue o'er your wine,
 This crew, debas'd beyond compare,
 In fact and reason are true swine,
 Unlike Corinthian Pillars fair.”*

Pigstye Court, Sandhill, 12th July, 1821.

* The Rich were called the “ Corinthian Pillars of Society” by the pensioner Burke ; while he termed the industrious classes the “ Swinish Multitude.”

THE GOLDEN HORNS ;
OR, THE GENERAL INVITATION.

COME, neighbours, to Robson's let's all hie away,
To see the Ox crowned with ribbons so gay :
His horns are well gilded, his head bright does shine,
We'll soon get a slice and a horn full of wine.

Some come from afar, as did wise men of old,
To see our King's head branched out thus with gold.
Success, then, to horns, when they're gilded so clever ;
May the **** wear horns, and wear them for ever.

In praise then of horns let all Newcastle sing ;
For he who scorns horns, despises his ****.
Let them boast of their garters, and boast of their stars,
But horns are far better than honours or scars.

Never blush for your horns, then, though low be your
station,
Since horns are the pride of the *Chief* of our nation.
Let them make Lords and Dukes, crown an *Ass*, if
they will,
The order of horns let it be my theme still.

LOYAL FESTIVITIES !

OR, NOVEL SCENES AT NEWCASTLE.

A popular Song in the new Farce of the Coronation.

As it was performed at Newcastle upon Tyne,
on Thursday, July 19th. 1821.

Sung by the "Swinish Multitude" in full Chorus.

THE Castle guns were fir'd, and loud
The bells rang in the morning,
To wake the "Swinish Multitude,"
And give the public warning :

M 3

That, "as in duty bound," the Mayor,
 And loyal Corporation,
 Would celebrate, in civic state,
 The day of Coronation!

With matchless liberality,
 They sums of money voted,
 That loyalty might be thereby
 Among the herd promoted:
 A feast would loyalize the brutes,
 Upon this great occasion,
 And make them sing, God save the King!
 At George's Coronation.

Three royal fountains running beer,
 And one to dribble wine O,
 Would make them flock from far and near,
 To grunt like loyal swine O.
 Two bullocks roasted whole, 'twas thought,
 Would be a grand donation,
 To toss among the "rabble rout,"
 At George's Coronation!

'Twas done—the bullocks roasted were,
 The fountains set a flowing;
 While Butchers round, upon the ground,
 Huge lumps of beef were throwing:
 The loyal swineherds looking on,
 In anxious expectation,
 To see each beast enjoy the feast,
 At George's Coronation!

But what was their surprize, to find
 The swinish herd refuse it;
 How strange! their tastes were so refined,
 No hog of sense would use it!
 Our Gentry now, the loyal few,
 Beheld, with consternation,

The scanty stock of loyalty
At George's Coronation !

They saw, with grief, the roasted beef
By saucy swine neglected !
No grateful beast extoll'd the feast,
Nor loyalty respected !
Their swinish nature sure is changed !
O ! what an alteration !
Time was when pigs would grunt and squeel,
To grace a Coronation !

But ah ! the brutes display, at last,
The faculty of Reason !
" The age of Chivalry is past !"
(Reflection most displeasing !)
And, sad to tell, with that is gone
" Othello's occupation !"
All servile reverence for a throne,
And priestly domination !

Then why display this make-believe
Affection, and profusion ?
Ye can no longer swine deceive,
They see through the delusion.
What then avails this pageantry,
And useless ostentation ?
What signifies your loyalty
At George's Coronation !

Had Derry-Down been on the spot,
And view'd the scene before him,
While beef, and bones, and bricks, like shot,
Were flying *in terrorem* ;
He would have star'd, with wild affright,
At such a consummation,
And loudly damn'd the useless farce
Of George's Coronation !

Learn hence, ye Legislators wise,
 Ye guardians of our treasures !
 The "swinish multitude" despise
 Your inconsistent measures :
 Think not that bayonets will gain
 The people's admiration ;
 Or fix a Monarch on the throne,
 By a mock Coronation !

PICTURE OF NEWCASTLE,
 OR GEORGE THE FOURTH'S CORONATION.

BY WILLIAM MIDFORD.

Second Edition—Corrected.

Tune—"Arthur M'Bride."

THE firing of guns, and the ringing of bells,
 Rous'd me from my dreams about magical spells ;
 So I'll draw you a sketch, as we're now by oursel's,
 By way of an illustration :

The roads to Newcastle were cover'd almost,
 As if Radical thunder* had summon'd its host,
 Or an enemy's fleet had been seen off the coast,
 On George the Fourth's Coronation.

In the streets what a buz among sweethearts and wives
 And children who ne'er rose so soon in their lives ;
 All higgledy piggedy through other drives,
 To view what is in preparation.

The oxen are roasting—outsides a mere crust ;
 They're stuff'd wi' potatoes, and dredg'd well with dust,
 While the turnspits were set as if working o' trust,
 On George the Fourth's Coronation.

* Referring to the Public Meeting on the Town Moor, on the 11th Oct. 1819, where (it was supposed) 100,000 were assembled, to take into consideration the proceedings at Manchester.

I next went to view a Boat Race on the Tyne,
 For a blue silken flag skill and labour combine ;
 Gold sovereigns the prizes—to start about nine,
 From Walker, with precipitation.
 The Greyhound came first, the old Sandgate-shore gig,
 Which went as if chasing a hare, through the Brig.
 No doubt but the wives and the lasses were big,
 On George the Fourth's Coronation.

Then the Gentlemen walk'd in procession to church ;
 Not even Dissenters did lag in the porch,
 But boldly push'd on, amid ruffles and starch,
 To praise and to pray with the nation.
 The service being ended, the anthems are sung,
 The burnt sacrifice from each furnace is swung,
 When the fountains with wine and strong ale 'gan to run
 On George the Fourth's Coronation.

Then a Female Procession, to heighten the scene,
 Paraded the streets, with a bust of the Queen ;
 When her title was placed where a crown should have
 been—

 Upon the crane top was its station.
 Then the Ox was beheaded, and held up to view,
 As if he'd done something of Cato-street hue :
 A soldier that made his appearance did rue,
 On George the Fourth's Coronation.

Then with squeezing and tearing began the dispute ;
 Some held by the Pant, and some grappled the spout,
 Till as drunk as a lord, and as wise as a brute,
 At this swine-feeding jollification.
 They drank out of hats, and old shoes, very keen,
 The fights they went round, quite amusing the scene ;
 While some, in mistake, drank "Success to the Queen!"
 On George the Fourth's Coronation.

The battle grew hot, as they flung round the beef,
 Disgusted they sought no Commander in chief;
 The fires they demolish'd, while brickbats and beef
 Flew like rockets, in mad desperation.

The Butchers, now thinking their lives very sweet,
 Soon threw down their gullies, and beat a retreat ;
 Not wishing to die, just like dogs, in the street,
 On George the Fourth's Coronation.

Upon the Sandhill, where the fountain ran wine,
 The keelmen, quite eager to taste of the vine,
 Had the Crown taken down, which was thrown in the
 Tyne,

So fix'd was their determination.

There one, tho' stripp'd naked, so great was his drouth,
 Made a new fashion'd sun-dial, pointing due south,
 When the ladies at five of the clock set their mouth,
 On George the Fourth's Coronation.

Among the arrivals at Mansion-house gates,
 Were the bones of the oxen, the spits, and the grates,
 With a keelman, in petticoats, scratching his pate,
 For a suit from our rich Corporation.

Had the *Den** been but open, the people might say,
 For Kill-pudding Joe, and the burdies of prey,†
 This sunshine would brought a fine "harvest of hay,"
 On George the Fourth's Coronation.

NEWCASTLE IN AN UPROAR,

OR GEORGE THE FOURTH'S CORONATION.

Air—"Come under my plaidie."

O Jockey, my friend, mun, how last you this evening?
 Come in, crook your hough, and let's hear all your news;
 It appears to me you have been tramping this morning,
 I see by the dust that's so thick on your shoes.

* The House of Correction.

† Police officers.

I have been a tramping, I've been at Newcastle,
 All the things I have seen there my mem'ry can't bring;
 The folks from all parts have rais'd such a noration,
 About the Coronation of Geordy the King.

The first thing I saw was two fires for the bullocks—
 They hung them both down as it struck twelve at night;
 But lang ere day-light was come in on the morning,
 Both stuffing and 'tatoes were burnt in their kites.
 They turn'd them on spits till they're burnt like two
 cinders,

And cut them both up about twelve of the day;
 As they lay on the stages they smook'd just like tinder,
 And look'd like two muck heaps, the people did say.

Then the carvers set to with knives cutting and scraping,
 And lumps of fat beef with such vengeance were strew'd,
 I dare say they thought that the folks were all gaping,
 And believ'd they were feeding a swine multitude.
 But the stuff they threw out put the folks in a fury,
 Both stones and brick-bats they snatch'd up in a rage;
 And a radical troop, thus equipp'd in a hurry,
 With vengeance bang'd carvers and beef off the stage.

For the folk being determin'd, the beef would not handle,
 Nor gobble it up, like a stye full of swine;
 For their conscience did whisper it would be a scandal:
 So the stuff was refused by the sons of the Tyne.
 The next thing I saw was a British young sailor,
 He pull'd the crown down from the top of the crane;
 Altho' with brick-bats he got many a nailor,
 Yet he stuck up a label concerning the Queen.

This bill being put up set the crowd in a motion,
 They gave three times three when first it was seen;
 And loudly did praise the brave tars of the ocean,
 Who fought in defence of their much injur'd Queen.

These things being done, it rais'd such a durdem,
 The stones and the brick-bats flew up like a cloud :
 A poor Tyne Cossack, that belong'd to Tom Burdon,
 Was near crush'd to death as he fought with the crowd.

That day in the town was heard no sound of bugles,
 And Bold Arshy, he too was ne'er seen iv a ;
 For if that but once he had brought down the Noodles,
 They'd been trod under foot like a bundle of straw.
 For so bold are the men about canny Newcassel,
 No injustice they'll suffer when assembled a' :
 If the King had been there he'd ne'er worn his gold
 tassel,
 And as to being crown'd, that would ne'er done iv a.

The things that were flying appear'd like a battle ;
 So, afraid of being fell'd, as I stood by the folks,
 I on shanky nagie away straight did rattle,
 To drag down the street the black bones of the ox.
 When I came to the Sandhill my eyes I got open'd,
 I saw something standing which brightly did shine ;
 A large wooden Pant, and a crown on the top o't :
 When I came to look close it was running red wine.

The folk that were round it appear'd to be growling
 And fighting amongst it, like as many cats ;
 While others I saw among mud and dirt rolling,
 And drinking the wine out of old lousy hats.
 Thinks I to myself, this is all botheration,
 It is but a pretext, I know by their scheme,
 To pump out what's left of the wealth of the nation,
 To swell the fat bags of the Clergy and King.

The next thing I saw that took up my attention,
 Was a keelman quite nak'd ! he'd no breeches iv a' ;
 Some said, he, for fighting, deserv'd well a pension,
 But I think that he ought to've been tried by the law.

The wives that were running fell o'er, tappy lappy,
 Town sergeants the keelmen did pelt well with glare;
 And swore, if they could but catch Tripy and Cappy,
 They would tear them to rags at the end of the war.

Then I by this time nigh got into a quarrel;
 I argued, but could not the battle decide;
 So dreading some person might tear my apparel,
 I took my departure unto the Quay-side.
 In going down the Quay there was such a crushing,
 I met with a man of the name of Tom Dale,
 He said, into Sandgate the folks were all pushing,
 For the Pant on the hill there was running strong ale.

When I got to Sandgate I could not help laughing,
 The jasses were running about with the swipes;
 And old wives that fell in the gutter were scruffing,
 Ne'er minded but smok'd on their short cutty pipes.
 I next took my journey as far as the 'Spital,
 To see if aught curious was there to be seen;
 But I think that from Sandgate it differed little,
 For the folks were all drinking the health of the Queen.

I went to an alehouse, and nearly got fuddled,
 For with walking about sae my legs were quite lame;
 So on my old pins then away I straight toddled,
 And ne'er look'd behind me, but tramp'd away hame.
 At Newcastle there have been both horse and boat races
 I have droll things to tell you, if I had but time;
 But having to call at some more bits of places,
 On some other day I will finish my rhyme.

CORONATION DAY AT NEWCASTLE.

UPON the nineteenth of July
 The Castle guns did rend the sky,
 St. Nicholas' bells did briskly ring,
 And George the Fourth was crown'd our king;
 But those possess'd of feelings fine
 Will ne'er forget that day on Tyne.

For days, within the 'Spital green,
 In ribbands deck'd were Bullocks seen,
 And on their horns a royal crown,
 To mock some Cuckold of renown :
 And all, whose thoughts agree with mine,
 Will say, he's nearer Thames than Tyne.

Humanity, with pitying gaze,
 Beheld the victims fondly graze
 Round the infernal furnace pile,
 Where one was shortly doom'd to broil,
 Purpos'd to feed the humble swine
 That dwelt upon the banks of Tyne.

Blush, ye great Rulers of the town,
 Behold your nauseous, loathsome boon !
 See men, with manners more discreet,
 Disgusted, spurn your beastly treat !
 And know, all you who term us swine,
 That Reason rules the sons of Tyne.

Give heed, to this, Worshipful Mayor,
 Tho' we're reduc'd by taxes bare,
 Our British bosoms still contain
 Hearts sound as his with golden chain !
 May Freedom's rays, which brighter shine,
 Adorn each manly breast on Tyne.

It adds but little to your praise,
 To see your lavish, wasteful ways,
 To see a keelman, from his huddock,
 Within your wine trough wash his buttock,
 Which ne'er before was drench'd in wine,
 But often plung'd in coaly Tyne.

What did your wilful waste avail ?
 Your fountains running wine and ale ?
 The bronzed dome, the glitt'ring crown,
 Torn by an enrag'd people down ?

Who cheering hail'd Queen Caroline,
Borne by the blooming fair on Tyne.

What would an untaught Heathen said,
To see such brutal scenes display'd?
Is this the land, he would reply,
That teaches Christianity?
Such might suit yon wild shores of mine,
But shames Great Britain and the Tyne.

The money wasted on the ground,
Had it been wisely dealt around
Amongst the needy poor, half-starv'd—
A thousand pounds would thousands serv'd :
Extravagance was their design,
Who rule Newcastle upon Tyne.

CORONATION THURSDAY.

July 19th. 1821.

BEING THE THIRD* EPISTLE FROM BOB FUDGE TO HIS
COUSIN BOB IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR Bob, a sad outlaw at length I'm become,
The Tories despise me, the Whigs glump and gloom,
And scowl as they pass, which is something uncivil,
And the Radicals treat me as I would the devil ;
And threaten, the next time I make my appearance,
To scourage me completely, with Christian forbearance.
This threat from a party, who ever would bawl
For liberal discussion, is worst of them all ;
As my writings I'm sure must be wondrous offences,
When such men are talking about consequences.

* The first Epistle, "Radical Monday," a satirical description of the Town Moor great Meeting on the 11th. Oct. 1819.—The second Epistle (unpublished) "Radical Thursday and Whig Wednesday," on the public Meetings held in Newcastle, on those days, for addressing the Queen, &c.

But, whether the head of the Noodles appear,
 Or Lambton, or Typo, with sword or with spear,
 To blunt their sharp edges at once on my nob,
 I'm determin'd to write to my own dearest Bob.

The Pedlar's descendant* may boast in the field,
 And the Earl of the North with reluctancy yield,
 While Cartwright an excess of freedom may claim—
 Perhaps they're all right, since they all are to blame.
 The Radicals want more than Reason would crave,
 They all would be kings, without ever a slave;
 And that, my dear Bob, you know never can be—
 And as for the Whigs they love stones more than me.

I dare not maliciously think of the Tory,
 Nor envy his pudding, the Englishman's glory—
 He's in, and he's right, and his place is worth keeping,
 No wonder he wishes John still to be sleeping;—
 And though from state coffers his wages be taken,
 He'd better be paid than the office forsaken.
 Without Kings and Clergy, and Commons and Peers,
 Together the people would be by the ears;
 Equal rights, equal liberties, who would not brave,
 Lest an excess of freedom prove Liberty's grave.

We've the use of our fingers, our tongues, and our
 eyes,
 How then are we fetter'd? the good Tory cries;
 And as for the taxes, Judge Bayley can prove
 They're the source of our welfare, the things we should
 love.

Since the days of king Solomon, that wise man of yore,
 All kings have had wisdom and riches in store:
 And Britain, sublimely renowned in story,
 Has become of the world th' admiration and glory,
 By the help of our kings, and prime minister Pitt,
 Whose names are a match for the Radicals yet.

* Lord Castlereagh.

But stop—to amuse thee I'll give a relation
 Of the sights I beheld at the King's Coronation ;
 Which partly convinc'd me that infidels reign,
 Since the head of the church met such hoggish disdain.

The morning was fine when the boats came in sight,
 And cannons re-echoed the Tories delight—
 Sandgate heroes huzza'd, till the news, so provoking,
 Convinc'd them the watermen only were joking.

“ What a d—n'd shame ! (cried Archy) such prizes,
 and never

“ A man lying breathless or drown'd in the river !

“ No squabbling, no fighting, no boats sunk—damnation !

“ They're fit men to row at a king's Coronation !”

Then from the Quayside to the Sandhill I wander'd,
 And smil'd to behold money foolishly squander'd :

A pant rising splendidly, gilded and crown'd,

To run with good wine, in the centre was found.

And fronting St. Nicholas a black roasted beast,

And another in Spital-field, bespoke a grand feast.

Three pants to run ale—'twas a glorious sight !

Two cranes and two scaffolds—the butchers' delight.

From Church now the Mayor and his company ride,

And Bab with the Queen, at the foot of the Side,

Hoisted high on a pole, with a crown on her head—

(And her effigy more than the devil they dread)

The crowd was so dense, and the shouts so astounding,

And nothing but Radical whiskers surrounding ;

Which made it becoming to bow to the Queen,

Though a damnable blot on their loyalty, I ween !

Releas'd, they drove gently, their plans to fulfil,

By drinking the king's health upon the Sandhill.

But, to their misfortune, round where it was plac'd,

The crowd was so furious no Tory could face't ;

And high on the gilded dome stood a rude fellow,

With the crown on his head !—people said he was mel-

low :

N

But I took him to be some base Radical body,
 Who wish'd folk to think that the king was a nookdy.
 For at the mock gestures of kingly demeanor,
 The people bawl'd loudly, and bow'd to his honour ;
 While many among them cried, Pull the knave down!
 Such a bad drunken fellow's not fit for a crown !
 He's as good, quoth a keelman, and blew like a porpus,
 As the London Mogul, who can drink, wh—e, and rob
 us.

So near was the danger, the Mayor swoon'd away ;
 But Archy, more bold, as they pranc'd round the fray,
 To his comrades cried softly, (but not till past catch-
 ing)

“ What treasonable stuff those damn'd Radicals are
 hatching !

“ D'ye see what a mess they have made of the crown,
 “ Go call out the soldiers to pull yon knave down.”

“ Drive on,” quoth the Mayor, by this time come about,
 “ There's no time to talk while the Philistines are
 out.”

More furious grew Archy, as nearer he drew
 The den of corruption, with th' Needles in view.

“ Fetch the soldiers, I say, let the streets swim with
 blood !

“ See the crown is insulted, and all that is good.

“ When erected this morn, what a sight to behold !

“ 'Twas velvet and ermine, and cover'd with gold !

“ 'Tis sacrilege ! treason ! hell groans at the sight !

“ Fetch the soldiers, and put the mad rabble to flight :

“ We crown'd it, and form'd it to dribble with wine,

“ That the King's health, when drank, might be cheer'd
 by the swine ;

“ And shall we be bet while we've soldiers to guard
 us ?

“ No, call them out quicklyt—he King will reward us.”

As he finish'd the sentence, the crown got a fall,
 And rapturous delight animated them all.

What savage barbarians those English are grown,
To laugh at the fall of a beautiful crown !

'Twas time for the Mayor and poor Archy to fly
From the radical scene to the loyal pig-stye.

To St. Nicholas' square then I posted away,
Where Typo's high window peep'd over the fray ;
And such an Ox roasting was there to be seen !
'Twas a bad loyal meeting for all but the Queen.
The crowd was immense, and their spirits were high,
To honour his Majesty no one durst try.

The scaffold with tipstaves and butchers was clad,
Who blarried poor folks, what fine morsels they had ;
And holding the head up, began to huzza,
But a volley of hisses and groans drown'd their jaw :
Though, Thistlewood like, it was something uncivil,
For the head wearing horns was as black as the devil.

St. Nicholas peal'd out as the hisses began,
And seem'd to say, " Loyal bucks, do what you can !"
As fast as the butchers the collops threw out,
The people return'd them with many a shout ;
And many a fat lump loyal whiskers besthear'd,
Till brick-bats and fat chops the slaughter stage clear'd.

A crown that look'd lovely, and honour'd the crane,
Call'd forth, beyond measure, the public disdain ;
The brick-flying tempest redoubled its terror,
And many a poor Tory's heart trembled with horror.
An Officer* vent'ring imprudently near,
Receiv'd the same fate as the Coach in the rear ;
So high was the Radical sentiment tow'ring,
That public expression was past all enduring.

In vain flew the bricks, save to knock people down,
For the Tories were fled, and too fast was the crown ;

* A military Officer on horseback in the crowd at the time the Mail Coach passed, decorated in honour of the Coronation, was, together with the Coach, pelted by the populace.

At length a bold Tar, in the midst of the fray,
 Mounted swiftly, and tore the gilt bauble away ;
 And put in its place, which was fair to be seen,
 " The Queen that Jack lov'd," and cried, " God save
 the Queen !"

Then off went their hats, and abroad went the roar,
 And shook the glass windows along the Tyne shore.
 The mangled black carrion was knock'd from the stage,
 And dragg'd round the town with republican rage,
 Till deposited safely i' th' Mansion-house yard,
 Where Archy Mac Syc. is the master black-guard ;
 From whence, in accordance with Archibald's wish,
 It was sunk in the Tyne—to make broth for the fish.
 So that Radical bodies were highly to blame,
 When they sung their pig sonnets, and cried out, " For
 shame!"

A few drunken fellows the ale-pants surrounded,
 And fought for the *wish-wash* till nearly half drowned.
 But when the wine dribbled beneath the Exchange,
 The people were furious, and sought for revenge,
 By drinking " The Queen!" with astounding delight,
 While th' fine folks above them grew pale at the sight.
 But to see a nak'd man holding fast by the spout,
 Made the sanetified ladies huzza, clap, and shout.
 " Fight away, pigs, (quoth Archy) you make us fine fun!"
 But when the pant suffer'd he alter'd his tune.

In Spital-field loyalty had no more boast,
 For the Queen ruled the heart, and the people the roast.
 Poor Anvil* disgrac'd himself, some people say,
 To ask the Mayor leave on the Race Ground to pray ;

* An Independent Methodist Preacher, who, forgetting the commission of his Divine Master to preach the Gospel, even on the highways and hedges, applied in vain to the Mayor, for leave for himself and brethren to hold a camp meeting on the Town Moor. The worthy Magistrate objected, on the ground of injuring the *interests* of the " church as by law established ;"

In fact, after such a deed I should not wonder
 But they'll sneak and ask leave, till oblig'd to knock
 under.

What a "punch"-loving people! in less than an hour,
 To see Lambton's horse, they were all on the Moor;
 But vex'd that their favourite's courser should lose,
 They car'd not to stay till the Races might close.

Returning at length like a tempest they came,
 (Which bursts upon Cheviot, and sets it on flame)
 And levell'd the pants with the spoil of the day,
 While a Radical gave them a touch of his lay.
 In vain the peace officers handled their staves,
 And entreated the crowd to submit like good slaves;
 'Twas the head of the church who created the day,
 And salvation attended a loyal display!
 But passive obedience was basely rejected,
 And the head of the church very little respected;
 Which made Archy again for the horse soldiers shout,
 So anxious he seem'd for a Manchester rout:
 But, thank their good stars, they got free from the la-
 bour

Of drawing their whittles to hamstring a neighbour.

In its socket was sinking the Radical taper,
 Ere snugly the mighty ones sat down to supper.
 It cost them two thousand, I mean th' Corporation;
 What a round sum, dear Bob, for a king's Coronation!
 But surely I need not the money begrude,
 For the sight charm'd the heart of thy cousin,

BOB FUDGE.

or, more properly speaking, the interests of the established Clergy. Anvil is also celebrated by Bob Fudge, in his First Epistle, entitled "Radical Monday," as one of the orators at the Town Moor great meeting on the 11th October, 1819.

ON THE
ATTEMPT to REMOVE the CUSTOM HOUSE
from Newcastle to Shields, in 1816.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE BRANCH.

TYNESIDERS, give ear, and you quickly shall hear
 A strange and a wonderful story,
 Of a dreadful uproar, upon fam'd Gotham's shore,
 Where we've brush'd all to heighten our glory.

On the the Quayside, so spruce, stands a great Custom
 House,
 Of Newcastle the pride and birth-right ;
 Now the sons of Go-tham had sworn o'er a dram,
 That to Gotham it soon should take flight.

A townsman they sent, on great deeds fully bent,
 A son of the knife and the steel, Sirs ;
 And one learn'd in the laws, to argue their cause,
 The covenants to sign and to seal, Sirs.

To London they came, through the high road to fame,
 Their hearts were both merry and staunch :
 Of success confident, to the Treasury they went,
 And demanded they might have a branch !

False report (only guess) brought to Gotham success,
 Rejoicing, they blaz'd, without doubt ;
 'Great Rome,' they now say, 'was not built in one day ;
 'We've the Branch, and we'll soon have the Root!'

While their thoughts were thus big, over Newcastle brig
 The Mail came one day, in a hurry :
 'What's the news ?' say the folk ; quick a Briton up
 spoke,
 'No Branch !—so Newcastle be merry.'

'No Branch!' was the cry, re-echoed the sky,
 And sent down to Gotham a volley;
 Where the prospect is bad, for 'tis fear'd they'll run mad,
 Or relapse into sad melancholy.

So Gotham beware, and no more lay a snare,
 Nor think that Newcastle you'll bend;
 Call your advocates home, your cause to bemoan,
 And let each his own calling attend.

QUAYSIDE DITTY, for February, 1816.

AH! what's yor news the day, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor?
 Ah! what's yor news the day, Mr Mayor?
 The folks of Sheels, they say,
 Want wor Custom House away,
 And ye canna say them nay, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 And ye canna say them nay, Mr Mayor.

But dinna let it gan, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 Or ye'll ruin us tiv a man, Mr Mayor:
 * They say a Branch 'ill dee,
 But next they'll tyek the Tree,
 And smash wor canny Kee, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 And smash, &c.

For ah! they're greedy dogs, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 They'd grub us up like hogs, Mr Mayor:
 If the Custom House they touch,
 They wad na scruple nuch
 For to bolt wor very Hutch, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 For to bolt, &c.

Before it be owre lang, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 'Then ca' up a' yor gang, Mr Mayor:
 Yor Corporation chieils,
 They say they're deep as Deils,
 And they hate the folk of Sheels, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 And they hate, &c.

Ah ! get wor Kee-side Sparks, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
Wor Fitters and their Clerks, Mr Mayor,

To help to bar this stroke,—
For, faicks, they are the folk
That canna bide the joke, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
That canna bide, &c.

And egg wor men of news, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
Wor Mercury and Hues, Mr Mayor,

Wi' Solomon the wise,
Their cause to stigmatize,
And trump wors to the skies, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
And trump wors, &c.

How wad we grieve to see, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
The grass grow on the Kee, Mr Mayor ?

So get the weighty prayers
Of the porters in the chares,
And the wives that sell the wares, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor
And the wives, &c.

A Butcher's off frae Sheels, Mr Mayor Mr Mayor,
Wi' the Deevil at his heels, Mr Mayor :

Faicks, all the way to Lunnin,
Just like a strang tide runnin,
And ah he's deev'lish cunnin, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
And ah he's, &c.

But Nat's as deep as he, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
Send him to Lunnin tee, Mr Mayor :

He has wit, we may suppose,
Frev his winkers tiv his toes,
Since the Major pull'd his nose, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
Since the Major, &c.

And send amang the gang, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
AIRM—what d'ye ca' him—STRANG, Mr Mayor ;

Ah ! send him, if ye please,
The Treasury to teaze,
He'll tell them heaps o' lees, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
He'll tell them, &c.

If the Sheels folk get the day, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 Ah, what will Eldon say, Mr Mayor ?

If he has time to spare,
 He'll surely blast their prayer,

For the love of his calf Chare, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 For the love, &c.

Then just dee a' ye can, Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,
 And follow up the plan, Mr Mayor,

Else, faicks, ye'll get a spur
 In your Corporation fur,

And ye'll plant at Sheels wor *Bur* !!! Mr Mayor,
 Mr Mayor,

And ye'll plant at Sheels wor *Bur* !!! Mr Mayor.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE TREE, &c.

Tune—"The Quayside Shaver."

YE folks of Newcassel, so gen'rous, advance,

And listen a while to my humourous strain ;

'Tis not the fag end of a fairy romance,

Nor yet the effect of a crack in the brain :

'Tis a Custom-house Tree, that was planted with care,

And with Newcassel Int'rest well dung'd was its Root ;

And that all Water Fowls might partake of a share,

They were kindly permitted to taste of the Fruit.

The Sea Gulls of Shields sought a Branch, so apply'd

To a stately old Drake, of the fresh water breed :

He flutter'd his wings, then he bade them provide

A Memorial, to send off to London with speed.

His pow'ful opinion was soon put in force,

And messengers chose, who, without more delay,

Took flight ; while blind Ignorance guided their course,

And they roosted, I'm told, about Ratcliffe Highway.

Meanwhile, with impatience, a Gull took his glass,
 And with anxious concern took a squint to the south ;
 If I don't now behold (may you prove me an ass)
 A Gull flying baek with a Branch in its mouth.
 They news quickly spread; they, in wild consternation,
 Burnt tar barrels, bells ringing, dancing for joy ;
 A person was sent for to plan the foundation,
 While others drank Mrs Carr's wine cellar dry.

There was one, half seas over, sang ' Little Tom Horner,
 While some in the streets, on their bellies lay flat ;
 Another, 'pon turning the Library Corner,
 Ran foul of a quaker, and knock'd off his hat.
 A full brandy bottle came smack through a window,
 And hit on the temple a canty old wife ;
 "Don't murmur," say they, "were you burnt to a cinder,
 " We're able to grant you a pension for life."

Their Gull-ey at London, o'er pudding and roast,
 Would bet heavy odds he should fortunate be ;
 And then after dinner propos'd, as a toast,
 "That Grass might soon grow upon Newcassel Kee."
 But the Treas'ry decision laid vap'ring aside ;
 "No Branch !" was the cry, so away the Gulls slunk:
 Should a Twig be lop'd off, it can ne'er be deny'd,
 But the roots would soon dry, and thus wither its trunk.

So now I've a scheme, if your fancy I hit,
 'Twill suit crazy folks, after dancing mad reels ;
 Instead of a Custom-house Branch, 'twou'd be fit
 That a Branch from the Mad-house be rear'd in
 North Shields.

We'll laugh at the joke, while experience may learn
 The Gulls, for the future, in peace to remain.
 By what you have heard, you may also discern,
 That premature joy's the forerunner of pain.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE BRANCH.

Tune—"Yo heave O."

THE joyous men of North Shields their church bells
set a ringing sweet,

And tar-barrels blaz'd, their high rapture for to shew;
Like bears some fell a dancing, like ravens some were
singing sweet,

'Poor Jack,' 'Rule Britannia,' and 'Yo heave O.'

Some grog were freely quaffing,

Like horses some were laughing;

Their matchless powers in bellowing all eager seem'd
to shew:

The Branch, they cried, we've got,

And with it, well we wot,

Fitters, bankers, merchants, soon will follow in a row.

The Newcastle deputation, no doubt on't, swagger'd
much, Sir,

Expecting our Pillgarlicks soon foiled would have
been;

But too hard for them all prov'd the diplomatic Butcher,
Whose tongue, like his gully-knife, is marvellously
keen.

Spite of wheedling and of sneering,

Bamboozling and queering,

He to his purpose stuck so firm, so true, and so staunch,

The Town Clerk and his chums,

Stood whistling on their thumbs,

Astonish'd, whilst triumphantly he bore away the
Branch.

And now since the Custom House we thus have got
translated,

Why longer should the County Courts Newcastle
proudly grace?

We wise-ones of North Shields, tho' reckon'd addle-pated,
For this pile so magnificent we'll find a fitter place.

Yon space* which ——'s skill,
 Seems destin'd ne'er to fill
 With structures worthy Athens' or Corinth's proudest
 Yon space ! O is it not [day ;!
 The very, very spot
 Where the County Courts their splendour so massive
 should display ?

If once our gen'ral committee determine, in full quorum
 The removal of our Courts, the result will fully shew,
 That the Lords of the Treasury, and Custos Rotulorum,
 (Our high displeasure dreading) will not dare to whis-
 And when the whim impells, [per No.
 To eclipse the Dardanelles ;
 The old Castle of its ancient site shall straightway take
 its leave,
 To brave the billows' shocks,
 On the dread Black Midden rocks,
 However for its transit Antiquarians sore may grieve.

Then comes the grand finale, for which our souls we'd
 barter now ;
 The Regent and his ministers we'll pester night and
 day,
 Till transferr'd to us Newcastle sees her revenues and
 charter too,
 And from Heddon streams to Tynemouth Bar, Tyne
 owns our sovereign sway.
 O when our town so famous is,
 Big as Hippopotamuses,
 We'll strut about the Bank Top quite semi-divine ;
 The neighbouring coasters all,
 Our greatness shall appall,
 And their top-sails straight they'll lower to the lords of
 the Tyne.

* The New Market Place.

'Twas thus with idle rumours poor gentlemen delighted,
 The honest men of North Shields to fancy gave the rein ;
 Sad proof that when ambition with folly is united,
 Astonishing chimeras oft occupy the brain.

But soon their joy was banish'd,
 Soon each illusion vanish'd,

For news arriv'd the Butcher the Branch could not
 Deep, deep in the dumps, [obtain.
 (After playing all his trumps)

Just as branchless as he went he was 'toddling hyem'
 again.

Newcastle, thou dear canny Town ! O ever thus de-
 feated

Be every hostile effort thy prosperity to shake ;
 Long grumbling to thy Custom-house, in gigs and
 coaches seated,

May the honest men of North Shields their daily jour-
 And, mounted on their *hacks*, [nies take.
 Long, long too, may the *Jacks*

Continue their equestrian skill on Shields road to dis-
 Tho' oft their tits may stumble, [play ;
 And o'er the *bows* they tumble,

Unhurt, still bold, may they remount, and onward
 bowl away.

Newcastle men, rejoice ! O haste, on this occasion,
 With many a jovial bumper our whistles let us wet,
 Lord Eldon, with Sir William Scott, and all our depu-
 tation,

To toast, with acclamations due, O let us not forget:
 To them our thanks be tender'd,
 Good services they've render'd.

And let us hope, in after times, should Branch wars rage
 In Newcastle 'twill be found, [again,
 Such men do then abound,

The commercial pre-eminence still boldly to maintain.

BOB FUDGE'S POSTSCRIPT

To his Account of the great Town Meet Meeting,
on Monday, 11th. October, 1819.

SINCE the Meeting, dear Bob, many things have come
out,

Which in Gotham have made a most damnable rout :
Mister Mayor at a trife does not seem to stick,
With the RADS* he's been playing *Sir Archy Mac Syc.*—
While Sidmouth he's cramm'd with some *Green Bag*
Supplies,

Which—alas ! for his Worship—have turn'd out *all lies !*
A stark staring Parson,† to add to the store,
A budget has sent to the Noble Strathmore ;
And some other Arch Wag, whom all grace has forsook,
A thumper has palm'd on a great Northern Duke !
Sir Matt. too, so lately the pride of the Tyne,
Against poor old Gotham did also combine ;
By supporting *Bold Archy's* most libellous letter,
He has added another strong link to the fetter !
The rivet he's clos'd, which no mortal can sever,
And set now's the "*bright Star of Heaton*" for ever !
But let him beware—for "*a Rod is in pickle,*"
Which, sooner or later, "*his Toby will tickle !*"

Both the Houses have rung with the direful alarms,
Of the RADS on the Tyne and the Wear being in arms ;
'Tis all a sly hoax—the *Alarmists* alarming,
For there's not the least symptom of *Rising* or *Arming !*

* The Radicals, or real Reformers.

† Parson Bl—k—n.

TO THE INDEPENDENT FREE BURGESSES
OF NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

Written previous to the General Election, in 1826.

Tune—"Fairly shot of her."

FREE Burgesses, now is your time to stand firm and free,
Spurn all attempts at corruption and bribery,—
Your franchise elective uphold fair and hon'rably,
Weigh their worth well, and your Members choose
cautiously :

Guard your best rights, lads, with honour and bravery,
Let not your voices be shackled in slavery ;
Independence unfold on your banners triumphantly,—
Stand or fall ! oh ! be freemen ! deluded no longer be.

The members you've had, let their conduct now canvass'd be,

Judge of their claims by their former utility ;
And shew proud Sir M——w, whose motto's ' *No
rivalry !*

That his seat he sha'nt claim as a right hereditary.
In what has this town to Sir M——w indebted been ?
For years at our races his face we have rarely seen ;
The *Gout* or some *Spa*—such excuses he's sent us,
When most wanted here, he is ' *Non est inventus.*'

What return has been render'd, I'd have you reflect on,
For your favours conferr'd on Sir M——t each Election ?
I trust on his canvass, face to face when you meet him,
You'll tell him *ingratitude* he'll find will unseat him.
For your interest one thought has ne'er entered his
brain,

Or he'd here, 'stead of London, his *groceries* obtain ;
For *Upholst'ry*, his orders, bless ' *Durham to wit,*
And for ' *Vulcan*' he speeds to that high favour'd *Cit.*

He's seldom e'er known, 'mongst the commons as-
sembled,

To trouble the house but his interest is blended :

*Give the old one his due tho'—Committees command him,
A good bone to pick is Sir M—t's memorandum.
This Whig, too, who votes and supports opposition,
For 'Repairs' does not scruple to be in 'Commission :'
'Tis said, for this honour—but I don't wish to wrong him,
He fingers the sum of *Three Thousand per Annum*.*

The Gusto A. I. with this great haughty man,
Is "to keep what he has and to catch what he can"—
By this the proud era of M*ttty is by-past,
And the "*Bright Star of Heaton's*" great splendour is
o'ercast :

For who that reverts to the days to us dear,
When the portals of B—g—n ne'er clos'd on its cheer,
Can with coolness behold, and not draw forth his pen,
The insults lately pass'd upon A—d—n's men.

And hark to the field, where, at head of his hounds,
His temper and tongue he can't keep within bounds ;
He snarls, rates, and swears every time he goes out,
The sportsman degrades—quits the man for the brute.
To fit him for Parliament's ensuing Session,
To the Society send him for Vice's suppression ;
And should they require his *blaspheming vocab.*
Let them ask Pr—db—e H—b—le, they'll find he's a dab.

But, Ellison, hail ! and return him your senator,
Your weal in the house he has ever been watchful o'er ;
At home he's a Star who must claim admiration,—
A fitter M. P. you'll scarce find in the nation :
His integrity's gain'd him his present high station—
There are few lads can match him in fine declamation :
Then your banners unfurl thro' the town independently,
Stand or fall, *Oh ! be Freemen !* deluded no longer be.

F I N I S.

Marshall, Printer, Newcastle.

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