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"FIFTY SONGS FOR A FAR-R-R-DEN!"

MODERN STREET BALLADS

BY
JOHN ASHTON

AUTHOR OF "SOCIAL LIFE IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE," ETC.



WITH FIFTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS

London
CHATTO & WINDUS PICCADILLY

1888

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INTRODUCTION.

OVER Street Ballads may be raised the wail of "Ichabod, Ichabod, their glory is departed." They held their own for many centuries, bravely and well, but have succumbed to a changed order of things, and a new generation has arisen, who will not stop in the streets to listen to these ballads being sung, but prefer to have their music served up to them "piping hot," with the accompaniment of warmth, light, beer, and tobacco (for which they duly have to pay) at the Music Halls; but whether the change be for the better, or not, may be a moot question.

These Street Ballads were produced within a very few hours of the publication of any event of the slightest public interest; and, failing that, the singers had always an unlimited store to fall back upon, on domestic, or humorous subjects, love, the sea, etc., etc.

Of their variety we may learn something, not only from this book, but from the ballad of "Chaunting Benny" of which the following is a portion :—

.

"My songs have had a tidy run, I've plenty in my fist, Sirs,
And if you wish to pick one out, I'll just run through my list,
Sirs.

Have you seen "My daughter Fan," "She wore a wreath of
roses,"

And here you see "My son Tom," "The Sun that lights the
roses,"

"Green grow the rushes O," "On the Banks of Allan Water,"
"Such a getting out of bed," with "Brave Lord Ullin's daughter."

"Poor Bessie was a Sailor's bride," "Sitting on a rail," Sirs,
"Is there a heart that never loved?" "The Rose of Allandale," Sirs,

"The Maid of Judah," "Out of Place," with "Plenty to be
sad at,"

"I say, my rum un, who are you?" with "What a shocking
bad hat," etc., etc.

Rough though some of these Street Ballads may be, very few of them were coarse, and, on reading them, we must ever bear in mind the class for whom they were produced, who listened to them, and—practical proof of interest—bought them. In this collection I

have introduced nothing which can offend anybody except an absolute prude ; in fact, " My bear dances only to the genteelest of tunes."

There are plenty of my readers old enough to remember many of these Ballads, and they will come none the worse because they bring with them the reminiscence of their youth. *Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.* They owe a great deal of their charm to the fact that they were absolutely contemporary with the events they describe, and, though sometimes rather faulty in their history, owing to the pressure under which they were composed and issued, yet those very inaccuracies prove their freshness.

The majority were illustrated—if, indeed, any can be called illustrated—for the woodcuts were generally served out with a charming impartiality, and without the slightest regard to the subject of the ballad. What previous work these blocks had served, goodness only knows ; they were probably bought at trade sales, and had illustrated books that were out of date or unsaleable. They vary from the sixteenth century to Bewick, some of whose works are occasionally met with ; but, taking them as a whole, we must fain con-

fess that art as applied to these Ballads was at its very lowest. Their literary merit is not great—but what can you expect for half-a-crown? which was the price which Jemmy Catnach,* of Monmouth Court, Seven Dials, used to pay for their production. Catnach issued a large number from his press (in fact, his successor, Fortey, advertised that he had four thousand different sorts for sale), and his name is used as a “household word” to designate this class of Ballad. But, in fact, he only enjoyed the largest share of the London trade, whilst the Provinces were practically independent—Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Newcastle, Preston, Hull, Sheffield, Durham, etc., had their own ballad-mongers, who wrote somewhat after the manner of the author of “The Bard of Seven Dials.”

“And it’s my plan, that some great man
Dies with a broken head, Sirs,
Vith a bewail, I does detail
His death ’afore e’s dead, Sirs.
And while his friends and foes contends,
They all my papers buy, Sirs,
Yes, vithout doubt, I sells ’em out,
'Cos there my talent lies, Sirs.”

* One of whose colophons I use as a tailpiece.

The Ballad singers and vendors made money rapidly over any event which took the popular fancy—a good blood-curdling murder being very profitable ; and the business required very little capital, even that being speedily turned over. Generally, the singers worked singlehanded, but sometimes two would join, and then the Ballad took an antiphonal form, which must have relieved them very much, and the crowd which gathered round them was the surest proof that their vocal efforts were appreciated.

They are gone—probably irrevocably—but a trace of the vendor still lingers amongst us. One or two still remain about Gray's Inn Road, Farringdon Road, and other neighbourhoods ; but I venture to say, as they drop out, they will find no successors. You may know them, if ever lucky enough to meet with one, by their canvas screens, on which are pinned the ballads—identical with that immortal screen of which Mr. Silas Wegg (in Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend") was the proud proprietor ; but these modern Ballads are mostly reproductions of Music Hall songs, and have very little in common with those about which I write.

I have taken the first fifty years of this century,

when this style of Street Ballad was at its best, but I have liberally interpreted my fifty years, by extending its margin by a year or two either way—thus, I include the Mutiny at the Nore in 1798, and the Great Exhibition of 1851, and I have selected those that bear on most, and elucidate best, the social manners and customs of that period

JOHN ASHTON.



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SALE OF A WIFE.

Whenever a foreigner used to write that Englishmen sold their wives in open market, with halters round their necks, they were not believed in England ; but it was nevertheless a fact, and even as lately as last year a man sold his wife. In two of my books ("Old Times" and "The Dawn of the Nineteenth Century") I have given numerous instances. The halter round the neck was used when the wife was sold at market, it being considered that, being thus accoutred, she was on a level with the cattle, and thus could legally be sold.

ATTEND to my ditty, you frolicsome folk,
I'll tell you a story—a comical joke ;
'Tis a positive fact, what I'm going to unfold,
Concerning a woman, who by auction was sold.

Chorus.

Then long may he flourish, and prosper through life,
The Sailor that purchased the Carpenter's wife.

A carpenter lived not a mile off from here,
Being a little, or rather too, fond of his beer ;
Being hard up for brass—it is true, on my life,
For ten shillings, by auction, he sold off his wife.

The husband and wife they could never agree,
For he was too fond of going out on the spree ;
They settled the matter, without more delay,
So, tied in a halter, he took her away.

He sent round the bellman announcing the sale,
All in the hay-market, and that without fail ;
The auctioneer came, with his hammer, so smart,
And the Carpenter's wife stood up in a Cart.

Now she was put up without grumble or frown,
The first bid was a tailor, that bid half a crown ;
Says he, I will make her a lady so spruce,
And fatten her well upon Cabbage and goose.*

Five and sixpence three farthings, a butcher then said,
Six and ten said a barber, with his curly head ;
Then up jump'd a cobbler, said he, in three cracks,
I'll give you nine shillings, and two balls of wax.

Just look at her beauty, the auctioneer cries,
She's mighty good-tempered, and sober likewise ;

* As applied to tailors, "cabbage" means the remnants of cloth stolen in making up garments. The goose is the large iron used for pressing the seams, etc.

Damme, said a sailor, she's three out of four,
Ten shillings I bid for her, not a screw more.

Thank you, sir, thank you, said the bold auctioneer,
Going for ten—is there nobody here
Will bid any more? Is not this a bad job?
Going! Going! I say—she is gone for ten bob.

The hammer was struck—that concluded the sale,
The sailor he paid down the brass on the nail;
He shook hands with Betsy, and gave her a smack,
And she jump'd straddle-legs on to his back.

The people all relished the joke, it appears,
And gave the young Sailor three hearty good cheers;
He never cried stop, with his darling so sweet,
Until he was landed in Denison Street.

They sent for a fiddler, and piper to play,
They danced and they sung, untill the break of day,
Then Jack to his hammock with Betsy did go,
While the fiddler and the piper played "Rosin, the
beau."

* * * * *

Wives at the market did not fetch good prices; the highest I know of, is recorded in *The Times*, September 19, 1797: "An hostler's wife, in the country, lately fetched twenty-five guineas." But this was extravagance, as, with the exception of a man who exchanged his wife for an ox, which he sold for six guineas, the next highest quotation is three and a half guineas; but this rapidly dwindled down to shillings, and even pence. In 1881, a wife was sold at Sheffield for a quart of beer; in 1862, another

was purchased at Selby Market Cross for a pint ; and the *South Wales Daily News*, May 2, 1882, tells us that one was parted with for a glass of ale. Sometimes they were unsaleable, as we learn by the following ballad :—

JOHN HOBBS.

A jolly shoemaker, John Hobbs, John Hobbs ;
A jolly shoemaker, John Hobbs !

He married Jane Carter,
No damsel look'd smarter ;
But he caught a tartar,
John Hobbs, John Hobbs ;

Yes, he caught a tartar, John Hobbs.

He tied a rope to her, John Hobbs, John Hobbs ;
He tied a rope to her, John Hobbs !

To 'scape from hot water,
To Smithfield he brought her ;
But nobody bought her,
Jane Hobbs, Jane Hobbs,

They all were afraid of Jane Hobbs.

Oh, who'll buy a wife ? says Hobbs, John Hobbs ;
A sweet pretty wife, says Hobbs.

But, somehow, they tell us
The wife-dealing fellows
Were all of them sellers,
John Hobbs, John Hobbs.

And none of them wanted Jane Hobbs.

The rope it was ready, John Hobbs, John Hobbs.

Come, give me the rope, says Hobbs ;

I won't stand to wrangle,
Myself I will strangle,
And hang dingle dangle,
John Hobbs, John Hobbs ;

He hung dingle dangle, John Hobbs.

But down his wife cut him, John Hobbs, John Hobbs ;
But down his wife cut him, John Hobbs ;

With a few hubble-bubbles,
They settled their troubles,
Like most married couples,
John Hobbs, John Hobbs,

Oh, happy shoemaker, John Hobbs !



*A WOMAN NEVER KNOWS WHEN HER
DAY'S WORK'S DONE.*

Now just attend to me,
Married men of all degree,
While I tell you the vicissitudes of life,
There's nothing, understand,
Half so pleasing to a man,
As a good temper'd, kind, and loving wife.
She is always at her work,
Tho' sometimes used like a Turk ;
Here and everywhere compelled she has to run ;
While a man can banish care,
Drown sorrow and dull care,
A woman never knows when her day's work's done.

Chorus.

Then just attend to me,
To your wives be kind and free,
And never mind the clatter of her tongue,
If you the truth will speak,
You know the live-long week,
A woman never knows when her day's work's done.

That man must be a fool,
Who will strive his wife to rule,
Or drive her, like an elephant, about,
You will find 'ere you begin,
You may knock nine devils in,
But never can you knock one devil out.
We nothing ought to hear,
But "my darling" and "my dear,"
And to please his wife a man should miles run,
Her all indulgence give,
Then happy will he live,
For a woman never knows when her day's work's
done.

Every married man should know
They now have made a law,
That if any man should dare ill-use his wife,
Six months he will bewail
In a dark and dismal jail,
With heavy irons on him day and night.
Men, be advised by me,
Use the women tenderly,

And to please her you must always cheerful run,
For you all must know full well,
If the truth you will but tell,
That a woman never knows when her day's work's
done.

Married women take advice,
Get you every thing that's nice,
A little drop of brandy, rum, or gin,
And if your husband should complain,
Give the compliment again,
And whack him with the wooden rolling-pin.
When some women well behaves,
They're oft used worse than slaves,
And must not dare to use their pretty tongue,
Let the world say what it will,
I will say, and prove it still,
That a woman never knows when her day's work's
done.

They must wash and iron on,
They must mangle, starch, and blue,
They must get your victuals ready in a crack,
They must get you tea and toast,
They must frizzle, fry, and roast,
And wash the dirty shirt upon your back.
They must clean the quilt and rugs,
They must hunt the fleas and bugs,
They must nurse your little daughter and your son,

And, like a poor goose,
Get nothing but abuse,
A woman never knows when her day's work's done.

Chorus.

Men, to your wives be kind,
Thus pleasure you will find,
And happy through the world you will run,
You must surely tell a lie,
If this statement you deny,
A woman never knows when her day's work's done.

*THE TREATS OF LONDON.**

GOOD folks I will try at a song,
So I hope you will make no wry faces,
Believe me, I'll not keep you long,
With my budget of public places :
To what I'm about to rehearse,
If you'll but please to attend,
You will learn from my play-bill in verse,
Where to go, if you've money to spend.

Covent Garden Garden of O.P.† renown,
The contest you all may remember ;
Old Drury that was burnt down,
And Bartlemy Fair in September.
With the Tower of London so grand,
Where a huge pocket-pistol you see,
And Salmon's Wax Work in the Strand,
With the Sans Pareil after your tea.

There's the Opera House at the West,
A Chalk Farm and a famous Jew's Harp,

* Written in 1815.

† Referring to the famous O.P. (Old Prices) riots.

Where, pay well, you may feed on the best,
Then walk in the Regency Park.
A Lord's Cricket Ground that is new,
With a Tottenham Playhouse so gay,
Hyde Park and the Serpentine too,
For Men Milliners on a Sunday.

There's Wigley's promenade too, I ween,
And Bond Street parade in addition,
With Kensington Gardens when clean,
And the Somerset House Exhibition.
There's the Wells, and Grimaldi so rum, Sirs,
With Westminster Abbey to range,
A walk in the Temple for Lawyers,
And "All alive in Exeter 'Change."

The British Museum's a treat,
Vauxhall with its fireworks pretty,
Where belles and their sparks you will meet,
And "the Royalty" too, in the City.
A Surrey Theatre there's too, Sirs,
Where the bow-wow performers so grand,
Played with eclat, and where you may view,
The fine bridge 'twixt Bankside and the Strand.

A forum there is for debate,
A Fives Court for milling in fun, Sirs,
A Parliament House for the great,
With a cock-pit for cruelty's sport, Sirs,

With balls, concerts, and masquerades,
And spouting rooms, too, half a score,
With prime song-clubs in the "Shades,"
Knock 'em down with a Bravo! Encore!

Gas lights too flare in your eyes,
Indian Jugglers deceive in Pall Mall,
Guildhall for a lottery prize,
Astley's horses, too, still bear the bell.
The Monument, too, a tall post,
And also, without any raillery,
The Londoners' principal boast,
St. Paul's and its Whispering Gallery.

THE INCOME TAX.

OH! poor old Johnny Bull has his Cup of sorrow full,
And what with underfeeding him, and leeching him,
and bleeding him,
Though over-drained before, he must lose a little
more,
He'll now be bled again by the Income Tax.
And *Peel** the state physician, has studied his con-
dition,
And daily, and hourly his own brain racks,
He's come to the conclusion, that John Bull's con-
stitution
Is only to be saved by the Income tax.

Chorus.

Sevenpence in the pound, is the sum that must be
found,
Useless is our grumbling, our grizzling, or mumbling,
Still, had we to our aid, our former roaring trade,
We'd laugh at Bobby Peel and his Income Tax.

* Sir Robert Peel started the present income tax, which be-
came law, June 22, 1842, at sevenpence in the pound.

The manufacturers say that they ought not to pay,
Assert 'tis not a fib, but they really can't contribute.
The manufacturing bands are discharging all their
hands,

'Tis the farmers that should, and ought to pay the
Income Tax.

The farmers all declare, that for them to pay be'ant
fair,

The cesses, rates, and tithes nearly breaks their
backs.

While all the parsons say, their business is to pray,
So, pray, why should they pay the Income Tax?

The Lawyers all declare it really is unfair,
The Law's great alteration has brought them ruina-
tion,
And if they make compliance, they all must rob their
Clients,

By swelling Bills of Costs for the Income Tax.

The Doctors, full of ills, must increase their price of
pills,

They are already ruined by Infirmaries and Quacks,
So they'll all adopt Peel's plan, of bleeding all they
can,

Their patients, (when they get 'em) for the Income
Tax.

The shopkeeper, once gay, who kept his one horse shay,
To drive out on a Sunday, and sometimes on a Mon-
day,

Must now his shay put down, and stick to trade and town,

Because he must so pay to the Income Tax.

His daughters and his wife, obliged to hear his strife,

Stay at home and snivel, and in snarls go snacks,

Their bonnets—those old blue ones—instead of having new ones,

Are turned—and 'tis all through the Income Tax.

Those folk of middling rank, who have money in the Bank,

And make by pocket's clearance, a respectable appearance,

And managing complete, to just make both ends meet.

Must cut a bit off one end for the Income Tax.

Oh, then, without a doubt, was their washing all put out,

Now, laundresses are ruined—and these are facts—

For, wherever you may roam, all the washing's done at home,

So our wives are always cross through the Income Tax.

The Bishops, rich and great, and the Ministers of State,

The gayest, the demurest, the Placeman, Sinecurist,

And grumblers, or not, they must all pay their shot,

In their rota, as their quota, of the Income Tax.

And, as a tip-top sample, our Queen's a high
 example,
 Her Majesty,* I wish of rupees had lacs.
 The Collector he sallies, to great Buckingham Palace,
 Your Majesty, I've come for the Income Tax.

The Lords, and all their train, must do without
 Champagne,
 The Squires—will they bear it? must give up Hock
 and Claret—
 Tradesmen, no longer merry, think not of or port
 sherry,
 They all are out of spirits through the Income Tax.
 So, all ranks through the Nation, must put up with
 privation,
 One foregoes his Brandy—another his Max †
 The porter can't regale, he's obliged to leave off Ale,
 And a Teetotaller turn through the Income Tax.

Just like the tale of old, of the soldier we were told,
 Who, while the drummer ‡ flogg'd him, writh'd about
 and jogg'd him,
 With torment all on fire, he cried aloud, "Strike
 higher,"

* Her Majesty pays Income Tax on her private property, like any of her subjects.

† Cant name for gin.

‡ It falls to the lot of the drummers in the army to flog, whenever corporal punishment is decreed.

Sir Robert Peel's the drummer, with his Income Tax.
The Tax with its fine tales, is like the cat o' nine
tails,

It lashes our bodies—cuts into our backs.—

Sir Robert Peel he strikes, and cuts us where he likes,
Nobody likes the cuts of the Income Tax.

IN every civilized society there is an antagonism between employer and employed, between capital and labour. The men do not often take thought of the losses their employers have sustained, in order to keep their factories going and their hands employed ; they do not think that England has to compete with the whole world, and that, on the Continent, wages are cheaper, and the men are more contented with their lot, so that when a depression in trade occurs, it is only fair that they should bear a portion of the burden. There are plenty of demagogues, who, for pay, will fan the flame of discontent, and the result is a *strike*, injurious to all parties. On the other hand, a man has a right to sell his labour as dearly as he can, or to refuse to sell it at all, if he so pleases, and a strike is very often the means of his getting an advance of wages which might not have been otherwise conceded, or at all events tardily granted.

Naturally there are many street ballads on this vital subject to the ballad-singer's listeners, but I have only selected one, which appears to me to be fairly typical. As an antidote to the discontent and privation consequent on bad trade, Henry Russell wrote, "There's a good time coming, boys," which enjoyed immense popularity, and did much to banish the black spirit of discontent.

STRIKING TIMES.

CHEER up, cheer up, you sons of toil, and listen to my
song,
While I try to amuse you, and I will not take you
long.

The working men of England, at length begin to
 see,
 They've made a bold strike for their rights in 1853.

Chorus.

*It's high time that working men should have it their
 own way,
 And for a fair day's labour, receive a fair day's pay.*

This is the time for striking, at least, it strikes me
 so,
 Monopoly has had some knocks, but this must be the
 blow,
 The working men, by thousands, complain their fate
 is hard,
 May order mark their conduct, and success be their
 reward.

Some of our London Printers, this glorious work
 begun,
 And surely they've done something, for they've upset
 the Sun.
 Employers must be made to see they can't do what
 they like,
 It is the master's greediness causes the men to strike.

The labouring men of London, on both sides of the
 Thames,
 They made a strike last Monday, which adds much
 to their names.

Their masters did not relish it, but they made them,
understand,
Before the next day's sun had set, they gave them
their demand.

The unflinching men of Stockport, with Kidderminster
in their train,

Three hundred honest weavers have struck, their ends
to gain.

Though the masters find they lose a deal, the tide
must soon be turning,

They find the men won't, quietly, be robbed of half
their earning.

Our London Weavers mean to show their masters,
and the trade,

That they will either cease to work, or else be better
paid.

In Spitalfields the Weavers worked with joy, in former
ages,

But they're tired out of asking for a better scale of
wages.

The monied men have had their way, large fortunes
they have made,

For things could not be otherwise, with labour badly
paid ;

They roll along in splendour, and with a saucy tone,
As Cobbett says, they eat the meat, the workman
gnaws the bone.

In Liverpool the Postmen struck, and sent word to
 their betters,
 Begging them to recollect that they were men of
 letters,
 They asked for three bob more a week, and got it in
 a crack,
 And though each man has got his bag, they have not
 got the sack.

The Cabmen, and their masters, made up their minds
 last week,
 To stop the Cabs from running, now is not that a
 treat,
 The Hackney Carriage Act * has proved a very bitter
 pill,
 It's no use to call out, Cab, Cab,† drive off and show
 your skill.

The Coopers and the Dockyard Men are all a going
 to strike.
 And soon there'll be the devil to pay, without a little
 Mike,
 The farming men of Suffolk have lately called a go,
 And swear they'll have their wages rose, before they
 reap or sow.

* By this is probably meant the Act 1 & 2 Will. IV. cap. 22.

† A parody on Jetty Treffz' famous song, "Trab, Trab, Trab,"
 at Jullien's Promenade Concerts in 1850. This parody is ex-
 ceedingly humorous, being the story of how an exceedingly fat
 man hired a cab and drove all over London.

WE are all familiar with the carefully got up mendicants who infest the streets of London, with their mournful howls—how that they are “Frozen-out gardeners,” or “Have got no work to do,” etc., etc. ; and in the early part of the century they were more numerous than now, as the police were not so efficient. One sample of this style of ballad must suffice.



*THE MECHANIC'S APPEAL TO THE
PUBLIC.*

GIVE attention awhile to my rhymes,
Good people of every degree,
I assure you these critical times
Have reduced me to great poverty.

I'm a tradesman reduced to distress,
 Dame Fortune on me long has frown'd,
 And that is the cause, I confess,
 Which compels me to roam up and down.

Chorus.

*Then good people attend to my rhymes,
 And pity a tradesman reduced ;
 For appealing to you in these times,
 I submissively hope you'll excuse.*

I once did in happiness dwell,
 With my family around me, at home ;
 And little, (the truth I will tell)
 Did I think I'd have cause for to roam.
 But misfortune, she owed me a grudge,
 And entered in my Cottage door,
 And caused me in sorrow to mourn,
 And my misery long to deplore.

Mechanics are now at a stand,
 And trade, in all quarters, is bad,
 They're complaining all over the land,
 And their children are hungry and sad.
 Travel Britain wherever you will,
 You may behold everything dead,
 The tradesmen are all standing still,
 And their children are crying for bread.

My family now weep in distress,
With cold and with hunger they cry,
Which grieves me to see, I confess,
No food, nor employment have I.
The Weather is cold and severe,
And I do in sorrow lament ;
I have no food for my Children dear,
And my goods are all taken for rent.

For a tradesman reduced, heave a sigh,
Who in sorrow and agony grieve,
And, good Christians, as you pass him by,
With a little, pray, do him relieve.
A little you never will miss,
To one who in sorrow complain,
And our heavenly Father above,
The same will repay you again.

Oh, you that distress never knew,
May your breast such affliction ne'er feel,
The sufferings that I do endure,
I cannot to you half reveal.
For subsistence my clothes I have sold,
I wander to look for a friend,
So now my sad troubles are told,
And my tale I am going to end.

THERE is a great deal of superstition, and folk-lore, contained in

WOMEN'S SAYINGS.



DRAW near, and give attention,
And you shall hear my rhyme,
The old women's sayings, in the olden times
High and low, rich and poor,
By daylight or dark,
Are sure to make
Some curious remark ;

With some foolish idea
Your brains they will bother,
For some believe one thing,
And some believe another.

Chorus.

*These are odds and ends
Of superstitious ways,
The signs and the tokens,
Of my grandmother's days.*

The first thing you will see,
At the house of rich or poor,
To keep the witches out,
A horse shoe's o'er the door.
Bellows on the table,
Cause a row both day and night,
If there's two knives across,
You are sure to have a fight.
There's a stranger* in the grate,
Or, if the cat should sneeze,
Or lay before the fire,
It will rain or freeze.

A cinder with a hole
In the middle is a purse,

* Unconsumed carbon, the deposit of very gaseous coal, which wraps round the bars, until it finally parts and is blown away. Its sign was, in my young days, that a stranger would visit the house ere the day was over.

But a long one, from the fire,
Is a coffin, which is worse :
A spider, ticking in the wall,
Is the death watch at night,
A spark in a candle,
Is a letter sure as life.
If your right eye itches,
You'll cry till out of breath,
A winding sheet in the candle
Is a sure sign of death.

If your left eye itches,
You will laugh outright,
But the left or the right,
Is very good at night,
If your elbow itch,
A strange bed fellow found,
If the bottom of your foot itch,
You'll tread on fresh ground :
If your knee itch, you'll kneel.
In a church, that's a good'un,
And if your belly itch,
You'll get a lot of pudden.

If your back should itch,
I do declare,
Butter will be cheap,
When the grass grows there :

If the dog howl at night,
Or mournfully cry,
Or if the cock should crow,
Some one will die.
If you stumble upstairs,
Indeed, I'm no railer,
You'll be married to a snob,
Or else to a tailor.

A speck on your finger nail,
Is a gift that's funny,
If your hand itch in the middle,
You will get some money.
Spilling of the salt
Is anger outright,
You'll see a ghost, if the door
Should rattle in the night.
If your sweetheart
Dreams of bacon and eggs,
She'll have a little boy
That has got three legs.

The cat washing her face,
The wind will blow,
If the cat licks her foot
It is sure for to snow.
Put your gown, or your jacket
On inside out,
You will change your luck,

And be put to the rout.
If your nose itches,
You'll get vexed till you jump ;
If your great toe itches,
You'll get kicked on the rump.

If a girl snaps one finger,
She'll have a child it deems,
And if she snaps two,
She's sure to have twins ;
And if she snaps eight,
Nine, ten, or eleven,
It's a chance if she don't
Have twenty and seven.
If you lay with your head
Underneath the clothes,
You'll have an ugly old man,
What has got no nose.

If you see a star shoot,
You'll get what you wish,
If a hair get's in your mouth,
You'll get as drunk as a fish.
If your little toe itch,
You'll be lost in a wave,
If you shiver, there's somebody
Going over your grave.
If you go under a ladder,
You'll have bad luck and fall,

And some say that bad luck
Is better than none at all.
So to please all outright,
I have told you in rhyme,
The great superstitions
Of the olden time.

BALLADS exemplifying the first half of the present Century would be incomplete without some mention of coaching. It was essentially a horsey age, for railways were not, at least during the first quarter, the first (Stockton and Darlington) being opened September 27, 1825, so that people were obliged to rely on horses for their means of locomotion to any distance. Great improvement had been made in the construction of the stage-coaches, and they were very well horsed ; in fact, with the exception of their being larger; they were very much like those which now run to Brighton, Guildford, etc.

Bob Logic, who is supposed to have written the subjoined ballad, was the companion of Corinthian Tom and Jerry Hawthorn, whose pranks were so graphically described by Pierce Egan in his "Life in London." The George Shillibeer who is sung in the last verse was a large coach proprietor, even letting out hearses and mourning-coaches.—Nay, almost everything on wheels. To him is due the introduction of the Omnibus, the first of which ran from the Yorkshire Stingo, Marylebone Road, to the Bank of England, on July 4, 1829.

*BOB LOGIC'S DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW
BRIGHTON DILIGENCE FOR INSIDE
PASSENGERS ONLY*



BOB LOGIC'S my name, to Brighton I've been,
I don't mean to tell you of all I have seen,
But the *New Diligence* is so much to my mind,
That to sing in its praise I am fully inclined.

Tippy Jack, whom we all knew, a trump in his day,
Once set off to Brighton, to figure away,
But his gig was upset, so let persons of sense,
Book for Brighton their place in the *New Diligence*.

There's nothing so sure, as that pleasure they'll find,
Secure at all seasons from weather and wind,
And each *Goodman* will see, when the blasts bitter blow,
The passengers all are secured from the *Snow*.

For they're all inside places—no drenching with wet,
In safety and comfort the company set ;
As in six hours time they at Brighton arrive,
I am sure that no pleasure can equal the drive.

The Coupé the first in description must be,
This, in English, means Chariot, and will just hold
three ;

Here a lord, with his lady, and daughter may ride,
As in their own carriage, in splendour and pride.

The next is the Coach, this is fitted for six,
And here is the place where Bob Logic would fix.
In company such as he wishes to be,
Obliging and civil, good-natured and free.

And then comes the Omnibus, four on each side,
Hold you secure in all weathers they ride,
And if it were possible once to upset,
I cannot imagine what harm they could get.

How different the time, when on the outside,
You held fast by the rail, if you went for a ride,
And the loss of a lynch pin, or crack of a spoke,
Was the too certain signal to have your neck broke.

As economy now is the rage of the day,
One Guinea a seat is the price of Coupé,
Sixteen shillings the fare in the Coach large and fine,
And the price in the Omni, twelve namesakes of mine.

'Tis my fate to suggest, so I'll just give a hint,
As I mean that my song should be put into print,
The new diligence—*Constitution* to name,
And King, Lords, and Commons each part of the same.

Should their majesties then wish to come up to town,
In prime style they'd be at St. James's set down,
If they take the Coupé, and Lords take the coach,
With the Commons I would in the Omni approach.

PAPER'D-UP HAIR.

OF all the gay fashions that are come in vogue,
Since wearing the mantle, or bonny red brogue,
There's none so praiseworthy—you'll find—I declare,
As the elegant fashion of papering the hair.

The modern dames, both abroad and at home,
Have got such a fashion of wearing the comb ;
To church or to market, they cannot repair,
But must take an hour to paper their hair.

When in the evening they chance for to walk,
To see their sweethearts, and with them to talk,
An hour or two they must certainly spare,
To fit in their combs, and to paper their hair.

From walking at evening these ladies retire,
They draw up their seats, and chat by the fire,
The tongs then to warm, they ready prepare,
To squeeze up the papers quite tight in their hair.

And when that these ladies give over their talk,
Then up to the looking-glass straight they will walk,

They'll dance, and they'll caper, their arms they will
square,
To see if the papers look tight in their hair.

It's the cheapest of curling that ever was found,
You may do it with pipes, white, black, or brown ;
For colour of hair, I suppose they don't care,
For they tear up the Bible to paper their hair.

All you young lads that are frisky and trig,
Pray shun the old females that wear a false wig ;
To toy with a young one, still make it your care,
Whose delight is to trim up, and paper her hair.

Should you meet with a female, whose hair is cut
short,
Among other fair ones she is but a sport ;
She looks very shabby and out of repair,
When she's wanting the comb, and the paper'd-up
hair.

But when they are married, it's just the reverse,
The paper and combs they quickly disperse ;
For nursing and cooking is then their whole care,
They may then bid adieu to the paper'd-up hair.

I LIKES A DROP OF GOOD BEER.

COME one and all, both great and small,
With voices loud and clear,
And let us sing, bless Billy the King,
Who bated the tax upon beer.

Chorus.

*For I likes a drop of good beer, I does,
I'se pertickler fond of my beer, I is,
And — his eyes, whoever he tries
To rob a poor man of his beer.*

Let Ministers shape the Duty on Cape,
And cause Port wine to be dear,
So that they keep, the bread and meat cheap,
And gie us a drop of good beer.

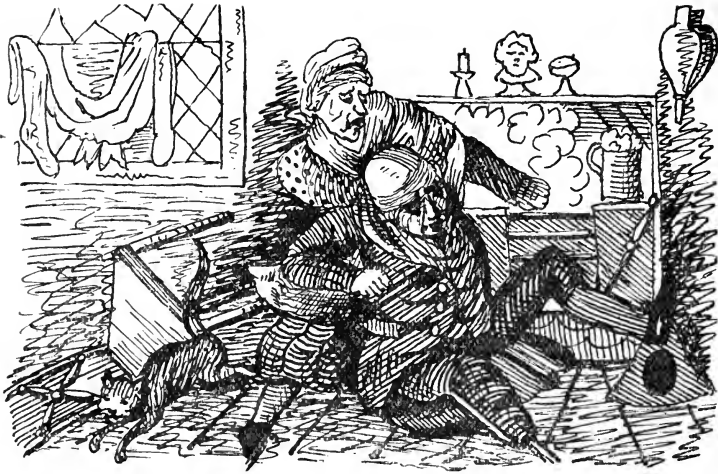
In drinking of rum, the maggots will come,
And soon bald pates will appear ;
I never goes out, but I carries about,
My little pint noggin of beer.

My wife and I, feel always dry,
At market on Saturday night,
Then a noggin of beer, I never need fear,
For my wife always says it is right.

In harvest field, there's nothing can yield,
The labouring man such good cheer,
To reap and sow, and make barley grow,
And to give them a skinfull of beer.

The farmer's board will plenty afford,
Let it come from far, or from near,
And at harvest home, the jug will foam,
If he gives his men plenty of beer.

Long may Queen Victoria reign,
And be to her subjects dear,
And we'll wallop her foes, wherever we goes,
Only give us a skinfull of beer.



THE SNOB AND THE BOTTLE.

GOOD people, attend to my song,
And listen to something that's witty,
It is not too short, or too long,
But concerning town, country and city.
Advice to all tradesmen I give,
Snips, bakers, snobs, grocers and tanners,
I'm a lady possessed of three outs,*
I've neither wit, money, nor manners,
So pray of the bottle beware.

* This is a cant term for a quartern of gin served in three glasses, which, between them, exactly hold the quantity.

My old man is a ranting old snob,
He looks in the face like a monkey,
All night like a goose he does sob,
And he's just as much sense as a donkey.
He sold all the old shoes in the shop,
And poured the contents down his throttle,
All day he sits hugging the pot,
And singing success to the bottle.

He has but one shirt to his back,
And that is all rent into stitches ;
He has never a crown to his hat,
He has worn out the seat of his breeches.
An old sack for an apron he wears,
And his nose is as big as a pottle,
Last night he fell over the stairs,
Singing joy and success to the bottle.

Our bed clothes are all up the spout,
And jigs to the lapstone may whistle,
He the chairs and the tables took out,
His leather, awl, lapstone and bristles.
He sold all the lot for a bob,
And sent the proceeds down his throttle,
Bad luck to the drunken old snob,
May the devil take him and the bottle.

My gown the old rogue sold for rags,
Though with him I had a good tussle,

My nightcap he sold for a mag,
And three halfpence my bonnet and bustle.
There's a hump growing out of his back,
Just nine times as large as a wattle,*
Last night he woke up in a fright,
And killed the poor cat with the bottle.

There's the landlord calls three times a day,
And the butcher and baker, by jingo,
And if the old rogue doesn't pay,
They'll shove him for twelve months in limbo,
But they may as well talk to a post,
For the money all goes down his throttle,
Bad luck to the ugly old ghost,
May the devil fetch him and the bottle.

He says unto me, I am poor,
And call me his dear loving doxey,
And when he gets out of the door,
The boys holloa out after him, "Waxey."
Enough for to drown a bull,
Every morning he pours down his throttle,
Don't you think that I've got a good pull,
With the ranting old snob and the bottle.

* This word seems simply to be used in order to make up a rhyme. Of course, there are wattles of turkeys and wattles (hurdles), but neither are applicable.

The bottle has quite ruined me,
Though quiet and easy I take it ;
The bottle has robbed me of tea,
And left me both hungry and naked.
The bottle has robbed the old snob,
And burnt all his tripes and his throttle
And, at length, what an excellent job !
Old Nick fetch'd the snob and the bottle.

RORY O MORE TURNED TEETOTAL.

YOUNG Rory O More who to London had been,
The fashions to see, and make love to the Queen,
Oft swore by the soul of the shamrock so dear,
That he'd bate the young prince, if his father stood
near.

By the powers, if he once in his clutches should come,
He'd give him what Paddy bestowed on his drum :
For Rory had leathered his rivals before,
Och ! a broth of a boy was bold Rory O More.
Bad cess to the Queen and the Jarmins says he,
I've a nice little sheelah across the salt sea,
Her looks beam so brightly on Erin's green shore,
I'll go to sweet Kathleen, cried Rory O More.

Then he took little Shiel, and old Dan by the hand,
And wish'd them good bye as he sailed from the
land,
He twirl'd round his blackthorn when clean out of
sight,
And knock'd down the captain for fun and delight.
But a squall coming on, and a terrible breeze,
The sailors cried, Rory, go down on your knees ;

Cried Rory, I'm safe if the ship should go down,
For I paid my Insurance before I left town.
Then pull away, haul away, do as you please,
Blow rough, or blow smooth, I will sit at my ease,
And drink to my friends on the shamrock shore,
Success to old Ireland, cried Rory O More.

Being landed once more at the land of his birth,
The land of shilalieghs, of whiskey, and mirth,
He met Denis Grimes with a face pale and wan,
Och Murther ! cried Rory, what's ailing the man ?
Is it temperance you're being, och ! leave off that
same,

Come over and take a sly drop of the crame.
Arrah ! what do I see ? sure my eyes are not clear,
The sign is removed, and there's Coffee sold here.
Father Mathew * himself was passing that way,
And unto bold Rory these words he did say,

* The Reverend Theobald Mathew, the famous advocate and apostle of Temperance, was born at Thomastown, Co. Tipperary, Ireland, October 10, 1790. He was ordained in 1814, and was appointed to a chapel in Cork. Here he interested himself much in the condition of the poor, and in 1838, his attention having been called by a Quaker to the evils of drunkenness, he began his famous total abstinence campaign, enrolling in the course of five months one hundred and fifty thousand converts. On one visit to Galway he administered the pledge to one hundred thousand persons in one day. His influence over the working classes, especially of the Irish, was enormous, and the amount of good he did is incalculable. He did not confine his exertions in the cause of temperance to Ireland, but visited England and America. He died December 8, 1856.

For the sake of Hibernia be tipsy no more,
I'll try my best, father, cried Rory O More.

Of the hurlings and fightings, no more's to be seen,
But the daughters of Erin trip light o'er the green ;
The gaols are all empty, the judges look blue,
The lawyers are starving with nothing to do,
And Rory O More, and his beautiful Kate,
Wear temperance medals, so dasent and nate.
As he looks on his Kathleen, he says with a smile,
That she shall be Queen of the Emerald Isle.
And the shores of Hibernia with gladness shall sound,
And the green hills of Erin once more shall resound,
And this is the cry that shall sound from the shore,
" God bless the Teetotal," cried Rory O More.

HURRAH FOR FATHER MATHEW'S MILL.

Two jolly old topers once sat at an inn,
Discussing the merits of brandy and gin,
Said one to the other, I'll tell you what, Bill,
I've been hearing, to day, of Father Mathew's Mill.

You must know that this comical Mill has been built,
Of old broken casks, when the liquor's been spilt,
You go up the steps, and when at the door sill,
You've a paper to sign at Father Mathew's Mill.

You promise, by signing the paper (I think),
That ale, wine and spirits, you never will drink,
You'll give up, as they call it, such rascally swill,
And then you go into Father Mathew's Mill.

There's a wheel in this Mill that they call "self
denial,"
They turn it a bit, just to give you a trial ;
Old clothes are made new ones, and if you've been
ill,
You're very soon cured in Father Mathew's Mill.

Bill listened, and wondered, at length he cried out—
“ Why, Tom, if it’s true what you’re telling about,
What fools we must be, to be here sitting still,
Let us go and look in at Father Mathew’s Mill.”

They gazed with amazement, for up came a man,
With disease and excesses, his visage was wan,
He mounted the steps—signed the pledge with good
will,
And went for a turn in Father Mathew’s Mill.

He quickly came out quite the picture of health,
And walked briskly on in the highway of wealth,
And, as onward he pressed, he shouted out still,
Success to the wheel of Father Mathew’s Mill !

The next that went in were a man and his wife,
For many long years they’d been living in strife,
He had beat and abused her, and swore he would kill,
But his heart took a turn in Father Mathew’s Mill.

And when he came out, oh how altered was he !
His conduct was changed ; and how happy was she !
They no more contended—no, you shan’t—yes, I will,
But together they’re blessing Father Mathew’s Mill.

Then next came a fellow as grim as a Turk,
To curse and to swear seemed his principal work,
He swore that that morning, his skin he would fill,
And, drunk as he was, he reeled into the Mill.

But what he saw there, sure I never could tell,
But his Conduct was changed, and his language as
well,

I saw, when he turned round the brow of the hill,
That he knelt and thanked God for Father Mathew's
Mill.

The poor were made rich, the rich were made strong,
The shot * was made short, and the purse was made
long,

These miracles puzzled both Thomas and Bill,
At length they went in for Father Mathew's Mill.

A little time after, I heard a great shout,
I turned round to see what the noise was about,
And a crowd, among which were both Thomas and
Bill,

Were shouting hurrah for Father Mathew's Mill.

* Credit.



*HOW FIVE AND TWENTY SHILLINGS
WERE EXPENDED IN A WEEK.*

It's of a tradesman and his wife, I heard the other
day,
Who did kick up a glorious row ; they live across the
way ;
The husband proved himself a fool, when his money
all was spent,
He asked his wife, upon her life, to say which way it
went.

Chorus.

So she reckon'd up, and told him, and showed him
quite complete,
How five and twenty shillings were expended in a
week.

He says my wages are all gone, and it does me
perplex,

Indeed, said she, then list to me, my bonny cock of
wax.

Continually you make a noise, and fill the house with
strife,

I'll tell you where your money goes ; I will upon my
life.

There's three and twopence house rent ; now attend
to me she said,

There's four shillings goes for meat, and three and
ninepence, bread,

To wash your nasty dirty shirt, there's half a pound
of soap,

There's eightpence goes for Coals, old boy, and
sixpence wood and Coke.

There's fourpence for milk and cream, and one and
fourpence malt,

Three halfpence goes for vinegar, one halfpenny for
salt ;

A penny goes for mustard, a halfpenny for thread,
And you gave threepence the other night, for a piece
of pig's head.

A red herring every morning is sevenpence a week,
Sometimes you send me out for fish, you say you
can't eat meat,

Last Monday night you got so drunk, amongst your
dirty crew,

It cost two pence next morning for a basin of hot
stew.

There's a penny goes for pepper too, as you shall
understand,

Twopence soda, starch and blue, and a halfpenny for
sand,

Sevenpence for Candles, a halfpenny for matches,

And a penny worth of Corduroy, I bought to mend
your breeches.

A shilling potatoes and greens, with tenpence butter,
you see,

Sixpence Coffee, ninepence Sugar, and sevenpence for
tea,

There's a penny goes for this thing, and twopence
that and t'other,

Last week you broke a water jug, and I had to buy
another.

There's sixpence for tobacco, and a halfpenny for
pipes,

Seven farthings goes for snuff, and twopence half-
penny swipes ;

A penny you owed for shaving, over at the Barber's
shop,

And you know last Sunday morning, you'd a bottle of
ginger pop.

There's a penny goes for blacking, and eight pence
halfpenny cheese,
A three farthing rushlight every night, to catch the
bugs and fleas ;
And when you go to the public house, and sit to
drink and sing,
I pop into the liquor vaults, to have a drop of gin.

THE only reason why the subjoined is given, is to show the numerous small industries by which people could manage to eke out a living in the first half of the century.

THE WAY TO LIVE.

Chorus.

*A man and a woman got married one day,
And thus unto each other did say,
As we the world must now begin,
We will deal in every following thing.*

She. We will deal in apples, plums and pears,

He. We will mend old bellows and bottom old chairs,

She. We will buy old metal, rope and bags,

He. Yes, and I'll go out a gathering rags.

She. We will sell red herrings and ginger pop,

He. Hot baked sheep's head and taters hot,

She. We'll keep a school of high degree,

He. And learn the children A. B. C,

She. We'll salt fat bacon, butter and lard,

He. And great long songs for a penny a yard,

She. I'll sell potash, starch and blues,

He. And I'll go sweeping the chimney flues.

She. I'll make bustles and lady's frills,

He. And I'll sell mussels and pickled eels,

She. We'll deal in razors, strops and hones,

He. And I'll go out a picking up bones,

She. We'll deal in paper, take in the news,

He. And I'll go a cobbling ladies' shoes,

Both. { And we'll learn the ladies all complete,
To dance the Polka at threepence a week.

She. We'll deal in lollipops, sugar and figs,

He. We'll buy a donkey, ducks hens and pigs,

She. We'll have a mangle, and buy old clothes,

He. And I'll make salve for the ladies' toes.

She. We'll deal in pickled cabbage and eggs,

He. And make tin dishes and wooden legs.

She. We'll deal in sausages, tripe and lard,

He. And if we can't live, 'twill be devilish hard.

She. We'll deal in Oils, sperm, train and neat,

He. And I'll make stockings for children's feet,

She. We will sell hot muffins and home baked bread,

He. Pins and needles, cotton and thread.

She. We'll grind old razors, scissors and knives,

He. And keep lodgings for single men and their wives,

She. We'll deal in lobsters, shrimps and sprats,

He. And I'll sell meat for the ladies' cats.

She. We'll deal in fish, fresh, boiled, and fried,

He. And let out donkeys a penny a ride,

She. I will the ladies fortune tell,

He. And I'll cry, Old umbrellas to sell,

She. We will take in the blooming ladies bright,

He. And sleep in the garret at threepence a night,

She. I'll sing, Come buy my Crockery ware,

He. And I'll go dressing the ladies hair.

She. We'll sell ripe Cherries, pea soup and milk,

He. Oranges, lemons and pickled wilks,

She. Wooden rolling-pins at the Royal Exchange,

He. And if we can't get on we may think it strange,

(The chorus make up the last four lines of this verse.)

THE CRIES OF LONDON.



OH! what fun is to be seen in town every day,
There is something to pass dull care away,
Some sort of a cry you are sure for to meet,
In winter and summer as the time of year flies,
You will find in London a melody of cries.*

Chorus.

It's fun for to hear, as you walk up and down,
The fashionable cries of great London town.

* There is a line short in the original.

A strong deal table to be sold to night,
 Penny a lot oysters, come run, fetch a light,
 Here's good eating apples, a penny the lot,
 Now who'll buy a cap or a bonnet box ;
 Clothes pegs, or lines, buy a clothes prop,
 Here's fine Cauliflowers, who'll buy a Mop ?

Live fleas with a gold chain round their neck,
 Here's fine young peas sixpence a peck,
 Songs three yards a penny, Oh ! what a lie !
 For half of them are not there, what they do cry.
 Fine pickled salmon, warranted sound,
 And good salt cod, a penny a pound.

Here's the last dying speech, I forgot to tell,
 Fine Cabbage plants, young lambs to sell,
 Do you want any matches, ma'm, to day,
 Buy a pit ticket, or a bill of the play,
 Good strong laces, a halfpenny each,
 Two bunches a penny, spring watercress.

Clothes, sale clothes the Jews do cry,
 Mutton, Apple, Beef, all hot, toss or buy,
 Dust O, dust, and sweep soot O,
 Fine pickled eels feet, now here's a go,
 Buy a bird cage, fine summer cabbage,
 Walk up now, and see the Indian savage.

Here's lily white mussels, a penny a quart,
 Fine ripe plums, now the blooming sort,

Penny a head celery, a good woman's cap,
Buy a brush, a hair broom, or a door mat,
Here are mild red herrings, a halfpenny each,
Come move on there, says the New Police.

Wood three bundles a penny, all dry deal,
Now who'll buy a good flint and steel,
Buy a walking stick, a good ash stump,
Hearth stones, pretty maids, a penny a lump,
Fine mackerel, penny a plateful, sprats,
Dog's meat, ma'am, for to feed your cats.

Twelve a penny walnuts, crack and try em,
Fine barcelonies, now who'll buy em?
Here are good mealy potatoes from Paddy's land,
Good burning turf and lily white sand,
I think, good friends, I have kept you too long,
The next cry is, now who'll buy my song.

THE Modern Police is the outcome of the old Watch, which, always inefficient, had become so much so, as to necessitate its abolition, and, under the auspices of Sir Robert Peel * the "New Police," as they were called, were formed, and they commenced their duties on September 29, 1829. Until a very recent time they wore swallow-tailed coats and tall hats, and were the subjects of good-humoured witticisms from all. There is no doubt but that the change of costume to the tunic and helmet has induced a better class of men to join the force, and has raised its standard of efficiency immensely. Whitaker for 1888 gives the number of the Metropolitan Police as 13,855.

* Hence the names of "Bobby" and "Peeler" as applied to the Police.

THE HONEST POLICEMAN OF MITCHAM.

SOME Policemen are right honest
men,

And some we know are glut-
tons,

Some cookey darling courting
goes,

To taste her roasted mutton :

Some can twirl the rolling-pin
If girls should them draw nigh,
sir,

Some are fond of rabbit skins,
And some of rabbit pie, sir.

A house the Sergeant had to
keep,

At least for to look after,
He was a guardian of the peace,
And had a wife and daugh-
ter.



The Sergeant in the parlour lived,
And his lady in the kitchen,
And such a game they carried on,
Good lack a day, at Mitcham.

Such a lot of property was there,
 Belonging to Captain Higging,
And so it seems the Sergeant and
 His lady went a prigging.

They took the sofas and the beds,
 The blankets and the cradles,
The silver plate, the chamber mug,
 Chairs and mahogany tables.

Two hundred sovereigns worth of goods,
 Pianoforte and shawls, sir,
And then for safety placed them in
 The hands of Uncle Balls, Sir.

The neighbours say they had as much
 As they could well desire,
And then to hide the wicked deed,
 They set the place on fire.

The Captain of his rights,
 They did so nicely fleece him,
But great suspicion fell upon
 The Sergeant of Policemen.

The Sergeant thought to cut his stick,
 And bolt across the water,
But Justice the Policeman caught,
 His honest wife and daughter.

Alas! poor Bob has gone to quod,
And that I know won't suit him,
They know him well at Mitcham, and
In Merton, and in Tooting.

For soon he will his trial take,
And hard bull beef be munching,
He'll lose his lantern, coat and cape,
And curse his wooden truncheon.

To steal anothers goods his hands,
And fingers were a itching
And he will run and look so blue,
About the job at Mitcham.

Poor Sergeant Bob has gone to quod
A place that does not suit him,
They know him well at Merton round,
In Mitcham and in Tooting.

WHEN the present Police force was first organized it was composed of men decidedly inferior in physique, intelligence, and education, to those constables whose protection we now enjoy. They were made the butt of every kind of coarse witticism, and were generally addressed by some slang name. Above all they were chaffed for their supposed partiality for the society of Cooks, and I reproduce one ballad bearing on this subject, a parody of the song of "Katty Darling."

COOKEY DARLING.

*I'm waiting at the airey, Cookey, darling,
Your fire burns brightly, I can see :
Then hasten to your peeler, Cookey, darling,
For you know, my love, I'm waiting for thee.**
You know that 'twas last night you gave me
Only half a leg of mutton and a goose,
Then hasten to your peeler, Cookey darling,
Or on Sunday I shan't be of any use.
Cookey, stunning Cookey !

I'm waiting at the airey, Cookey, darling,
Then bring me up something good to eat,
Some lush for my stomach to be warming,
And the grub I'll put away on my beat.

* These four lines form the chorus.

I can see wine, too, on the table,
Sent down because it was not bright,
To drink it, Cookey, you know I am able,
My love, you know, to put it out of sight.
Cookey, stunning Cookey!

I can see pies and puddings, Cookey darling,
Veal, ham, and every thing so nice,
I'm sure I shall go mad, Cookey darling,
If off that beef I haven't a two pound slice.
But I hear the sergeant coming,
Full well I know his power,
Then get the grub ready, Cookey darling,
And I'll be back in half an hour.
Cookey, stunning Cookey!

I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A POLICEMAN.

SOME folks may talk about a trade,
And the joys that from it spring, Sirs,
And after you my words have weighed,
You'll say it's no such thing, Sirs.
Though at me you may jeer and laugh,
My joys think to decrease, man,
But I mean to say, (and I do not chaff,)
I should like to be a policeman.

Chorus.

Taking up and knocking down,
Your noise and bother cease, man,
O, won't I come it jolly brown,
When I'm a new Policeman.

Of the boys, I'd be the terror, mind,
The fruit stalls, too, I'd sell 'em,
And disturbance of every kind,
I with my staff would quell 'em,
A "charge" would be as good as pelf,
My pleasures 'twould increase, man,
For I'd make the "charges" up myself,
When I'm a new Policeman.

To the kitchen maids like wax I'd stick,
And tho' I'm not a glutton,
(The thoughts on't makes me my chops lick)
Oh, I likes a bit of mutton.
When in my toggery I'm arrayed,
From me there's no release, man,
The boldest of men would be afraid,
If I was a new Policeman.

A drunken man's a chance I'd hail,
It would my ear delight, Sir,
To search him well I would not fail,
For right is naught to might, Sir.
I'd turn his pockets inside out,
And quickly would him flay, man,
And who would dare to harbour doubt,
Against a new Policeman.

The cracksmen too, should tip to me,
Or else I would soon lag 'em,
But if they did, I should not see,
That is I should not "stag" 'em.
And, if amusement I should lack,
Tho' I'm one that likes the peace, man,
A pate or two, I'd surely crack,
I should like to be a Policeman.

The prospect does me much delight,
I mount on wings of joy, Sir,
It does to wealth and fame invite,
And pleasure without alloy, Sir,
When I'm established in the force,
I'll have a bob a piece, man,
From lushy swells, or I'll lock 'em up,
I should like to be a Policeman.

THIS was a famous fight between these two redoubtable heroes, famous even in the bad old times of the Ring. Caunt was a man of gigantic height who kept a somewhat disreputable public-house in St. Martin's Lane, into which, in my young days, it was hardly safe to enter. A fire occurred there, and some of his children were burnt. William Thompson, *alias* Bendigo, was a native of Nottingham, and was a professional pugilist from his twenty-first year of age.

BENDIGO, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

(A New Song on the Great Fight between Bendigo and Caunt, for the Belt and £400, which took place at Witchwood, on Tuesday September 9th 1845.)

YE ranting lads, and sporting blades, come listen to
my song,
I'm sure that it will please you well, and will not
keep you long.
Concerning the great milling match that lately has
been fought,
Between great Caunt and Bendigo, two lads of the
right sort.

Chorus.

So we'll drink success to Bendigo, who showed such
gallant play,
For by his skill, he won the mill, and bore the prize
away.

On the ninth day of September, eighteen hundred,
forty five,
To Witchwood for to see the fight, the sporting coves
did drive,
While some did laugh, and some did chaff, and of
their man did vaunt,
Some bet their ten on Bendigo, and some on giant
Caunt.

And when the ground was ready, both those
champions quickly peeled,
Two braver men on England's ground did never take
the field,
The fancy swore they were top mark,—an honour to
the ring,
Two stouter hearts had never met, since Langan and
Tom Spring.

Both men shook hands, and the prize belt, it straight-
way was brought in,
There let it hang says Bendigo, till the best man does
win,
That won't be little Bendigo, then Caunt he did
reply,
For I'll belt your hide till you're satisfied, then at
him he did fly.

Is that the way? says Bendigo, here, take it back
again,

He made a job of poor Caunt's nob, and hammered
it amain.

This furious work soon drew the cork of Caunt's
poor claret bottle,

While Caunt returned the compliment, made Bendi's
ribs to rattle.

Twenty four rounds these heroes fought, none could
tell which was the best,

But Bendigo in the next round, struck Caunt on the
left breast.

Which made him stagger round the ring, and fall
upon the ground,

Says Bendigo, I'll have the belt, and the four hundred
pound.

But Caunt did boldly come again, and showed some
gallant play,

Yet Bendigo would strike a blow, and quickly get
away.

Until in round the eighty fourth, he gave some ugly
blows,

Which left his mark on the staring part, and fairly
spoilt Caunt's nose.

Eighty eight rounds were fought, when Caunt he
could not rise,
And all declared the Bendy cock had fairly won the
prize.
The Tipton Slasher now may come, but soon he'll get
to know,
That he was not quite big enough to wollop Bendigo.

THIS fight scarcely comes within the scope of this work, but I introduce it, because it was supposed to be the last of Prize-fighting. Unfortunately, the brutal sport has been revived, but it can never attain the dimensions and importance it enjoyed during the latter part of the reign of George III. and the whole of that of George IV. Gully was page to that monarch and M.P. for Pontefract, and Jackson was a gentleman, after his kind.

Sayers was of Irish extraction, though born at Brighton. Heenan's parents were also Irish, although America was the place of his birth. The fight between these two took place on April 17, 1860, near Farnborough. They fought thirty-seven rounds in two hours and twenty minutes. Sayers was all but helpless, and Heenan, although full of fight—indeed, he ran *amuck* of every body at last—was blind, when the police and spectators broke into the ring, and a more disgraceful scene was never witnessed, even at a prize-fight. Many noblemen and Members of Parliament attended this fight; in fact, many of the latter made a subscription in Sayers' behalf, as also did the Members of Lloyd's, the Stock Exchange, and the brokers in Mark Lane—clogged, however, with the condition that he should fight no more. Altogether over three thousand pounds were subscribed and invested for the benefit of his children, he receiving the interest for life. He became partner and afterwards proprietor of Howe's and Cushing's Circus—at which he lost all the money he had. He drank fearfully, and shortly afterwards died of consumption, aged thirty-nine. His tomb may be seen in Highgate Cemetery.

THE BOLD IRISH YANKEY BENICIA BOY.

ATTEND, you sons of Erin, and listen with delight,
To a ditty, 'tis concerning the great and glorious
fight,

On the seventeenth of April, when thousands went
with joy,
To see the English champion, and the bold Benicia
boy.

Chorus.

He is young, bold and powerful, no care does him
annoy,
He can boldly stand 'gainst any man, and fib away
with joy ;
And he'll beat the English champion, will the bold
Benicia boy.

His father, an Irishman, from the King's County
came,
His son is a bold Benicia boy, young Heenan is his
name,
The British ring, he did step in, and came up to the
scratch,
When Sayers, the English champion, found that he'd
got his match.

It was early in the morning, before the cock did crow,
Unto the scene of action these gallant lads did go.
Both men did fight most manfully, to win each one
did try,
But they both appeared determined to conquer or to
die.

At seven in the morning both men were on the
ground,
Heenan floored the gallant champion in nearly every
round,
The claret flew in torrents,—each other they did fib,
There's never been such a battle since the days of old
Tom Cribb.

They two hours and six minutes fought—each proved
himself a man,
And neither of them would give in while he'd a leg
to stand,
But the fight was all in favour of the brave Benicia
boy,
When the bobbies bolted in the ring, and did his
hopes destroy.

Tom Sayers said he soon would lick the Yankee
doodle doo,
But Tom found out at Farnborough, he'd have his
work to do.
I'll bet a pound to half a crown, and stake it all my-
self,
If they fight again, the Yankee boy, will carry off the
belt.

When Heenan was in Derbyshire, preparing for the
fight,
They hunted him, like bloodhounds, in the middle of
the night.

But he was nothing daunted, but to the ring did fly,
Determined that he'd conquer, gain the victory, or die.

There never were two better men, and none could be
more game,

They are both two gallant heroes of honour and of
fame.

Then fill a flowing bumper, and jovially drink their
health,

May the best man win and conquer, and carry off the
belt.

When Heenan came to England, far from a distant
land,

They said he was a fool to come, to face an English-
man,

But they were all mistaken when they saw the glorious
battle,

Heenan cooked the champion's bacon, and made his
daylights rattle.

OF course, it was only in the nature and fitness of things that Henry Russell's extremely popular song, "I'm Afloat," should be parodied, and of all that I remember, I think the following was most sung in the streets. The present *Cad*, or '*Arry*, is bad enough in all conscience, but the *Gent* of those days was worse. How Albert Smith did scarify him !



I'M A GENT.

I'm a Gent, I'm a Gent, I'm a Gent ready made,
I roam through the Quadrant and Lowther Arcade,

I'm a registered swell from my head to my toe,
I wear a moustache, and a light paletot.

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

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

I can sing a flash song, I can play on the horn,
I like Sherry Cobblers, I'm fond of Cremorne,
I love the Cellarius,* the Polka † I dance,
And I'm rather attached to a party from France.

This gal I adore is a creature divine,
Though devilishly partial to lobsters and wine,
She was struck with my figure—and caught—with a
hook,
For I took her to visit my uncle the duke.

* A dance somewhat similar to a Redowa, and in vogue about the time when the Polka was the rage.

† See "Jullien's Grand Polka."

LOUIS ANTOINE JULLIEN was born at Sisteron, Basses Alpes, April 23, 1812. His father was a band-master, hence probably his love of music. He knew well how to cater for a popular taste, and to him we owe not only the Promenade Concerts, which have brought good music into the amusements of the people, but a vast improvement in the English orchestra. His band was the best of its time; indeed, he spared no expense to procure the very best instrumental and vocal performers. He died March 14, 1860. As a composer, dance music was his great forte, and he was the first to seize on the Polka, which was introduced into England about 1844. This dance became an absolute *furor*. Everything was Polka—Polka jackets, bonnets, cigars, etc. In fact, as one popular song ran—

“Don’t you dance the Polka?
Won’t you dance the Polka?
Joys of earth are little worth,
If you don’t dance the Polka.”

JULLIEN’S GRAND POLKA.

OH! sure the world is all run mad,
The lean, the fat, the gay, the sad,—
All swear such pleasure they never had,
Till they did learn the Polka.

Chorus.

First cock up your right leg so,
Balance on your left great toe,
Stamp your heels and off you go,
To the original Polka. Oh!

There's Mrs. Tibbs the tailor's wife,
With Mother Briggs is sore at strife,
As if the first and last of life,
Was but to learn the Polka.

Quadrilles and Waltzes all give way,
For Jullien's Polkas bear the sway,
The chimney sweeps, on the first of May,
Do in London dance the Polka.

If a pretty girl you chance to meet,
With sparkling eyes and rosy cheek,
She'll say, young man we'll have a treat,
If you can dance the Polka.

A lady who lives in this town,
Went and bought a Polka gown,
And for the same she gave five pound
All for to dance the Polka.

But going to the ball one night,
On the way she got a dreadful fright,
She tumbled down, and ruined quite,
The gown to dance the Polka.

A Frenchman he has arrived from France
To teach the English how to dance,
And fill his pocket,—“what a chance”—
By gammoning the Polka.

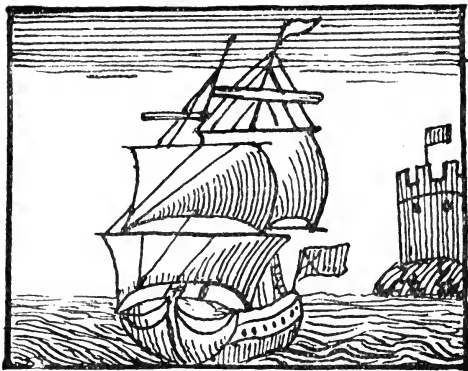
Professors swarm in every street,
'Tis ground on barrel organs sweet,
And every friend you chance to meet,
Asks if you dance the Polka.

Then over Fanny Ellsler came,
Brilliant with trans-Atlantic fame,
Says she I'm German by my name,
So best I know the Polka.

And the row de dow she danced,
And in short clothes and red heels pranced,
And, as she skipped, her red heels glanced
In the Bohemian Polka.

But now my song is near its close,
A secret, now, I will disclose,
Don't tell, for it's beneath the rose,
A humbug is the Polka.

Then heigh for humbug France or Spain,
Who brings back our old steps again,
Which John Bull will applaud amain
Just as he does the Polka.



A "Hoy" was a one-masted vessel, sometimes with a boom to the mainsail, and sometimes not; rigged very much like a cutter. They are said to have taken their name from being hailed ("Ahoy") to stop to take in passengers. The good people of that date were rather given to stay at home, or not go farther seawards than Gravesend. Ramsgate and Margate were long voyages, and in truth they were so sometimes; in rough weather they were sometimes two days or more making the passage. But there were other dangers, vide *Drakard's Paper*, October 3, 1813:—"The *British Queen*, Margate Hoy, detained full of passengers, for having accidentally had communication with a vessel performing quarantine, has been since released by orders from the Admiralty. The distresses of the passengers partook of the serio-comic: at first provisions were very scanty, and they had no prospect but seven weeks of durance. This to the trippers to the seaside for a week would have been a serious affair."

MARGATE HOY.

NOW'S the season for laughing and jollity,
Crowding together, all nations and quality,

Margate, a hoi, as I halloa cry,
All come on board while the sea breezes blow.*

Swift as an arrow from bow flies to target,
Or packet from dear little Dublin to Parkgate,
I'll waft you all safe from London to Margate,
And whistle a wind as we cheerily go.

Bucks who hunt fashion like quick scented mousers,
Leave town, it exhibits no sport for ye now, sirs,
So pull off your boots, and put on your trousers,
To join the gay throng where the sea breezes blow.

Pretty men milliners, fresh water sailors,
Smart, 'prentices, aldermen, actors, and tailors,
Let me and old ocean a while be your jailors,
I'll sing, as he rocks, while you cheerily go.

Now's the season, etc.

* This verse is used as chorus.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

BRITANNIA'S sons an attentive ear
One moment lend to me,
Whether tillers of our fruitful soil,
Or lords of high degree.
Mechanic too and artizan,
Old England's pride and boast,
Whose wondrous skill has spread around
Far, far from Britain's coast.

Chorus.

*For the great world's Exhibition,
Let's shout with loud huzza,
All Nations never can forget
The glorious First of May.*

From every quarter of the Globe
They come across the sea,
And to the Crystal Palace
The wonders for to see ;
Raised by the handwork of men
Born on British ground
A Challenge to the universe
It's equal to be found.

Each friendly nation in the world,
Have their assistance lent,
And to this Exhibition
Have their productions sent ;
And with honest zeal and ardour,
With pleasure do repair,
With hands outstretched and gait erect,
To the world's great National Fair.

The sons of England and France,
And America likewise,
With other nations to contend
To bear away the prize.
With pride depicted in their eyes,
View the offspring of their hand,
Oh, surely England's greatest wealth
Is an honest working man.

It is a glorious sight to see
So many thousands meet,
Not heeding creed or country,
Each other friendly greet.
Like Children of one mighty Sire
May that sacred tie ne'er cease
May the blood-stained sword of war give way
To the olive branch of peace.

But—hark—the trumpets flourish,
Victoria does approach,

That she may be long spared to us
Shall be our reigning toast.
I trust each heart it will respond,
To what I now propose.
Good will and plenty to her friends,
And confusion to her foes.

Great praise is due to Albert,
For the good that he has done,
May others follow in his steps
The work he has begun,
Then let us all with one accord,
His name give with three cheers,
Shout Huzza for the Crystal Palace,
And the World's Great National Fair.



*SHEEP'S EYES FOR EVER.**

SAID Hodge, one day, to his son Ned,
“Good news for Neddy,—
I think it’s time that thou should’st wed;”
“Woat’s coming now?” thought Neddy.
“Old age, thou see’st, creeps on apace,
Old Time has led me a pretty long chace,
And thou should’st wed to keep up our race.”
“We’ll au’ll do what au con,” says Neddy.

“There’s farmer Giles’s daughter, Sue,”—
“Au knows her reet weel,” says Neddy,

* There is a somewhat similar story in Dr. Andrew Boorde’s “Wise Man of Gotham,” printed in Henry the Eighth’s time, but the *dénouement* is not so pleasant, as the lady dismissed her lover with some very strong language.

“Well, her, my lad, I’d have you woo,”—

“She’s but so so,” thought Neddy.

“But tell me feythur, when au goa to woo,
Whot au mun say, aun what au mun do,
For if au knowe, au’m a Turk or a Jew,
But au’ll do whot au con,” says Neddy.

Says farmer Hodge “Come, listen, my son,”
Straight pricked up his ears, did Neddy,
“And I’ll tell thee the way thy mother I won,”
“Now for some fun,” thought Neddy.

“I wink’d, and I blink’d, and I look’d mighty shy,
At her, askance I threw a sheep’s eye,
Till she no longer my suit could deny ;”
“Au’ll do it, by Gour,” says Neddy.

So, early next day, to a butcher he went,
Right full of glee was Neddy,
And three or four shillings in sheep’s eyes he spent,
On the wings of love flew Neddy.
And when to the damsel he came to woo,
Out of his pocket some sheep’s eyes drew,
Which one by one at the damsel he threw,
“Au have hur, cock-sure,” says Neddy.

The delicate damsel stood with surprise,
Still firing away kept Neddy,
“What the deuce do you mean by these nasty sheep’s
eyes?”

“Ask my feythur abewt it,” says Neddy.

The joke was so good, she could not withstand,
And said, "My purse and money are at your com-
mand,"

And dropt him a curtsey, and gave him her hand,
"Sheep's eyes for ever!" cried Neddy.

*CAB, CAB, CAB.**

I GOES out a cab driving,
And oft the long day through,
In spite of all contriving,
I scarcely make a do.
A Hansom Cab I've got,
A handsome horse to trot,
Cab, Cab, Cab, your honour, Cab,
I'll take you like a shot.

Now, If you'll hear my ditty,
I'll tell how I was done,
By a fat man in the City,
Of two and twenty stone.
I plied at Holborn Hill,
Says he, to Pentonville,
Cab, Cab, Cab, I want a Cab,
Drive fast and show your skill.

My horse's eyes I kivered,
While he got in ; you know

* A parody on the very popular *lied*, "Trab, Trab, Trab," sung by Fraulien Jetty Treffz at Jullien's Promenade Concerts, 1850, etc.

If he'd see'd his weight he'd differ'd
And perhaps refused to go.
To Pentonville I went,
When to me says this here gent,
 Cab, Cab, Cab, here's some mistake,
 'Tis Pimlico I meant.

To Pimlico I took him,
My horse as you'd suppose,
This job did nearly cook him,
When again the check string goes.
He says to me, Hallo!
Hold hard a bit, go slow,
 Cab, Cab, Cab, you're wrong again,
 Turn back and drive to Bow.

I didn't like to grumble,
But mounted it once more,
All the way to Bow did trundle,
Where he stopped me as before.
Says he, when there he'd rode,
This isn't my abode,
 Cab, Cab, Cab, I think you're drunk,
 This ain't the Edgware Road!

Of course I felt vexatious,
But I my temper kept,
To Edgware Road, good gracious,
I took him every step.

My horse was quite done brown,
And I began to frown,
 Cab, Cab, Cab, what are you at?
 I live at Horseleydown.

To Horseleydown I drive him,
When my horse lay down—don't grin—
But shelter none would give him,
Think's I, he's got no tin!
Where shall I now repair?
To the devil—I don't care—
Not there, I guess, says I, unless
You give me my back fare!

*THE RUSH LIGHT.**

SIR SOLOMON SIMONS when he did wed,
Blush'd black as a crow, his fair lady did blush light,
The clock struck twelve, they were both tuck'd in bed,
In the chimney a Rush light,

A little farthing Rush light,
Fal, lal, lal, lal, la,
A little Farthing Rush light.

Sir Solomon gave his Lady a nudge,
Cries he, Lady Simons there's vastly too much light,
Then, Sir Solomon, says she, to get up you can't grudge,
And blow out the Rush light

The little Farthing Rush light,
Fal, lal, lal, lal, la,
The little Farthing Rush light.

Sir Solomon then out of bed pops his toes,
And vastly he swore, and very much did curse light,
And then to the Chimney, Sir Solomon he goes,
And he puff'd at the Rush light,

The little Farthing Rush light,
Fal, lal, lal, lal, la,
The little Farthing Rush light.

* This song is old, for it was introduced by Bannister in "Peeping Tom," and it was set to music by Dr. Arnold.

Lady Simons gets out in her night-cap so neat,
And over the carpet my lady did brush light,
And there Sir Solomon she found in a heat,
Puffing at the Rush light.

Then she puff'd at the Rush light,
But neither of them both,
Could blow out the Rush light.

Sir Solomon and lady, their breath quite gone,
Rang the bells in a rage, determined to crush light,
Half asleep in his shirt then up came John,
And he puff'd at the Rush light,

The little Farthing Rush light,
But neither of the three
Could blow out the Rush light.

Cook, Coachee, men and maids, very near all in
buff,

Came, and swore, in their lives they never met with
such light,

And each of the family by turns had a puff,
At the little Farthing Rush light,

The curst Farthing Rush light,
But none of the family
Could blow out the Rush light.

The Watchman at last went by, crying One,
Here, Watchman, come up, than you we might on
worse light,

Then up came the Watchman, the Bus'ness was done,
For he turn'd down the Rush light,
 The little Farthing Rush light,
 Fal, lal, lal, lal, la,
 So he put out the Rush light.

*IF I HAD A DONKEY WOT
WOULDN'T GO.*

IF I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
D'ye think I'd wallop him? no, no, no!
But gentle means I'd try, d'ye see,
Because I hate all cruelty;
If all had been like me, in fact,
There'd have been no occasion for Martin's* Act,
Dumb animals to prevent being crack'd,
On the head.

Chorus.

If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
I never would wollop him, no, no, no!
I'd give him some hay, and cry Gee! who!
And come up, Neddy.

What makes me mention this, the more,
I see'd that cruel chap, Bill Bore,
Whilst he was a crying out his greens,
His donkey wollop with all his means.
He hit him over the head and thighs,
He brought the tears into my eyes,
At last my blood began to rise,
And I said, etc.

* Richard Martin exerted himself especially in the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

Bill turned to me and said, "Then perhaps,
You're one of these Mr. Martin's chaps,
Wot's now a seeking for occasion,
All for to lie an information."
Though this I stoutly did deny,
Bill up and gave me a blow in the eye,
And I replied, as I let fly
 At his head, etc.

As Bill and I did break the peace,
To us came up the New Police,
And hiked us off, as sure as fate,
Afore the sitting Magistrate ;
I told his worship all the spree,
And, for to prove my veracity,
I wish'd he would the animal see,
 For I said, etc.

Bill's donkey was ordered into Court,
In which he caus'd a deal of sport,
He cock'd his ears, and op'd his jaws,
As if he wish'd to plead his cause.
I prov'd I'd been uncommonly kind,
The ass got a verdict—Bill got fin'd ;
For his worship and me was of one mind,
 And he said, etc.

SHOVEL AND BROOM.

THOUGH I'm but a Chimney Sweep I took a ticket
To go on one evening to Dusty Tom's room,
Who dancing now teaches—he knows how to kick it,
For which he has quitted the shovel and broom,
For bow and the fiddle, pouchette down the middle,
He's quitted for ever the shovel and broom.

The shovel and broom, the shovel and broom,
He has quitted for ever the shovel and broom.

I got for my partner, Paulina, the daughter,
Of Master Mount saddle, the Angel Inn groom,
Her red lips and plump figure made my mouth water,
And I fell in love, as ve valtzed round the room.

O, sich a creatur! my eye, vot a creatur!

A partner so fit for a knight of the broom,

The shovel and broom, a knight of the broom,

A partner so fit for a knight of the broom.

The whole of next morning I thought of her beauties,
And I, my employment could hardly resume,
Neglected, in fact, my professional duties,

And valtzed in the streets, as I'd valtzed in the room.
Till Jack Cragg the Carter, cried, Vot are you arter?

There twisting about with your shovel and broom,

Your shovel and broom, your shovel and broom,

For I valtzed in the mud with my shovel and
broom.

Soon after, her father called me from the Cellar,
To a job at his lodging, a first floor back room,
As Pauline was alone there, I ventured to tell her
My love—but she vondered how I could presume,
In the sphere I was moving, to talk about loving,
And she turned up her nose at my shovel and broom.

My shovel and broom, my shovel and broom,
She turned up her nose at my shovel and broom.

To implore her I fell on my knees, but by Gemini,
She spurned me and quitted the room in a fume,
So bewildered was I, when my boy left the chimney,
I called him Pauline, as he stood with his broom,
Then 'cos the young beggar did grin like a nigger,
I battered his head with my shovel and broom.

My shovel and broom, my shovel and broom,
I battered his head with my shovel and broom.

O, this was my first love, and thus I was cross'd,
Ah, scorned by Paulina, how hard is my doom,
I grow moloncolly, this world I am lost in,
No more I'll go valtzing in Dusty Tom's room.
But think of her scorning, crying sweep of a morning—
And veep as I vorks with my shovel and broom.

My shovel and broom, my shovel and broom,
I'll veep as I vorks with my shovel and broom.

THIS ballad was, during its run, as popular as any street song I remember. It had been forgotten, when Robson, that prince of genuine comic actors, introduced it into the farce of "The Wandering Minstrel," and it fairly took the town by storm.

VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

OH! 'tis of a rich merchant,
In London did dwell,
He had but one daughter,
An uncommon nice young gal!
Her name it was Dinah,
Scarce sixteen years old,
She had a large fortune
In silver and gold.

Singing Too-ral-loo, etc.

As Dinah was valking
In the garden vun day,

Spoken—(*It was the front garden, not the back garden.*)

Her papa came up to her,
And thus he did say,
Go, dress yourself, Dinah,
In gor-ge-ous array
And I'll get you a husband,
Both val-ly-ant and gay.

Singing Too-ral-loo, etc.

Spoken—*This is what the infant progeny said to the author of her being.*

Oh, papa ! oh, papa !
 I've not made up my mind,
 To marry just yet
 I do not feel inclined,
 And all my large fortune,
 I'll freely give o'er,
 If you'll let me stay single
 A year or two more.

Singing Too-ral-loo, etc.

This is what the indignant parient replied—I represent the father.

Then go, boldest daughter,
 The parient replied,
 If you don't consent to be
 This here young man's bride,
 I'll leave your large fortune
 To the nearest of kin,
 And you shan't have the benefit
 Of one single pin.

Singing Too-ral-loo, etc.

Now comes the epiflabbergastrinum of the lovier.

As Vilikins vas valking
 The garden around—
 (*The aforesaid front garden,*)
 He spied his dear Dinah
 Lying dead on the ground,

A cup of cold pison
 It laid by her side,
 And a billy dux stating
 By pison she died.

Taken inwardly, Singing Too-ral-loo, etc.

This is what the lovier did.

Then he kissed her cold corpus
 A thousand times o'er,
 He called her his Dinah—
 Though she was no more !
 He swallowed the pison
 Like a true lovier brave,
 And Vilikins and his Dinah
 Lie a-buried in one grave.

Both on 'em Singing Too-ral-loo, etc.

MORAL.

Now all you young vimmen,
 Take a warning by her,
 And never by any means
 Disobey the guv'ner :
 And all you young fellers,
 Mind who you clap eyes on,
 Think on Vilikins and Dinah
 And the cup of cold pison.

Else you'll be singing Too-ral-loo, etc.

THE EXCISEMAN OUTWITTED.

To a village that skirted the sea,
An Exciseman, one midsummer, came,
But prudence, between you and me,
Forbids me to mention his name.
Soon Michael he chanced to espy,
A cask on his shoulder he wore,
With six gallons of brandy, or nigh,
And where is the man can bear more ?

Says th' Exciseman, let's see your Permit,
Says Mike, 'Tain't convenient to show it,
T'other cried, Sir, I'm not to be bit,
For you've smuggled that stuff, and you know it.
Your hogs to a fine market you've brought,
For seeing you've paid no excise,
As Custom has settled you ought,
I seize on your tub, as my prize.

Now, do not be hard, said poor Mike,
The Exciseman was deaf to complaint,
Why then, take it, said Mike, if you like,
For I've borne it till ready to faint.

For miles in hot sunshine they trudg'd,
Till on them, they scarce had a dry rag,
Th' Exciseman his labour ne'er grudged,
But carefully carried his cag.

To the Custom House, in the next town,
'Twas yet some three furlongs or more,
Then says Michael, pray set your load down,
For this here, Sir, is my Cottage door.
'Tother answered, I thank you, friend, No,
My burden, just yet, I shan't quit,
Then, says Michael, before you do go
I'll get you to read my permit.

Your Permit ! Why not show it before ?
Because it came into my nob,
By your watching for me on the shore,
That your worship was wanting a job.
Now, I'd need of a porter, d'ye see,
For that load made my bones for to crack,
And so, Sir, I thank you for me,
And wish you a pleasant walk back.

GILES SCROGGIN'S GHOST.

GILES SCROGGIN courted Molly Brown,

Fol de riddle lol, de riddle lido,

The fairest wench in all the town,

Fol de riddle, etc.

He bought her a ring with a posy true,

If you loves I, as I loves you,

No knife can cut our loves in two.

Fol de riddle, etc.

But Scissars cut, as well as knives,

Fol de riddle, etc.

And quite unsartain's all our lives,

Fol de riddle, etc.

The day they were to have been wcd,

Fate's scissars cut poor Giles's thread,

So they could not be mar-ri-ed.

Fol de riddle, etc. .

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,

Fol de riddle, etc.

And cried herself quite fast asleep,

Fol de riddle, etc.

When standing fast by her bed-post,
A figure tall, her sight engross'd,
And it cried, I be Giles Scroggin's ghost.
Fol de riddle, etc.

The ghost it said all solemnly,
Fol de riddle, etc.

Oh! Molly, you must go with me,
Fol de riddle, etc.

All to the grave your love to cool,
Says she, I am not dead, you fool,
Says the ghost, says he, vy, that's no rule.
Fol de riddle, etc.

The ghost then seiz'd her all so grim,
Fol de riddle, etc.

All for to go along with him,
Fol de riddle, etc.

Come, come, said he, e'er morning beam,
I von't, said she, and scream'd a scream,
Then she woke, and found she'd dream'd a dream.
Fol de riddle, etc.



THE STRANGE MAN.

THERE was a man, tho' it's not very common,
And as people say he was born of a woman ;
And, if it be true, as I have been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Derry down.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
His mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin ;
Whenever he spoke it was then with his voice,
And in talking he always made some sort of noise.

Derry down.

He'd an arm on each side to work when he pleased,
But he never worked hard when he lived at his ease,
Two legs he had got to make him complete,
And what is more odd, at each end were his feet.

Derry down.

His legs, as folks say, he could move at his will,
And when he was walking he never stood still,
If you were to see him, you'd laugh till you burst,
For one leg or the other would always be first.

Derry down.

And, as people say, if you gave him some meat,
Why, if he was hungry, he surely would eat,
And when he is dry, if you give him the pot,
The liquor most commonly runs down his throat.

Derry down.

If this whimsical fellow had a river to cross,
If he could not get over, he staid where he was,
He seldom or ever got off the dry ground,
So great was his luck, that he never was drowned.

Derry down.

Another misfortune befel this poor yeoman,
For when he was married his wife was a woman,
And if you'll believe me tho' he was revil'd,
You may truly aver he was never with child.

Derry down.

And if it be true, as I have heard tell,
When he was sick, he was not very well,
He gave a large gasp, open'd his mouth so wide,
And, by some means or other, this poor fellow died.

Derry down.

But the reason he died, and the cause of his death,
Was owing, poor soul, to the want of more breath,
And now he is left in the grave for to moulder,
Had he lived a day longer, he'd have been a day older.

Derry down.



A SIGHT FOR A FATHER.

WHAT a pleasure it is to have a good wife,
One that is steady and willing,
To help and to comfort a man through his life,
One who knows how to eke out a shilling.
With my own little wife I can't grumble at all,
But my family's a rummy lot, rather,
Thirteen boys and girls I can count, great and small
Now there's a fine sight for a father !

There's Anna Maria, a young woman grown,
How often I wish she would marry !
She goes out every night (I can't keep her at home)
With a young chap who calls himself Harry.

Out of doors, once, I bolted her tight,
And on the door I put a bar there,
But she said "Let me in, or I'll stop out all night."
Now there was a sight for a father!

Our Tom was so proud, he vowed he would be
Either a Squire or a Knight, Sir,
So to better his fortune he bolted from me,
And for many years kept out of sight, sir.
I stept in a shop to get shaved t'other day,
And my face was covered with lather,
When I found it was Tom who was scraping away,
Now here was a sight for a father!

On going home once, there was the devil to pay,
My wife she was calling for water,
From the neighbours I learnt some man ran away
With Amelia, my good-looking daughter.
My youngest girl Nance, on the very same day,
Wrote a letter, which made me mad rather,
To say she was in a particular way.
Now here was a sight for a father!

I've three great hulking boys, who in service won't
stop,
They're too lazy to earn their own victuals,
They only seem happy when in the gin-shop,
And I'm told they're all sharpers at skittles.

I get up every night to let in the dears,
But as soon as they spy their mamma there,
They jump into my bed, and I sleep on the chairs.
Now there's a fine sight for a father !

There's my last daughter Bet, the worst of them yet,
Her heart must be hard as the path stones,
For she's run away with a queer-looking chap,
Who goes about selling of hearth stones.
With a bag on her back I met her once plump,
(I couldn't help wishing her farther)
Crying out, "Hearth stones, a penny a lump."
Now here was a sight for a father !

Now all married men, pray take my advice,
And if you would keep your honest right, Sirs,
Don't let your daughters dress up over nice,
Nor ramble out late of a night, Sirs.
Keep your girls at their needles, your boys at their
pens,
I've bought my experience dear, rather,
But be sure keep your girls away from the men,
Or, there'll be a fine sight for a father !

HUMOURS OF BARTLEMAY FAIR.

COME bustle, neighbour Sprig, clap on your hat and wig,
In our Sunday clothes so gaily, let us strut up the Old
Bailey,

O the devil take the rain, we may never go again,
See the shows have begun, O rare O!
Remember, Mr. Snip, to take care of Mrs. Snip,
There's a little boy from Flanders, and that 'ere's
Master Glanders,

Stand aside, and we'll have a stare, O!

How full's the fair, Lord Mayor,
All is flurry, hurry, skurry,
Girls squalling, showmen bawling,
Cats throwing, trumpets blowing,
Rattles springing, monkeys grinning,
Rope dancing, horses prancing,
Sausage frying, children crying,
Dogs of knowledge, come from College,
Slack wire, eating fire,
Learned pigs of pigmy size,
Funny clowns, ups and downs,
Round about, all out,
What a throng, all along,
Politi's show, all the go,

Just in time, that is prime,
To enjoy all the fun of the fair, O!

(Spoken) Vault up, ladies and gentlemen, here's the vonderful birds and beastesses, just arrived from Bengal in the Vest Indies. Vhy, look marm, at this here beautiful hanimal; no less than two hundred spots on his belly, but no two alike and every vone different; it's out of the power of any body to describe him. Well, positively, I never saw such a beautiful creature in my life. Did you, Sir? A very fine looking animal, 'pon my soul, mem. Master Showman, how long do you suppose he measures? Vhy! fifteen feet from the snout to the tail, and only twelve feet from the tail to the snout. He lives to the advanced age of one hundred years, grows a inch and a 'arf every hannual year, and never comes to his full growth. Stir him up with the long pole, keeper—only hear how he growls.

Here—here—the only booth in the fair for the greatest curiosity in all the known world,—the wonderful and surprising Hottentot Venus is here, who measures three yards and three quarters round her.

When the fair is at the full, in gallops a mad bull,
Puts the rabble to the rout; lets all the lions out;
Down falls Mrs. Snip, with a monkey on her hip,
We shall all be swallowed up, I declare, O!

Roaring boys, gilded toys,
Lolloypps shilling hops,

Tumble in, just begin,
Cups and balls, wooden walls,
Gin and bitters, apple fritters.
Pudding nice, penny a slice ;
Shins of beef, stop thief !
A bang up swing, just the thing,
A dead dog, amongst the mob,
Lost hats, squalling brats,
Lost shoes, kangaroos,
O, Polly, where's Molly ?
Bow-wow, what a row
Is kicked up in Bartlemy fair, O !

(Spoken) Here, here, show 'em up here, show 'em up here. Now's your time, Ladies and Gentlemen—only twopence each, to see that surprising Conjuror, the emperor of all conjurors, who will forfeit the enormous sum of one hundred pounds to any one who shall perform the said wonders. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I am no common sleight of hand man. The common sleight of hand man, they turn the things up their sleeves, and make you believe their fingers deceive your eyes. Now, Sir, you shall draw one card, two cards, three cards, four cards, half a dozen cards: you look on the card this side, you look on the card that side, and I say blow, by the abominable-ba-be-bo-fe-jacko-crack-oh-feltho-swiftly begone-quick-presto-passo-largo-mento-hi-coccolorum, the card is flown. Where is it gone to? that is the

question. Be so kind, Sir, as to stop that there young woman from getting out of the crowd; I suppose she has got it under her garter. Come, come, young woman, bring it forward, bring it forward, and let me hold it up, that all the company may have a squint at it.

Now the beasts with angry tooth all attack the booth,
 Away affrighted run, birds and eagles of the sun,
 Down tumbled trot legg'd Molly, who tips him the
 hue hollow,

Poor Card is in the mud, O, rare, O.

(Spoken) Here, here, vaulk up, ladies and gentlemen, here's the wonderful Kangaroo, just arrived from Bottomless Bay. Here is the wonderful large baboon, that danced a padolo, and played at leap-frog with the celebrated Master Barintar. Here is the wonderful leopard-spotted tom cat, of the male species, which can as well see in the dark as without light. Here is the wonderful little marmoza monkey, just arrived from the Isle of Liliput: hold him up to the company, master keeper. O dear me, what a little beauty, to be sure, do let me stroke the dear little creature—la! la! how prodigious tame he is. Yes, marm, he's always very tame to the ladies.

Ye up, guvnor, what's the name of that large bird there, stuck up in the corner? Vat! that there vone? Oh! that's the wonderful Sun eagle, the hotter the sun is, the higher he flies. There's the wonderful Cow,

that can't live on dry land, and dies in the water. Billy, Billy, my boy, go and stuff a blanket in that cre hole, or the little ones vill peep for nothing. Here, here, now's your time, ladies and gentlemen, jest a going to begin, jest a going to begin. Stand off the steps there, you boys, and make way for that gentleman with the smock frock and carbuncled nose to come down. How did you like it, Sir? Oh, it's all dam stuff. There, there, only hear what a good character the gentleman gives it. Vault up, ladies and gemmen, now's your time to see that wonderful wooden Roscius, Mr. Punch, for the small charge of vone penny. Show your tricks Mr. Punch.

GEORGY BARNWELL.

IN Cheapside there liv'd a merchant
A man he vas of wery great fame,
And he had a handsome prentice,
Georgy Barnwell vas his name.

This youth he vas both good and pious,
Dutiful beyond all doubt,
And he always staid vithin doors
'Cause his master wouldn't let him out.

And much his master's darter lov'd him,
She slept in next room to him, 'tis said,
And she bored a hole right through the wainscoat,
To look at Georgy going to bed.

A vicked voman of the town, sirs,
Hon him cast a vishful eye ;
And she came to the shop, one morning,
A flannel petticoat to buy.

When she paid him down the money,
She gave his hand a wery hard squeeze,
Which so frightened Georgy Barnwell,
That together, he knocked his knees.

Then she left her card, vereon vas written
Mary Millwood does entreat,
That Mister Barnwell vould call and see her,
At Cummins's in Dyot Street.

Now as soon as he'd shut the shop up,
He vent to this naughty dicky bird,
And ven he vent home the next morning,
Blow me if he could speak a vord.

Now soon this woman did persuade him,
Vith her fascinating pipes,
To go down into the country,
And let loose his uncle's tripes.

There he found his uncle in the grove,
Studying hard at his good books,
And Georgy Barnwell vent and struck him,
All among the crows and rooks.

Ven Milwood found he'd got no money,
Not so much as to buy a jewel,
She vent that verry day and peached him,
Now vas not that 'ere werry cruel?

The Judge put his three cornered cap on,
And said—vich Barnwell much surprized,
You must hang until you dead are,
Then you must be a-nat-o-mized.

Now Georgy was hung upon a gibbet,
Molly Milwood died in prison,
At her fate no one lamented,
But every body pitied his'n.

The merchant's darter died soon arter,
Tears she shed, but spoke no vords,
So all young men, I pray take varning,
Don't go vith naughty dicky birds.

JONATHAN BROWN.

'TWAS down in a snug little country town,
A barber once lived, named Jonathan Brown,
A man very tidily settled in life,
For he wanted for nothing excepting a wife.

A staring large bill in his window, displayed
The various branches he had in his trade,
Such as "shaving and dressing," and then underneath,
Was "Cupping and bleeding," and drawing of teeth.*

But he wasn't like one of your dentists in town,
Who for drawing a grinder would charge you a crown,
For, if you were only to give him the job,
Oh! he'd draw you all over his shop for a bob.

But he found the advantage of working so cheap,
For customers flock'd to his shop in a heap ;
He cut hair for twopence and rubb'd 'em with greas
And he tortured their chins at a penny a piece.

Thus single he lived, yet thriving his trade,
Yet still to get married, he constantly prayed,

* This notice still survives in some parts of the suburbs ; and the barber's pole, striped with its bandages, indicative of bleeding, is fast becoming obsolete.

Till a damsel, one day, came to give his mind ease,
And says she, Sir, I want my front dressed, if you
please.

From that moment his heart was in Cupid's net caught,
She encouraged his visits, but just as he thought
To make her his own, as she'd given her word,
A rival he found in a tailor,—Good Lord!

One night, unexpected, he popped in to see
How she was, when the tailor was sitting at tea,
Now, Sally, says he, turn him out if you can,
Don't you know that he's but the ninth part of a man?

The Tailor's blood now, beginning to rise,
He swelled himself up to near double his size,
And he told him he wished that he never might squint,
But he'd pummel him well for his *barbarous* hint.

Now, Sally, she said she was sorely perplexed,
To know, which of the two she could fancy the best,
And to see them go quarrel for her she was loth,
For she thought she could very well manage them
both.

They told her, that certainly wouldn't be right,
But to see which would have her, they'd willingly fight,
Then to settle the job, they went in the next room,
And Sal, with a cobbler, jumped over a broom.*

* A form of marriage practised among the gipsies.

*VERY PEKOOLIAN, OR THE LISPING
LOVERS.*

HAVE you e'er been in love,—If you havn't, I have,
To the little God Koopid I've been a great thlave,
He thot in my bothom, a quiver of arrowth,
Like thmall naughty boyth, thoot Cock Robinth and
Thparrowth,
My heart wath pure ath the white alabathter,
Till Koopid, my bothom, he did over mathter,
Then tell me, ye Godth ! how I love one Mith Thulia,
There wath thomething about her tho vewy pekoo-
liar.

We firtht met at a ball,, where our handth did en-
twine,
Where I did thweedge her fingerth, and the did
thweedge mine ;
When for my necth partner, I ventured to preth her,
When I found that the lithped, when the anthered me
“ Yeth, thir.”
Now in lithping, I think, there ith thomething un-
common,
And I loveth in partickler, the lithph of a woman,

And I'm thure you'd have liked the lithph of Mith
Thulia,

There wath thomething about it tho vevy pekooliar.

Like a beautiful peach, wath the cheek of Mith
Thulia,

And then, in her eye, there wath thomething pekooliar,
Thpeaking volumeth, it darted, each glanthe to one'th
marrow,

Ath keen and ath thwift, ath the wicked boy'th arrow.
A thlight catht in her eye,—to her lookth added
vigour,

A catht in the eye, often tendth to dithfigure :

But not though the catht in the eye of Mith Thulia,
There wath thomething about it tho vevy pekooliar.

Good friendth, we oft met, midth thmileth and midth
tearth,

I courted her nearly for three or four yearth,

I took her to playth, and to ballth—O! ye Powerth.

How thweetly and thwiftly did then path my hourth ;
But oneth—oh, e'en now—I my feelingth can't
thmother,

The danthed, all the evening, along with another,

I didn't thay nothing that night to Mith Thulia,

Though I couldn't help thinking 'twath vevy pekooliar.

I went necth day to thcold her, when the, to my
heartth core,

Cut me up by requething I'd come there no more ;

That I should be affronted, if longer I tarried,
For, necth week, to another, the wath to be married.
“Godth! Thulia,” thaid I, “why you cannot thay
tho?”

“Oh yeth, but I do Thir,—tho you’d better go.”
“Well, I thall go,” thaid I, “but you’ll own it, Mith
Thulia,
Your behaviour to me hath been vewy pekooliar.”

(Spoken) Vewy pekooliar, vewy pekooliar indeed ;
and from that day to thith, I have never theen Thulia.
Her behaviour to me wath thertainly vewy pekoo-
liar !

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

It's a woeful bad tale I'm about to relate,
It happened years back, but I don't know the date ;
It's a heart rending tale of two babbies so good,
Vot vos starved to death in a blackberry wood.
Ven they vos quite infants, they lost their mamma,
They vos both left alone in the world vith their pa,
To attend to his babbies vos always his plan,

(Chorus.)

But their nunky he vos such a vicked old man,
Their nunky he vos such a hard hearted man.

In their daddy's last moments and on his death bed,
He sent for their nunky, and to him he said,
“ I feel I am going, come, tip us your fin,
Look after my babbies, take care of their tin :
But should they both croak, vich I hope they vont
do,

The whole of their ochre I give unto you.”
Says he “ My dear brother, I'll do all I can—
But their nunky he vos a deceitful old man.
Their nunky he vos, etc.

He'd scarce laid his brother under the ground,
When he sold all the things in the house vot vos
found ;

He took the two babbies home to his abode,
And he bought 'em some hard bake to eat on the
road,

He bought 'em some apples—he bought 'em parched
peas,

A new penny loaf, and a ha'porth of cheese ;
He blowed out their bags vith all sort of scran,
But their nunky he vos a deceitful old man.

Their nunky he vos, etc.

When he looked at the kids, he longed for their gold ;
In damp sheets he laid 'em, 'cos he thought they'd
catch cold ;

They both caught the measles, and the whooping
cough,

And he prayed every night that it would take em off,
But they got over that, and all other disease

Vich kids mostly have—which it didn't him please ;
So to cook the poor babbies, he thought on a plan,
For their nunky he vos such a vicked old man.

Their nunky he vos, etc.

He hired two barbers vot vos both out of vork,
To take the two babbies to Norwood to burk,
Now ven they got there, they altered their minds—
They both cut their sticks—left their babbies behind.

They wandered about, did these infants so good
They ate all the blackberries that grewed in the
wood,

With hips, haws, and sloes, their bellies did cram,
Through their nunky who vos such a vicked old man,
Their nunky he vos, etc.

They liv'd till next night ven they guv up the ghost,
They vos both on 'em freezed as stiff as a post ;
A cock robin vos perched on a tree close by,—
He vept as he vitnessed those babbies die ;
Then he kivered 'em over, as nice as could be,
With some cabbage leaves fresh, vot he picked off a
tree,

And he hopped, and he twittered, and the song that
he sang,

Vos " Their nunky he must be a vicked old man.
Their nunky he vos, etc.

Not a vink of sleep, after, nunky he got,
The whole of his body was seized vith the rot,
The whole of his toes dropped off his feet,
And teeth tumbled out of his mouth in the street.
The ghosts of the babbies, next night it is said,
They com'd and they tore all the hair off his head ;
And vhen he valked out, the boys arter him ran,
Crying, cruel old nunky, you vicked old man.
Cried after their nunky, etc.

He dwindled away to a mere bag of bones,
Till the neighbours von night vos alarmed at his
groans,
His house on that night vos burned down to the
ground,
Not a remnant of nunky vos there to be found.
The ruins so strongly of brimstone did smell,
And the neighbours all round this story do tell ;
That the devil that night away vith him ran,
'Cos their nunky he vos such a vicked old man.
Cos their nunky he vos, etc.

KATE'S YOUNG MAN.

SOME servant girls at Croydon fair,
A dancing with young fellows were,
But there was none among the clan,
So spruce and smart, as Kate's young man.
They were seen home by Kate's young man—
And asked to tea was Kate's young man—
And cookey prepared a sop in the pan,
Next day, to give to Kate's young man.

As Kate's young man got talk'd about,
And as the old Misses was going out,
The three young missesses form'd a plan,
To have a peep at Kate's young man.
They heard the ring of Kate's young man,
They sent down wine to Kate's young man,
Then several times in the kitchen they ran,
To have a peep at Kate's young man.

With Kate's young man, so full of glee,
That night below, the street door key
The housemaid got, and then began
Through it to quiz at Kate's young man.

Upon my honour, a nice young man,
You're what we call Kate's young man,
Then, romping round for the key he ran,
And, take it away did Kate's young man.

When Kate's young man went off with the key,
Miss Kate let out her jealousy,
And at the housemaid she began,
For romping about with her young man.
Pray, is he your, or my young man?
Why don't you get your own young man?
And then they were within a span
Of scratching each other, for Kate's young man.

About Kate's young man, was all this fuss,
When Kate cried out, Where is my purse?
And vere's my vatch, said Cooky, and Ann
Exclaim'd, confound that Kate's young man.
I've lost my brooch by Kate's young man,
Oh, he's taken the things in fun, said Fan,
They thought it so, and then they began
To laugh at the wit of Kate's young man.

That very night, as sure as fate,
Some thief got in, and stole the plate,
And the street door key reminded Ann,
It might be done by Kate's young man.
Oh, Kate, I fear it is your young man,
Oh, my goodness, gracious, Ann!

They call'd the policeman, who began
To ask a deal about Kate's young man.

At the office of police, next day,
The servants went to say their say,
When lo! and behold, from the prisoner's van,
The first who came out was Kate's young man,
An old offender was Kate's young man,
And over the water went Kate's young man.

(Spoken) And Kate, crying, accused the house-
maid of causing his ruin, 'Cos if she hadn't romp-
foozled with the key, as oughtn't he wouldn't have
taken it, as couldn't. When Ann, rather nettled,
retorted, with the following golden maxim, and wished
that every missus would have it put up in every
kitchen—that she did—

Let servant girls get what they can,
But not get any like Kate's young man.

HE WAS SUCH A NICE YOUNG MAN.

IF pity dwells within your breast,
Some sympathy pray spare,
Of love, that breaks young lady's rest,
Indeed, I've had my share.
His form is ever in my sight,
Forget, I never can,
I'm haunted by him day and night,
He was such a nice young man.

'Twas at a ball held at the west,
On me he first did glance,
So gently he my fingers prest,
And ask'd me out to dance,
I blush'd and simpered, No, no, no.
Then, smiling, dropt my fan,
For how could I refuse to dance,
He was such a nice young man.

The dance now o'er, my hand he took,
And led me to a seat,
And, sighing, gave me such a look,
I ne'er saw one so sweet.

Refreshments beg'd of me to take,
I did the dainties scan,
Alas, I'd lost my appetite,
He was such a nice young man.

When growing late, about to leave,
It rain'd in torrents fast,
Said he, Dear Miss, I really grieve,
I feel that it will last.
Then, quick he hurried from the room,
And for a coach he ran,
His kindness quite overpowered me,
He was such a nice young man.

As through the hall we went along,
He begg'd for my address,
I gave it him, not thinking wrong,
He was in such distress.
His card emboss'd he handed me,
With "Captain," Miss, I am,
My stars, thought I, Oh here's a chance,
He was such a nice young man.

Next morning, drest, and breakfast done,
Heart beating with desire,
The hall door bell was loudly rung,
Enough to break the wire.

I thought I should have died with fright,
Up came our servant Anne,
A gentleman, Miss, waits below,
He is such a nice young man.

Almost I'd sunk, 'twixt hope and fear,
I wish'd I was afar,
Guess my surprize him now to hear
Conversing with Mamma.
Such language elegant he used,
He did her heart trepan,
She said she no objection had,
He was such a nice young man.

Now, stop and dine with us, you must,
I will not take denial.
Excuse me ma'am, this visit first,
Is far too great a trial.
Well, call again whene'er you please,
For visit here you can,
I'll call again to-morrow, ma'am,
Said my very nice young man.

From th' house he was scarcely out of sight,
When, from the lower rooms,
A servant maid came in a fright,
And cried, He's stole the spoons!

Ah! fetch him back, Mamma she cried,
Off ran our footman Dan,
Who brought him back, we found the spoons,
Yes, upon this nice young man.

A caution, ladies, give I must,
The moral I well know,
'Tis never the appearance trust,
Of any dashing beau.
For this is what I should have done,
When to notice he began,
But, who'd have thought he was a thief?
He was such a nice young man.



MRS. MONDAY.

ONE Sunday I went out, and as I walk'd up Holborn
Hill,
(I like to be particular,) the streets were very muddy,
When just about the half way up, quite shock'd I
stood stock still ;
A lady slipt down flop before me, fat and plump, and
ruddy.

She was in the kennel sprawling,
To me for assistance calling,
Quick was I pulling, hauling ;
She did wish to shun day.
The mud had spoil'd her Sunday dressing,
" Dear," she said, "'tis quite distressing.
Lawk ! I am a pretty mess in ;
Look," said Mrs. Monday.

As soon as she recover'd, she return'd her thanks so
free,
And in my ears no voice was e'er so sweet, tho' she
did tumble ;
She said, that when she started, she was going out to
tea,
But stopt by this unfortunate and unlucky tumble.
Mobs of people now surrounded,
She and me were both confounded ;
Low lived jokes and jeers abounded,
Tho' it was a Sunday.
Heeding not their taunts and titters,
I ask'd her if my taste would fit her's.
Would she have some brandy-bitters,
" I will," said Mrs. Monday.

We both went in to Thompson's then, and had a glass
a piece,
The people still were grinning all, to see her clothes
so dirty ;
Her face with perspiration look'd, as if 'twere dipp'd
in grease ;
Her age was, I suppose, about some two or three and
thirty.
Her face look'd just like one that's muddled,
Clothes on her were completely huddled,
All at once she got quite fuddled ;
Shocking for a Sunday !

Thank'd me for my being so handy,
Declar'd that I was quite the dandy,
Drank three glasses more of brandy ;
Shocking ! Mrs. Monday.

What was I to do ? egad ! I could not get away,
She stuck to me as tight as wax, and liquor drank
the faster ;
And every glass she swallow'd down, she call'd on
me to pay,
And then compell'd to see her home, safe out of
her disaster.

Thro' the streets by jeers saluted,
Mob at every step recruited,
While they halloo'd, laugh'd, and hooted,
Shocking ! for a Sunday ;
Ev'ry step made mis'ry double,
Took her home through every hubble,
And got, for all my care and trouble,
Blow'd up by Mr. Monday.

ALL TO ASTONISH THE BROWNS.

THERE liv'd, and may be living still,
In one of the streets of the town,
A respectable man who was call'd
By the neighbours, "Gentleman Brown."
Very grand parties he gave,
At which in champagne, you might drown,
Now he cut such a dash, all the street,
Was jealous of Gentleman Brown.

Jokery, jeering, quiz,
To the story I'm telling, oh list,
How happy we mortals might be,
If jealousy did not exist.

The Caggs' who resided next door,
Were ever in sneers and in frowns,
And bursting with spleen when they saw
Such fine goings on at the Browns.
One night Mrs. C. said to Caggs,
"Some husbands are such stingy clowns,
Or they would give dinners and balls,
And show off as well as the Browns."

Jokery, jeering, quiz.
In the course of your life, find you may,
That a man has no power, when his wife
Is determined to have her own way.

“Consider my income!” said Caggs,
“Don’t talk in that way, Mr. C.
I warrant I’d make it suffice,
If you would but leave it to me.
Last Monday, I saw, well enough,
When the tradesmen were going their rounds,
Although they had money from us,
I’m sure they had none from the Browns.”

Jokery, jeering, quiz.

It’s one of the greatest of ills,
When tradesmen will send in their bills,
And nothing else but their bills.

Caggs submitted to his better half,
Or rather two thirds, I should say,
And she soon sent her orders about,
Determined to make a display.
Her daughters were full of delight,
On Sunday they sported new gowns,
And exclaimed, as they went to the church,
“How we shall astonish the Browns!”

Jokery, jeering, quiz.

What pleasures arise in the breast,
When we, as we walk through the streets,
Are conscious of being well dressed!

Preparations were made for a feast,
Tinted cards, highly glazed and embossed,
Invited the neighbours, who came,
And many in wonder were lost.

Champagne, Ices, Claret, Milk punch,
And cakes ornamented with crowns,
Soups, jellies, and scented pastilles,
And all to astonish the Browns.

Jokery, jeering, quiz,
Most people are fond of a feast,
And they love them that give 'em the most,
More than those folks who give 'em the least.

One party soon drew on another,
And, then, to continue the game,
As the Browns were a going to the races,
The Caggs must, of course do the same.
"Lauk! how surpriséd they will be,
When they see us appear on the Downs,
We will go in a carriage and four,
And we shall so astonish the Browns."

Jokery, jeering, quiz,
The neighbours said "Caggs was clever,
But as sure as eggs be but eggs,
Such things won't continue for ever."

Whatever was done by the B's,
The C's tried to do more than equal,
But as they had not the same means,
They failed, as you'll see by the sequel.
They were forc'd to run off from the street,
For fortune looked on them with frowns,
And, what was more galling than all,
It did not astonish the Browns.

Jokery, jeering, quiz,
Many folks in this world's ups and downs,
Very often astonish themselves,
When they try to astonish the Browns.

My tale I'll conclude with a proverb,
In which there's a great deal of sense,
Your pounds may be left to themselves,
If you will take care of the pence.
In this you'll discover my moral,
A moral worth mitres and crowns,
If you would save silver and gold,
You must always beware of the Browns.

Jokery, jeering, quiz,
Be cautious in great London town,
Or, in trying to do, you'll be done,
And not only done—but done brown.

*THE RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER.**

IN Westminster not long ago,
There lived a Ratcatcher's Daughter.
She was not born at Westminster,
But on the t'other side of the water.
Her father killed rats and she sold sprats,
All round, and over the water,
And the gentlefolks, they all bought sprats,
Of the pretty Ratcatcher's Daughter.

She wore no hat upon her head,
Nor cap, nor dandy bonnet,
Her hair of her head it hung down her neck,
Like a bunch of carrots upon it.
When she cried sprats in Westminster,
She had such a sweet loud voice, Sir,
You could hear her all down Parliament Street,
And as far as Charing Cross, Sir,

The rich and poor both far and near,
In matrimony sought her,
But at friends and foes she cocked her nose,
Did this pretty little Ratcatcher's daughter.

* This song was in vogue, as far as I can learn, about 1854 or 1855.

For there was a man cried "Lily white Sand,"
Who in Cupid's net had caught her,
And over head and ears in love,
Was the pretty little Ratcatcher's daughter.

Now, "Lily white Sand" so ran in her head,
When coming down the Strand, oh,
She forgot that she'd got sprats on her head,
And cried "buy my lily white Sand oh!"
The folks, amazed, all thought her crazed,
All along the Strand, Oh,
To hear a girl with sprats on her head,
Cry, "buy my lily white Sand, oh!"

The Ratcatcher's Daughter so ran in his head,
He didn't know what he was arter,
Instead of crying "Lily white Sand,"
He cried "Do you want any Ratcatcher's daughter."
His donkey cocked his ears and brayed,
Folks couldn't tell what he was arter,
To hear a lily white sand man cry,
"Do you want any Ratcatcher's daughter?"

Now they both agreed to married be,
Upon next Easter Sunday,
But the Ratcatcher's daughter had a dream,
That she shouldn't be alive next Monday,

To buy some sprats, once more she went,
And tumbled into the water,
Went down to the bottom, all covered with mud,
Did the pretty little Ratcatcher's daughter.

When Lily white Sand he heard the news,
His eyes ran down with water,
Says he in love I'll constant prove,
And, blow me if I live long arter,
So he cut his throat with a piece of glass,
And stabbed his donkey arter,
So there was an end of Lily white Sand,
His ass, and the Ratcatcher's daughter!



HOT CODLINGS.

A LITTLE old woman, a living she got,
By selling hot codlings, hot, hot, hot!
Now this little old woman, as I've been told,
Though her codlings were hot, she was monstrously
cold,
So to keep herself warm, she thought no sin,
For to go and take a small drop of gin,
Fol-de-rol, etc.

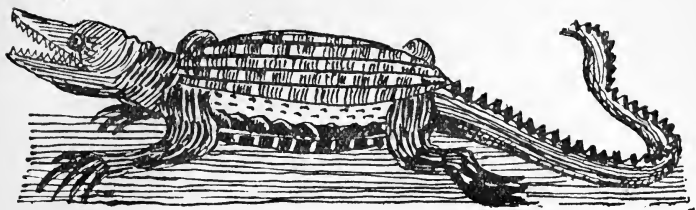
Now this little old woman went off in a trot,
To get a quartern of hot, hot, hot!
She swallowed a glass, and it was so nice,
That she tipped off another, all in a trice,

She fill'd the glass till the bottle it shrunk,
And this little old woman I'm told got drunk.

Now this little old woman, while muzzy she got,
Some boys stole her codlings, hot, hot, hot !
Put powder in the pan, and 'neath it round stones,
Cried this little woman, these apples have bones.
The powder and the pan up they did send,
This little old woman on her latter end.

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

This song, was, as far I can find, introduced by Grimaldi in Thos. J. Dibdin's famous Pantomime of "Mother Goose," which in 1806-7 had the unprecedented run of a hundred and fifty nights, and was a favourite for very many years. When Pantomimes were Pantomimes, and not mere spectacles, the clowns were real clowns (the Shakesperian and French hybrids not having been born), and the names of Grimaldi, Matthews, and others will go down to posterity. No Pantomime was complete without the clown singing this song, which was always encored, and, as a substitute, invariably was given "Tippetiwitchet," of which the theme was an intoxicated man. Perhaps, if revived, Modern Society would not appreciate them, but forty or fifty years ago tastes were not so superfine, and these clowns and their songs afforded hilarious amusement.



THE WONDERFUL CROCODILE.

Now list, ye landsmen, all to me,
To tell you the truth I am bound,
What happen'd to me, by going to Sea,
And of the wonders which I found.
Shipwrecked I once was off Prouse,
And cast upon the shore,
So I resolved to take a cruise,
The Country to explore.

But far I had not scudded out,
When close alongside to the ocean,
I saw something move, which at first I thought,
Was all the earth in motion.
But steering up alongside,
I found 'twas a Crocodile,
And from his nose to the tip of his tail
He measured five hundred mile.

This Crocodile, I could plainly see,
Was not of a common race,
For I was obliged to climb a very high tree
Before I could see his face.

And when he lifted up his jaw,
Though perhaps you'll think 'twas a lie,
It reach'd 'bove the clouds for miles three score,
And his nose nearly touched the sky.

Whilst up aloft, and the stream was high,
It blew a gale from the south,
I lost my hold, and away did fly,
Right into the Crocodile's mouth.
He quickly closed his jaws on me,
And thought to grab a victim,
But I ran down his throat d'ye see,
And that's the way I tricked him.

I travell'd on for a month or two,
Till I got into his maw,
Where I found of rum kegs not a few,
And a thousand bullocks in store.
Of life I banish'd all my cares,
For in grub I was not stinted,
So in this Crocodile I lived ten years,
Very well contented.

This Crocodile being very old,
One day, alas ! he died,
But he was three years a getting cold,
He was so long and wide.
His skin was ten miles thick, I'm sure,
Or very near about ;
For I was full six years or more,
Cutting a hole for to get out.

But now once more I've got on earth,
And resolv'd no more to roam,
So in a ship that pass'd, I got a berth,
And now I'm safe at home.
And lest my story you should doubt,
Should you ever travel the Nile,
Just where he fell, you'll find the shell,
Of this wonderful Crocodile.

THE THIEF'S ARM.

I SING of a man to some well known,
Who went and listed in the King's Own,
For he was tall, and mighty grown,
Full six feet high of flesh and bone.

Ri lol, lol, lay, etc.

Now this man to battle did go,
The balls flew thick, and whistled so,
There was one came straight and gave him a blow,
And knocked off his arm above his elbow.

When the surgeon came to look at the wound
A noted thief lay on the ground,
Quite dead, but still he'd a perfect arm,
So he sawed it off while it was warm.

Now this arm he spliced to our hero's stump,
And bound it fast, wasn't he a trump?
And in a short time it got well,
As many of that brave corps can tell.

This man he turned out a thief,
And was discharged for stealing beef,
For with this cursed thief's arm he got,
He could let nothing be too heavy or hot.

Then up to London he did repair,
To see if advice he could get there,
And all the way that he did jog,
The arm was at work, and found him in prog.

And when he got there he walked along,
And strove to bustle through the throng,
But the arm kept diving in every one's pocket,
He tried all he could, but he couldn't stop it.

It stole him watches, gold and rings,
And many other precious things,
And one night he found he'd wealth in store,
For Bandanna wipes, he had a score.

He robbed the Bank and Treasury,
Likewise a Poet at the play,
And, one night, 'tis really said,
He stole a glass eye from an old woman's head.

Now this arm had such a propensity
For stealing, that it could not stay,
It robb'd a regiment of its baggage,
Likewise a tailor of all his cabbage.

Long time he carried on the trade,
Until he had a fortune made,
But for a crime he was afterwards taken,
And sent by the Judge to be hung up like bacon.

And when he came to the gallows tree,
With the Parson's watch he did make free,
And as Jack Ketch was tying the knot,
He pick'd his pocket of all he'd got.

Now this man, he was buried, as you may suppose,
And after that the arm arose,
And join'd a body-snatching knave,
Who stole his master out of his grave.

CORK LEG.

A TALE I tell now without any flam,
In Holland there dwelt Mynheer von Clam,
Who, every morning, said, I am
The richest merchant in Amsterdam.

Ri too ral, etc.

One day he had stuffed him as full as an egg,
When a poor relation came to beg,
But he kick'd him out without broaching a keg,
And in kicking him out he broke his leg.

A surgeon, the first in his vocation,
Came, and made a long oration,
He wanted a limb for anatomization,
So he finished the job by amputation.

Said Mynheer, said he, when he'd done his work,
By your sharp knife, I lost one fork,
But on two crutches I'll never stalk,
For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork.

An artist in Rotterdam 'twould seem,
Had made cork legs, his study and theme :
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
The springs a compound of clockwork and steam.

The leg was made and fitted tight,
Inspection the artist did invite,
The fine shape gave Mynheer delight,
And he fixed it on and screwed it tight.

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

Horror and fright were in his face,
The neighbours thought he was running a race ;
He clung to a gas-post to stay his pace,
But the leg wouldn't stop, but kept on the chace.

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

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

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

In Holland, sometimes it comes in sight,
A skeleton on a cork leg tight :
No cash did the artist's skill requite,
He never was paid, and it served him right.

My tale I've told both plain and free,
Of the rummest merchant that ever could be,
Who never was buried, tho' dead we see,
And I've been singing his L E G.*

* Elegy.

THE ONE HORSE CHAY.

MRS. BUBB was gay and free, fair, fat, and forty three,
And blooming as a Peony in buxom May,
The toast she long had been of Farringdon Within,
And she fill'd the better half of a one horse chay.

Mrs. Bubb said to her lord, "you can, Bubb, well afford,
Whate'er a Common Councilman in prudence may ;
We've no brats to plague our lives, and the soap
concern it thrives,
Let us take a trip to Brighton in the one horse chay."

Mr. Bubb said to his wife, "now, I think upon't, my
life,
'Tis three weeks, at least, to next boiling day ;
The dog days are set in, and London's growing thin,
So I'll order out old Nobbs, and the one horse chay."

Now Nobbs, it must be told, was rather fat and old,
Its colour was white, and it had been gray,
He was round as a scot, and, when roundly whipt,
would trot,
Full five miles an hour in a one horse chay.

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

O'er a bowl of arrack Punch, Mr. Bubb did say,
"I've ascertained, my dear, the mode of dipping here,
From the ostler who is cleaning up my one horse chay.

You're shut in a box, ill convenient as the stocks,
And eighteen pence each time are obliged to pay ;
Court corruption here, says I, makes everything so
high.

And I wish I had come without my one horse chay."

"As I hope," says she, "to thrive, 'tis flaying folks
alive,

The king and these extortioners are leagued, I say ;
'Tis encouraging of such, to go and pay so much,
So we'll set them at defiance with our one horse chay.

Old Nobbs I'm sure and sartin, you may trust with
gig or cart in,

He takes every matter in a very easy way ;
He'll stand like a post, while we dabble on the coast,
And return back, and dress in our one horse chay.

So out they drove, all dress'd, so gaily, in their best,
And finding in their rambles, a nice little bay ;
They uncased at their leisure, paddled out at their
pleasure,

And left everything behind in their one horse chay.

But while so snugly sure, that all things were secure,
 They flounced about like porpoises, or whales at play ;
 Some young unlucky imps, who prowld about for
 shrimps,
 Stole up to reconoitre the one horse chay.

Old Nobbs in quiet mood, was sleeping as he stood,
 (He might possibly be dreaming of his corn, or hay) :
 Not a foot did he wag, as they whipt out every rag,
 And gutted all the contents of the one horse chay.

When our pair were sous'd enough, and returning in
 their buff,
 Oh, there was the vengeance, and Old Nick to pay ;
 Madam shrieked in consternation, Mr. Bubb he swore
 damnation.
 To find the empty state of the one horse chay.

“Come, bundle in with me, we must squeeze for once,”
 says he,
 “And manage this here business, as best we may,
 We’ve no other way to choose, not a moment must
 we lose,
 Or the tide will float us off in our one horse chay.”

So noses, sides, and knees, altogether they did squeeze,
 And pack'd in little compass, they trotted it away ;
 As dismal as two dummies, head and hands stuck out
 like mummies,
 From beneath the little apron of the one horse chay.

Mr. Bubb ge-upp'd in vain, and strove to jerk the rein,
Nobbs found he had his option to work or play ;
So he wouldn't mend his pace, though they fain would
 have run race,
To escape the merry gazers at the one horse chay.

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



THE LITERARY DUSTMAN.

SOME folks may talk of sense, egad !
Vot holds a lofty station ;
But, tho' a dustman, I have had
A liberal *hedication*.
And tho' I never vent to school,
Like many of my betters,
A turnpike man, vot varnt no fool,
He larnt me all my letters.

Chorus.

They calls me Adam Bell, 'tis clear,
As Adam vos the fust man,
And by a co-in-side-ance queer,
Vy ! I'm the fust of Dustmen !

At sartin schools they makes boys write,
 Their Alphabets on sand, Sirs,
 So I thought dust would do as vell,
 And larnt it out of hand, Sirs,
 Took in the *Penny Magazine*,*
 And *Johnson's Dictionary*,
 And all the Pe-ri-odi-cals,
 To make me *literary*.

My dawning genus fust did peep,
 Near Battle Bridge † 'tis plain, Sirs,
 You recollect the cinder heap,
 Vot stood in Gray's Inn Lane, Sirs? ‡
 'Twas there I studied pic-turesque,
 Vile I my bread vos yearnin',
 And there inhalin' the fresh breeze, §
I sifted out my larnin.

* The *Penny Magazine* was first published on March 31, 1832, and its success was such, that the Chap books vanished as if by magic, and a new and purer popular literature sprung up.

† This was the supposed site of a bloody battle between the ancient Britons and the Romans.

‡ This was a small mountain of refuse, dust, and ashes, which, although unsightly, was as profitable as were the heaps of Mr. Boffin in Charles Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend." This mound, so it is said, once had a curious clearance. It was bought, in its entirety, and sent over to Russia, to help make bricks to rebuild Moscow; and the ground on which it stood was sold to a company for £15,000.

§ Breeze is the technical term for the sifted ashes mixed with the clay to make inferior bricks, which are "clamp" burnt, *i.e.* in large stacks.

Then Mrs. Bell, 'twixt you and I,
 Would melt a heart of stone, Sirs,
 To hear her, pussy's wittals cry,
 In such a barrow tone, Sirs.
 My darters all take arter her,
 In grace and figure easy,
 They larns to sing, and as they're fat,
 I has 'em taught by *Grizi*.

Ve dines at four, and arter that,
 I smokes a mild Awanna,
 Or gives a lesson to the lad,
 Upon the grand pianna :
 Or vith the gals valk a *quod-rille*,
 Or takes a cup of corf-fee,
 Or, if I feels fatig'd or ill,
 I lounges on the *sophy*.

Or arter dinner reads a page,
 Of Valter Scott, or Byron,
 Or Mr. *Shikspar* on the stage,
 Subjects none can tire on ;
 At night ve toddles to the play,
 But not to gallery attic,
 Drury Lane's the time o' day,
 And quite *aristocratic*.

I means to buy my eldest son
 A commission in the Lancers,

And make my darters, every one,
 Accomplished Hopra dancers.
 Great sculptors all conwarse with me,
 And call my taste diwine, Sirs,
 King George's *statty* at King's Cross,*
 Vos built from my design, Sirs.

And, ven I'm made a Member on,
 For that I means to try, Sirs,
 Mr. Gully fought his way,†
 And verefore shouldn't I, Sirs.
 Yes, ven I sits in Parliment,
 In old Sir Steven's College,
 I means to take, 'tis my intent,
 The taxes off of knowledge.

Chorus.

They call me Adam Bell, 'tis true,
 'Cause Adam was the fust man,
 I'm sure its very plain to you,
 I'm a *litterary dustman*.

* In George IV.'s reign a statue was erected to him at Battle Bridge, and the neighbourhood renamed King's Cross. It surmounted a *Camera obscura*, and this was atop of a building, which in its turn, was alternately a police station and a public-house. It was a miserable affair, only made of brick and cement, and, after cumbering the ground for a few years, it was pulled down.

† Gully was a prize-fighter—was made one of the Royal pages at the coronation of George IV., took to the turf and kept racehorses, and was M.P. for Pontefract.

THE BILL STICKER.

I'M Sammy Slap, the Bill Sticker, and you must all
agree, Sirs,
I stick to bus'ness like a trump, and bus'ness sticks
to me, Sirs,
The low folks call me Plasterer, and they deserves a
banging,
Becos, genteely speaking, vhy, my trade is Paper-
Hanging.

Chorus.

With my paste ! paste ! paste !
All the world is puffing, so I paste ! paste ! paste !

Round Nelson's statty, Charing Cross, when any
thing's the go, Sirs,
You'll always find me at my post, a sticking up the
Posters,
I've hung Macready twelve feet high,—and though it
may seem funny,
Day after day against the valls, I've plastered Mrs.
Honey !

Now often, in the vay of trade, and I don't care a
farden,
Arter I have been vell paid to hang for Common
Garden,

Old Drury Lane has called me in, with jealousy to
cover 'em,
And sent me round with their own bills, to go and
plaster over 'em.

In search of houses, old and new, I'm always on the
caper,
And werry kindly gives 'em all, a coat or two of paper ;
I think I've kivered all the valls round London,
though I preach it,
If they'd let me kiver old St. Paul's, so help me Bob,
I'd reach it.

I'm not like some in our trade,—they deserve their
jackets laced, Sirs,
They stick up half their master's bills, and sells the
rest for vaste, Sirs,
Now, honesty's best policy, with a good name to retire
vith,
So vot I doesn't use myself, my old gal lights the fire
vith !

I'm proud to say there's Helen Tree, the stage's great
adorner,
I've had the honour of posting her in every hole and
corner,
And Helen Faucit—bless her eyes! ve use her pretty
freely,
And paste's Madam Vestris bang atop of Mr. Keeley !

Sometimes I'm jobbing for the Church, with Charitable
Sermons,
And sometimes for theatres, with the English and the
Germans ;
To me, in course, no odds it is, as long as I'm a
winner,
Whether I works for a Saint, or hangs up for a Sinner.

The paste I use, I makes myself, and I'll stick to this,
however,
That when my bills, I've put 'em up, they'll face both
vind and veather,
I comes the fancy work, though they're up, mind, in
a twinkle,
I never tucks the corners in, nor leaves a blessed
wrinkle,

Then, surely, you vill all allow, I am a man of taste,
Sirs,
I arn't no Pastry-cook, although I deals in puffs and
paste, Sirs,
Whenever you may have a job, to show how I deserve
you,
About the town through thick and thin, I'll brush
along to sarve you !

THINGS I DON'T LIKE TO SEE.

WHAT a queer set of creatures we are, I declare,
What one person likes, why another can't bear,
It was always a plan when I went to school,
To like everything good, like the Lord Mayor's fool.
Some like to look thin, some like to look fat,
Some like to see this, some like to see that,
But, if you'll be silent, and listen to me,
I'll just tell you the things that I don't like to see.

Chorus.

You may call me a quiz, you may call me a pry,
But I cannot bear things that look queer to the eye
If *you* like to see them, it's nothing to me,
I tell you there are things I don't like to see.

Now I don't like to see little boys with cigars,
They're better at home with their pas and their mas,
I don't like to see folks in misery sunk,
And I don't like to see a teetotaller drunk.
I don't like to see ugly women use paint,
Nor a grey headed sinner pretend he's a saint,
Nor a swell, in a dicky * tied over a rag,
Nor a fop with mustachios who's not worth a mag.

* A false shirt-front.

I don't like to see ladies picking their gums,
Nor a boy at sixteen always sucking his thumbs,
I don't like to see women drink to excess,
Nor a girl in black stockings and white muslin dress,
I don't like to see a coat fit like a sack,
Nor a man pinch his belly for the sake of his back,
I don't like to see a man whopping his moke,
It shows that his brotherly feeling's a joke.

I don't like to see frosty weather in May,
Nor a man wear his church-going tile every day,
I don't like to see people sulk at their meals,
Nor a girl with great taters stuck out at her heels ;
I don't like to see people shooting the moon,*
Nor a chap buttoned up on a hot afternoon,
I don't like to see peelers drunk on their beat,
Nor young ladies bustles fall off in the street.

I don't like to see people pay twice for once,
Nor a man about thirty, a thick-headed dunce ;
I don't like to see folks eat more than their whack,
Nor a swell with his hair just a yard down his back,
I don't like to see yellow wipes round the throat,
Nor a man wipe his nose on the sleeve of his coat,
I don't like to see a pretty girl pout,
Nor young ladies sending their rags up the spout.

* Leaving a house, or apartments, without paying rent.

I don't like to see women drest Fal de ral,
Nor a boy about twelve, sticking up to a gal ;
I don't like to see parsons go to the play,
Nor a swell in white ducks, on a pouring wet day,
Now I don't like to see sorrowful faces,
And I hope another night, you'll here take your
 places ;
For I don't like to see empty streets, I declare,
And I think that my pocket agrees with me there.

THE BARREL OF PORK.

TWO Israelite brothers in New York once dwelt,
And, in all kind of Merchandize freely they dealt,
They were thought to be wealthy, between me and you,
And each brother was really as rich as a Jew.

No creditor e'er went away from their door,
Till death call'd on Moses to settle his score ;
No mortal can ever evade such a call,
So Moses, he slept, Sirs, his last sleep of all.

Then Isaac, his brother, exclaimed, lucky elf,
All his goods and his monies belong to myself,
Ah! but stop, dere's his will, I must just read it through,
To see what poor Moses would have me to do.

The Will it ran thus, when I shall cease to live,
All my cash, and my goods, to my brother I give,
Upon this condition, that hard he shall toil
To bury my body in real English Soil.

Isaac tried every Captain, but could not prevail,
For none would agree with the body to sail,
But, not to be baulked, he set quickly to work,
And embarked it at last as a barrel of pork.

Mo was cut up in pieces with chopper and knife,
He had never been cut up so much in his life,
Isaac wrote to his agent to tell him his plan,
And begged of him to bury the poor pickled man.

Some months after this, as he walked on the wharf,
He met with the Captain, a yellow fac'd dwarf,
Vell, goot Captain, he cried, looking steadfastly round
You delivered my barrel, I hope, safe and sound ?

Said the Captain, Friend Isaac, I'm sorry to say,
That during our trip, we were near cast away,
When in sight of old England, we lay a sheer hulk,
As provisions were scarce, we were forced to break
bulk.

Preak pulk ! roar'd out Isaac, you're worse than a Turk,
Put, surely, you ne'er proke my parrel of pork ?
Indeed, but we did, cried the Captain, don't huff,
For I'll pay a good price, though 'twas devilish tough.

Ach ! mein Gott ! cried poor Isaac, as I am a sinner,
You have eaten my poor proder Moses for dinner ;
Your brother ! why zounds ! then myself and my crew,
Have feasted three days on a piece of tough Jew.

But come, now, my friend Isaac, to finish this work,
I'll pay you for your brother, as if he'd been pork ;
No, no, replied Isaac, though we cheat one another,
Our law won't permit us to sell our own prother.

In his purse back, the Captain was putting his gold,
Which Isaac, espying, cried, Goot Captain, hold,
Though I can't touch the cash, for that proder of mine
You can pay me, you know, for the parrel and prine.

IN the "thirties" of this century, this was one of the most popular of street songs, and is well worth reproducing among the humorous ballads, as it is utterly unknown to the present generation.

ALL ROUND MY HAT.

Chorus.

ALL round my hat I veers a green willow,
All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day,
If any one should ax it, the reason vy I veers it,
Tell them that my true love is far, far away.

'Twas going of my rounds in the streets I did meet
her,

Oh, I thought she vas an hangel just come down
from the sky,

(Spoken) *She'd a nice wegitable countenance, Turnip
nose, Redish cheeks, and Carroty hair.*

And I never heard a voice more louder and more
sweeter,

When she cried, buy my Primroses, my Primroses
come buy.

(Spoken) *Here's your fine Colliflowers !*

Oh, my love she vas fair, and my love she vas kind,
too,

And cruel vas the judge vot my love had to try,

(Spoken) *Here's your precious Turnips !*

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

(Spoken) *Here's your hard hearted Cabbages !*

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

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

Bad luck to the chap vot'd ever be false hearted,

Oh, I'd love my love for ever, though she's far away.

(Spoken) *Here's your nice heads of Sallary !*

There is some young men as is so precious deceitful,
A coaxing of the young girls they wish to lead astray,

(Spoken) *Here's your Valnuts, crack 'em and try 'em,
a shillin' a hundred !*

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

And they never sighs nor sorrows, ven they're far away.

(Spoken) *Do you vant any Hinguns to day, marm ?*

Oh, I bought my love a ring, on the werry day she
started,

Vich I gave her as a token all to remember me,

(Spoken) *Bless her heyes.*

And vhen she does come back, oh, ve'll never more
be parted,

But ve'll marry, and be happy, oh, for ever and a day.

(Spoken) *Here's your fine spring Radishes !*



HERE'S THE MAN A-COMING!

IN Lunnon town each day, strange sayings will be
springing,
But, if you list to me, a new one I'll be singing,
As you go through the town, the people will be
funning,
One cries out, "Put it down, here's the man a-coming!"

'Twas only t'other day, as sure as I'm a sinner,
A leg of pork I bought, to have a slap up dinner ;
When, half way down the street, a young scamp came
by, running,
Says he "Guv'ner, drop that meat, here's the man
a-coming!"

Young married folks, I fear, to extremes often dash
on,
They're always in a fright, through studying the
fashion ;

Each day with fear and dread, the tradesmen they
are shunning,
“Jem, get under the bed, here’s the tally man
a-coming!”

There’s lots of ups and downs, and lots of rummy
dodgings,
But I do it quite brown, in taking furnish’d lodgings :
I own I’m very poor, to pay there is no fun in,
So I always bolt the door, when I hear the landlord
coming!

It’s pleasant, in this place, to see your smiling faces,
And, gents, too, I presume, you’re in your proper
places ;
Now, there’s one stands there so sly, I know he’s very
cunning,
I say, “Mind what you’re at, here’s the man a-coming !”

THE NOBBY HEAD OF HAIR.

YOU'VE called on me to sing a song, I'll try what I
can do,

I don't say whether good or bad, for that I'll leave
to you,

The subject's now before you, and I firmly do declare.
There's no one in this street can sport such a nobby
head of hair.

Perhaps you think I'm bragging, but the proof it is
most clear,

If you only twig the company that stands around me
here,

But something I'll tell you,—now, pray don't at me
stare,—

There's nothing half so handsome—as a nobby head
of hair.

When an infant I a wonder was, but, upwards as I
grew,

At school, I so surprized the boys, they in mobs
around me flew ;

But when a young man I had grown, my mother said,
if I took care,

I soon should catch an heiress, with my nobby head
of hair.

I go to all places of amusement, and everything that's
new,
Balls, Plays, White Conduit Gardens, and the Eagle
Tavern too,
I feel prouder than Prince Albert, when the ladies
see me there,
To hear the buz of admiration at my nobby head of
hair.

Although my hair is elegant, it oft gets into scrapes,
At the Zoological, the other day, 'twas well pull'd by
the apes ;
And, in making my escape from them, I was grappl'd
by a bear,
It fancied that I was it's cub, by my nobby head of
hair.

Not liking this brute treatment, from the gardens I
did roam,
I caught a lady ogling me,—I ask'd to see her home,
Her husband, we met on the road, he asunder did us
tear,
Then he dragg'd me through a horse pond, by my
nobby head of hair.

He left me near dead with affright, and wet through
to the skin,
A mob soon came around me—they did nought but
jeer and grin,

A policeman took me in custody, and solemnly did
swear,
I, a member of the swell mob was, by my nobby head
of hair.

To the Magistrate, my innocence I pleaded, but in
vain,
He said, to prison you must go, your guilt it is quite
plain ;
So to the treadmill I was sent,—but on the silent
system there,
But what griev'd me most, they cut off all my nobby
head of hair.

I thought it would have drove me mad, but it grew
again so fast,
It put me in such spirits, that I soon forgot the past,
The Mill, it dragg'd down all my fat, I look'd quite
lean and spare,
My friends, they knew me only, by my nobby head
of hair.

But now that I am free again, I'm happy as a king,
That's one reason why to night, you see, I have come
here to sing ;
But this is a fact you can't deny, it is a thing most
rare—
To see a handsome chap like me, with such a nobby
head of hair.

MISS BAILEY'S GHOST.

A CAPTAIN bold, in Halifax, who dwelt in country
quarters,
Seduced a maid, who hang'd herself, one morning, in
her garters,
His wicked conscience smited him, he lost his stomach
daily,
He took to drinking ratafee, and thought upon Miss
Bailey.

Oh, Miss Bailey ! unfortunate Miss Bailey.

One night betimes he went to rest, for he had caught
a fever,
Says he, " I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay
deceiver ;"
His candle just at twelve o'clock began to burn quite
palely,
A ghost stepp'd up to his bed side, and said, " behold
Miss Bailey."

Oh, Miss Bailey ! unfortunate Miss Bailey.

" Avaunt, Miss Bailey " then he cried, " your face
looks white and mealy,"
" Dear Captain Smith," the ghost replied, " you've
used me ungentlely ;

The Crowner's Quest goes hard with me, because I've acted frailly,
And parson Biggs won't bury me, though I am dead
Miss Bailey."

Oh, Miss Bailey ! unfortunate Miss Bailey.

"Dear Corpse," said he, "since you and I accounts must once for all close,
I've really got a one pound note in my regimental small clothes ;
"Twill bribe the sexton for your grave,"—The ghost then vanish'd gaily,
Crying, "Bless you, wicked Captain Smith, remember poor Miss Bailey."

Oh, Miss Bailey ! unfortunate Miss Bailey.



HUMPHREY DUGGINS.

OLD Humphrey Duggins, he wanted a wife,
Resolving to lead a sober life ;
A batchelor, he would have been a great rake,
So courting he went, for conscience sake.

The old Widow Warmpulse, she wanted a spouse,
No children had she, but she had a large house,
Six children had Duggins, though not very small,
So, thinks he, the large house will just hold them all.

So to court the widow, old Duggins began,
Says she, I've been told you're a sad naughty man,
He replied, it ain't true, and the widow knew not
That he'd one piccaninny, much less a whole lot.

When he'd married the widow, my dear, says he,
No doubt we shall have a large family,
I hope we shall, she then to him did say,
So the six little Duggins came home the next day.

The three Master Duggins, they made her a bow,
The three little Misses, they curtseied, How!
Says she, what means this? Why, said he, my old
 lass,
It's only my little ones come home from grass.

You wicked deceiver, quoth she, I am dish'd ;
Says he, for a great many children you wish'd,
And, as no one is certain their wishes to have,
I thought you might fancy a few ready made.

IT is the privilege of the aged to carp at modern doings, and to contrast them with things as they were in their youth. Farming, as it used to be carried out, could never pay now. In war time the farmers did well; in January, 1801, wheat was 137s. per quarter, and rose higher. But according to the Earl of Warwick, in a speech in Parliament (November 14, 1800), they did not benefit much by it—it was *light come, light go*, with them. “He wondered not at the extravagant style of living of some of the farmers, who could afford to play guinea whist, and were not contented with drinking wine, but even mixed brandy with it.” The small farms, with their little fields, cut even smaller by the huge hedges and ditches, soil undrained, no machinery, the earth merely scratched by the plough, could never grow wheat to sell at 32s. or 34s. per quarter, or to rear beef and mutton, to compete against imported meat.



*THE HONEST PLOUGHMAN, OR 90 YEARS
AGO.*

COME all you jolly husbandmen, and listen to my song,
I'll relate the life of a ploughman, and not detain you
long,

My father was a farmer, who banished grief and woe,
My mother was a dairy maid—that's 90 years ago.

My father had a little farm, a harrow and a plough,
My mother had some pigs and fowls, a pony and a
cow,
They didn't hire a servant, but they both their work
did do,
As I have heard my parents say, just 90 years ago.

The rent that time was not so high by far, as I will
pen,
For now one family's nearly twice as big as then were
ten,
When I was born, my father used to harrow, plough
and sow,
I think I've heard my mother say, 'twas 90 years ago.

To drive the plough my father did a boy engage,
Until that I had just arrived to seven years of age,
So then he did no servant want, my mother milk'd
the cow,
And with the lark, I rose each morn, to go and drive
the plough.

The farmer's wives in every way themselves the cows
did milk,
They did not wear the dandy veils, and gowns made
out of silk,

They did not ride blood horses, like the farmer's wives
do now,

The daughters went a milking and the sons went to
the plough.

When I was fifteen years of age, I used to thrash and
sow,

Harrowed, ploughed, and in harvest time I used to
reap and mow,

When I was 20 years of age, I could manage well the
farm,

Could hedge and ditch, or plough, and sow, or thrash
within the barn.

At length when I was 25, I took myself a wife,
Compelled to leave my father's house as I had
changed my life,

The younger children, in my place, my father's work
would do,

Then daily, as an husbandman, to labour I did go.

My wife and me, though very poor, could keep a pig
and cow,

She could sit and spin and knit, and I the land could
plough.

There nothing was upon a farm, at all, but I could do,
I find things very different now,—that's many years
ago.

We lived along contented, and banished pain and grief,
We had not occasion then to ask for parish relief,

But now my hairs are grown quite grey, I cannot well
engage,

To work as I had used to do, I'm 90 years of age.

But now that I am feeble grown, and poverty do
feel,

If, for relief I go, they shove me into a Whig Bastile,*
Where I may hang my hoary head, and pine in grief
and woe,

My father did not see the like, just 90 years ago.

When a man has laboured all his life to do his coun-
try good,

He's respected just as much when old, as a donkey in
a wood,

His days are gone and past, and he may weep in grief
and woe,

The times are very different now to 90 years ago.

Now I am 90 years of age, if for relief I do apply,
I must go into a Whig Bastile to end my days and
die,

I can no longer labour, as I no longer have,
Then, at the last, just like a dog, they lay me in my
grave.

* A Workhouse, so called because of the loss of personal liberty when once in "the House." The House of Correction, Coldbath Fields, now done away with, was called "*the Bastille*," and to its dying day was known to the criminal classes as "the Steel."



THE NEW FASHIONED FARMER.

GOOD people all, attend awhile,
Whilst I relate a story,
How the farmers in old England,
Did once support their glory.
When masters liv'd as masters ought,
And happy in their station,
Until at length, their stinking pride,
Has ruined all the Nation.

Chorus.

Let's pray that hungry bellies may
Be fill'd when they are empty,
And where a servant gets ten pounds,
I wish he may get twenty.

A good old fashioned long grey coat,
The farmers us'd to wear, Sir,
And on old Dobbin they would ride,
To market or to fair, Sir,
But now fine geldings they must mount,
To join all in the chace, Sir,
Dressed up like any lord or 'squire,
Before their landlord's face, Sir.

In former times, both plain and neat,
They'd go to Church on Sunday,
And then to harrow, plow, or sow,
They'd go upon a Monday.
But now, instead of the plough tail,
O'er hedges they are jumping,
And instead of sowing of their corn,
Their delight is in fox hunting.

The good old dames, God bless their names,
Were seldom in a passion,
But strove to keep a right good house,
And never thought on fashion.
With fine brown beer their hearts to cheer,
But now they must drink swipes, Sir,
It's enough to make a strong man weak,
And give him the dry gripes, Sir.

The farmer's daughters used to work
All at the spinning wheel, Sir,

But, now, such furniture as that,
Is thought quite ungenteel, Sir.
Their fingers they're afraid to spoil,
With any such kind of sport, Sir,
Sooner than handle mop or broom,
They'd handle a piano-forte, Sir.

Their dress was always plain and warm,
When in their holiday clothes, Sir,
Besides, they had such handsome cheeks,
As red as any rose, Sir.
But now, they're frilled and furbelowed,
Just like a dancing monkey,
Their bonnets and their great black veils,
Would almost fright a donkey.

When wheat it was a guinea a strike,*
The farmers bore the sway, Sir,
Now with their landlords they will ride,
Upon each hunting day, Sir.
Besides, their daughters they must join
The ladies at the Ball, Sir,
The landlords say, we'll double their rents,
And then their pride must fall, Sir,

I hope no one will think amiss,
At what has here been penned, Sir,

* A strike is four pecks or one bushel, *strike measure*, which would make wheat eight guineas per quarter.

But let us hope that these hard times
May speedily amend, Sir.
It's all through such confounded pride,
Has brought them to reflection,
It makes poor servants' wages low,
And keeps them in subjection.



*PRESENT TIMES, OR EIGHT SHILLINGS
A WEEK.**

COME all you bold Britons, where'er you may be,
I pray give attention, and listen to me,
There once was good times, but they're gone by
complete,
For a poor man lives now on Eight Shillings a week.

* The writer of this makes no mention of the advantages the labourer had in those days, low rent, meal, skim milk, etc., and constant work, wet or fine. Money then had more purchasing power, and eight shillings was worth at least fifteen of the present currency. Now, thanks to Mr. Joseph Arch and other agitators, the agricultural labourer has, presumably, higher wages, but he has higher rent to pay, his privileges are curtailed or annulled, and he has lost the sympathy of his employer. Paid by the hour, he is discharged as soon as it comes on to rain hard, instead of, as in the old days, being paid for a whole day, even if he only worked part of it.

Such times in old England there never was seen,
As the present ones now ; but much better have been,
A poor man's condemned, and looked on as a thief,
And compelled to work hard on Eight Shillings a
week.

Our venerable fathers remember the year,
When a man earned three shillings a day, and his
beer.

He then could live well, keep his family neat,
But now he must work for Eight Shillings a week.

The Nobs of " Old England," of shameful renown,
Are striving to crush a poor man to the ground,
They'll beat down their wages and starve them com-
plete,
And make them work hard for Eight Shillings a week.

A poor man to labour (believe me 'tis so),
To maintain his family is willing to go
Either hedging, or ditching, to plough, or to reap,
But how does he live on Eight Shillings a week.

In the reign of old George, as you all understand,
Here then was contentment throughout the whole
land,
Each poor man could live, and get plenty to eat,
But now he must pine on Eight Shillings a week.

So now to conclude and finish my song,
May the times be much better, before it is long,
May every labourer be able to keep
His children and wife on Twelve Shillings a week.

THERE are very few Statute, or hiring, fairs now in existence, and perhaps it is as well, as a great deal of drunkenness and immorality used to occur at these meetings. The servants stood in groups according to their callings, each bearing some token of their employment; for instance, the carters carried a piece of whipcord. Employers of labour came and personally interviewed them, wages were agreed upon, and the hiring was for a year certain.



JIG, JIG, TO THE HIRINGS.

YOU Farmers, Servants, far and near,
Who do reside in — land
Unto my song attend a while,
These verses will cause you to smile.

Now — land hirings are come again,
The lasses gay and smart young men,
Drest in their best, all jig away
To see the fun on the hiring day.

When at the hirings they do arrive,
Like bees a swarming in a hive,
The servants they come flocking in,
Until the hirings do begin.
There's pretty Sally, and pug nosed Poll,
There's slender Kate and dumpy Doll,
With farmer's daughters short and long,
To — land hirings jig, jig along.

They now roll in, both thick and thin,
Jack, Bob, Harry, Tom, and Jim,
Waggoner Dick with his white smock,
He swears he'll smash his Sally's clock.
Ploughboy Jim, with whip so long,
Among the lasses soon does throng,
He finds his dear, and makes her sup,
And afterwards the dance keeps up.

Masters and Mistresses enquire.
Of Servants, if they want to hire,
And when good servants they have found,
They try and run the wages down.
They offer such small wages, oh dear!
Will scarce serve you throughout the year,

They want servants, the greedy elves,
To work for nought, and find themselves.

Says John, I ask twenty pound a year,
I'll take no less I do declare,
There is plenty of work, they say,
For years to come, on the Railway.
So let each servant lad, and man,
Stand up for wages when you can,
For wages they must rise I'm told,
Or else they'll go to the Railroad.

Then John and Moll walk to and fro,
They take a peep into the show,
John buys her nuts, and cakes, and wine,
With a few yards of ribbon fine.
Then off they go to the Dancing room,
The fiddler he strikes up a tune,
And then, good Lord, what noise and rout,
With John and Molly's jigging about.

With fiddling, dancing, rum and beer,
Both John and Moll feel rather queer,
John squeezes her hand and looks so sly,
Whilst Molly winks her funny eye.
Then towards home they cross the hill,
They soon forget the Poor Law Bill,
And love plays up a rattling,
While John and Molly jig it again.

So Maids, don't jig, jig, lest you rue,
Lads, to the lasses be kind and true,
And when jig, jig you wish to play,
To the Hirings jig, jig away.
There, if you give the Parson his fee,
You'll find quite ready he will be,
To hire you both so neat and trig,
Then send you home to jig, jig.

COUNTRY STATUTES.

COME all you lads of high renown, and listen to my
story,
For now the time is coming on, that is to all your
glory,
For Jumping Nan is coming here, the Statutes to
admire,
To see the lads and lasses standing all, a-waiting for
their hire.

Chorus.

Lo, to Hiring we have come, all for to look for places,
If the master and we can agree, and he will give good
wages.

The master that a servant wants, will stand now in a
wonder,
You all must ask ten pounds a year, and none of you
go under,
It's you then, must do all the work, and what they do
require,
So now, stand up for wages, lads, before that you do
hire.

There's Rolling Jane the hemp will spin, and Sal will
mind the dairy,
And John will kiss his mistress when his master is
a-weary,

There's Tom will reap and mow, they'll thrash, and
never tire,
They'll load the cart, and do their part, so they're the
lads to hire.

There's Carter John, with whip so long, rises early in
the morning,
He's always ready at his work, before the day is
dawning,
Hey up, gee wo, the plough must go, till he is almost
weary,
But a jug of ale, both stout and stale, it will soon make
him merry.

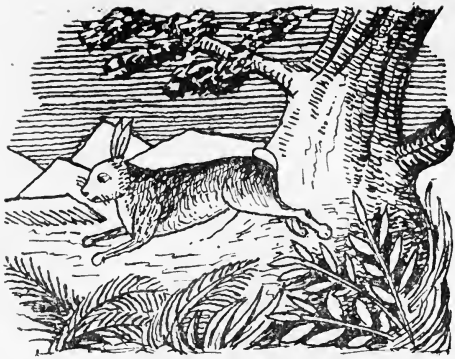
There's Poll so red, will made the bread, likewise good
cheese and butter,
And Bet so thick, will tread the rick, she's never in a
flutter :
She'll feed the sows and milk the cows, and do what
she is able,
Although she's mean, she's neat and clean, when
waiting at the table.

There's black eyed Fan, with the frying pan, will cook
your eggs and bacon,
With beef and mutton, roast and boiled, if I am not
mistaken,
She'll made the puddings fat and good, all ready for
your dinner,
But, if you grumble when she's done, she'll cure you
with the skimmer.

The farmer's wife so full of pride, must have a lady's
maid, Sir,
All for to dress and curl her hair, and powder it beside,
Sir,
But the girl of heart, to dress so smart, they call her
charming Nancy,
She can wink and blink in such a style, she's all the
young men's fancy.

And when the mop it is all o'er, you that are young
and hearty,
Must take your girl all in your hand, and join a drink-
ing party.
But, when you are returning home, enjoying sweet
embraces,
With love and honour spend the night, at statutes,
fairs, or races.

So all you pretty lasses gay, I do not wish to shame
you,
Nor yet do I intend at all, by any means to blame
you ;
But I doubt next year you'll want no places,
If you care for yourselves going home from the races.



THE BOLD POACHER.

WHEN I was bound 'prentice in fair Lincolnshire,
I served my master for nearly seven year,
Till I got up to poaching, as quickly you shall hear,
It was my delight in a shiny night, in the season of
the year.

As I and my bold comrades were setting of a snare,
The game keeper was watching us, for him we did not
care,
For I could wrestle, or fight, my boys, or jump over
any where,
It was my delight in a shiny night, in the season of
the year.

As I and my bold comrades were setting four or five,
And going to take them up again, we found a hare
alive,

I have her in the bag, my boys, and through the woods
we steer,

It was my delight in a shiny night, in the season of
the year.

I hung her over my shoulder, and rambled into the
town,

I callèd at a neighbour's house, and sold her for a
crown,

I sold her for a crown my boys, but I'll not tell you
where,

It was my delight, in a shiny night, in the season of
the year.

Here's to every poacher that lives in Lincolnshire,
And here's to every gamekeeper, that wants to buy a
hare,

But not every keeper that wants to keep his deer,
It was my delight of a shiny night, in the season of
the year.

THIS ballad shows that there are two sides to a poacher's life.

DEATH OF POOR BILL BROWN.

YE Gentlemen both great and small,
Game keepers, poachers, sportsmen, all,
Pray listen to my simple clown,*
I'll sing you the death of poor Bill Brown,
I'll sing you the death of poor Bill Brown.

One stormy night as you shall hear,
(It was in the season of the year,)
We went to the woods to catch a fat buck,
But ah! that night we had bad luck,
Bill Brown was shot and his dog was stuck.

When we got to the wood our sport begun,
I saw the Game keeper present his gun,
I call'd on Bill to climb the gate,
To fetch the fat buck, but it was too late,
For there he met his untimely fate.

Then, dying he lay upon the ground,
And in that state poor Bill I found,
And when he saw me, he did cry,
"Revenge my death," I will, said I,
For many a hare we've caught hard by.

* Story.

I knew the man that shot Bill Brown,
I knew him well and could tell his clown,
And to describe it in my song,
Black jacket he had, and red waistcoat on,
I knew him well, and they called him Tom.

I dressed myself up, next night in time,
I got to the wood and the clock struck nine,
The reason was, and I'll tell you why,
To find the game keeper I'll go try,
Who shot my friend, and he shall die.

I ranged the wood all over and then
I looked at my watch, and it was just ten,
I heard a footstep upon the green,
And I laid down for fear of being seen,
For I plainly saw that it was Tom Green.

Then I took my piece fast in my hand,
Resolved to fire if Tom did stand ;
Tom heard the noise, and turn'd him round,
I fired, and brought him down to the ground,
My hand gave him his deep death wound.

Now, revenge, you see, my hopes have crown'd,
I've shot the man that shot Bill Brown,
Poor Bill no more these eyes will see,
Farewell, dear friend, farewell to thee,
For I've crowned his hopes and his memory.



THE JOLLY ANGLER.

O, THE jolly angler's life is the best of any,
It is a fancy void of strife, and will be lov'd of many,
It is no crime at any time, but a harmless pleasure,
It is a bliss of lawfulness ; it is a joy, 'tis not a toy ;
It is a skill that breeds no ill ; it is sweet and com-
plete ;

Adornation to our mind ; it's witty, pretty, decent,
pleasant ;

Pastime we shall sweetly find, if the weather prove but
kind,

We will have our pleasure.

In the morning up we start, as soon as daylight's
peeping,

We take a cup to cheer the heart, and leave the
sluggard sleeping,

Forth we walk, with merry talk to some pleasant river,
Near the Thames' silver streams ; there we stand, rod
 in hand,
Fixing right, for a bite ; but if the bait the fish allure,
They come bobbing, nipping, biting, skipping,
Dangling on our hooks secure ; with such a pastime
 sweet and pure.

 We could fish for ever.

Various objects to be seen, O, what pleasure there is,
Can there be a purer joy—if so—tell me, where is ?
Birds they sing, and flowers spring ; full of delectation,
A whistling breeze runs through the trees, there we
 meet meadows sweet ;
Flowers sweet, the mind unbent ; here is scent, of
 sweet content.
Living, giving, easing, pleasing ; by those sweet re-
 freshing bowers,
Vitals from those herbs and flowers, rais'd up by those
 falling showers,
 For man's recreation.

As thro' the shady forest, where echo there is
 sounding,
Hounds and huntsmen roving there, in their sports
 abounding ;
Hideous noise, in all their joys, not to be admired ;
Whilst we fish, to gain a dish ; with a hook, in the
 brook,

Watch our float, spare our throat, while they're sul-
t'ring to and fro ;

Twivy, Twivy, Twivy, hark the horn does sweetly blow,
Hounds and huntsmen all in a row,
With their pastime tired.

We have gentles in our horns, we have worms and
paste, too ;

Landing net and floats we have, with hooks of all sizes ;
We have line and choice of twine, fitting for the angle ;
If they don't show, away we'll go, seeking out chub or
trout,

Eel or pike, or the like, dace or bleak, these we seek,
Barbel, jack, and many more, gudgeons, perches,
tenches, roaches ;

Here's the jolly angler's store ; we have choice of fish
galore,

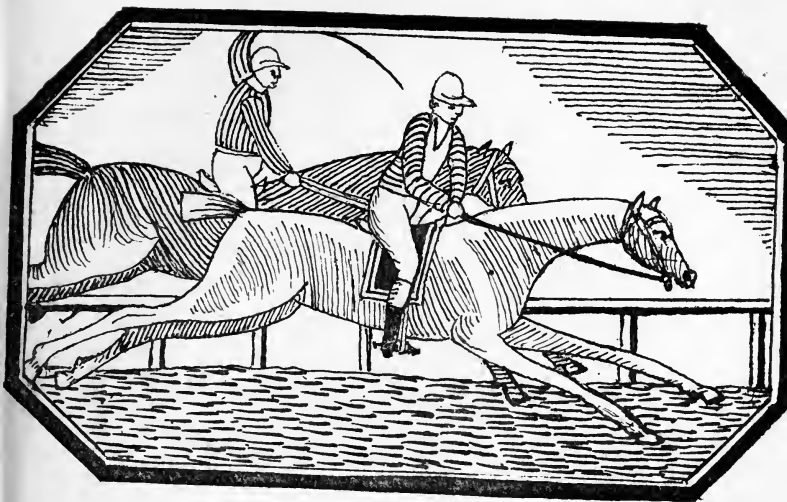
We will have our angle.

If the sun's excessive heat, should our bodies sulter,
To some house or hedge retreat, for some friendly
shelter :

But, if we spy a shower nigh, or the day uncertain,
Then we flee beneath a tree ; then we eat our victuals
sweet,

Take a coke, smoke and soak ; then again, to the same,
But, if we can no longer stay, we come laughing,
joking, quaffing, smoking,

So delightful all the way ; thus we do conclude the day,
With a cup at parting.



THE HUMOURS OF THE RACES.

GOOD people all draw near, and listen to my ditty,
A song to you I'll sing, that is both short and pretty,
There's countrymen and maids, with their sweet and
 ruddy faces,
Link'd in each other's arms,—they're coming to the
 races.

Here's Coaches and Tandems, there's Gigs and Carts
 likewise, Sir,
And ladies grandly dress'd, with dandy cap beside
 Sir,
They have a cabbage net to cover o'er their faces
With a footman at their heels, they're coming to the
 races.

Now look at the Grand Stand, where the gentlemen
are sitting,

Whilst the horses run the course, hundreds of them
are betting,

Some win a handsome sum, and others pull wry faces,

As they are going home, wish they'd never seen the
races.

The time it being arrived, the bell it is rung loudly,
The horses are well bred, they walk the course so
proudly,

The gentlemen in red, so gallant in their places,
The course for to keep clear always at the races.

The horses then do start, O! what a row and pother,
They push and shove away, one tumbling o'er another,
Here's girls upon the course, with their fine rings and
lockets,

But while the horses run, I'd have you mind your
pockets.

There's spruce Eliza Long, and Polly, Kate, and Sukey,
Besides, there's Molly Ruff, remarkable for beauty ;
There's pretty lasses gay, who are fond of men's
embraces,

But if you don't take care, they'll make you curse the
races.

And when the heat is o'er, into the booth they'll
toddle,

They drink of gin and ale, till it affects their noddle :

While your money lasts, they'll use you very civil,
But when your blunt is gone, they'll kick you like the
devil.

The next unto the shows, the people are advancing,
The show folks on the stage like puppets are a
dancing,
The showman bawls aloud, "Come in and take your
places,
I'll show you Punch and Nan, now you've come to
the Races."

Here's wheelbarrows with nuts, here's pies and tarts
likewise, Sir,
All for to please your taste, if you're inclin'd to buy,
Sir ;
Here's the best of beef and ham, and muffins too, and
crumpets,
Lark whistles, rattles, drums, and also wooden
trumpets.

When the races they are o'er, and money growing
short, Sir,
There's many a luckless wight may with reason curse
the sport, Sir,
The finest race you'll see, when the horse races are
over,
Will be unto the house where three balls the door
hangs over.



THE BONNY GREY.

COME, you cock Merchants, far and near,
Did you hear of a cock battle happened near,
Those Liverpool lads, I've heard them say,
The Charcoal Black, and the Bonny Grey.

We went to Jim Ward's and call'd for a pot,
Where this cock battle was fought ;
Twenty guineas a side these cocks did play,
The Charcoal Black, and the Bonny Grey.

Then Lord Derby came swaggering down,
Bet ten guineas to a crown,
If this Charcoal Black it gets fair play,
He will rip the wings of your Bonny Grey.

O, these two cocks, they came to the sod,
Cries the Liverpool lads, how now? what odds?
The odds the Prescott lads did say,
The Charcoal Black and the Bonny Grey.

The cock battle it was fought,
Whilst the Charcoal he lay dead at last,
The Liverpool lads gave a loud huzza,
And carried away the Bonny Grey.

THE KING AND WEST COUNTRYMAN.

THERE was an old chap in the west country,
A flaw in his lease the lawyers had found,
It were all about felling of five oak trees,
And building some houses upon his own ground.

Chorus.

Ri tooral, looral, looral, looral, Ri tum looral i, do.

Now this owd chap to Lunnon did go,
To tell the King a part of his woe,
Likewise to unbosom to him his grief,
In hopes King George would give him relief.

When this owd chap to Lunnun had come,
He found the King to Windsor had gone,
But, if he'd a known he'd not been at home,
He dom'd his buttons, if ever he'd come.

Now this owd chap to Windsor did stump,
But the gates were barred, and all secure,
So he knocked and thumped with his oaken clump,
There's room for I within, to be sure.

Pray, Mr. Noble, show I the King,
What's, that the King, as I see there?
If that chap's a king, I vow and declare,
I've seen finer Kings at Bartlemy Fair.

Pray, Mr. King, how do you do?
I'ze gotten for you, a bit of a job,
Which, if you'll have the kindness to do,
I've got a summut for you in my fob.

The King, he took the lease in hand,
To sign it he was likewise willing,
And the farmer, to make him some little amend,
He lugged out his bag, and gi'ed him a shilling.

The King, to carry on the joke,
Ordered ten pounds to be paid down,
Likewise ten shillings, and half a crown,
For years and years after for ever more.

The farmer, he stared and looked very funny,
But to take up the cash, he was likewise willing
But, if he'd a known, he'd half so much brass,
He dommed his wig if he'd gi'en him the shilling.

HODGE IN LONDON.

JOHN HODGE bid his dad and his mammy good bye,
And he set off for London his fortune to try,
For he, by a great many folks had been told,
That in London the streets were all paved with gold.

But, when he came there, to his great surprise,
Like a duck against thunder, he rolled up his eyes ;
He search'd all around, but the devil a one,
Could poor Johnny find, but was paved with stone.

Now, in London, says John, I have heard people say,
That your pockets they'll pick in the midst of the
day !

I'll take pretty good care that they shall not pick
mine,
If they do, not a penny in them will they find.

One guinea I've got, and of that will take care,
I'll put it in my mouth, for they can't find it there,
So deceived was poor Johnny, this caution he took,
For a boy overheard every word that he spoke.

Now the boy being determined the guinea to gain,
Tumbled down on the stones, and then called out
 again,

Stop that thief, said the boy, that clod hopping ninny,
He has knocked me down, and ran off with my guinea.

When the people they heard the poor boy so take on,
They scampered away, and soon overtook John,
What mean you? you rascal, they all then did cry,
You've robb'd the boy, though the theft you deny.

Then John he stood trembling and quaking for fear,
Crying, I ne'er touched the boy, nor his guinea, I
 swear,

But the boy coming up, still a lie he bawled out,
For you know that my guinea, you've got in your
 mouth.

Then they opened John's mouth, where the guinea
 was found,

Which was presently shewn to the people all round,
'Twas given to the boy, who off with it did run,
And he laugh'd for to think how the Bumpkin he'd
 done.

Then John, he stood roaring, just like a great calf,
Whilst those standing by, did heartily laugh,
The people all thought that the boy he did rob,
Says John, from this time I'll ne'er do such a job.

ALTHOUGH the Mutiny of the Fleet at the Nore does not properly belong to this century, yet it so nearly approached it (1797), and was of such national importance for the time being, that I venture to insert a ballad respecting it. The Navy was in a bad state. Many men had been impressed ; they were badly paid and badly fed ; and their punishment, for the slightest infraction of discipline, was fearful, 50 to 500 lashes, according to the temper of the captain, being no infrequent punishment for very venial offences. Early in the year the men sent in very respectful memorials to Lord Howe, telling him of their grievances. No notice was taken of it, and the men, probably ignorantly, committed a gross breach of discipline in combining together and opening communications with each other throughout the Fleet. They plotted to seize the ships and expel the officers ; but it became known, and the Admiral gave orders to sail to sea. The men refused to do so, until their grievances had been looked into and redressed. This was promised and granted, but still the men were suspicious that faith would not be kept with them, and they set some of their officers ashore. Lord Howe, however, went to the Fleet at St. Helen's, and showed them an Act of Parliament, granting their demands, and this pacified that portion of the Fleet.

But at the Nore there was open mutiny ; they blockaded the entrance to the Thames, and fired on several ships entering or departing. This could not be endured, and the Admiralty removed the buoys. Provisions ran short, and some men-of-war were sent alongside, with orders to sink those ships that did not surrender. They gave in one by one, and the chief ringleader, Richard Parker (a man of some education), and several others were hanged ; but they were long regarded as martyrs. Parker was buried in the churchyard of St. Mary Matfelon, Whitechapel.



DEATH OF PARKER.

YE Gods above, protect the widow,
And with pity look down on me,
Help me, help me out of trouble,
And out of all calamity.
For by the death of my brave Parker,
Fortune hath prov'd to me unkind ;
Tho' doom'd by law, he was to suffer,
I can't erase him from my mind.

Parker he was my lawful husband,
My bosom friend I lov'd so dear ;
At the awful moment he was going to suffer
I was not allowed to come near.

In vain I strove, in vain I asked,
Three times, o'er and o'er again,
But they replied, you must be denied,
You must return on shore again.

First time I attempted my love to see,
I was obliged to go away,
Oppress'd with grief, and broken hearted,
To think that they should me stay.
I thought I saw the yellow flag flying,
A signal for my husband to die,
A gun was fired, as they required,
As the time it did draw nigh.

The boatswain did his best endeavour,
To get me on shore without delay,
When I stood trembling and confounded,
Ready to take his body away.
Though his trembling hand did wave,
As a signal of farewell,
The grief I suffered at this moment,
No heart can paint, or tongue can tell.

My fleeting spirit I thought would follow,
The soul of him I love so dear,
No friend, nor neighbour would come nigh me,
For to ease me of my grief and care.
Every moment I thought an hour,
Till the law its course had run,
I wish'd to finish the doleful task,
His imprudence had begun.

In the dead of night, 'tis silent,
And all the world are fast asleep,
My trembling heart that knows no comfort,
O'er his grave does often weep,
Each lingering minute that passes,
Brings me nearer to the shore,
When we shall shine in endless glory,
Never to be parted more

THE BATTLE OF BOULOGNE.

ON the second day of August, eighteen hundred and one,

We sail'd with Lord Nelson to the port of Boulogne,
For to cut out their shipping, which was all in vain,
For to our misfortune, they were all moored and
chained.

Our boats being well mann'd, at eleven at night,
For to cut away their shipping, except they would
fight,

But the grape from their batteries so smartly did play,
Nine hundred brave seamen killed and wounded there
lay.

We hoisted our colours, and so boldly them did spread
With a British flag flying at our royal mast-head,
For the honour of England, we will always maintain,
While bold British seamen plough the watery main.

Exposed to the fire of the enemy she lay,
While ninety bright pieces of cannon did play,
Where many a brave seaman then lay in his gore,
And the shot from their batteries so smartly did pour.

Our noble commander, with heart full of grief,
Used every endeavour to afford us relief,
No ship could assist us, as well you may know,
In this wounded condition, we were toss'd to and fro.

And you who relieve us the Lord will you bless,
For relieving poor sailors in time of distress,
May the Lord put an end to all cruel wars,
And send peace and contentment to all British tars.



VICTORY.

I AM a youthful lady, my troubles they are great,
My tongue is scarcely able my grievance to relate,
Since I have lost my true love that was ever dear to me,
He is gone to plough the Ocean, on board the Victory.

Many a pleasant evening my love and I have met,
He clasp'd me round my slender waist, and gave me
kisses sweet,

I gave to him my hand and heart, he vow'd he'd
marry me,

But I did not know that my love would go on board
the Victory.

My parents could not endure my love, because he
was poor,

Therefore he did not presume to come within the door;

But, had he been some noble lord, or man of high
degree,
They ne'er had sent the lad I love, on board the
Victory.

Thirteen of the pressgang did my love surround,
And one of the cursed gang, he laid bleeding on the
ground,
My love was overpowered, but he fought most manfully,
Till he was obliged to yield, and go in the Victory.

Each night, when in my slumbers, I can't find any rest,
Love for my lad so dearly reigns within my burning
breast,
Sometimes I dream I do enjoy my love's sweet
company,
And closely locked in my arms, on board the Victory.

His teeth were white as ivory, his hair in ringlets hung,
His cheeks like blooming roses, all in the month of
June,
He is lively, tall and handsome, in every degree,
My heart lies in his bosom, on board the Victory.

Here's success unto the Victory, and crew of noble
fame,
And glory to the noble lord, bold Nelson, was his
name,
In the battle of Trafalgar, the Victory cleared the way,
And my love was slain with Nelson upon that very day.



*THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.**

YOU'VE heard of the Turks and the Greeks,
For all Europe's been told their bad habits,
How they cut down each other like leeks,
And the Turks slaughter children like rabbits :
But John Bull could bear it no more,
Said he, you death dealers, I'll stop you,
And if you don't both soon give o'er,
I swear by St. George, that I'll whop you.

But the Turks supposed John was in jest,
Or concluded he was but a Green-o,
So they mustered their fleet all the best,
And lay in the Port Navarino.

* October 20, 1827.

Death and famine they carried before't,
And shot the poor Grecians by flocks, Sir,
Said our Tars, "We'll go join in the sport,
And bring down a few Turkey Cocks, Sir."

Then our Admiral boldly went in,
Said he, "Mr. Turk, just a word here,"
But they answered him with a foul grin,
And a dirty trick something like murder.
Then Codrington proudly arose,
Said he, "Do they take us for dull logs?
Well, since they're determined on blows,
Go at 'em, my brave British bull dogs."

Now the Turk thought our ships were his prey,
And hoped soon to take them in tow-a,
The Asia then led on the way,
And next came the brave ship Genoa!
The Tars then bang'd into the Turks,
As they do to all foes that would wrong us,
The Musselmen cried, "Here's your works!
Oh Mahomet! The Devil's upon us."

The French took a share in the fun,
The Russians proved willing and able,
In three hours the business was done,
And the turkeys dished up for the table.

They were cooked to their heart's full desire,
'Twas not a mere frizzle or toasting,
But it seems they'd too much of the fire,
And were d——ly burnt in the roasting.

Then success to our lads of true blue,
Be they found upon sea or on shore,
And hurrah for the staunch gallant crew
That manned the brave ship the Genoa !
While we fight in humanity's cause,
Success all our efforts must crown, Sir,
And the tyrant that treads on her laws,
May the first honest man knock him down, Sir.



*DUKE WILLIAM'S FROLIC.**

DUKE WILLIAM and a Nobleman, heroes of Eng-
land's nation,
One morning, nigh to two o'clock, did take their
recreation ;
Into the country they did go, in sailor's dress from top
to toe,
Said Duke William, now let us go and know, how they
use the brave sailors.

Dressed all in their sailor's trim, they straightway
hastened to an inn,
And when they were there, they made all the people
stare at their manly appearance ;
The landlady viewed them ; by good words they assail
her,
Said she, come in, be not afraid, I love the jolly sailor.

* This is supposed to refer to some frolic of William IV.'s when he was Duke of Clarence, and properly belongs to last century.

Then up the stairs they did go, and in a room did enter,
The duke did say, Landlady, please, bring wine both
white and red,
Before the wine was drunk out, a press-gang bold and
stout,
In the lower rooms for sailors bold did look and search
about.

The landlady said, go upstairs, if sailors you are
seeking,
But one's so fat that I believe, you'll hardly care to
ship him ;
Ne'er mind, the Press-gang they did say, and went
without delay,
We're jolly sailors, brothers, from what ship are you,
we pray ?

We do belong to George, said Will ; said they, Where's
your protection ?
We've none at all, they did reply, don't cast on us
reflection ;
The lieutenant then did say, brothers, come without
delay,
They shall not make you a prey, our warrant is for
sailors.

They led them to their leader then, the captain did
them meet,
The duke, he said, Kind gentleman, take great care of
your sheep.

With that the Captain he did swear, I am your shepherd, I declare,
We'll make you know you saucy are, get down among
the sailors.

The Nobleman he did go down, but the duke, he refused,
At which the officers did frown, and sadly him abused :
Where must I lie? his highness said, may I not have
a feather bed,
You're fat enough, they all replied, pig in amongst
the sailors.

Then straight below the duke did go, unto his comrade,
Sir,
How he did swear, to see the fate of many a brisk
young blade, Sir ;
Below he tore his trousers, and calling for some tailors,
The Captain said, you saucy blade, there's no one here
but sailors.

For your bold airs, the Captain said, you'll surely get
a flog, Sir,
Quick to the gangway him convey, and whip him like
a dog, Sir,
Come, strip, he cried ; the duke replied, I do not like
your law, Sir,
I ne'er will strip for to be whipped, so strip me if you
dare, Sir.

Then instantly the boatswain's mate began for to undress him,

But, presently, he did espy the star upon his breast, sir ;

Then on their knees they straight did fall, and for mercy soon did call,

He replied, You're base villains, thus using us poor sailors.

No wonder that my royal father cannot man his shipping,

'Tis by using them so barbarously, and always them a-whipping,

But for the future, sailors all, shall have good usage, great and small,

To hear the news, together all cried, May God bless Duke William.

He ordered them fresh officers that stood in need of wealth,

And with the crew he left some gold, that they might drink his health,

And when that they did go away, the sailors loud huzzaéd

Crying, blessed be that happy day whereon was born Duke William.



*THE KING * AND THE SAILOR.*

IN Portsmouth town, at the sign of the Ship,
A jolly Jack Tar sat drinking his flip,
A messmate was there, who spun him a yarn,
That we'd a new King, he'd soon give him to larn.

Says sailor Ben to sailor Jem,
He's a King, and a sailor trim,
And 'bout him there's no palaver or fuss,
Acause, don't you see, he is one of us.

Says sailor Ben to his messmate Jem,
He knows that I've sailed under him,
And when our ship's paid off at Chatham,
I'll go and have a good stare at 'em.

* This story is supposed to be told of William IV.

Now Ben Block he arriv'd at the Park,
And soon the King and Queen did mark,
Says Ben, says he, I'll bet you a tanner,
He hails me in a Kinglike manner.

Ye ho! says Ben, and he soon brought to,
And his boatswain's whistle out he drew,
When the King turn'd round with pride and joy,
Halloo! says he, what ship ahoy?

Now Ben, he answered with a grin,
The Royal Charlotte I've sailed in,
She was nam'd arter your royal mother,
Whose great and glorious son you are.

The King the hand of Ben he shook,
And said at that time I was a Mid,
Then Ben lugged out his 'bacca box,
And said to the King, *come take a quid.*

If you won't, the Queen may like a bit,
Mayhap, like one of the Indian squaws;
So he scrap'd up to her, and offered his box,
No thank ye, says she, *I never chaws.*

The King he gave promotion to Ben
So he thought that he'd steer back again,
But the Queen, he thought he first would tell her
That her husband the king, was a d——d good fellow!



*JACK BINNACLE AND QUEEN VICTORIA.**

JACK BINNACLE just come from sea,
As jolly a tar as ever could be,
Hearing with many a joyous smile,
That Queen Victoria ruled our isle,
Weighed anchor for her palace soon,
With honest ardour just in time,
Declaring loudly, with a grin,
That he'd have a shake at the Royal Fin.

Chorus.

Gaily push the grog about,
With mirth we'll make each cabin shout
Let pleasure everywhere be seen,
Long life to Britain's youthful Queen!

* The date of this ballad is evidently 1837, soon after the Queen's accession.

Away Jack Binnacle then sped,
With natty hat upon his head,
With slacks and jacket blue, so trim,
No tar look'd half so well as him.
With shiners too, his purse was stor'd,
Besides, he had some grog aboard ;
He reach'd her palace gates with joy,
Where loud he shouted—" Ship, Ahoy !"

The guards, amazed, without delay,
All sought to drive the tar away ;
Avast ! ye lubbers ! then he cries,
And spits his quid into their eyes,
To see her Queenship, I've come afar,
I know she'll not despise a tar ;
Because, don't ye see, don't make a fuss,
Her uncle Bill was one of us.

In vain they tried to hinder Jack,
He bolted into the palace, smack !
Pass'd all the Yeomen on the stairs,
And on to the state chamber steers.
With wonder each one did him view,
Jack hitch'd his slacks—cried how d'ye do ?
All right I hope,—no harm I mean,
I've come to see our Royal Queen.

The Courtiers did not like this rout,
And would have put the Jack Tar out,

But our good Queen with friendly glance,
Desir'd our hero to advance,
"What! are YOU Victoria?" Jack then cries,
"Lord love your pretty twinkling eyes,
Exactly like my Poll, that's flat,
Only as how you're not so fat.

Avast!—my jaw I must belay,
I hopes you'll pardon what I say,
I sailed with your good Uncle Bill,
Whose memory I do honour still,
So, as I've heard, you're Captain now,
I thought I'd come and make my bow,
And, as I have got lots of prog,
Would your Queenship take a glass of grog?"

Our lovely Queen seemed to enjoy
The joke, which did her guests annoy ;
For Queen Victoria, who can blame,
Loves all her subjects just the same.
Jack full an hour there did stay,
Then cried, as he rose to go away,
Poking a quid between his jaws,
"I s'pose your Majesty never chaws?"

Then off went Jack, to the sign of the Ship,
And ordered a galore of flip,
Declaring loudly he did mean
To swim in grog to the health of the Queen.

Many a tar then joined hand,
Cans were filled, hands grasp'd each hand,
So then they shouted with such glee,
To Queen Victoria—three times three.



SWEET WILLIAM.

AS I was a walking along the sea shore,
Where the breezes blow cool and the billows do roar,
A ship I espied on the proud swelling main,
That brought me my true love to England again.

The boat came on shore and my true love did land,
With his tarpawling jacket, and bundle in hand ;
Saying presents I've brought you from East and from
West,
Because you're the maiden that I love the best.

I have shawls and rich laces, and fine golden rings,
And rubies and pearls, and fifty fine things ;
For since you've proved loyal and constant to me,
I have come back to England to marry with thee.

Oh, then round her fair neck his arms he did throw,
And glad tears of joy from her eyelids did flow,
Saying William, dear William, thou'rt welcome to me,
For many long months have I watchéd for thee.

O, come my dear Sailor, and let us begone,
My father and mother are waiting at home,
To see my dear sailor how glad they will be,
For they prayed for your safety while you were at sea.

Then come, my dear girl, to the Church let's away,
And we shall be wedded without more delay,
I've riches in store, love, when thou art my wife,
To make us contented and happy for life.

THE POOR SMUGGLER'S BOY.

ONE cloudy morning, as I abroad did steer,
By the wide rolling ocean that runs swift and clear,
I heard a poor creature, that in sorrow did weep,
Saying, O, my poor father is lost in the deep.

My father and mother once happy did dwell,
In a neat little cottage they rear'd me well ;
Poor father did venture all on the salt sea,
For a keg of good brandy, for the land of the free.

For Holland we steer'd while the thunder did roar,
And the lightning flash'd vivid when far, far, from
shore,
Our ship, mast, and rigging, were blown to the wave,
And found, with poor father, a watery grave.

I jump'd over board in the troubl'd main,
To save my poor father—but all was in vain,
I clasp'd his cold clay, for quite lifeless was he,
Then forc'd for to leave him, sink down in the sea.

I clung to a plank, and so gained the shore,
With sad news for mother, and father no more,
For mother, with grief broken hearted did die,
And I was left to wander—so pity poor I.

A lady of fortune, she heard him complain,
And shelteréd him from the wind and the rain,
She said, I've employment,—no parents have I,
I will think of an orphan, till the day that I die.

He well did his duty, and gained a good name,
Till the lady she died, and he master became,
She left him 2000 bright pounds, and some land,
So, if you're ever so poor, you may live to be grand,



THE SMUGGLER'S BRIDE.

ATTENTION give and a tale I'll tell,
Of a damsel fair that in Kent did dwell,
On the Kentish coast, when the tempest rolled,
She fell deep in love with a smuggler bold.

Upon her pillow she could not sleep,
When her valiant smuggler was on the deep,
While the winds did whistle she did complain,
For her smuggler ploughing the raging main.

When Will arrived on his native coast,
He would fly to her that he valued most,
He would fly to Nancy, his lover true,
And forget all hardships he'd lately been through.

One bright May morning the sun did shine,
And lads and lasses all gay and fine,
Along the coast they did trip along,
To see the wedding, and sing a cheerful song.

Young Nancy then bid her friends adieu,
And to sea she went with her lover true,
In storms and tempests all hardship braves,
With her valiant smuggler upon the waves.

One stormy night when the winds did rise,
And dark and dismal appeared the skies,
The tempest rolled and the waves did roar,
And the valiant smuggler was driven from shore.

Cheer up, cries William, my valiant wife,
Says Nancy—I never valued life,
I'll brave the storms and the tempests through,
And fight for William with sword and pistol too.

At length a cutter did on them drive,
The cutter on them did soon arrive,
Don't be daunted, though we're but two,
We'll not surrender—like Britons true.

Cheer up, says Nancy, with courage true,
I will fight, dear William, and stand by you,
They like Britons fought, Nancy stood by the gun,
They beat their enemies and quick made them run.

Another cutter now hove in sight,
And joined to chase them with all their might ;
They were overpowered, and soon disarmed,
It was then young Nancy and William were alarmed.

A shot that moment made Nancy start,
Another struck William to the heart,
This shock distressed sweet Nancy's charms,
When she fell and died in William's arms,

Now Will and Nancy to life bid adieu,
They lived and died like two lovers true,
Young men and maidens, now faithful prove,
Like Will and Nancy, who lived and died in love.

THE FEMALE SMUGGLER.

COME, attend a while, and you shall hear,
By the Rolling Sea lived a maiden fair,
Her father followed the smuggling trade,
Like a warlike hero that was never afraid.

In Sailor's clothing, young Jane did go,
Dress'd like a sailor from top to toe,
Her aged father was the only care
Of the female smuggler who did never despair.

With her pistols loaded, she went on board,
By her side hung a glittering sword,
In her belt, two daggers, well arm'd for war,
Was the female smuggler, who never fear'd scar.

Not far they sailéd from the land,
When a strange sail put them all to a stand ;
Those are the robbers, this maid did cry,
The female smuggler will conquer or die.

Close along side these two vessels came,
Cheer up, said Jane, we'll board the same,
We'll run all chances to rise or fall,
Cried the female smuggler, who never fear'd a ball.

They beat the robbers, and took their store,
And soon return'd to old England's shore,
With a keg of brandy she walk'd along,
Did the female smuggler, and sweetly sang a song.

Not far she travell'd, before she espied,
A Commodore of the blockade,
He said, Surrender, or you must fall,
But the female smuggler said, I never fear a ball.

What do you mean? said the Commodore.
I mean to fight, for my father's poor,
Then she pull'd the trigger, and shot him through,
Did the female smuggler, and to her father flew.

But she was followed by the blockade,
In irons strong they put this fair maid,
But when they brought her to be tried,
The young female smuggler stood dress'd like a bride.

The Commodore against her appeared,
His health restored, and from danger cleared,
But, when he found, to his great surprize,
'Twas a female smuggler had fought him in disguise.

He to the Judge and Jury said,
My heart won't let me prosecute that maid,
Pardon I beg for her on my knees,
She's a valiant maiden, so pardon, if you please.

If you pardon this maid, said the gentleman,
To make her my bride is now my plan,
Then I'd be happy for ever more,
With my sweet smuggler, said the Commodore.

Then the Commodore to her father went,
Though he was poor, to ask his consent,
He gained consent, so the Commodore,
And the female smuggler are joined for evermore.



JACK RETURNED FROM SEA.

HERE am I, poor Jack,
Just come home from Sea,
With shiners in my sack,
Pray what do you think of me?
Eight long years I have been
Cruising the wide world over,
Many a droll sight have I seen,
But I wish the War was over.

I've sailed in many a flood,
Where cans of grog did pour,
Fought up to my knees in blood,
Where bullets flew in showers,

Where the French cried out parbluc,
The Dutch cried out Peccavi.
The Danes and Spaniards too,
Went tumbling to old Davy.

Sailors have mann'd the gales,
Let it rain, blow or fog,
The purser often fails
To serve us out with grog.
I've crossed th' Equinoctial line,
Where the sun would scorch your nose off,
I've sailed in such a clime,
Where the frost would bite your toes off.

It was off the coast of Spain,
Coming from a six months' cruise,
Little did I think to hear
Of such glorious news.
I heard our people tell,
Talking of an invasion,
But that I knew full well,
Was all a botheration.

I next was at the Nore,
We cast anchor in the night,
Looking towards the shore,
A boat appeared in sight.

As on the yard we lay,
Our topsails for to furl,
I heard our pilot say
There's peace with all the world.*

I wish it was a peace,
And all our men on shore,
With the shiners in my sack,
And go to sea no more.
And should war come again,
Damme if I don't enter,
And, like a jolly tar,
Both life and limb, I'll venture.

* This, in all probability, was the Peace of 1814.



THE JOLLY ROVING TAR.

IT was in the town of Liverpool, all in the month of
May,
I overheard a damsel, alone as she did stray,
She did appear like Venus, or some sweet lovely star.
As she walked the beach, lamenting for her jolly
roving Tar.

O, William, gallant William, how can you sail away?
I have arrived at twenty one, and I'm a lady gay,

I will man one of my father's ships, and face the
horrid war,
And cross the briny ocean for my jolly roving Tar.

Young William looked so manly, drest all in his
sailor's clothes,
His cheeks they were like roses, his eyes as black as
sloes,
His hair hung down in ringlets, but he is gone afar,
And my heart lies in the bosom of my jolly roving
Tar.

Come all you jolly sailors, and push the boat ashore,
That I may see my father's ships and see they are
secure,
Provisions we have plenty, and lots of grog in store,
So drink good health you sailors, to my jolly roving
Tar.

She quickly jumped into the boat and merrily left
the land,
And as the sailors rowed away, she wav'd her lily
hand,
Farewell ye girls of Liverpool, I fear no wound nor
scar,
And away went pretty Susan to her jolly roving Tar.



YOUNG HENRY OF THE RAGING MAIN.

ON a summer's morn the day was dawning,
Down by the pleasant river side,
I saw a brisk and lovely maiden,
And a youth called "England's Pride"!
He was a tight and smart young sailor,
Tears from his eyes did fall like rain,
Saying, adieu, my lovely Emma,
I'm going to plough the raging main.

Cried Emma—Henry will you leave me
Behind, my sorrow to complain ?
For your sweet features, lovely Henry,
I may ne'er behold again !
See, Emma dear, our ship's weighed anchor,
Tis folly, Love, for to complain,
Though you I leave, I'll ne'er deceive you,
I'm bound to plough the raging main.

Said Emma, Stay a little longer,
Stay at home with your true love,
But, if you enter, I will venture,
I swear by all the powers above !
I'll venture with my lovely Henry,
Perhaps great honour I may attain;
She cried, I'll enter and boldly venture
With Henry on the raging main.

Cried Henry,—Love, don't be distracted,
Perhaps you may be cast away,
'Tis for that reason, cried young Emma,
That behind I will not stay.
I'll dress myself in man's apparel,
So, dearest Henry, don't complain,
In jacket blue, and tarry trousers,
I will plough the raging main.

Then on board the brig Eliza,
Henry and his Emma went ;

She did her duty like a sailor,
And with her lover was content.
Her pretty hands, once soft as velvet,
With pitch and tar appeared in pain,
Though her hands were soft, she went aloft,
And boldly ploughed the raging main.

The Eliza brig was bound for India,
And 'ere she had three weeks set sail,
From land, or light, one stormy night,
It blew a bitter, and heavy gale.
Undaunted, up aloft went Emma,
'Midst thunder, lightning, wind and rain,
With courage true, in a blue jacket,
Did Emma plough the raging main.

Twelve hours long the tempest lasted,
At length quite calm it did appear,
And they proceeded on their voyage,
Emma, and her true love dear.
When just two years they'd been sailing,
To England they returned again,
And no one did suspect young Emma,
Ploughing on the watery main.

IN England, and, for the matter of that, on the Continent as well, since this century was born, some trifle has tickled the people, and has been reiterated, until every catch-word has become a nuisance. In the early part of the century, for instance, "Has your mother sold her mangle?" "Does your mother know you're out?" and, "Before you could say Jack Robinson" (which has passed into a recognized saying), were in every one's mouth. It is not often that these catch-words can be traced to their origin, but the latter seems to have arisen in the Ballad of

JACK ROBINSON.

THE perils and the dangers of the voyage past,
And the ship at Portsmouth arrived at last.
The sails all furled and the anchor cast,
The happiest of the crew was Jack Robinson.
For his Poll he had trinkets and gold galore,
Besides Prize Money quite a store,
And along with the crew, he went ashore,
As Coxwain to the boat, Jack Robinson.

He met with a man, and said, "I say,
Perhaps you may know one Polly Gray?
She lives somewhere hereabout:" the man said, "nay,
I do not indeed," to Jack Robinson.
So says Jack to him, "I have left my ship,
And all my messmates, they gave me the slip.
Mayhap you'll partake of a good can of flip?
For you're a good sort of fellow," says Jack Robinson.

In a public-house, then, they both sat down,
 And talked of Admirals of high renown,
 And drank as much grog as came to half a crown,
 This here strange man and Jack Robinson.
 Then Jack call'd out the reckoning to pay,
 The landlady came in, in fine array,
 "My eyes, and limbs, why here's Polly Gray!
 Who'd thought of meeting here?" says Jack Robinson.

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

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

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

And he was off before you could say Jack Robinson.

HERE is a variation, such as I never met with before, of the time-honoured Ballad of

*BOLD WILLIAM TAYLOR.**

I'LL sing you a song about two lovers,
Who from Lichfield town did come,
The young man's name was William Taylor,
The maiden's name was Sarah Naylor.

Now for a Sailor William enlisted,
Now for a Sailor William's gone,
He's gone and left his charming Sally,
All alone, which made her mourn.

She dressed herself in man's apparel,
Man's apparel she put on,
And set out to seek her own true lover,
For to find him she is gone.

* There is a well-authenticated instance (see *Times*, November 4, 1799) of a Miss Talbot, who followed her lover as a seaman, and, afterwards quarrelling with him, she enlisted in the army; but her love of the sea was unconquerable, and she joined the Navy, being present on board Earl St. Vincent's ship on February 14, and again was under fire at Camperdown.

One day she was exercising,
Exercising among the rest,
A silver locket flew from her jacket,
And exposed her milk-white breast.

O, then the Captain stept up to her,
And asked her, what brought her there
All for to seek for my own true lover,
For he has proved to me severe.

If you are come to find your lover,
You must tell to me his name,
His name it is bold William Taylor,
And from Lichfield town he came.

If your lover's name is William Taylor,
He has proved to you severe,
He is married to a rich lady,
He was married the other year.

If you'll rise early in the morning,
In the morning by break of day,
There you'll see bold William Taylor,
Walking with his lady gay.

Then she called for a brace of pistols,
A brace of pistols I command,
And then she shot bold William Taylor
With his bride at his right hand.

O, then the captain was well pleaséd,
Well pleaséd with what she'd done,
And soon she became a bold commander,
On board a ship of all her own men.

Then the Captain loved her dearly,
Loved her dearly as his life,
And it was but three days after,
Sarah became the Captain's wife.



RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY IN 1842.

YOU jolly sailors list to me,
I've been a fortnight home from sea,
Which time I've rambled night and day,
To have a lark on the Highway.

Chorus.

Listen, you jovial sailors gay,
To the rigs of Ratcliffe Highway.

Some lasses their heads will toss,
With bustles as big as a brewer's horse,
Some wear a cabbage net called veil,
And a boa just like a buffalo's tail.

I married a lass with her face so red,
She eat three salt herrings and a bullock's head,
She danced a jig, then began to sing,
Drank a gallon of beer, and a pint of gin.

I have sailed, indeed, all over the world,
And never before my flag unfurled,
In India, China, and Bungo bay,
As the spot we call Ratcliffe Highway.

One night a lady did me drag,
To have a spree at the Lamb and Flag.
There she got drunk, and got in a row,
And sold her shoes at the Barley Mow.

There is eels and shrimps as black as fleas,
And a covey a selling blue grey peas,
There's ugly Bet, and Dandy Jane,
At the King William in Gravel Lane.

Yes! you'll see some girls as smart and neat,
As the Dowager Queen of Otaheite,
There's every colour, indeed 'tis true,
Green, black and purple, yellow and blue.

I went one night to have a reel
At the Angel tap in Blue Coat Fields,
I danced, and capered, and sung a song,
And married a lady they call Miss Long.

I fell in with a lady so modest and meek,
She eat thirteen faggots, and nine pigs feet,
Three pounds of beef, and to finish the meal,
Eat eight pounds of tripe, and a large cow heel.

I met with another borne down with fear,
She guzzled down thirteen pots of beer,
She threw up her heels and play'd the deuce,
And broke her nose at the Paddy's Goose.

You jovial sailors, one and all,
When you in the port of London call,
Mind Ratcliffe Highway and the Damsels loose,
The William, the Bear, and the Paddy Goose.

Chorus.

You sailors bold my song obtain,
And learn it on the raging main.

THE GREENLAND WHALE FISHERY.

WE can no longer stay on shore,
Since we're so deep in debt,
So a voyage to Greenland we will go,
Some money for to get—brave boys.

Now, when we lay at Liverpool,
Our good-like ship to man,
'Twas there our names were all wrote down,
And we're bound for Greenland—brave boys.

In eighteen hundred and twenty-four,
On March the twenty third,
We hoisted our colours up to our mast head,
And for Greenland bore away—brave boys.

But when we came to Greenland,
Our good-like ship to moor,
Oh, then we wished ourselves back again
With our friends upon the shore—brave boys.

The boatswain went to the mast-head,
With his spy-glass in his hand,
Here's a whale, a whale, a whale, he cried,
And she blows on every spring—brave boys.

The Captain on the quarter deck,
 (A very good man was he,)
 Overhaul, overhaul, your boat tackle fall
 And launch your boats to sea—brave boys.

The boats being launch'd, and the hands got in,
 The whale fishes appeared in view,
 Resolved was the whole boat's crew,
 To steer where the whale fish blew—brave boys.

The whale being struck, and the whale paid on,
 She gave a flash with her tail,
 She capsized the boat, and lost five men,
 Nor did we catch the whale—brave boys.

Bad news unto our captain brought,
 That we had lost the 'prentice boys,
 He, hearing of this dreadful news,
 His colours down did haul—brave boys.

The losing of this whale, brave boys,
 Did grieve his heart full sore,
 But losing of his five brave men,
 Did grieve him ten times more—brave boys.*

* I have heard this verse sung thus :
 Now the losing of the Prentice boys
 It grieved the Captain sore,
 But the losing of the great big whale,
 It grieved him very much more.

Come, weigh your anchors, my brave boys,
For the winter star I see,
It's time we should leave this cold country,
And for England bear away—brave boys.

For Greenland is a barren place,
Neither light, nor day to be seen,
Nought but ice and snow where the whale-fish blow,
And the daylight seldom seen—brave boys.

THE NEW YORK TRADER.

To a New York Trader, I did belong,
She was well built, both stout and strong,
Well rigg'd, well mann'd, well fit for sea,
Bound to New York in America.

On the first of March then did we sail,
With a sweet, and a pleasant gale,
Like hearts undaunted, we put to sea,
Bound to New York in America.

Our cruel Captain as we did find,
Left half of our provisions behind,
Our cruel captain, as we did understand,
Meant to starve us all, before we made the land.

At length our hunger grew very great,
We had but little on board to eat,
And we were in necessity,
All by our Captain's cruelty.

Our Captain in his cabin lay,
A voice came to him, and thus he did say,
Prepare yourself and ship's company,
For to-morrow night with me you shall lay.

Our Captain woke in a terrible fright,
It being about the first watch of the night,
Aloud for the boatswain, he straightly did call,
And to him related the secret all.

Boatswain, said he, it grieves me to the heart,
To think that I've acted a villain's part,
To take what was not my lawful due
To starve my passengers and the ship's crew.

There's one thing more I have to tell,
When I in Waterford town did dwell,
I killed my master, a merchant there,
All for the sake of his lady fair.

I killed my wife and children three,
All through that cursed jealousy,
And on my servant I laid the blame,
And hang'd he was, all for the same.

Captain, said he, if that be so,
Pray, let none of your ship's crew know,
But keep the secret within your breast,
And pray to God to give you rest.

Early next morning a storm did rise,
Which our seamen did much surprize.
The sea was over us, both fore and aft,
That scarce a man on deck was left.

Then the boatswain he did declare
That our Captain was a murderer,
It so enraged all the ship's crew,
They overboard the Captain threw.

When this was done, a calm was there,
Our good-like ship homeward did steer,
The wind abated and calmed the sea,
And they sailed safe to America.

When we came to anchor there,
Our good-like ship for to repair,
The people wondered much to see
What a poor distress'd big wreck were we.

VIVA VICTORIA.

ROUSE ye lovers of peace and order,
Of true freedom, with honour united,
Rally round the old banner of union,
And its glory shall never be blighted.
We have bold hearts in British dominions,
Who dare all a freeman should dare,
But the Throne and the Queen be our watchword,
And let traitors and foemen beware.

Viva Victoria! Viva Victoria!
Strength to the throne! health to the Queen!
Viva Victoria!

We'll have peace, but it must be with honour,
We have no need of new names in story,
But if war sounds the tocsin, then Britain,
Still has heroes enough for her glory.
Shame the Brawlers, who trade in sedition,
Misleaders, who traffic in lies,
And beware, lest those self-seeking martyrs,
Would-be-lions, prove wolves in disguise.
Viva Victoria! etc.

By the head, or the hand, if it toileth,
 May the honest man live by his labour,
But the drone who can work and won't work,
 Shall not rest on the strength of his neighbour.
To the Throne, as the safeguard of freedom,
 By our birthright allegiance we swear,
For the Queen is the Monarch of Freedom,
 To the King of all be our prayer.
 Viva Victoria ! etc.

J. M. Stainis

*QUEEN VICTORIA.**

WELCOME now, VICTORIA !
Welcome to the throne !
May all the trades begin to stir,
 Now you are Queen of England ;
For your most gracious Majesty,
May see what wretched poverty,
Is to be found on England's ground,
 Now you are Queen of England.

While o'er the country you preside,
Providence will be your guide,
The people then will never chide
 Victoria, Queen of England.
She doth declare it her intent
To extend reform in Parliament,
On doing good she's firmly bent,
 While she is Queen of England.

Says she, I'll try my utmost skill,
That the poor may have their fill ;
Forsake them !—no, I never will,
 When I am Queen of England.

* Her Majesty's accession to the throne took place on June 20, 1837.

THE QUEEN.

For oft my mother said to me,
Let this your study always be,
To see the people blest and free,
Should you be Queen of England.

And now, my daughter, you do reign,
Much opposition to sustain,
You'll surely have, before you gain
The blessings of Old England.
O yes, dear mother, that is true,
I know my sorrows won't be few,
Poor people shall have work to do,
When I am Queen of England.

I will encourage every trade,
For their labour must be paid,
In this free country then she said,
Victoria, Queen of England ;
That poor-law bill, with many more,
Shall be trampled on the floor—
The rich must keep the helpless poor,
While I am Queen of England.

The Royal Queen of Britain's isle
Soon will make the people smile,
Her heart none can the least defile,
Victoria, Queen of England.

Although she is of early years,
She is possess'd of tender cares,
To wipe away the orphan's tears,
While she is Queen of England.

With joy each Briton doth exclaim,
Both far and near across the main,
Victoria we now proclaim
The Royal Queen of England ;
Long may she live, and happy be,
Adorn'd with robes of Royalty,
With blessings from her subjects free,
While she is Queen of England.

In every town and village gay,
The bells shall ring, and music play,
Upon her Coronation-day,
Victoria, Queen of England.
While her affections we do win,
And every day fresh blessings bring,
Ladies, help me for to sing,
Victoria, Queen of England.

THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.*

A SUBJECT I want for a song, do you see,
So Her Majesty, look you, my subject shall be ;
Nay there I am wrong, so my Muse here avers,
My "subject" she can't be, because I am *hers* !
Forgive me, I beg, if with words I do play,
And hear a plain man in his own queer plain way,
And still to my errors in mercy pray lean,
While the wedding I sing of our glorious Queen !

Chorus.

Our cups to the dregs in a health let us drain,
And with them a long and a prosperous reign,
Like good loyal subjects in loud chorus sing,
Victoria's wedding with Albert her King.

Many suitors the Queen's had of class, clime, and
creed,
But each failed to make an impression, indeed ;
For, for Albert of Coburg, the rest off she packs,
Thus "giving the *bag*" each, and keeping "the Saxe!"
A fortunate fellow he is, all must say,
And right well his *cards* he has managed to play,
The *game* he has won, and no wonder, I ween,
When he played "Speculation," and turn'd up *the*
Queen.

* The Queen was married on February 10, 1840.

A hundred thousand a year he may get,
For taking the Queen, which is something to wit ;
I myself had "proposed" had I known it, that's flat,
For I'd willingly take her for much less than that.
Even yet, if her Majesty *should* chance to scoff
At the bargain she's made, and the matter break off,
I'll instantly seek her, and lay my mind down,
And offer to take her, at just—*half a crown!*

Since the Queen did herself for a husband "propose,"
The ladies will all do the same I suppose ;
Their days of subserviency now will be past,
For all will speak *first*, as they always did *last!*
Since the Queen has no equal, "obey," none she need,
So, of course, at the Altar, from such vow she's freed ;
And the women will all follow suit, so they say—
"Love, honour," they'll promise, but never "obey."

Those will now wed, who ne'er wedded before,
Those who always wedded, will now wed the more ;
Clerks will no time have, to lunch, dine, or sup,
And parsons, just now will begin to *look up!*
To churches, indeed, this will be a God-send,
Goldsmiths be selling off *rings without end!*
For now you'll not find from Castle to Cot,
A *single* man living, who *married* is not.

But hence with all quibbling, for now I have done,
Though all I have said has been purely in fun ;

May the Queen and the King shine like Venus and
Mars,
And Heaven *preserve* them without any jars !
Like Danaë of old may we see it plain,
Till time is no more, these bright *sovereigns rain* : *
May pleasure and joy through their lives know no
bounds,
So let's give them a *toast*, and make it *three rounds*.

* Jupiter appeared to Danaë as a shower of gold.

*A NEW SONG ON THE BIRTH OF THE
PRINCE OF WALES.**

THERE'S a pretty fuss and bother both in country
and in town,

Since we have got a present, and an heir unto the
Crown,

A little Prince of Wales so charming and so sly,
And the ladies shout with wonder, What a pretty
little boy!

He must have a little musket, a trumpet and a kite,
A little penny rattle, and silver sword so bright,
A little cap and feather with scarlet coat so smart,
And a pretty little hobby horse to ride about the park.

Prince Albert he will often take the young Prince on
his lap,

And fondle him so lovingly while he stirs about the pap,
He will pin on his flannel before he takes his nap,
Then dress him out so stylish with his little clouts
and cap.

He must have a dandy suit to strut about the town,
John Bull must rake together six or seven thousand
pound,

* This event took place November 9, 1841.

You'd laugh to see his daddy, at night he homewards
runs,
With some peppermint or lollipops, sweet cakes and
sugar plums.

He will want a little fiddle, and a little German flute,
A little pair of stockings and a pretty pair of boots,
With a handsome pair of spurs, and a golden headed
cane,
And a stick of barley sugar, as long as Drury Lane.

An old maid ran through the palace, which did the
nobs surprize,
Bawling out, he's got his daddy's mouth, his mammy's
nose and eyes,
He will be as like his daddy as a frigate to a ship,
If he'd only got mustachios upon his upper lip.

Now to get these little niceties the taxes must be rose,
For the little Prince of Wales wants so many suits of
clothes,
So they must tax the frying pan, the windows and
the doors,
The bedsteads and the tables, kitchen pokers, and the
floors.

Goes to "The Night before Larry was Stretch's"

THE QUEEN AND THE COAL EXCHANGE.

YOU lads and you lasses so gay,
Now keep yourselves tidy and sober,
And never forget the grand day,
The thirtieth day of October.*
When the QUEEN and Prince ALBERT so grand,
With their dear little sons and their daughter,
Will all get in a boat at Whitehall,
And go down to the city by water,
To open the New Coal Exchange.

To tell you about the concern,
It is Queen VICTORIA'S desire then,
Her pocket is got very low,
Through her journey to Scotland and Ireland.†
To see them along go so gay,
Throw open your doors and your windows,
A coal shed they've took, so they say,
To retail Newcastles and cinders,
A coal porter Albert will be.

* 1849.

† Scotland, September, 1844 ; Ireland, August, 1849.

Such a sight sure there has not been seen,
Believe me my friends there has never,
As there is to see England's Queen,
In a collier so gay on the river.
Not a gun must be fired that day,
Not a barge nor a boat must be stopping,
But they must be all cleared away,
Three miles and a half below Wapping.
 Won't that be a glorious sight !

The Dukes, Lords and Ladies so gay,
Will whistle and sing when they've started,
And when they arrive near the key,
They will anchor near Billingsgate Market.
And then all on shore they will go,
'To be gazed at by wise folk and simple,
Where they'll have a good blow out of crabs,
Of oysters, red herrings and winkles.
 Move on and get out of the way.

To receive them will be the Lord Mayor,
And his lady, as sweet as a myrtle,
Lots of Aldermen too will be there,
To treat her with salmon and turtle.
At the Custom House Pier they will stand,
And the citizens gay will receive her,
And make ALBERT, as we understand
An out and out stunning coalheaver,
 Such wonders we never did see.

To the brim they will fill up a sack,
And drink a good health to the nation,
Then clap it on Prince ALBERT'S back,
What a change it will be in his station.
There will be dukes and earls too,
Coal merchants, silk weavers and wasters,
When AL will put on his smock frock,
Knee breeches, white stockings and gaiters,
A coal porter ALBERT will be.

Let us hope they will have a good trade,
And be able to flare up like flinders,
There's many a fortune been made
By wetting the coals and the cinders.
Prince ALBERT will not be compelled
To carry the sacks, but he'd rather,
And the young PRINCE OF WALES will be there,
For to measure the coals for his father.
Seven pounds for a penny, good weight.

So now to conclude, my good friends,
If it won't be a sight, it's a pity,
The QUEEN and her husband so fine,
And her children, all down in the City.
The colliers drest all in their best,
At the Custom House wait to receive her,
Here's a health to Victoria so grand,
And Prince ALBERT the slashing coalheaver,
A dealer in Newcastle coals.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

BRITANNIA'S sons an attentive ear
One moment lend to me,
Whether tillers of our fruitful soil,
Or lords of high degree.
Mechanic too, and artizan,
Old England's pride and boast,
Whose wondrous skill has spread around,
Far, far from Britain's coast.

Chorus.

For the World's great Exhibition,
Let's shout with loud huzza,
All nations never can forget,
The glorious first of May.

From every quarter of the Globe,
They come across the sea,
And to the Chrystal Palace
The wonders for to see ;
Raised by the handiwork of men
Born on British ground,
A challenge to the Universe
It's equal to be found.

Each friendly nation in the world,
Have their assistance lent,
And to this Exhibition
Have their productions sent.
And with honest zeal and ardour,
With pleasure do repair,
With hands outstretch'd, and gait erect,
To the World's Great National Fair.

The Sons of England and France
And America likewise,
With other nations to contend,
To bear away the prize.
With pride depicted in their eyes,
View the offspring of their hand,
O, surely England's greatest wealth,
Is an honest working man.

It is a glorious sight to see
So many thousands meet,
Not heeding creed or country,
Each other friendly greet.
Like children of one mighty sire,
May that sacred tie ne'er cease,
May the blood stain'd sword of War give way
To the Olive branch of Peace.

But hark! the trumpets flourish,
Victoria does approach,

That she may long be spared to us
Shall be our reigning toast.
I trust each heart, it will respond,
To what I now propose—
Good will and plenty to her friends,
And confusion to her foes.

Great praise is due to Albert,
For the good that he has done,
May others follow in his steps
The work he has begun ;
Then let us all, with one accord,
His name give with three cheers,
Shout huzza for the Chrystal Palace,
And the World's great National Fair !!

*QUEEN'S VISIT TO FRANCE.**

YOU bonny pretty English Girls—
Your Mammias I am going to harrass,
What a lark I lately have had,
Among the young bucks of Paris.
A son and daughter I shall have,
As fine as ever were seen-y,
The boy shall Napoleon be called,
And the little girl nam'd Eugenie.

Chorus.

I've been to France to learn to dance,
With Frenchmen we were mingling,
Now Vic and Albert have returned
Once more to bonny England.

From Osborne boldly we set sail,
Our hearts did beat in motion,
The wind it blew a pleasant gale,
And glorious looked the ocean.
And when we landed at Boulogne,
Napoleon loud did roar, there,
Three times he kiss'd me on the cheek,
Then sang "God bless Victoria."

* August 18, 1855.

The guns did fire, the bells did ring,
The cannon balls did rattle,
Young men and maids did sweetly sing,
Then the soldiers had a battle.
The snips and snobs, so help my bobs,
Were mounted on French ponies,
Me and Albert had a fracasee,
Then a stumping Macaroni.

There were blazing lights all through the night,
The doors broke off their hinges,
When all the pretty maiden's knees
Were covered over with fringes.
The men had all got hairy lips,
Then whistled sweet marblue, Sirs,
They cheered me gaily all the way,
Then halloed Parley Vous, Sirs.

The Frenchmen used me very well,
And shewed me sights and wonders
My Albert, he was frightened, and,
Eugenie's bed crept under ;
I thought with her he was in love,
I thought he did adore her,
I thought that he had run away,
And left his own Victoria.

Well, now we've had a grand flare up,
The like was seen not never,

The kind French folk did laugh and joke,
With "Anglais for ever."
The sights I've seen, believe your Queen,
So sweetly did delight her,
She went to France to learn to dance,
And Bull must pay the piper.



THE QUEEN'S DREAM.

GOOD people give attention, and listen for a while,
To an interesting ditty, which cannot fail to make you
 smile,
So all draw near, and lend an ear, while I relate a
 theme,
Concerning of Victoria, a strange and funny dream.

Chorus.

So these are dreams and visions
Of old England's blooming Queen.

At the Isle of Wight, the other night, as Vic lay in
 her bed,
Strange visions did to her appear, and dreams came
 in her head ;
She drew Prince Albert by the nose, and gave a
 dreadful scream,
Oh, dear, she said, I'm filled with dread, I'd such a
 dreadful dream.

Says Albert, Vic, what are you at? you've made my
nose quite sore,

I'm in a mind, for half a pin, to kick you on the floor,
Such dreams for me will never do, you pepper'd me
with blows.

I never knew a wife to dream, and pull her husband's
nose.

O, don't be vex'd, the Queen replied, you know I love
you well,

So listen awhile dear Albert, and my dreams to you
I'll tell:

Last night, she said, I had a dream, as soon as I lay
down,

I thought Napoleon had come o'er, to steal away my
crown.

The vision of Napoleon appeared at my bed side,
He said that by my subjects he had been greatly be-
lied,

But now, said he, I'll be revenged, I'll quickly make
you rue,

And I'll take away the laurels that were won at
Waterloo.

When the vision of Napoleon, from my view did
disappear,

To escape the French, I thought that we came to
lodge here,

I thought that we were so held down, by cursed poverty,
That I was forc'd to labour hard in a cotton factory.

Prince Albert, he stood quite amazed, and listened to
the Queen,
And said, dear Vic, I little thought that you had such
a dream,
Cheer up your heart, don't look so sad, you need not
be afraid,
For I'm sure the French will ne'er attempt, Old Eng-
land to invade.

The Queen to Albert then replied, I have not told
you all,
For I dream't that Lord John Russell, altho' but very
small,
Just like a Briton bold, then so nobly did advance,
And with his fist, knocked out the eye, of the Emperor
of France.

I dreamed that I was weaving on a pair of patent
looms,
And I thought that you were going through the
streets a-selling brooms,
And I thought our blooming Prince of Wales was
selling milk and cream,
But, Albert dear, when I awoke, it was nothing but a
dream.

Indeed, said Albert, dream no more, you fill my heart
with pain,
And I hope that you will never have such frightful
dreams again,
We've English and Irish soldiers, we can conquer all
our foes,
So, whenever you dream again Vic, pray don't you
pull my nose.

LOVELY ALBERT.*

THE Turkish War, both near and far,
Has played the very deuce then,
And little AL, the royal pal,
They say, he has turned a Russian ;
Old Aberdeen, as may be seen,
Looks woeful pale and yellow,
And Old John Bull has his belly full
Of dirty Russian Tallow.

Chorus.

We'll send him home and make him groan,
Oh, AL, you've played the deuce then,
The German lad has acted sad,
And turned tail with the Russian.

* Prince Albert was at one time very unpopular in England. His advising the Queen, and consequent intimate and personal knowledge of all that was going on during the Russian war, coupled with the fact that he was a foreigner, led the unthinking to believe that he was secretly helping Russia—a report of which he seems to have been well aware (*vide* Sir T. Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," vol. iii. p. 219, March, 1855). I recollect very well the rumour that he had been imprisoned in the Tower, and a comic paper had an engraving of two cabmen meeting, and one saying to the other, "Have yer'ear'd the noose? Vhy, Prince Halbert along with two other Commander-in-Chiefs have been sent to the Tower ; which Lewis Napoleon diwulged 'em a sending of five pound notes to the Emperor of Rooshia, and so he blowed the gaff" (told of them).

When AL came here, you're all aware,
He brought with him no riches,
He had scarce a rag upon his back,
And great holes in his breeches ;
Oh, England on him pity took,
And chang'd his sad condition,
And soon he plann'd, you understand,
The National Exhibition.

The Cobourgs came from far and near,
With their Dispatches, all dirt,
A begging for the Russian Bear,
To blooming lovely Albert,
To keep old Nick, the devil's limb,
And on to Turkey lead him,
To massacre the innocent Turks,
And rob them of their freedom.

Last Monday night, all in a fright,
AL, out of bed did tumble,
The German lad was raving mad,
How he did groan and grumble !
He cried to Vic, I'll cut my stick,
To Petersburgh, go right slap,
When Vic, 'tis said, jumped out of bed,
And whopp'd him with her night cap.

There, with the bolster round the room,
Vic gave him dreadful lashes,

She scratched his face and broke his nose,
And pull'd out his moustaches.
You German dog, you shall be flogg'd,
She halloed like a Prussian,
How could you dare to interfere
And turn a cursed Russian?

Bad luck they say, both night and day,
To the Cobugs and all humbugs,
The Wirtembugs and Scarem bugs,
And all the German house bugs.
And the old bug of Aberdeen,
The Peterbugs and Prussians,
May Providence protect the Turks,
And massacre the Russians.

You jolly Turks, now go to work,
And show the Bear your power—
It's rumoured over Britain's isle,
That A—— is in the Tower,
The Postmen some suspicion had,
And openéd two letters,
'Twas pity sad, the German lad,
Should not have known much better.

Well, now, my friends, to made an end,
From tyrants guard your own coast,
I'll tell you what 'tween you and I,
The Tower-ditch and the gate post :

I think that AL has been used well,
Since first he came to England,
And had no cause to obstruct the laws,
Or in politics be mingling.

Let France and England set to work,
Shun Austrians and Prussians,
Assist the poor and injured Turks,
And smother all the Russians.
Chain up the Bear, and make him stare,
And so I take my Davy,
We'll sing Old England, three times three,
The Army and the Navy.

Chorus.

I tell thee AL, we never shall,
Although you play'd the deuce then,
Allow the Turks to be run down,
By the dirty, greasy Russian.

BRAVE NELSON.

THE twenty-first day of October,
It being a glorious day,
The combin'd fleets of Spain and France,
They met at Buzeray.
Their number it being thirty three,
Bertram chanced them to see.
There is twenty seven of them for me,
Said brave Nelson.

We form'd a line of battle,
Our cannons loud did roar,
Some we sent into the air,
And others down below.
But Nelson on the deck so high,
Aloud unto his men did cry,
This day we conquer or we die,
Said brave Nelson.

On the twenty first of October,
At the rising of the sun,
We form'd the line for action,
At twelve o'clock begun.
We manned our rigging and shot away,
Besides some thousands on that day,
Were killed and wounded in the 'fray,
With brave Nelson.

Our ship was numbered twenty seven,
Her cannon loud did roar,
We ships, in number twenty seven,
Took from the Spanish shore.
But when we'd victory on our side,
A musket ball his life destroyed,
And in the midst of glory died,
Our brave Nelson.

To view this hero dying,
With his last parting breath,
He prayed for England's glory,
At the moment of his death.
Farewell my lads, my glass is run,
This day will be my setting sun,
And providence it must be done,
Said brave Nelson.

Fare you well brave Nelson,
Old England shed a tear,
The bravest of her heroes,
Has lost his life so dear.
Did he not merit much applause,
He fought for liberty and laws,
He bled and died for England's cause
The brave Nelson.

LORD NELSON.

COME all gallant seamen that unite a meeting,
Attend to these lines that I'm going to relate,
And, when that you hear, it will move you with pity,
To hear how Lord Nelson, he met with his fate.
For he was a bold and undaunted commander,
As ever did sail on the ocean wide,
And he made both the French and the Spaniards
surrender,
By always pouring into them a broadside.

Chorus.

Mourn, England, mourn ; mourn and complain,
For the loss of Lord Nelson, who died on the main.

From aloft, to aloft, where he was commanding,
All by a French gun he received a ball,
And, by the contents, he got mortally wounded,
And that was the occasion of Lord Nelson's fall.
Like an undaunted hero, exposed to the fire,
As he gave the command, on the quarter deck stood,
And to hear of his actions, you would much admire,
To see the decks covered all with human blood.

One hundred engagements he had been into,
And never, in his time, was he known to be beat,
For he had lost an arm, likewise his right eye, sir,
No powers on earth could ever him defeat.
His age, at his death, it was forty and seven,
And as long as I live, his great praises, I'll sing,
For the whole navigation was given unto him,
Because he was loyal and true to his king.

Then up steps the doctor in a very great hurry,
And unto Lord Nelson these words he did say,
Indeed, then, my lord, I am very sorry,
To see you lying and bleeding this way,
No matter, no matter whatever about me,
My time it has come, I'm almost at the worst,
And there's my gallant seamen who're fighting so
boldly,
Go and discharge your duty to them first.

Then, with a loud voice he called out to his captain,
Pray let me know how this battle does go,
I think that our guns continue to rattle,
Though death approaches, I very well know.
The antagonists ship has gone to the bottom,
Eighteen we've captured, and brought them on board,
And there are two of them quite blown out of the
ocean,
So that is the news I have brought you, my Lord.

Come all gallant seamen that unite a meeting,
Always let Lord Nelson's memory go round ;
For it is your duty, when you unite a meeting,
Because he was loyal and true to the Crown ;
So now to conclude, and to finish these verses,
My time it is come, I am quite at the worst,
May the heavens go with you, and ten thousand
 blessings,
May rest in the Fleet with you, Lord Collingwood.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

TWAS on the 18 day of June * Napoleon did advance,
The choicest troops that he could raise within the
 bounds of France ;
Their glittering eagles shone around, and proudly
 looked the foe,
But Britain's lion tore their wings, on the plains of
 Waterloo.

With Wellington we'll go, with Wellington we'll go,
For Wellington commanded us on the plains of
 Waterloo ;
The fight did last from ten o'clock until the dawn of
 day,
While blood and limbs, and cannon balls in thick
 profusion lay.

The number of the French, that at Waterloo were
 slain,
Was near sixty thousand, all laid upon the plain ;
Near forty thousand of them fell upon that fatal day,
Of our brave British heroes who their prowess did
 display.

* 1815.

It's now the dreadful night comes on, how dismal is
the plain,
When the Prussians, and the English found above ten
thousand slain, (*sic*)
Brave Wellington, and Blucher, bold, most nobly
drove their foes,
And Buonaparte's Imperial Crown was taken at
Waterloo.

We followed up the rear till the middle of the night,
We gave them three cheers as they were on their
flight,
Says Bony, d——n those Englishmen, they do bear
such a name,
They beat me here at Waterloo, at Portugal and Spain.

Now peace be to their honoured souls who fell that
glorious day,
May the plough ne'er raise their bones, nor cut the
sacred clay ;
But let the place remain a waste, a terror to the foe,
And when trembling Frenchmen pass that way, they'll
think of Waterloo.

THE visit of George IV. to Scotland was purely one of pleasure. There being no railways, and posting being fatiguing, he went by sea, embarking at Greenwich on August 10, 1822, and arriving at Leith on the 14th, not landing, however, till the next day. His visit was not remarkable for anything except the multiplicity of his costumes. He embarked dressed as a private individual ; he landed as an Admiral ; he dined in full Highland costume (when Sir Walter Scott acted as principal Steward) ; and at another dinner posed as a Field Marshal. He did very little during his stay, leaving Scotland on August 29, arriving at Greenwich on September 1.

A NEW SONG CALLED

*KING GEORGE IV.'S WELCOME TO
SCOTLAND.*

LANG time we've waited for our king,
That he might caper, rant and fling,
And lightly dance and gladly sing,
 You're welcome, Royal Geordie.

Chorus.

But oh ! you're lang a-coming,
Lang, lang, lang a-coming,
O dinna be so lang a-coming,
Come awa, King Geordie.

Than Glasgow town there is not one,
In a' your great and glorious lan',
Who'd turn out a truer ban',
 To guard their Royal Geordie.

And, by the powers aboon, we swear
If any traitor come you near,
The fause loon we'll in pieces tear,
 A' for our love to Geordie.

For weel we ken your title's gude,
And shall maintain it with our blude,
If any foreign foemen should
 Dispute the right of Geordie.

Then haste ye, Geordie, come awa—
We'll dress our wives and weans fu' braw,
They'll rend the lift wi' loud huzza
 To welcome their ain Geordie.

In Edinbro' too, time will pass sweet,
Frae far and near they'll Geordie greet,
And you shall get braw lodgings meet,
 To house ye, Royal Geordie.

Your Court you'll haud in Holyrood,
Where aft your ancestors have stood,
All anxious for the public good,
 As now is Royal Geordie.

The Castle's ancient wa' you'll view,
The old Scotch Crown and Sceptre too,
To wear them nane has right but you,
So come awa, King Geordie.

And at Dalkeith with Duke Buccleugh,
Your people a' will round ye bow,
Wi' hearty love and fealty true
To you their ain kind Geordie.

In Perthshire ye'll get Athole Brose,
And Muir fowl frae the great Montrose,
Wi' us, my lad, ye'll be jocose,
So haste ye here, King Geordie.

And, by my troth, there's not a belle,
Even 'mangst the rare ones of Pall Mall,
To match the ladies of Dunkeld,
. Then hie ye north, King Geordie.

And we shall dance a Highland Reel,
'Twill please you weel my Royal Chiel,
On Scotia's heath to shake your heel,
Wi' some braw lass, King Geordie.

Then haste, my cock, and come awa,
We'll welcome you with loud huzza!
And auld and young shall crouseley craw,
"Long live our ain King Geordie."

*THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOUR-
ABLE SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., M.P.*

BORN FEBRUARY, 1788 ; DIED JULY 2, 1850, AGED 62.

BRITANNIA ! Britannia ! what makes thee complain,
O, why so in sorrow relenting,
Old England is lost, we are borne down in pain,
And the nation in grief is lamenting.
That excellent man—the pride of the land,
Whom every virtue possessed him,
Is gone to that Home, from whence none return,
Our dear friend, Sir Robert, God bless him.

The Rich and the Poor all did him adore,
Admired, beloved, and respected,
For his Country's right, he struggled with might,
And nothing by him was neglected.
He nobly guided the Helm of State,
The poor long have praised and blessed him,
Now tears wet each eye, while in sorrow they sigh,
He is gone, is Sir Robert, God rest him.

Sad, sad was the day, when misfortune that way,
From health, strength and vigour had tossed him,
Upon the hard ground, to receive his death wound.*
Oh mourn ! mourn ! Britannia, we've missed him.

* He died from the effects of a fall from his horse.

His equal again sure we never shall find,
For every goodness possessed him,
Britannia shall weep by the tomb where he sleeps,
The patriot, Sir Robert, God rest him.

Our Queen sighed in tears, when the tidings she heard,
And her children, with hearts full of sorrow,
Saying England is done, oh ! where shall we run
To meet with his equal to-morrow?
He's not to be found upon England's ground,
Already, already, we've missed him,
Britannia deplore, we'll behold him no more,
The Glory of England, God rest him.

Talk of Canning and Pitt, for their talents and wit,
And all who upheld that high Station,
Oh ! has there been e'er, such a noble Premier,
As Sir Robert before, in the Nation ?
He'd by no one be led, he'd by no one be said,
No Government feared to trust him,
In every way, he carried the sway,
For the good of his country : God rest him.

At Sixty-two years of Age, cruel death did engage,
Britannia to move from her station,
From her councils and land, called that excellent
man,
Sir Robert the pride of the nation.

Oh ! the tears that were shed by Sir Robert's death bed,
Some hours before life had left him,
Caused hearts to complain, in grief sorrow and pain,
He is gone, is Sir Robert, God rest him.

In the tomb where he sleeps, many thousands will
weep,
And his virtuous deeds lay before ye,
And he will receive, in the regions of bliss,
A coronet braided with glory.
Though we part from him with pain, it's no use to
complain,
He is for ever gone, and we've missed him,
In peace may he sleep, while Britannia does weep,
For her servant, Sir Robert, God bless him.

*DEATH OF WELLINGTON.**

ON the 14th of September, near to the town of Deal,
As you may well remember, who have a heart to feel,
Died Wellington, a general bold, of glorious renown,
Who beat the great Napoleon, near unto Brussels
town.

Chorus.

So don't forget brave Wellington, who won at
Waterloo,

He beat the great Napoleon, and all his generals, too.

He led the British Army on through Portugal and
Spain,

And every battle there he won, the Frenchman to
restrain,

He ever was victorious in every battle field,

He gained a fame most glorious because he'd never
yield.

He drove Napoleon from home, in exile for to dwell,
Far o'er the sea, and from his home, and all he lov'd
so well,

* Died September 14, 1852 ; lay in state at Chelsea Hospital
from November 10 to 17 ; buried at St. Paul's, November 18.

He stripped him quite of all his power, and banish'd
him away,
To St. Helena's rocks and towers, the rest of his life
to stay.

Then on the throne of France he placed Louis, the
King, by right,
In after years he was displaced all by the people's
might ;
But should the young Napoleon threaten our land and
laws,
We'll find another Wellington should ever we have
cause.

He's dead, our hero's gone to rest, and o'er his corpse
we'll mourn,
With sadness and with grief oppress'd, for he will not
return,
But we his deeds will not forget, and should we, e'er
again,
Follow th' example that he set, his glory we'll not
stain.

THE following, although not a ballad, was popularly sold in the streets, and will serve as a good introduction to the question of Reform. I have omitted passages which were irrelevant to the matter. I find Reform *Street* Ballads very scarce.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE POPE.

1 NOW it came to pass that the land had rest for seventeen years.

2 For the Britons had subdued their enemies, even the French, and restored peace to all the Continent.

3 Nevertheless the people groaned by reason of oppression, and of the multitude of taxes which was laid upon them to support the rich and the great with pensions and rewards.

4 And they cried and petitioned for redress, but their prayers were not heard.

5 And George the Fourth was gathered to his fathers, and William reigned in his stead.

6 Now there was at this time a mighty man of renown called Arthur.

7 And he gained the confidence of the King, and abused his ear with falsities respecting the people.

8 And the people were much displeased with the power of this man of war, for he ruled them as he had done his soldiers.

9 And their eyes were turned towards a certain nobleman whose possessions lieth north of the Tyne.

10 Arthur feeling that he could rule no longer, resigned his authority, and the King elected that nobleman, even Grey, whose possessions lieth north of the Tyne, to be ruler under him over the people.

11 And he stood before the King, and said, O King, live for ever, thy people have been long afflicted with heavy burdens which they cannot bear, and their cries and lamentations ascend to heaven.

12 And the King was troubled in his mind at these sayings, and he caused the records of the realm to be brought before him, and then he found that his subjects were not fairly represented ; and he was in much agitation of mind, and trembled exceedingly and cried with a loud voice, What shall I do ?

13 And the noble, even Grey, said unto him, We must endeavour to amend these things ; and, oh King, if thou wilt give me permission, such a law shall be framed that all the land will rejoice.

14 And the King said, Do as it pleaseth thee best in this matter.

15 Then Grey called all the representatives of the people together, and shewed them the new law which he had framed for the people's benefit.

16 But several of those who were interested with regard to money, lifted up their voices against it.

17 Nevertheless the thing did prevail, in that house, the Assembly of the People, called the House of Commons.

18 But when this same law was brought before the Lords, they laughed it to scorn, saying amongst themselves, Shall we be deprived of all the good things we have enjoyed so long? Shall we divide the spoil amongst those we despise? And, as it were, with the voice of one man, they said, No!

19 Now the High Priests of the nation consulted amongst themselves, and said, Alas! what will become of us if this law passeth? We must then bid farewell to all that we have held so dear.

20 And the lamentation amongst the High Priests was very great, for every one of them lamented as if he had lost his first born.

21 And they came unto the Council of the Nation, even the House of Lords, and said, We will not have this law to pass.

22 For, although we are paid, and well paid, to teach the people, yet in our wisdom it seemeth good unto us to keep them ignorant.

23 For, be it known unto you, that, unless they are kept ignorant, and deprived of power, no man can govern them.

24 And the Lords listened unto these speeches, and would not allow the good law to pass.

25 Then stood the great and good noble, even Grey, before the King, and said, thou knowest thy nobles and the high priests of the land will not allow this law to pass.

26 Therefore I lay my commission at thy feet.

27 And the king answered and said, do as it seemeth best to thee.

28 And Grey bowed himself to the earth, and departed from the presence of the King.

29 And the King was troubled in spirit, and he sent in haste for Arthur, even the mighty man of renown.

30 And Arthur arose, and girded up his loins, and stood before the King.

31 And the King said unto him, Arthur, I know thee to be a man in whom is the spirit of wisdom and of valour, I am sorely troubled in mind respecting this affair. What shall I do?

32 Arthur answered and said, be not troubled, neither let thy spirit be cast down, for I can rule these people easily, and with a rod of iron must they be ruled : grant unto me the commission, and I will make them obedient.

33 And the King said, do as seemeth good in thine own eyes.

34 But when the people heard these things they were sorely grieved ; and became exceedingly enraged.

35 And said, shall this man of war, who is an enemy to liberty, reign over us?

36 And the people from the land's end, even unto Johnny Groat's house, rose up, as it were with one consent ; and in every village, and every city, and in every town, did they rise up and meet together in the

open air to shew their hatred of Arthur, and of his oppression, and their determination to be free.

37 And the multitudes were exceeding great, that no man might number them, and they bore banners, having on them painted various devices.

38 And the cry of the people was great, and the noise of their shouting was like the sound of many waters.

39 And they cried, if Arthur is to rule us, to thy tents, O, Britons !

40 Now, the great, and the just men, and the good amongst the people, stood up, and spake with a loud voice, saying,

41 Be it known unto you, O, Britons, that Arthur can do nothing without money, therefore refuse you to pay taxes till you are made free.

42 And the people shouted, and cried, We will give no money till we are free ; and having sung a war-like song, every man went to his own house.

43 Now, when the king heard of these things he was sore afraid, and he told Arthur to depart from his presence, and he called Grey before him.

44 And he said, thy wisdom is great, get this bill passed, else we be all dead men.

45 And the thing was done in haste, for great fear and trembling had fallen upon them.

46 And the Nobles and the high priests agreed unto the bill, for they were sore afraid, and quaked much.

THE HAPPY REFORM.

LET us sing this aloud to the joy shouting crowd,
That once were going to arm ;
Let all parties rejoice, and sing with one voice,
And join in the Happy Reform.

My name is John Bull, and with joy I am full,
I have something to say that will charm ;
Come, Sandy, along, and with Pat join my song,
Let us sing of the Happy Reform.

Brother Pat, you and Sandy, I know are quite handy
To assist your John Bull in a storm :
Brothers Sandy and Paddy, you'll now be as ready
To join me and sing the Reform.

But a few years ago, we durst not sing so,
Such a song, then, was counted a harm ;
But now we may sing, O, long live our King,
Who has joined in the Happy Reform.

But this I must shew, for some do not know,
It is proper I should them inform,
So I will explain to them in my strain,
What's meant by the present Reform.

O, it is to ease, and the people to please,
And to keep them from raising a storm :
'Tis that all Ten pound Renters may choose Parlia-
menters,
To give us the happy Reform.

This sure they will do, as their hearts will be true,
When bribery can do us no harm ;
They will shew with true spirit what the Corn Bill
does merit,
And turn it to Happy Reform.

Rotten Boroughs all now 'a tottering must fall,
And the Corn Bill, the great eating worm ;
And the bull must be fell'd, and the despots expell'd,
To give way to the Happy Reform.

Oppressions hard grip will soon get the slip,
Which a long time has done us much harm :
O, then we will rise from the taxes and tithes,
To enjoy all the Happy Reform.

This to all will soon give, a good way to live,
And the farmer will have a cheap farm ;
Then the rents will come down in the country and
town,
By the brave and the Happy Reform.

This will happiness bring to the subject and king,
And save all from dreadful alarm—

Which once gave a peep—but now is asleep
In the bosom of Happy Reform.

Our king in the fray, the Sceptre did sway,
And our foes did completely disarm ;
Wellington and great Peel to the left he did wheel,
For joining us not in Happy Reform.

Grey, Russell, and Brougham, our thanks we give to
 them,
For fighting for us in the storm ;
Round them and our king, we will dance in a ring,
And sing—Success to the Happy Reform.

Reformation of Laws we will hail with applause,
With a hearty grand welcome so warm ;
And with Heaven to save King William the Brave,
For joining us all in Reform.

We now need not fear, while the helm he does steer,
With a heart for our welfare so warm ;
For his colours now fast he has nail'd to the mast,
And is bound for the Happy Reform.

THE OPERATIVES' MARCH.

MARCH! march! Comrades in Freedom now,
On let us march to the music of Order!
Arms we have none—for no one can need 'em now—
Peace is the word from John Groat's to the Border.

Long have we wearied, and waited to see it,
Now it is come—with its blessing and pride;
In the hearts of our Sons unforgotten shall be it,
The King and the Country are both on our side.
Our banners are glancing—our section advancing,
The pipe and the trumpet are pealing above,
Shout with the voice of men—yet once again! again!
The Cause—and the King that a People can love.

March! March! etc.

A cheer for the Queen too, and one—be it seen to—
For Sussex, who ne'er was to Freedom untrue;
Shout away—shout away! 'tis for Russell and Grey,
And Lord Harry—and all of our Admiral's crew!
We vow to stand by them—their foes we defy them—
For, honestly—firmly—they've weathered the storm;
And these were their watch words, as they'll be our
catch words,

The cause of the People, the King, and Reform!

March! March! etc.

AT Manchester, on September 18, 1838, an Association called the "Anti-Corn-Law League" was formed, having for its object the abolition of the duties on the importation of corn, avowedly to cheapen the food of the people. The principal agitators were Richard Cobden, John Bright, Charles Villiers, etc., and by holding meetings all over the country, lecturing, and distributing handbills and ballads, the Corn Importation Bill was eventually passed, June 26, 1846, when, there being no further occasion for its existence, the League was dissolved. Cobden was richly rewarded for his efforts, as a national subscription was raised for him, which realized nearly £80,000.



*A NEW ALPHABETICAL SONG ON THE
CORN LAW BILL.*

GOOD people draw near as you pass along,
And listen awhile to my alphabetical song.

A. is Prince Albert once buxom and keen,
Who from Jermamy came and got spliced to the
Queen.

Chorus.

For their all a spinning their cause in triumph
springing,
And the poor man he is a singing since the Corn bill
is repailed.

B. Stands for Smith O Brien, he an Irishman so true,
He hammered at Coersion till he beat them black
and blue.

When he got out of prison that bill he did oppose,
With the fright he gave old welington, he fell and
broke his nose.

C. is brave cobden one night it is said,
Threw a quarter Loaf at old Buckinghams hed,
Concerning the Corn laws he laid it down strong,
And he spun out yarn seventeen hour long.

D. for the duncomb who helpt the plan,
To give full and plenty to each true the land.

E. Stands for Evans who would Starve us again,
Because he beat 40 thousand old woman in Spain.

F. Stands for ferrand a protectiones Tool,
He spoke seven hours and raved like a fool ;

G. Stands for graham who early and late,
Breaking seals at the post office a repealer for to take.

H. is old hume he is clever do you see,
 He subtracted 2 from 1 and got the corn duty free ;
 I. is bob Inglis against free trade Blue and blast,
 He was seven hours in the stericks when the corn
 bill did pass.

J. Stands for jerry who spoke till he was hoarse,
 In the middle of the fight his fair daughter he lost ;
 She followed a soldier, and off she went slap,
 With gun and a nap-sack slung over her back.

K. is for Kelly, he kept up the jaw,
 Till he got the corn Free and brought into law ;
 L. Stands for lindhurst with his Brushes, Paints and
 Pots,
 Guess how he was born or how that he was got.

M. Is Lord Morpeth who nobly fought,
 Each night in succession for the corn law ;
 N. is old nosej who opposes him its true,
 For to loose 15 thousands he is quite in the blues.

O. Is O Connell to them told the Law,
 And is still bideing time for old Erin Gobraugh.
 P. Stands for Peel who is acting upright,
 And between you and me he has got a long sight.

Q. Is the question of Coersion they say,
 So their stuck in the trap bob cut away.
 R. Is Lord Russell whoes making all haste,
 To run down to Windsor to fill Boby's place.

To ride in Peel's saddle he'l find it a job,
For he shakes on his legs like a staggering bob.
S. is Lord Stanley, who shaking with fear,
For his tenants payed him their rent with a bullet
this year.

And swore if they catch him he'll never elope,
Till they well oil his body with flails of good oak.
T. Is the teasel that comb them all down,
U. is for uxbridge who wonders have done.

V. Stands for Villiers whom the farmers detest,
For to Slaughter the corn law he did do his best;
For free trade he struggled by day and by night,
He is next in command to cobden and bright.

W. Stands for wakley a docter so bold,
Who swore on the corn bill an Inquest he'd hold;
When the Jury he charged he let them all see,
A verdict was returned for the corn to be free.

X. Is a letter which puts me in mind
Of a ship load of land lords that sail'd against wind;
Now over the ocean they must all away
To spend their last days in botane bay.

Y. Stands for york the archbishop so big,
Who loves for to dine on a little tithe pig:
Free trade on last Sunday (*did*) so him perplex,
That he sang rule britania and thought it the text.

Z. Is for Zetland an old English pere,
Who swore he ('d) have bread and potaties so dear.
The corn bill is past the landlords are very bad,
They must be muzeled in the dog day for fear they
might go mad.



A NEW SONG ON THE CORN BILL.

HURRAH, my boys, a bumper fill,
And drink success, with heart and will,
To those that pass'd the Corn Bill,

 Long may they be victorious.
Cheap food from every foreign shore,
In shiploads will sail in galore,
The landlords now are wounded sore ;
They'll have to sell both sow and boar,
To keep their great big paunches up
They'll scarcely have a bite or sup ;

Too long, my boys, they've sucked the honey cup,
But soon they'll lose the swarm.

Hurrah, etc.

The landlords cry, Oh, Bobby P——I,
You have a heart as hard as any steel,
Sure, for the landlords you should feel,
And not be so hard hearted.

Oh dear, oh dear, the landlords cry,
The time is fast approaching nigh,
When neither barley, oats, nor rye,
The merchants will not from us buy,
For they can get both flour and grain
From France, America and Spain,
Enough to rack us on the brain,
And set John Bull distracted.

Hurrah, etc.

The bread will shortly get a fall,
The bakers will go to the wall,
No 'taters they must use at all,

But sell the best and cheapest.

Too long it has been on the rise,
But now they're struck with much surprise
They'll have to look with both their eyes,
And with the poor man compromise.
Good bread will be a penny a pound,
And beef and mutton safe and sound,
Well earned, too, that I'll be bound,
Will daily be imported.

Hurrah, etc.

The monopolists have cause to weep,
They cannot lull themselves to sleep,
Their rams, and wethers, yews, and sheep,
They may send off to market.

Too long they have fattened on the spoil,
They'd fain to work your bones to oil,
Their greasy pots did often boil
Upon the poor man's sweat and toil.
The time is now approaching fast,
Free trade will fly on every mast,
The bonded stores will then, at last,
Cry out, the ports are open.

Hurrah, etc.

Tom Duncombe, Cobden, and Dick Bright
In Parliament, on Thursday night,
They did kick up the devils fight,
And chased the Duke of R——d
Poor B——m he did lose his wig,
Old Nosey gave him such a dig,
And called him an old grunting pig,
And Bobby danced the Polka jig ;
Says Bob, I surely will resign,
I tell you, Arthur, now in time,
You'd better get a piece of line,
And hang the Duke of R——d.

Hurrah, etc.

May Cromwell's ghost, of whom they talk,
Come jumping with a piece of chalk,

And mark a road for Bob to walk,
Right to the town of Tamworth.
Sure, little John, I've heard it said,
Is planted now in Bobby's stead,
He'll give you plenty of cheap bread
For ten years after you are dead.
The whigs are getting into power,
The tories are all looking sour,
The very thoughts of foreign flour
Will make them cut their wison.
Hurrah, etc.

Now to conclude and end my song,
I hope to see before it's long,
The corn-brokers in a throng
All sailing to Hanover.
For now they cry out wirstrew,
And damn the duke of Waterloo.
Oh dear, oh dear, what shall we do?
Free trade will surely make us rue.
So, ladies, all come shout huzza,
For now comes on the glorious day
When plenty of cheap bread, beef, and tea,
Will make you smile so charming.
Hurrah, etc.

THE following is given as a specimen of contemporary "flap-doodle."

THE CRISIS.

1846.

WHEN fell corruption's bands conspire
To legalize injustice dire ;
To rob a people, brave and free,
What shall resist the Tyranny ?
 To counteract the vile intrigue,
 The God of truth upraised THE LEAGUE,

When grasping Tyrants—greedy elves—
Make laws which but enrich themselves ;
Who shall their power and force withstand,
And stay the 'curst oppressor's hand ?
 THE LEAGUE!—the people's chosen band,
 Shall stay the 'curst oppressor's hand.

Tho' meddling Dukes of vast renown
Would cast a noble people down ;
(The silly tribe affect affright,
Tho' proxies * fill their pockets quite.)

* When this ballad was written, the Lords might vote by proxy, and a minister, or his opponent, might, and did, produce enough (either to gain or lose a measure) of votes from Peers who were too lazy to attend.

THE LEAGUE shall lead (as soon 'twill be)
A people firm—a people free!

What boots it, that we laurels gain
On crimson'd field, or on the main,
If selfish senators befool us,
If the domestic spoilers rule us?

THE LEAGUE on such has kept its eye,
And *Registration* is the cry.

When a "bold peasantry" decays ;
When want creeps in a thousand ways ;
When tenant farmers struggling hard
Thro' toilsome years get—*no reward.*

THE LEAGUE will rescue—come what may ;
Nor care they for the landlord's bray.

When drooping trade declines its head ;
When starving thousands cry for bread ;
When sorrowing age seeks death's kind gate,
And children wail their hapless fate.

THE LEAGUE *must* to the throne appeal,
While millions cry "Repeal—Repeal."

Names which were once the nation's blight,
Fair York and Lancaster *—unite ;

* The counties of York and Lancaster were very early in the field in espousing the cause of the Anti-Corn-Law League.

Old feuds forgotten—now their pride
Is to march *onward* side by side.

THE LEAGUE—their boast—their hope—their joy ;
Pure sterling ore without alloy.

When clouds hung o'er the drama's name,
What gave to Covent Garden Fame?
When Stage, Pit, Gallery, Boxes, all
Echoed each voice at Freedom's call ;

THE LEAGUE supplied each honour'd name
That gave to Covent Garden* fame.

“Give us our daily bread” pray we ;
“Stop, stop,” cries vile *monopoly*,
“Before *you* wants are well supplied,
For all *my sons* you *shall provide*.”

THE LEAGUE—the monster doth expose,
And burns a torch beneath its nose.

ALBION—thy wrongs shall disappear ;
SCOTIA—hold on—be of good cheer ;
ERIN—thy griefs removed shall be,
Justice, tho' late, shall visit thee.

THE LEAGUE doth its assistance lend ;
Of none the foe—of all the friend.

* The “National Anti-Corn-Law League Free Trade Bazaar,” held at Covent Garden Theatre, May 8, 9, 10, 12, 1845.

'Ere long, fair knowledge will unfold !
Her ample page—brighter than gold ;
Ere long, the Laws which tyrants used
Shall yield to those which Heaven diffused.

THE LEAGUE shall then its work have done,
And all rejoice o'er victories won.

Ye powers divine—who care for all
That breathe on this terraqueous ball,
FREE TRADE and every blessing give !

“ O teach the nations *how* to live ! ”

Still shall EACH LEAGUER'S motto be,

“ Justice, Love, Peace, Humanity.”

AFTER any great National movement, the ferment takes some time to subside. Many agitators find their occupation gone, and look around for some other strife to stir up. There is always an advanced Radical school in every nation, and after the Reform Bill was settled, "the People's Charter" took its place. What was required were the six following "Points":—*Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Annual Parliaments, Payment of the Members, the Abolition of the Property Qualification, and equal Electoral Districts.* In 1838 they made armed demonstrations in several parts of the country, and rioting took place in 1839. In 1848 monster petitions in its favour were presented to Parliament, and on April 10 of that year 200,000 men were invited to assemble on Kennington Common, and march to the Houses of Parliament. About one-tenth of them appeared, and, having full knowledge of the number of troops and special constables who would oppose their progress, they thought "discretion the better part of valour" and dispersed to their homes. This was the last of "the Charter."

CHARTISTS ARE COMING.

WHAT a row and a rumpus there is I declare,
Tens of thousands are flocking from every where,
To petition the Parliament, onward they steer,
The Chartists are coming, oh dear, oh dear,
To demand equal justice, their freedom and right,
Pump handles and broom sticks, lawk, how they can
fight!

The nation they say is o'erwhelmed with grief;
A peck loaf for twopence, and four pounds of beef.

Chorus.

Hurrah for old England and liberty sweet,
 The land that we live in and plenty to eat,
 We shall ever remember this wonderful day,
 See the Chartists are coming, get out of the way.

Such a number together was never yet seen,
 Hurrah for the Charter, and God save the Queen!
 And when that the Charter, Old England has got,
 We'll have stunning good beer at three halfpence a
 pot :

A loaf for a penny, a pig for a crown,
 And gunpowder tea at five farthings a pound :
 Instead of red herrings, we'll live on fat geese,
 And lots of young women at two pence a piece.

The bakers and grocers, look how they do laugh,
 With dustmen and coal heavers armed with a staff.
 Five thousand old women, oh, how they do sing,
 With frying pans, fenders, and big rolling pins.
 There's Russell, and Bobby, old Nosey, and Hume,
 With pistols and bayonets, muskets and brooms,
 Load away, fire away, chatter and jaw,
 Shoot at a donkey and knock down a crow.

See the lads of old Erin for liberty crow,
 Repeal of the Union and Erin-go-bragh!
 Peace and contentment, then none can we blame,
 Plenty of labour, and paid for the same ;

Some are rolling in riches, and luxury, too,
While millions are starving with nothing to do ;
Through the Nation prosperity soon will be seen,
Hurrah for the Charter, and God save the Queen !

Such constables there are in London, now mark,
Tailors and shoemakers, labourers and clerks,
Gas light men, pick pockets, firemen too,
Green grocers, hatters, pork butchers, and Jews :
Lollipop merchants, and masons a lot,
And the covey what hollows "Baked taters all hot."
They are sworn to protect us, and keep well the
 peace,
To frighten the Chartists and help the police.

THIS is the sort of stuff that was disseminated among the people at the time of the agitation for "the Charter," and, looking at the convulsion of 1848, which shook Europe to its centre, it speaks volumes for the good sense of the lower classes that they were not stirred up to acts of violence by such inflammatory rubbish as the following.

THE SONG OF THE LOWER CLASSES.

By ERNEST JONES.

Music by John Lowry. This song can also be sung to the air of "The Monks of Old."

WE plough and sow—we're so very, very low
That we delve in the dirty clay,
Till we bless the plain—with the golden grain,
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know,—we're so very low,
'Tis down at the landlord's feet :
We're not too low—the bread to grow,
But too low the bread to eat.*

Down, down we go,—we're so very low,
To the hell of the deep sunk mines,
But we gather the proudest gems that glow,
When the crown of a despot shines.
And whenever he lacks—upon our backs
Fresh loads he deigns to lay :
We're far too low to vote the tax,
But not too low to pay.

* Repeat as chorus last two lines of each verse.

We're low—we're low—mere rabble, we know,
But, at our plastic power,
The mould at the lordling's feet will grow
Into palace and church and tower.
Then prostrate fall—in the rich man's hate,
And cringe at the rich man's door ;
We're not too low to build the wall,
But too low to tread the floor.

We're low—we're low—we're very very low,
Yet from our fingers glide
The silken flow—and the robes that glow
Round the limbs of the sons of pride.
And what we get—and what we give—
We know, and we know our share ;
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But too low the Cloth to wear !

We're low—we're low—we're very very low,
And yet when the trumpets ring,
The thrust of a poor man's arm will go
Thro' the heart of the proudest King.
We're low—we're low—our place we know,
We're only the rank and file,
We're not too low—to kill the foe,
But too low to touch the spoil.

A NEW HUNTING SONG.

Now those that are low spirited I hope won't think it
wrong,
While I sing to you a verse or two of a new hunting
song ;
For the hunting season has set in, or else just now
begun,
Our heroes all will have their fun with the dog and
gun.

Chorus.

And a hunting they will go, will go,
And a hunting they will go, will go !
They'll use all means, and try all schemes,
For to keep the poor man low.

With one of our brave huntsmen, I'm going to com-
mence,
His name it was bold Bonaparte, he was a man of
sense ;
He hunted off from Corsica upon a game of Chance,
And hunted until he became the Emperor of France.

The next huntsman was Wellington, he'd the best of
luck,
He hunted from lieutenant, till he became a Duke,

His men did fight well for him, and did his honour
gain,
He done his best endeavours to have their pensions
taken.

As for our hero Nelson, he hunted well for fame,
He was as bold a huntsman as e'er hunted on the
main ;
And for his warlike valour, he always bore the sway,
Till a cannon ball caused his downfall, all in Trafal-
gar Bay.

Prince Albert to this country came hunting for a wife,
He got one whom he loved dear as his own life ;
Oh yes, a blooming little Queen for to dandle on his
knee
With thirty thousand pounds a year paid from this
country.

O'Connell he went hunting all through old Ireland's
vale,
And says he'll go on hunting until he gets repeal.
They swear they'll have a Parliament in Dublin once
more,
And make the trade to flourish all round green Erin's
shore.

John Frost in Wales a hunting went, and well knew
how to ride
He had a fine bred Chartist horse, but got on the
wrong side,

If he had held the reins quite firm in his own hand,
They'd ne'er have hunted him into Van Diemens
Land.

The Queen she went a hunting thro' Scotland and
France,
She hunted foreign countries through to learn the
Polka dance ;
Bobby Peel, he's a huntsman bold, was never known
to fail,
He hunted up the Income Tax, and then the Corn
Law Bill.

They're hunting up the poor man, he's hunted every
day,
And hawkers too, if they do not a heavy licence pay.
They won't allow the poor to beg, it is a crime to
steal,
For the one there's the Union, for the other there's
the gaol.

So to conclude my hunting song, I hope you'll all
agree
While the poor are starved and hunted down, the rich
will have their spree.
To complain is quite a crime, for poor you're to re-
main,
The Parson says, if you're content, Heaven you're sure
to gain.

*THE WONDERFUL WONDERS OF TOWN.**

GOOD neighbours, pray listen—nay do but come round,
I've a tale that shall puzzle your heads I'll be bound ;
From London I've 'scap'd pretty glad to get down,
And tell you the wonderful wonders of town.

The streets 'luminated I walked every night,
And the devil a bit could I see for the light ;
Such pictures, lamps, feathers, stars, anchors, and
 jokes,
With Boney, the devil, and all sorts of volks.

Lords, pickpockets, ladies, lamplighters, girls, boys,
I didn't think Peace could have made such a noise.
Push'd, bump'd, lump'd, and thump'd, when I tried to
 retire,
I was out of the frying pan into the fire.

Then the Emperor's fist was at every one's call,
Till princes and kings went for nothing at all ;
And, English good manners to show so polite,
We pulled 'em and hauled 'em, from morning till
 night.

* A song relating to the celebration (in London) of the Peace of 1815.

Then the Cossack Horse Soldiers as fought with our
foes,
We kill'd 'em with kindness, as all the world knows,
And gave 'em such welcome and hearty good cheer,
They'd no time to get shav'd all the time they were
here.

Two jolly old lions we must not forget,
To Platoff and Blucher, how much we're in debt ;
The Mob cried, Come out, like wild beasts, 'twas so
droll,
I expected to see 'em stirred up with a pole.

The Sarpentine river, it looked if so be,
All the cock boats i' Lunnun had put out to sea ;
Grown up to great ships their gay canvas now swells,
As big, pretty near, as at Saddler's Wells.

You never see'd yet a procession so fine,
As when into the City the Kings went to dine ;
I gap'd with mouth open, like many an elf,
Till no dinner I got to put in it my self.

Next Peace were proclaimed, when King Charles on
his horse,
Counts the coaches as start from the old Golden
Cross ;
And the Herald, so call'd who cried down wars alarms,
Looked like the Kings Head stuck a top of his Arms.

Now safely return'd, for lost time I'll make up,
So down with the bacon, and round wi' the cup ;
And I'll drink may *Peace* also the Yankees subdue,
And turn their *Merry ca*, into our merry cue.

One word more—of all sights that in town I did see,
There was one sight worth all the whole bundle to me,
Great Wellington's self who has made the world ring,
With glory, God bless him, and God save the king.

*LAW.**

COME, listen to me a minute,
A song, I'm going to begin it,
There's something serious in it,
So, pray attention draw,
A serious thing I thought it,
Experience, I have bought it,
Will you, or not be taught it,
I sing the charms of Law.

L—A—W. Law,
It's met with the deuce of a claw.

Chorus.

If you're fond of pure vexation,
And a long procrastination,
You're just in a situation,
To enjoy a suit at law.

When your cause is just beginning,
You only think of winning,
Attornies slyly grinning,
While your cash they draw.
With brief and consultation,
Bill and replication,

* This song was sung by W. H. Williams, in his entertainment of "Wine and Walnuts," and by C. Taylor at Vauxhall.

Latin and botheration,
 While the Counsel loudly jaw,
 J—A—W. Jaw,
 Is a very great thing in law

Snail like your cause is creeping,
 It hinders you from sleeping,
 Attornies only reaping,
 While your cash they draw.
 D—R—A—W Draw,
 It's the mainspring of the Law.
 Misery, toil, and trouble,
 Makes up the hubble bubble,
 And leaves you nothing but stubble,
 And makes you a man of straw.

 L—A—W. Law.
 It divides the wheat from the straw.

When your case is just near ending,
 Your case is no wise mending,
 Expense each step attending,
 And then they find a flaw.
 Then the Judge, like any Jackdaw,
 Oh, he lays down, what is law,
 In a rotten stick your trust is,
 And though you don't get Justice,
 You're sure to get plenty of Law.

 L—A—W. Law.
 It leaves you not worth a straw.

So, if life's all sugar and honey,
And fortune has always been sunny,
And you want to get rid of your money,
I'd advise you to go to law.
Like ice in a rapid thaw,
Your cash will melt awa',
Comfort, 'tis folly to care for,
Life is a lottery—therefore,
Without a why, or a wherefore,
I'd advise you to go to Law.

L—A—W. Law,

Oh! 'twill like a blister draw.

JIM CROW.

I CAM from ole Kentucky,
A long time ago,
Where I first larn to wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.

Chorus.

Wheel about and turn about,
And do jis so,
Ebry time I wheel about
I jump Jim Crow.

I us'd to take him fiddle,
Ebry morn and afternoon,
And charm the sole Buzzard,
And dance to the Racoon.

I landed fust at Liverpool,
Dat place of ships and docks,
I strutted down Lord Street,
And ask'd de price of Stocks.

I paid my fare den up to town,
On de coach to cut a dash,
De axletree soon gave way,
And spilt us wid a smash.

I lighted den upon my head,
 All in de nassy dirt,
 Dey all thought dat I war dead,
 But I laughed and wasn't hurt.

Dis head you know, am pretty tick,
 Cause dere it make a hole,
 On de dam macadmis road,
 Much bigger dan a bowl.

When I got into Lunnon,
 Dey took me for a savage,
 But I war pretty well behaved,
 So I 'gaged with Mr. Davidge.

Dem young Jim Crows bout de streets
 More like a Raven rader,
 Pray good people, don't mistake,
 Indeed, I'm not dare fader.

Dem urchin's what sing my song,
 Had better mind dar books.
 For any how dey can't be Crows,
 You see d'ar only Rooks.

I have purposely refrained from giving any Nigger songs, although they belong to Street melody, except in the case of "Jim Crow," which was the first of the flood which has been let loose upon us. There were many versions, but I have here given the copyright words, as sung by the author, and original "Jim Crow," Thomas D. Rice, or, as he was better known, "Adelphi Rice." He introduced it, in 1836, into a play called "A Flight to America," and it so tickled the ears of the groundlings that it became the most popular of all modern street ballads. We may wonder what merit our grandfathers and fathers found in it, but it created an absolute furore.

THE WORKHOUSE BOY.

THE cloth was laid in the Vorkhouse hall,
The great-coats hung on the white-wash'd wall ;
The paupers all were blithe and gay,
Keeping their Christmas holiday,
When the Master he cried with a roguish leer,
" You'll all get fat on your Christmas cheer !"
When one by his looks did seem to say,
" I'll have some more soup on this Christmas-day."

Oh the poor Vorkhouse Boy, etc.

At length, all on us to bed vos sent,
The boy vos missing—in search ve vent :
Ve sought him above, ve sought him below,
Ve sought him vith faces of grief and woe ;
Ve sought him that hour, ve sought him that night ;
Ve sought him in fear, and ve sought him in fright,
Ven a young pauper cried " I knows ve shall
Get jolly vell vopt for losing our pal."

Oh the Poor Vorkhouse Boy, etc.

Ve sought in each corner, each crevice ve knew ;
Ve sought down the yard, ve sought up the flue ;
Ve sought in each kettle, each saucepan, each pot,
In the water-butt look'd, but found him not.

And veeks roll'd on ;—ve vere all of us told,
That somebody said, he'd been burk'd and sold ;
Ven our master goes out, the Parishioners vild,
Cry “ There goes the cove that burk'd the poor child.”
Oh the Poor Vorkhouse Boy, etc.

At length the soup copper repairs did need,
The Coppersmith came, and there he seed,
A dollop of bones lay a grizzling there,
In the leg of the breeches the poor boy did vear !
To gain his fill the boy did stoop,
And, dreadful to tell, he was boil'd in the soup !
And ve all of us say, and ve say it sincere,
That he was push'd in there by an overseer.
Oh the Poor Vorkhouse Boy, etc.



THE WILD ROVER.

I'VE been a wild rover these seven long years,
I've spent all my money in ale and strong beers,
But the time has come my boys, to take better care,
Unless poverty happens to fall to my share.

Chorus.

So therefore I'll lay up my money in store,
And I never will play the wild rover any more ;
Wild rover, wild rover, wild rover, any more,
And then I will play the wild rover no more.

I went to an ale house where I used to resort,
I began for to tell them my money got short ;

I asked them to trust me, but their answer was nay,
Such customers as you we may have every day.

Then my hands from my pockets I pulled out
straightway,

Pulled a handful of gold out to hear what they'd say,
O! here's ale, wine, and brandy, here's enough of the
best,

It was only to try you, I was but in jest.

Begone you proud landlord, I bid you adieu,
For the devil of one penny will I spend with you ;
For the money I've got boys, I'll take better care,
And I never will play the wild rover any more.

So now I'll go home to my sweet loving wife,
In hopes to live happy all the days of my life ;
From rambling and roving, I'll take better care,
Unless poverty happens to fall to my share.



*THE DIGGINS, O!**

I'VE come back all skin and bone
From the diggins, O!
And I wish I'd never gone
To the diggins, O!
Believe me, 'tis no fun,
I once weighed fifteen stone,
But they brought me down to one,
At the diggins, O!

I thought a good home could be found
At the diggins, O!

* Gold was discovered in Australia in 1851.

But soon I found I got aground
At the diggins, O!
The natives came one day,
Burnt my cottage down like hay,
With my wife they ran away
To the diggins, O!

I built a hut with mud,
At the diggins, O!
That got wash'd away by flood,
At the diggins, O!
I used to dig, and cry
It wouldn't do to die,
Undertakers charge too high
At the diggins, O!

I paid for victuals with a frown,
At the diggins, O!
Three potatoes half a crown,
At the diggins, O!
Sprats five shillings a dish,
If for Dutch Plaice you wish,
Two dollars buys that fish,
At the diggins, O!

A Crown a pound for Steaks,
At the diggins, O!
Ditto Chops, and no great shakes,
At the diggins, O!

Five "hog" * a small pig's cheek,
If a herring red you'd seek,
One will keep you dry a week,
At the diggins, O!

Table beer two bob a quart,
At the diggins, O!
Get your eyes gouged out for nought,
At the diggins, O!
Five shillings a four pound brick, †
Butter a shilling a lick,
They never gives no tick,
At the diggins, O!

They tied me to a tree,
At the diggins, O!
With my nuggets they made free,
At the diggins, O!
I escaped from bodily hurt,
Tho' they stole my very shirt,
I had to paint myself with dirt,
At the diggins, O!

I felt quite a ruined man
At the diggins, O!
Thinks I, I'll get home, if I can,
From the diggins, O!

* A hog is cant for a shilling.

† A quartern "tin" loaf.

I was always catching cold,
And I've been both bought and sold,
Like many more, for gold,
At the diggins, O!

But now I'm safe returned
From the diggins, O!
Never more I mean to roam
To the diggins, O!
It some people's fortune mends,
Much on the man depends—
I'd sooner be here with my friends,
Than at the diggins, O!

BOTANY BAY.

COME all you men of learning,
And a warning take by me,
I would have you quit night walking,
And shun bad company.
I would have you quit night walking,
Or else you'll rue the day,
You'll rue your transportation, lads,
When you're bound for Botany Bay.

I was brought up in London town
And a place I know full well,
Brought up by honest parents
For the truth to you, I'll tell.
Brought up by honest parents,
And rear'd most tenderly,
Till I became a roving blade,
Which proved my destiny.

My character soon taken was,
And I was sent to jail,
My friends they tried to clear me,
But nothing could prevail.
At the Old Bailey Sessions,
The Judge to me did say,
"The Jury's found you guilty, lad,
So you must go to Botany Bay."

To see my aged father dear,
As he stood near the bar,
Likewise my tender mother,
Her old grey locks to tear ;
In tearing of her old grey locks,
These words to me did say,
“ O, Son ! O, Son ! what have you done,
That you’re going to Botany Bay ? ”

It was on the twenty eighth of May,
From England we did steer,
And, all things being safe on board,
We sail’d down the river, clear.
And every ship that we pass’d by,
We heard the sailors say,
“ There goes a ship of clever hands,
And they’re bound for Botany Bay.”

There is a girl in Manchester,
A girl I know full well,
And if ever I get my liberty,
Along with her I’ll dwell.
O, then I mean to marry her,
And no more to go astray ;
I’ll shun all evil company,
Bid adieu to Botany Bay.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

COME all you gallant poachers, that ramble free from
care,
That walk out on moonlight nights, with your dog,
gun and snare,
The jolly hares and pheasants, you have at your
command,
Not thinking that your last career is to Van Dieman's
Land.

Poor Tom Brown from Nottingham, Jack Williams,
and poor Joe,
We are three daring poachers, the country does well
know,
At night we are trepanned, by the keepers hid in
sand,
Who for 14 years transported us unto Van Dieman's
Land.

The first day that we landed upon this fatal shore,
The planters they came round us, full twenty score
or more,
They rank'd us up like horses, and sold us out of
hand,
And yok'd us up to ploughs, my boys, to plough Van
Dieman's Land.

Our cottages that we live in, are built of brick and
clay,
And rotten straw for bedding, and we dare not say
nay,
Our cots are fenc'd with fire, we slumber when we
can,
To drive away wolves and tigers (?) upon Van Dieman's
Land.

It's often when in slumber I have a pleasant dream,
With my sweet girl a-sitting down, all by a purling
stream,
Through England I've been roaming, with her at
command,
Now I awake broken hearted upon Van Dieman's
Land.

God bless our wives and families, likewise that happy
shore,
That isle of great contentment, which we shall see no
more,
As for our wretched females, see them, we seldom can,
There's twenty, to one woman, upon Van Dieman's
land.

There was a girl from Birmingham, Susan Summers
was her name,
For fourteen years transported, we all well know the
same,

Our planter bought her freedom, and married her out
of hand,
She gave to us good usage upon Van Dieman's Land.

So all you gallant poachers, give ear unto my song,
It is a bit of good advice, although it is not long,
Throw by your dogs and snares, for to you I speak
plain,
For if you knew our hardships, you would never
poach again.

FAREWELL TO JUDGES AND JURIES.

HERE'S bad luck to you, Mr. Justice Paley,
And also to you, Gentlemen of the Jury,
For seven years, you've sent me from my true love,
Seven years, I'm transported, you know.

To go to a strange country don't grieve me,
Nor leaving old England behind,
It is all for the sake of my Polly,
And leaving my parents behind.

There's the Captain that is our commander,
The Boatswain, and all the ship's Crew,
There is married men, too, and there's single,
Who knows what we transports do.

Dear Polly, I'm going to leave you
For seven long years, love, and more,
But that time will appear but a moment,
When return'd to the girl I adore.

If ever I return from the Ocean,
Stores of riches I'll bring for my dear,
It's all for the sake of my Polly,
I'll cross the salt seas for my dear.

How hard is the place of confinement,
That keeps me from my heart's delight,
Cold chains and irons surround me,
And a plank for my pillow at night.

How often I wish that the eagle
Would lend me her wings, I would fly,
Then I'd fly to the arms of my Polly,
And on her soft bosom, I'd lie.



MY BONNY BLACK BESS.

DICK TURPIN bold ! Dick, hie away,
Was the cry of my pals, who were startled, I guess,
For the pistols were levelled, the bullets whizzed by,
As I leapt on the back of Black Bess.
Three Officers mounted, led forward the chase,
Resolv'd in the capture to share ;
But I smil'd on their efforts, tho' swift was their pace,
As I urg'd on my bonny Black Mare.
So when I've a bumper, what can I do less,
Than the memory drink of my bonny Black Bess ?

Hark away, hark away ! still onward they press,
As we saw by the glimmer of morn,
Tho' many a mile on the back of Black Bess,
That night I was gallantly borne ;

Hie over, my pet, the fatigue I must bear
Well clear'd! never falter for breath,
Hark forward, my girl, my bonny Black Mare,
We speed it for life or for death.
But when I've a bumper, what can I do less,
 Than the memory drink of my bonny Black Bess?

The spires of York now burst on my view,
But the chimes, they were ringing her knell,
Halt! Halt! my brave mare, they no longer pursue,
She halted, she staggered, she fell!
Her breathing was o'er, all was hushed as the grave,
Alas! poor Black Bess, once my pride,
Her heart she had burst, her rider to save,
For Dick Turpin, she lived, and she died.
Then the memory drink of my bonny Black Bess,
Hurrah for poor bonny Black Bess!

LIFE OF THE MANNINGS.

EXECUTED AT HORSEMONGER LANE GAOL ON
TUESDAY, 13 NOV., 1849.

SEE the scaffold it is mounted,
And the doomed ones do appear,
Seemingly borne wan with sorrow,
Grief and anguish, pain and care.
They cried, the moment is approaching,
When we, together, must leave this life,
And no one has the least compassion
On Frederick Manning and his wife.

Maria Manning came from Sweden,
Brought up respectably, we hear,
And Frederick Manning came from Taunton,
In the county of Somersetshire.
Maria lived with noble ladies,
In ease and splendour and delight,
But on one sad and fatal morning,
She was made Frederick Manning's wife.

She first was courted by O'Connor,
Who was a lover most sincere,
He was possessed of wealth and riches,
And loved Maria Roux most dear.

But she preferred her present husband.
As it appeared, and with delight,
Slighted sore Patrick O'Connor,
And was made Frederick Manning's wife.

And when O'Connor knew the story,
Down his cheeks rolled floods of tears,
He beat his breast and wept in sorrow,
Wrung his hands and tore his hair ;
Maria, dear, how could you leave me ?
Wretched you have made my life,
Tell me why you did deceive me,
For to be Fred Manning's wife ?

At length they all were reconciled,
And met together night and day,
Maria, by O'Connor's riches,
Dressed in splendour fine and gay.
Though married, yet she corresponded,
With O'Connor, all was right,
And oft he went to see Maria,
Frederick Manning's lawful wife.

At length they plann'd their friend to murder,
And for his company did crave,
The dreadful weapons they prepared,
And in the kitchen dug his grave.
And, as they fondly did caress him,
They slew him—what a dreadful sight,
First they mangled, after robbed him,
Frederick Manning and his wife.

They absconded but were apprehended,
And for the cruel deed were tried,
When placed at the Bar of Newgate,
They both the crime strongly denied.
At length the Jury them convicted,
And doomed them for to leave this life,
The Judge pronounced the awful sentence,
On Frederick Manning, and his wife.

Return, he said, to whence they brought you,
From thence unto the fatal tree,
And there together be suspended,
Where multitudes your fate may see.
Your hours, recollect, are numbered,
You betrayed a friend, and took his life,
For such there's not one spark of pity,
For Frederick Manning and his wife.

See what numbers are approaching,
To Horse Monger's fatal tree,
Full of blooming health and vigour,
What a dreadful sight to see.
Old and young, pray take a warning,
Females, lead a virtuous life,
Think upon that fatal morning,
Frederick Manning and his wife.



*THE LIFE AND TRIAL OF PALMER.**

OH listen unto William Palmer,
Who does in anguish sore bewail,
Now guilty they at last have found me,
And sent me back to Stafford Jail.
Every one appears against me,
Every person does me hate,
What excitement is impending,
On guilty William Palmer's fate.

Chorus.

My trial causes great excitement,
In town and country everywhere,
Now guilty found is William Palmer,
Of Rugeley town in Stafford Shire.

* Executed June 14, 1856.

Many years I was a sportsman,
Many wondrous deeds I've done,
Many a race I have attended,
Many a thousand, lost and won.
They say I poisoned my wife's mother,
And took away her precious life,
And slew poor Cook and my own brother,
And poisoned my own lawful wife.

Everything looks black against me,
That I really must confess,
The very thoughts that do oppress me,
Causes me pain and distress,
Now the jury did convict me,
And prove I did commit the deed,
And, sentence passed on William Palmer,
To Stafford I was sent with speed.

In Rugeley I was once respected,
A gentleman, lived at my ease,
With noblemen I was connected,
And sporting men of all degrees.
Although a Doctor no one knew me
To do anything amiss,
Now each one strives to undo me,
I never thought I'd come to this.

My poor old mother now at Rugeley,
My awful end must now bewail,
To know her son must die with scorn,
A felon's death in Stafford Jail.
Every charge alleged against me,
I have strongly it denied,
Twelve long days my trial lasted,
And now I am condemned to die.

Dreadful is my situation,
Before the awful bar I stand,
I might have filled a noble station,
Unfortunate, unhappy man.
Infants yet unborn will mention,
When to manhood they appear,
The name of Doctor William Palmer,
Of Rugeley town, in Staffordshire.

Will no one sympathize with Palmer,
Who every charge did strong deny,
You are all aware I am found guilty,
For by a Jury I've been tried.
My situation makes me tremble,
I am borne down with grief and care,
All conversation is of Palmer,
Of Rugeley town, in Staffordshire.

A COPY OF VERSES ON
MARY ARNOLD, THE FEMALE MONSTER.

OF all the tales was ever told,
I now will you impart,
That cannot fail to terror strike,
To every human heart.
The deeds of Mary Arnold,
Who does in a jail deplore,
Oh ! such a dreadful tale as this,
Was never told before.

Chorus.

This wretched woman's dreadful deed,
Does every one affright.
With black beetles in walnut shells,
She deprived her child of sight.

Now think you tender parents,
What must this monster feel,
The heart within her breast must ten
Times harder be than steel.
The dreadful crime she did commit,
Does all the world surprise,
Black beetles placed in walnut shells,
Bound round her infant's eyes.

The beetles in a walnut shell,
This monster she did place,
This dreadful deed, as you may read,
All history does disgrace,
The walnut shell, and beetles,
With a bandage she bound tight,
Around her infant's tender eyes,
To take away it's sight.

A lady saw this monster,
In the street when passing by,
And she was struck with terror,
For to hear the infant cry.
The infant's face she swore to see,
Which filled her with surprise,
To see the fatal bandage,
Tied round the infant's eyes.

With speed she called an officer,
Oh ! shocking to relate,
Who beheld the deed, and took the wretch,
Before the Magistrate.
Who committed her for trial,
Which did the wretch displease,
And she's now transported ten long years,
Across the briny seas.

Is there another in the world,
Could plan such wicked deed,

No one upon this earth before,
Of such did ever see.
To take away her infant's sight,
'Tis horrible to tell,
Binding black beetles round it's eyes,
Placed in walnut shells.

THE UNDERTAKER'S CLUB.

ONE night, being pressed by his old friend Chubb,
To go to an Undertaker's Club,
I'll furnish you all, if that I dare.
With a mournful account of this grave affair.

Chorus.

For such a black looking lot is this Club of
Undertakers, such a black looking set
You never did see.

This selfsame Club, and House of Call,
Was held at Blackheath, or else Blackwall,
The landlord's name it was Blackmore,
And an African Chief hung over the door.

The Undertakers had all met.
They were dress'd in black a dingey set,
The picture frames black, and so were the walls,
And the window curtains were made of palls.

The stove black leaded not long had been,
On the table was laid Blackwood's magazine,
The carpet was black and so was each chair,
The chairman'd black whiskers and raven hair.

The supper was laid, there were lots of black game,
With polonies in mourning to match with the same,
There were blackbird pies, and nothing but good 'uns,
And a quantity of good black puddings.

The knives were black, and so were the forks,
Black strap in black bottles, with black sealed corks,
The rules of the club, were done in black figures,
And the waiters and cooks were all of them niggers.

The dessert was black grapes, and black heart cherries.
Blackcurrants, and mulberries, and blackberries.
Prunes and elder wine were there,
Which just made up this black bill affair.

Mr. Sable sang first, and what should he choose on,
But the favourite ballad of black eyed Susan,
The coal black steed, Mr. Hatband choose,
And Mr. Merryhall sang coal black rose.

The best that was sung and that all did confess,
Was the favourite song of My bonny Black Bess,
The Chairman then whistled, when his throat was
clear,
The fav'rite grand march that is played in Black
Beard.

A TIDY SUIT FOR ALL THAT.

I REMEMBER well,—a slap-up swell—
With lots of cash, and all that,—
I used to quiz each lady's phiz,
And sport them out, and all that ;
And all this, and all that,
But I'm done brown for all that.
With Crockford's * crew my money flew,
But I skittles play, for all that.

I used to dwell up in Pall Mall :
In a house up steps, and all that—
With porter tall to mind the hall,
To take in notes, and all that.
And all this, and all that,
My feather beds, and all that,
But now I snore upon the floor,
And I lay till twelve for all that.

I used to wear, I do declare,
A slap up coat and all that—
I made good for trade, though I never paid,
But there's many swells do all that.

* A high-class gambling house in St. James's Street.

And all that, and all that,
Yet clothes I've got, for all that !
The suit I've got, cost me a pot,
And it's a tidy suit for all that.

I had a cab, 'twas lin'd with drab,
With a velvet seat, and all that—
My horse was brown, the best in town,
With a tiger smart, and all that.
And all that, and all that,
Yet I cab it still, for all that,
For, if one I find, I jump up behind,
So, you see, I ride, for all that.

I used to dine off goose and wine,
And couldn't eat my meat fat,
But it's turn about, for I go without,
I live on air, and all that.
And all that, and all that,
Faggots, peas pudding, and all that,
At the Carlton Club, I used to grub,
But I like Cann's soup for all that.

With patent boots like "Romeo Coates." *
With nice square toe and all that,

* A dandy of the first water in the time of the Regency. His vanity was superlative. He essayed to play Romeo, creating nothing but roars of laughter in the house. In the scene where Romeo dies, the audience applauded him ironically; but he took it in earnest, and, getting up, bowed, and *died again*, first of all carefully dusting the stage.

With good high heel for spur or steel,
To rattle about and all that.
And all that, and all that,
Yet boots I've got for all that,
Though they've no sole, yet on the whole,
The tops look well, for all that.

My gloves were black, without a crack,
But they're gone to wrack for all that,
With my kerchief silk, as white as milk,
When it's wash'd and all that.
And all that, and all that,
It saves the cuff for all that,
In life says Burns, there's many turns,
But a man's a man for all that.



THE RAGGED COAT.

O, WHAT a world of flummery, there's nothing but
deceit in it,
So you'll find all through life, as you travel on,
High and low, rich and poor, every one you meet in
it,
'Tis the same, I will maintain, and prove it in my
song;
When I was poor, I found that friends did very seldom
heed me,
Till true ones came, and left me cash that set me all
afloat,
So I thought among my friends I'd try who would
relieve me,
And, to fathom out deception, I put on a ragged coat.

I thought my friends I'd try the first, for I had got a
many,

At least that professed to be—at Kew was Mr.
Ford—

So I thought a trip by steam would be as cheap as
any,

Went down to London Bridge, and set my foot on
board.

I heard a puppy say, though lowly he did breathe it,
“It's a shame, to let such ragged people board a steam
boat,”

But, says I, My foolish fellow, there's a good heart
beats beneath,

So don't despise a man because he wears a ragged
coat.

The journey o'er, and safe arrived, I set my foot on
shore, Sir,

Glad enough from such a crew was I to get relief,
So I walk'd up to the house, and knock'd loud at the
door, Sir,

All the people eyeing me, as if I was a thief.

But the door was slammed in my face, with many a
bitter snarl, Sir,

So I shouted out, Good Mr. Ford, I've come to pay
that note ;

O dear, (says Ford) pray step this way, and show'd
me to the parlour, Sir,

We thought you came a begging in that ragged coat.

A chair was quickly placed for me, and down I sat in-
stanter,
You came from town, you must be tired, pray stop
here and dine,
Jane, bring the glasses, and likewise the decanter,
Ah, Sir, you'll find this some excellent port wine.
Your wine, Sir, you may keep, although I have no
dress on,
I have changed my mind, and mean to keep my note.
And put it to some better use, so let this be a lesson,
Don't despise a man because he's got a ragged coat.

Next I went courting the brisk widow Moore,
Reached the house, gave a tap, and boldly in I goes,
My suit I pressed, but she exclaim'd, Here, show the
knave the door,
For at sight of my appearance, she turn'd up her nose,
But, when I show'd a bag of gold, she wish'd to be a
talker,
At the sound of the rhino she quickly chang'd her note,
But, says I, I'm off, dear ma'am, it's time my name
was Walker.
So don't despise a man because he's got a ragged coat.



THE COLLIER SWELL.

I USED to be a vulgar clown, with cash and money
short in,
Till my old uncle died in Town, and left me all his
fortune,
A collier I was by trade, but I've chang'd as you may
tell, sir,
And since a richer purse I've got, I'll be a regular
Swell, sir.

Chorus.

But I'm so plagued with vulgar folks, since I've got
cash to sport in,
Why can't a collier cut a swell, when he's been left a
fortune?

I used to go with low bred chaps, and talk to every
put low,
Get drunk in Tom and Jerry shops, and go a purring
foot bo ;
But now, with all the swells in town, I sport my bobs
and tanners,
And I am going to London town, to learn some gen-
teel manners.

And when I've been to London town, I mean to go
to France, Sir,
To practice two or three times a week, to learn to hop
and dance, Sir,
Besides, I've got a quizzing glass, to see things far and
near o,
Which caused me the other day, to fall reet o'er a
barrow.

O my family are a vulgar set, tho' they've got clothes
in fashion,
They put them on all inside out, which puts me in a
passion,
The lads when'er we go to church, tho' they have lots
of riches,
They all go in their clogs, smock frocks, and leather
breeches.

My wife she is the worst of all, when we give gentee
dinners,
She uses neither knife nor fork, but pops in all her
fingers,

And when they hand the wine about, she tells the
gents it stinks, Sir,
Gets full her mouth, and squirts it out, and calls for
treacle drink, Sir.

If I give a dinner to my lord, and bid her make a
good 'un,
Perhaps she will make some pea soup, or else a great
black pudding :
And when the tea it is brought in, the tray she always
flings, Sir,
Stirs up the sugar with her fist, and then she licks her
fingers.

My lord once ask'd us out to dine, and there we had
a rum start,
Instead of her new carriage fine, she would ride in a
dung cart,
And when he sent a horse for her, and wanted her to
ride, Sir,
But what do you think of the ignorant jade, she would
get astride, Sir.

THE LONDON MERCHANT.

IT is of a rich merchant near London we hear,
Had a comely young daughter most beauteous and
fair,
Twenty thousand bright guineas was her portion in
gold,
Till she fell in love with a young sailor bold.

O! when that the merchant these tidings did hear,
Upon the young sailor, he vengeance did swear ;
He says, your true love shall no more plough the sea
For before to-morrow morning his butcher I'll be.

O, when that she heard her own father say so,
Her mind was o'erwhelmed with sorrow and woe ;
She thought to herself, If I could see my dear,
I quickly would warn him of the danger that's near.

In a suit of bold sailors apparel complete,
She dressed herself from the head to the feet,
With pumps on her feet, and a cane in her hand,
She met her dear William as he walked through the
Strand.

She says, My dear William, O, instantly flee,
For my father doth swear that your butcher he'll be,
So straight unto Dover, I'd have you repair,
And in forty-eight hours, I'll meet you there.

As he kiss'd her fair cheek, the tear stood in each eye,
She says I will save you, or else I will die.

Then straightway she gave him a handful of gold,
And she marched up the street like a sailor so bold.

She, meeting her father, as she walked up the Strand,
He mistook her for William, saying, You are the man,
A Sword from his side then he instantly drew,
And her beautiful body he pierc'd it quite through.

When he found what he'd done, he sunk down in
despair,

He wringed his hands, and he tore off his hair,
Crying, wretched monster, Oh! what have I done?
I have killed the flower of fair London town.

Then up from the ground he did instantly start,
And leaned on his sword, till he pierced his heart;
Forgive me, he cried, as he drew his last breath,
Then he closed his eyes in the cold arms of death.

Now when that young William the tidings did hear,
He died broken hearted by grief and despair,
Thus father, and daughter, and a young sailor bold,
Met an untimely death for the sake of curs'd gold.

RILEY'S FAREWELL.

As I rov'd out one evening down by a river side,
I heard a lovely maid complain, the tears fell from her
eyes,

It is a cold and stormy night, these words she did say,
My love is on the raging sea, bound for America.

My love, he was a sailor bold, his age was scarce
sixteen,

He was as nice a young man, as ever you did see,
My father he has riches great, and Riley he was poor,
Because I loved this sailor, they could not him endure.

Riley was my love's name,—he liv'd down by the sea,
My mother took me by the hand, and these words she
did say,

If you be fond of Riley, let him leave this country,
Your father says he'll take his life, or shun his
company.

Oh! mother dear, don't be severe, where shall I find
my love,

My very heart lies in his breast, as constant as a Dove.
Oh, daughter dear, I'm not severe, there is one thou-
sand pound,

Send Riley to America, to purchase there some ground.

When she got the money, to Riley she did run,
This very night, to take your life, my father charged
his gun,
Here is one thousand pounds in gold, my mother sent
to you,
Sail off unto America, and there I'll follow you.

When Riley got the money, next day he sail'd away,
When he got his foot on board, these words she did say,
Here is a token of my love, and we'll break it in two,
You'll have my heart, and half my ring, until I find
out you.

It was in twelve months after, she was walking by the
sea,
When Riley he came back again, and took his love
away,
The ship was wrecked, all hands were lost, her father
grieved full sore,
Found her in Riley's arms, and they were drown'd
upon the shore.

They found a letter in her breast, and it was wrote in
blood,
Saying, Cruel was my father that thought to shoot
my love ;
So let this be a warning to all you fair maidens gay,
Never to send the man they love upon the raging sea.

YOUNG WILLIAM.

YOUNG William for honour and fame went to sea,
And many a battle and storm weathered he,
But, the wars being over, he homeward returned,
For love of his Mary in his bosom did burn.

Faithful and true was the youth.

With a heart light and buoyant to Mary did haste,
With joy she wept, and her William embraced,
Of his parents he asked, and she mournfully sighed,
That home, once your joy, is, now, wretched, she cried,

Your parents are bowed down in grief.

Scarce one short month of your absence was spent,
When the Landlord's vile agent seized on them for
rent,

Sold their cow, all they had, for a twelve months'
arrears,

Nor heeded their anguish, but laughed at their tears,
No succour, alas! could I bring.

Oh, Mary, cried William, while his tears fast did flow,
This night to my parents, disguised I will go,
In the morning what rapture through their bosoms
will run,

When they find that the stranger is William, their son,
For they know not from sea, I've returned.

He went as a stranger, admittance did crave,
As a stranger, a welcome from them he received,
How chang'd was his father, once healthy and neat,
His mother thro' want, could scarce move from her
seat.

And want seem'd to dwell in each face.

Some gold from his purse on his father he prest,
Took his leave for the night and retired to rest,
Alas! from his pillow he never rose more,
Before morning sun beamed, he was dead in his gore.

He died by the hand of his sire.

Ah! see, in the morning, poor Mary she came,
And asks for her lover, her William, by name,
Our William's not here both the parents replied,
Oh yes! smiled Mary, he came here disguised.

As a stranger, he's dwelling with you.

Oh God! cried the father, then what have I done?
Thro' gold, cursed gold, I have murdered my son,
Then with the same weapon himself did destroy,
Saying, thus I avenge thee, Oh, William, my boy!

Oh, Mercy! he cried and expired.

The mother soon died, and was laid in the tomb,
And Mary, a maniac wildly did roam,
All did her pity, though none could her save,
She was found dead and cold on her true lover's grave,

On the grave of her lover so true.



THE BROKEN HEARTED GARDENER.

I'M a broken hearted Gardener, and don't know what
to do,
My love she is inconstant, and a fickle jade, too,
One smile from her lips will never be forgot,
It refreshes, like a shower from a watering pot.

Chorus.

Oh, Oh! she's a fickle wild rose,
A damask, a cabbage, a young China Rose.

She's my myrtle, my geranium,
My Sun flower, my sweet marjorum,
My honey suckle, my tulip, my violet,
My holy hock, my dahlia, my mignonette.

We grew up together like two apple trees,
And clung to each other like double sweet peas,
Now they're going to trim her, and plant her in a pot,
And I'm left to wither, neglected and forgot.

She's my snowdrop, my ranunculus,
My hyacinth, my gilliflower, my polyanthus,
My heart's ease, my pink, water lily,
My buttercup, my daisy, my daffydown dilly.

I'm like a scarlet runner that has lost its stick,
Or a cherry that's left for the dickey to pick,
Like a waterpot, I weep, like a pavioir I sigh,
Like a mushroom I'll wither, like a cucumber, die.

I'm like a humble bee that doesn't know where to
settle,
And she's a dandelion, and a stinging nettle,
My heart's like a beet root choked with chickweed,
And my head's like a pumpkin running to seed.

I'm a great mind to make myself a felo-de-se,
And finish all my woes on the branch of a tree :
But I won't, for I know at my kicking, you'd roar,
And honour my death with a double encore.

BOXING DAY IN 1847.

OF all the days throughout the year,
There was never one, I say,
That could come up in former times,
At all to Boxing Day.
But in the windows now you'll see,
How shocking, I declare,
Notice! recollect, no Christmas Boxes
Will be given here.

Chorus.

In former times, how folks would spree,
So lively, brisk and gay,
Such jolly games there used to be
Upon a Boxing Day.

Some folks are mean, as may be seen,
Who plenty have in store,
And strive outright, with all their might,
To trample on the poor.
It was not so in former times,
For every class together,
Stroll to the Play, on Boxing Day,
Like Birds of every feather.

The beadles out a boxing went,
So did old women too,
The dustman out a boxing went,
A whistling—Dust O!
Some would dance, and some would sing,
And some a noise would keep,
And some would in the watch house go,
To get a lodging cheap.

In grandfather's and grandmother's days,
Folks through the streets were led,
There were no police with rolling pins,
To break the people's heads ;
They did not Polka dresses wear,
Or bustles on their rumps,
And shop boys did not smoke cigars,
Made out of Cabbage Stumps.

Now up and down old London Town,
In windows every where,
There are bills that say, No Christmas boxes
Will be given here.
They may put their Christmas boxes up,
Said Bet to her old man,
And then she boxed him round the room,
And broke the frying pan.

Now all old ancient customs will
Be quickly done away,

Here's a happy new Year, and may you live
Till another Boxing day :
But may Old Nick a visit pay
To them both far and near,
Who in their windows put,
No Christmas Boxes given here.

THE illustration to this ballad has evidently done duty for a portion (most probably Macheath's song of "How happy could I be with either") of the "Beggar's Opera," first played at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, 1728. The *Commode*, or cap, of the ladies is that of the reign of Queen Anne; but it is probable that highwaymen's female friends did not dress in the height of the fashion.



ST. JAMES'S AND ST. GILES'S.

To the tourist of London, who's curious in fact,
I'll point out some things in the principal tracts.
Two places there are, where the poor and the rich,
Live so like each other, there's no telling which.

One parish, St. James's, *par excellence* call'd,
 The West end of town and the fashionable world ;
 The other St. Giles's, if true rumour speaks,
 Is inhabited solely by Emigrant Greeks.

Chorus.

So don't be astonished at what I shall say,
 St. James and St. Giles I have seen in my day,
 In the former they live on the National Debt,
 In the latter they live on what they can get.

In St. James's there is but one Palace, I swear,
 In St. Giles's Gin Palaces everywhere,
 At the Court of St. James's they hang out the flags,
 Up a Court at St. Giles's they hang out the rags.
 The Swells at St. James's go shooting at noon,
 In St. Giles's the people go shooting the moon.*
 In St. James's Hotel, boots are welted by nobbs,
 In St. Giles's the welting is done by the snobs,

In St. James's the nobbs to the Opera go,
 Because they can't bear anything that is low,
 In St. Giles's that being too slap-up, 'tis agreed,
 To go to the stall of "the Garden" instead.
 In St. James's there's military pensioners dwell,
 In St. Giles's there's lots of Old Soldiers † as well ;
 In St. James's they pay, when a regiment they choose,
 In St. Giles's, for nothing, they get "in the Blues."

* Cant term for leaving lodgings without paying.

† Red herrings.

In St. James's they keep up their spirits with wine,
In St. Giles's they're drunk on "blue ruin" * by nine,
In St. James's they banquet on Silver, in state,
In St. Giles's the same, with a twopenny plate.
In St. James's the Officers mess at their Club.
In St. Giles's they often have messes for grub ;
In St. James's they feed on the highest of game,
In St. Giles's they live on foul *air* just the same.

A Lord in St. James's his betting book keeps,
In the Derby, St. Giles's has plenty of sweeps ;
In St. James's they gamble at hazard for crowns,
And they play in St. Giles's at skittles for browns.
In St. James's the authors, when the Muses inspire,
Dash off with a touch of D'Israeli's fire ;
In St. Giles's original ballads by Bunn,
Are done by the poet of Moses and Son.

In St. James's Pall Mall is considered polite,
In St. Giles's pell mell in the gutter they fight,
In St. James's Conservative principles run,
In St. Giles's, the principle's nuffink to none.
In St. James's fraternity goeth ahead,
In St. Giles's they fraternize ten in a bed ;
In St. James's the families march out of town,
In St. Giles's Bill Simmons to Brixton goes down.

* Gin.

In St. James's in calling the morning is spent,
In St. Giles's, the landlord calls for his rent,
In St. James's the Queen holds a drawing-room gay.
In St. Giles's Mr. Smith holds a garret all day.
In St. James's the togs are got out very bright,
In St. Giles's they're got out every Saturday night,
In St. James's they sleep on down pillows and snore,
In St Giles's the same, but it's down on the floor.

Now, comparisons mostly are odious I've heard,
And such being the case, I think it absurd
To say any more on the subject just now,
For fear of offending the high or the low.
But next time I travel those parts of the town,
Some further particulars, Sir, shall go down.
Of the Sweets of St. James's with bitters mixed in,
In St. Giles's the bitters are mixed up with gin.

THE THREE BUTCHERS.

It was Ips, Gips, and Johnson, as I've heard many say,
They had five hundred guineas, all on a market day:
As they rode over Northumberland, as hard as they
could ride,
Oh, hark, Oh, hark, says Johnson, I hear a woman cry.

Then Johnson, being a valiant man, a man of courage
bold,
He ranged the woods all over, till this woman he did
behold,
How came you here? says Johnson, how came you
here I pray,
I am come here to relieve you, if you will not me
betray.

There have been ten swaggering blades, have hand
and foot me bound,
And stripped me stark naked, with my hair pinn'd on
the ground ;
Then Johnson, being a valiant man, a man of courage
bold,
He took his coat from off his back, to keep her from
the cold.

As they rode over Northumberland, as hard as they
could ride,
She put her fingers in her ears, and dismally she
cried,
Then up start ten swaggering blades, with weapons in
their hand,
And, riding up to Johnson, they bid him for to stand.

It's I'll not stand, said Ipson, then no indeed, not I,
Nor, I'll not stand, said Gipson, I'd sooner live than
die.

Then I will stand, said Johnson, I'll stand the while I
can,
I never yet was daunted, nor afraid of any man.

Then Johnson drew his glittering sword, with all his
might and main,
So well he laid upon them, that eight of them were
slain :
As he was fighting the other two, this woman he did
not mind,
She took the knife all from his side, and ripped him
up behind.

Now I must fall, says Johnson, I must fall unto the
ground,
For relieving this wicked woman, she gave me my
death wound ;

Oh base woman, Oh base woman, whatever hast thou
done,
Thou hast killed the finest butcher that ever the sun
shone on.

This happened on a Market Day, as people were
riding by,
To see this dreadful murder, they gave the hue and
cry,
It's now this woman's taken, and bound in irons strong,
For killing the finest butcher that ever the sun shone
on.

THE END.



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