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SAM. COWELL'S

COLLECTION

OF

COMIC SONGS.

CONTAINING MANY ORIGINAL ONES NOW
PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME ;

AND SUNG BY HIM IN EVERY PRINCIPAL THEATRE AND CONCERT
ROOM IN ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND AMERICA.

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SKETCH OF THE
LIFE OF SAM COWELL.

It may reasonably be expected that, in publishing a collection of "Sam Cowell's Comic Songs," our readers will feel some curiosity as to his birth, parentage, and "broughtage-up;" and as we happen to be pretty accurately informed of a few of the most prominent features of that popular vocalist's career, we shall feel much pleasure in giving them to the public.

SAM COWELL was born in London on the 5th of April 1820, and was taken to America in 1822, where he was afterwards sent to a military academy, at Mount Airy, near Philadelphia.

His father, Joe Cowell, formerly of Drury Lane, the Adelphi, and Coburg Theatres, married the sister of the late Mr Wm. Murray, of this city, and has been for many years resident in America. In the year 1844 he published, in New-York, his reminiscences, under the title of "Thirty Years passed among the Players," from which we extract the following interesting passage connected with Sam's first appearance on any stage:—

"Hamblin was on a visit to my house during his sojourn at Boston; and while amusing himself with my children, during a leisure morning, made the discovery that my dear boy, Samuel, was perfect both in the words and music of *Crack*, in the *Turnpike Gate*, and could give an excellent imitation of his father in that character. After dinner we

had a full rehearsal. The pianoforte was put in requisition, and Hamblin and myself played the off-parts by turns. I confess I thought he was extremely clever—what father would not? Hamblin was in ecstasies of admiration, and Sam's talent furnished food for a chat in my room at the Theatre that evening; and Daria, the principal of the committee of management, pertinently said, 'Now, Cowell, if *you* were to have the profits of your benefit,' which was then advertised, 'you would let your son play for it.'

"This legitimate Yankee suspicion, of course, I had no better means of removing than by letting Sam perform. He was delighted at the novelty, and no farther instructed than by a usual rehearsal, he made his first appearance *three nights afterwards*.

"Whatever he may be now, [this was printed in 1844] he was a very little boy in 1829; and he certainly eclipsed anything in the way of juvenile prodigies which I had ever seen—and so an overflowing house said too. But from long experience of the consequence, in after life, of forcing precocious talent, *I never urged him to learn a line*. For some two or three years following, he played and sung such parts and comic songs as he thought proper, for his own amusement and my emolument, in all the principal theatres of the United States, as the "Young American Roscius," but in the course of that time he never studied more than six characters—*Crack, Chip, Matty Marvellous, Bombastes*—I forget the other—and one of the Dromios; and his impersonation of me *was me*, at the small end of a telescope.

"He chose, when it was time to choose, the stage for his profession, and is now an admitted favourite in the Edinburgh Theatre: no small boast at his age, for there the drama is considered one of the mental endowments of that refined and critical portion of Great Britain. And his uncle, W. H. Murray, the manager, who, when a mere boy was entrusted by his sister's husband, Henry Siddons, with the direction of the National Theatre, has been for years universally admitted as the most finished disciplinarian now remaining to uphold the good old school."

Sam came to Edinburgh in 1840, and, by way of "sowing his wild oats," married, on the 5th of November, 1842, Emilie Marguerite Ebsworth, daughter of Mr Joseph Ebsworth, teacher of music in this city. Mr Murray gave away the bride; and we may add, with sincere pleasure, that it has been a happy marriage. Up to the present time they have had seven children, five of whom are living.

He remained with his uncle four years, an established favourite. A three years' engagement was then offered him in London, with Webster at the Adelphi, which he accepted, but broke it in six months, the salary being too low, and business (*i.e.* cast of parts) not sufficiently prominent, according to agreement.

His next engagement was at the Surrey Theatre, as principal low comedian, where he became a tremendous lion—remained there for two years, and then went to the Olympic Theatre, under Bolton's unfortunate dynasty.

After this he went to the Princess's, where he remained two years, playing seconds to Compton under Maddox's management.

" Ever ranging, ever changing."

He now received an offer to play at Covent Garden Theatre, where he undertook Mr Harley's line of business, under Bunn. From thence he went to Glasgow, under Mr Edmund Glover, and afterwards to Belfast, Dublin, &c. Since then he has taken no permanent *theatrical* engagement, but at present is very successful as a *concert* and *dinner* singer, and at times takes a run through the provinces, giving concerts, which are always well attended. His songs of "Lord Lovel," "Billy Barlow," and "Robinson Crusoe," being sufficiently attractive of themselves to draw a full room—for he stands unrivalled as a comic singer.

His father is now in Cincinnati, alternately acting and enjoying his *otium* in a snug little farm of his own, within a few miles of that city. His sister, Sidney Cowell, married

Mr Bateman, consequently the "Bateman children" are Sam's nieces.

At the commencement of the present year he visited Edinburgh, and played a most successful engagement with Mr Wyndham at the Adelphi, and with whom he has again engaged to return and tickle the risible muscles of his friends in "Auld Reekie."

SAM COWELL'S

COLLECTION OF COMIC SONGS.

CINDERELLA.

(Never before Published.)

AIR—*Nora Creina.*

Listen, friends, the while I sing
A little song I'll not be long about ;
The story's trite, the moral slight,
But just enough to make a song about.
Cinderella's life I'll tell,
A queer affair, there's no dispute in it—
She had a shoe of glass,—and strange !
Her fortune made by—putting her foot in it.
O, my Cinderella dear !
Charming, lovely Cinderella !
Few but would, I guess, have stood
In your shoes, my Cinderella !

" ALLY CROAKER."

A baron bold there lived of old,
Yes, thereabouts or there it was ;
In the chateau, a thousand miles
Or more, from everywhere it was.
He'd daughters three—Penelope,
Ann, and Cinderella too ;
As queer a set as ever yet
You introduced a fellow to ;—
Except Cinderella, pretty Cinderella,
Ne'er a face in all the place
Could equal Cinderella's.

The elder pair had red, red hair,
And noses made to match it quite ;
Desperate after love, although
They never seemed to catch it quite.
The youngest she was pretty, fresh,
And plump—Oh, quite a pet she was !
A nuisance to her sisters, you
May make an even bet, she was.
Poor Cinderella !—charming Cinderella !
Ne'er a face in all the place
Could equal Cinderella's !

“WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER.”

And the elder ones the youngest did most cordially detest,
 They hated her and rated her, and never let her rest.
 The snubb'd, and made her do the dirty work about the place;
 Then cry, “You minx, ’twill do you good, and wash your dirty face.”
 They hurried her, and worried her, with never-ceasing spite;
 They huff'd her, and they cuff'd her from morning until night.

“OR, DON'T I LOVE MY MOTHER?”

Whenever company dropp'd in
 They popp'd her in the kitchen,
 That place was good enough for her,
 To scour, and cook, and stitch in.
 In short, upon the girl they stuck,
 Just like a brace of blisters;
 And she could sing, right feelingly,
 “Oh, don't I love my sisters.”

“VULCAN'S CAVE.”

One day as the King got out of bed,
 He took it into his royal head
 To give a rattling hop and spread,
 To suit his inclinations!
 “Lord Chamberlain,” quoth he, “you bore!
 Get up a ball;—I say no more;
 Such a one as never was done before;
 And mind my rascals chalk the floor!
 For when I'm disposed to have a fling,
 I'll show 'em how to do the thing,
 Or I'm a Dutchman instead of a King!
 So out with the invitations!”

“FIGARO.”

A young page in a suit of carnation,
 Reach'd the Baron von Pump's habitation,
 And quoth he, “I've an invitation
 For you to his Majesty's ball.”

“INVITATION TO THE BALL. GUSTAVUS.”

“The King presents his compliments
 To you, sir, and your daughters all,
 And begs you'll be with the company
 To-morrow, at the Royal ball.
 There'll be quaffing, jesting, laughing,
 Tipple, from Champagne to purl,
 With waltz, quadrille, and polk until
 We dance the girls' hair out of curl.
 Then the King presents his compliments,
 To you, sir, and your daughters all,
 And begs you'll be with the company
 To-morrow at the Royal ball.”

"CH, WHAT A ROW."

Oh, what a painting, a patching, and powdering
 The sisters had—they dressed like mad—the day of the ball ;
 Poor Cinderella's life was worried out of her ;
 She tried to set them off, but it wouldn't do at all !
 " Cinderella,—drat the girl,—now can't you take more care, you slut ;
 Your clumsy hands were never made to dress a lady's hair, you slut.
 Lord, how you pull you stupid fool ! now then, what are you at again ?
 I'll box your ears, and dry your tears, you minx, if you do that again."
 Oh, what a painting, a patching and powdering
 The sisters had—they dress'd like mad, the day of the ball ;
 Poor Cinderella's life was worried out of her ;
 She tried to set them off, but it wouldn't do at all.

"MOLLY BAWN."

They were dress'd and fit for starting
 Before the time, an hour or two,
 And so they thought they'd chaff their sister
 Because—they'd nothing else to do !

"WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER !"

" Cinderella ! wont you go to the ball with us, my dear !
 I'm sure we shan't enjoy ourselves if you sit moping here !
 You'd shine so with your worn-out shoes, and your dusty hair ;
 I can't think how the King 'll bear the night if you're not there.
 Then won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you, come to the ball !
 Won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you, come to the ball !

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

At last they left in coach so fine,
 The sisters and their father ;
 Quoth they, " I think we shall rather shine !"
 And echo answered—" Rather !"
 In the ball-room look, with the youngest men
 You're pretty safe to find them,
 But they never gave a single thought
 To the girl they left behind them.

"BY THE SAD SEA WAVES."

By the sad fireside
 Poor Cinderella sat,
 Alone with no
 Companion, but the cat.
 She was young—she was fair,
 But uncombed was her hair—
 Unfastened was her dress—all slovenly and torn ;
 And she sat half fried
 By the sad fireside !—
 " Come to me, grandmamma, whom I knew in days bygone,
 Come again grandmamma,
 Come again, come again !"

“GAILY THE TROUBADOUR.”

Straightway her grandmamma
 Down the chimney came,
 Black looked the smoke, and blue,
 Blue was the flame—
 “What is’t you want my child !
 Why did you call !”
 “Please, grandmamma, I want
 To go to the ball !”

“THE LEGACY.”

“You shall go there Cinderella !”
 The old dame said, and in a trice
 She made a chariot out of a pumpkin,
 And excellent horses out of mice !
 Some rats with long and elegant whiskers,
 Served for coachmen and footmen tall ;
 And soon there waited for Cinderella
 The best turn-out at the royal ball.
 Her rags were changed into scented satins,
 Nothing on earth could their beauty surpass ;
 And then on her feet her grandmamma fastened
 A pair of glittering shoes of glass !
 “Now, mind what I say, Miss Cinderella,
 When the clock strikes twelve you leave the hall,
 For if you stay one moment after,
 You’ll rue your trip to the royal ball.”

“YANKEE DOODLE.”

Cinderella reached the ball,
 Among the great non-suches,
 Feathers waving in her hair,
 Quite a little Duchess.
 The men admired—the women looked,
 As if they’d like to choke her—
 The King in rapture took her hand,
 And softly thus bespoke her.

“OH, THOU.”

“Oh, thou, whose lustrous beauty
 Has all my Court upset,
 Will you dance with me a polka,
 A waltz, or minuet ?
 Thy feet in those bright slippers
 All other feet surpass,
 Then tread with me a measure,
 And put a new duty on glass !

“POLKA.”

The King then took Cinderella’s hand,
 Like mad struck up the royal band,

As his arm about her waist encurled,
 In the Polka's measure off they whirled.
 Never the King had shown off so,
 On his fantastic, royal toe,
 Each maiden's soft eyes plainly said,
 " I wish he were squeezing me instead."
 The King then took Cinderella's hand,
 Like mad struck up the Royal band,
 As his arm about her waist encurled,
 In the Polka's measure off they whirled.

" NORMA."

At last the King cried " Hold, break off !
 This dancing will fatigue us.
 A glass of wine, miss,—white or red ?
 A cobbler, or some negus !"
 The sisters fumed this sight to see,
 But neither one supposes
 That 'twas their precious sister who
 Put out of joint their noses !

" HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN."

The hours flew on at a galloping rate,
 Cinderella, I fear's but a sad girl,
 She never once thought of her good *grandmamma*,
 But flirted and danced like a mad girl !
 Till the clock met her sight,
 And she saw with affright
 It wanted but little to twelve by the night !

" ROBERT LE DIABLE."

" Leave the ball-room, Ciuderella,
 Take a friend's advice, and run;
 For if you don't, my dear, I fear
 Your goose'll be cooked and overdone !"

" STRIKE, STRIKE, O CLOCK."

Don't strike, O Clock;
 As yet you've only struck three quarters—
 Please, stand still !
 I'm not half tired yet !
 Clock, then don't be spiteful,
 The King is so delightful !
 Of pleasure I am quite full !
 Dear old dial, don't be spiteful—
 Please stand still !

" OLE DAN TUCKER."

Out of the ball-room, Cinderella !
 Cut of the ball-room, Cinderella !

One, two, three,—it's striking twelve, ah!
You're too late,—you've lost your slipper!

“THROUGH THE WOOD.”

Down the stairs, down the stairs ran Cinderella,
Her silks turn'd to rags,—but one shoe to her feet;
And when at the gate, some great lout of a fellow
Push'd her uncivilly into the street.

“THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.”

The King ran through the royal hall,
And vainly sought to find her—
He got no clue but the single shoe
That she had left behind her.
“Oh, where,” quoth he, “'s the shoemaker,
With this who did equip her?
I've lost this slippery girl, it's true,
But then I've got her slipper.”

“YANKEE DOODLE.”

Next day the King sent out betimes
A royal proclamation,
Address'd to all the pretty girls
Throughout the entire nation.
That any who could match the shoe—
The fellow one discovering—
Should wed the King,—'twas quite a catch—
An odd shoe for a Sovereign!

“BUFFALO GALS.”

The herald lumbered up the street, down the street, and up the street,
And every girl he chanced to meet,
Said he, “Come here my lass!
Pretty girl come to the ball to-night, to the ball to-night, to the ball
to-night,
Pretty girl come to the ball to-night, and try on the shoe of glass.”

“MY LORD TOM NODDY.”

Now, when to the sisters came the news
Of the King, and the marriage, and the shoes,
“We'll both have a shy,” cried they, “if we squeeze
And pinch our feet like a she-Chinese!”
And every plan did the pair devise
To make their feet an impossible size—
They pressed 'em, and crush'd 'em, and, spiteful elves,
Cinderella got beat when they hurt themselves;
But she took it all in good part, for she knew
The nattiest foot for a glassy shoe;
And she saw that her sisters' would fit it as well
As an elephant's hoof would a walnut shell.

“SUCH A GETTIN’ UP STAIRS.”

And when the trial came to pass,
As to who should wear the shoe of glass,
A crowd of ladies, great and small,
Besieged the gates of the royal hall.
Such a scramble, such a rush,
Such a pushing, and a crush,
Such a devil of a fuss, sure, never was seen.

By turns they reddened, then they paled—
Their hearts beat fast as their neighbours failed—
“It’s my turn now, Miss,”—“That won’t do,”—
“Oh, dear, what a *stupid, little* shoe.”
Such a kicking off their own shoes
And trying on the other,
Such a failure in a fit, sure never was seen.

“BELIEVE ME IF ALL.”

“I believe it’s a *do*,” quoth the King, as the girls,
One by one, drew aside in despair ;
When in ran Cinderella, all ragged her dress,
And dishevelled her beautiful hair.
“Stand back, you young slut,” quoth the Lord Chamberlain,
How dare you come here, Miss, thus drest ?”
“No, no, no,” quoth the King, “let the girl have a fling,
Her feet can’t be much worse than the rest !”

The sisters turned all sorts of colours with rage,
As the poor little creature revealed
The delicate ankle, and small taper foot,
Which her coarse shabby frock had concealed.
Lord Chamberlain opened his large saucer eyes—
“Oh, your Majesty, what do I see ;”
And the sisters they swooned in affright when they found
That the shoe fitted right—to a T.

“LUCY LONG.”

The rags dropped off and left her
All array’d in silks and pearls,
Her hair by magic settled,
And fell in golden curls.
The King then in a rapture
From his throne leapt down—
“My charmer, here’s my hand, and
With it—half a Crown.
Then good-bye, Cinderella, and keep your hair in curl,
The King’s a happy fellow, and you’re a lucky girl.

MORAL.

"ONE HORSE CHAY."

Now here my story ends, and, my kind attentive friends,
 There's a very pretty moral in it, I've no doubt ;
 But as just now I've no time to put it into rhyme,
 I'll leave you at your leisure, sirs, to find it out.

LORD LOVEL.

Originally Sung by Sam Cowell, in the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
 A-combing his milk-white steed,
 When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
 A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,
 A-wishing her lover good speed.

"Now, where are you going Lord Lovel?" she said,
 "Where are you going?" said she;—
 "I'm a-going away, Miss Nancy Bell,
 Strange *counteries* for to see, see, see,
 Strange *counteries* for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
 "When will you be back?" said she,—
 "In a year or two—say three at the most,
 I'll return to my Lady Nancy, cy, cy,
 I'll return to my Lady Nancy."

But he hadn't been gone but a year and a day,
 Strange *counteries* for to see,
 When languishin' thoughts came into his head,
 Lady Nancy Bell he'd go see, see, see,
 Lady Nancy he'd go see.

He rode, and he rode, on his milk-white steed,
 Till he came to London town;
 And there he heard the High Church bell,
 And the people all mourning around, round, round,
 And the people all mourning round.

"Now who is dead?" Lord Lovel he said,
 "And who is defunct?" says he ;
 "A lady is dead," the people all said,
 "And they called her the Lady Nancy, cy, cy,
 And they called her the Lady Nancy."

Then he ordered the grave to be open-ed straight,
 And the shroud to be turned down;
 And there he kissed her clay-cold cheek,
 While the tears came a-trickling down, down, down,
 While the tears came a-trickling down.

Then he laid himself down by the side of the corpse,
 With a terrible gulp, and a guggle;
 Gave three kicks, two hops, heaved a sigh, blew his nose,
 Sung a psalm, and then died in the struggle, uggie, uggie,
 Sung a psalm, and then died in the struggle.

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

Lady Nancy was buried in the cold churchyard,
 Lord Lovel was buried close by her;
 And out of her buzzom there grew a red rose,
 And out of Lord Lovel's a brier, rier, rier,
 And out of Lord Lovel's a brier.

And they grew, and they grew, till they reached the church-
 top,
 And then they couldn't grow any higher;
 So they twisted themselves in a true lovier's knot,
 All true loviers for to admire, mire, mire,
 All true loviers for to admire.

COME O'ER THE STREAM CHARLIE.

Come o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
 Come o'er the stream Charlie, and dine wi' Maclean;
 And tho' you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,
 And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.

We'll bring down the track-deer, we'll bring down the black steer
 The lamb frae the brechan, and doe frae the glen.
 The saut sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie
 The cream frae the bothie, and curd frae the pen.

Come o'er the stream, &c.

And you shall drink freely the dews o' Glen Sheerly
 That stream in the starlight when kings do not ken;
 And deep shall your meed be of wine that is ruddy,
 To driuk to your Sire, and his friend the Maclean.

Come o'er the stream, &c.

If aught can invite you, or more can delight you,
 'Tis ready; a troop of our bold Highland men
 Shall range o'er the heather, wi' bonnet and feather,
 Strong arms, and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.
 Come o'er the stream, &c.,

O'er heath beds shall trace you, our maids to embrace you,
 And deck your blue bonnets wi' flow'rs of the brae;
 And the loveliest Mary in a' Glen M'Quharry,
 Shall follow your steps till the break o' the day.
 Come o'er the stream, &c.

THE SHOP ON FIRE.

(*Parody on Russell's celebrated "Ship on Fire."*)

Written by LABERN. Sung by J. W. SHARPE, and SAM. COWELL.

The goose on the shop-board was worked pretty fast,
 And the steam rose in clouds as it went hissing past;
 As heavily labour'd the hard-working "Snip,"
 Like a cross-legg'd old Sultan, the cloth on his hip.
 And dull were the men, they could scarce raise a laugh,
 Except when the "guv'ner" sent up half and-half.
 A young woman sat in the kitchen below,
 And calling her child by a name *rayther* low,
 She bawled to its dad, 'midst its squalling so wild,
 "Oh, Bodkin, dear Bodkin! come down to this child!"

It passed, the young brat very quiet did lay,
 And the slaveys, like wiiking, kept stitching away;
 Their needles shone bright in the sun—it was June,—
 And a chap on the board tried to whistle a tune.
 There was joy in the shop, you could tell by their tone,
 And fondly within 'em they wish'd the work done.
 The tailor's wife hugged her young brat to her breast;
 And she sung "Molly Bawn," 'cause it suited her best;
 And her husband sat stichin' away by her side,
 And he looked, once or twice, very sweet on his bride.
 "How happy," says he, "when this 'ere work is o'er,
 We'll go to Gravesend, if we don't to the Nore.
 Already, in fancy, the steamer I spy,
 And the smoke from its flue curling up to the sky.
 The Windmill Hill green, with its swings and its stalls,
 And donkeys to ride on, including the falls;
 With Tulley's Bazaar, and the gay Tivoli—
 How scrumptious to go for a day on the spree.
 Hark! What's the row? Hist! Hark to the shont!"—
 "Fire!!!"—then a scream—then a scout,—
 And the policeman's rattle sprung loud in the air,
 And the mother rau up to the back second pair.

And she bawl'd to the tailor in agony wild—
 "Oh, Bodkin! dear Bodkin! look arter the child!"
 She flew to her husband—she stuck to his side—
 For he was nuts on her—oh, she was his pride.—
 Fire! fire!—'twas raging above and below;
 And the mug of the tailor grew queer at the sight,
 And he looked like O. Smith in the glare of the light.
 'Twas in vain o'er the broad-cloth the water to pop,
 The devouring flames had fast hold of the shop;
 And the smoke, in four volumes, rose higher and higher—
 Oh, isn't it *nauful* to be done brown by fire?
 "Our sticks for destruction are safe booked I see;
 Mister Braidwood, you nice man, our hopes is in thee."
 Quite down on their luck, but still plucky and brave,
 They lowered a blanket, 'twas all they could save.
 First, slid down the mother, who took it quite mild,
 And then, very kindly, they chucked out the child.
 Cold, cold they all felt as they went o'er the way,
 And they managed a quartern, their anguish to stay.
 They prayed for the fireman—when, turning about,
 They saw lots of boys, and they heard a rare shout.
 "Oh, an injine! an injine!" cries Bodkin with glee,
 "It's a fact," and they strained all their optics to see.
 "They twig us, they twig us, towards us they're lured,—
 They bear down upon us, they bear down upon us,
 They bear down upon us, towards us they're lured;
 But there's one precious comfort—thank Bob, we're insured."

THE LITTLE MERRY, FAT, GREY MAN.

There is a little man, dress'd all in grey,
 He lives in the city, and he's always gay;
 He's round as an apple, plump as a pear,
 He has not a shilling, nor has he a care,

Yet he laughs and he sings, and he sings and he laughs,
 Laughs—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Oh, what a merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry,
 Little, little, little, little, little, little, little,
 Fat, fat, fat, fat, fat, fat, fat, fat, fat, grey man.

He drinks without counting the number of glasses,
 He sings merry songs, and flirts with the lasses.
 He has debts, he has duns,—when bailiffs draw near,
 He shuts up his door, and he shuts up his ear.

Yet he laughs and he sings, &c.

If the rain through the roof his garret floor wets,
 In his bed, suoring snugly, the rain he forgets;

In bleak cold December, it hails and it snows,
If the fire goes out, his fingers he blows.

Yet he laughs and he sings, and he sings and he laughs,
Laughs—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Oh, what a merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry,
Little, little, little, little, little, little, little,
Fat, fat, fat, fat, fat, fat, fat, fat, fat grey man!

JIM ALONG JOSEY.

As originally sung by SAM. COWELL, in the Theatre-Royal,
Edinburgh.

I'm just from Louisiana dar, whar, I'd hab you know,
Dat Jim Along Josey is all de go.
Dem niggers all dar, dey used to make a big ring,
An' de scientific song dat we use to sing

Was—Hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Josey!

When I used to dance dar, dey all allowed
Dat in kicking up my heels I was equal to a crowd,
An' one man ober dar, he bet me half a dollar
Dat in a week I should beat ole Jim Crow hollar!

And it's—Hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Josey.

Once ole Jim Crow, he was dar all de go,
Till he found him *ribal* in Jim Along Joe.
Now, poor Mr Crow, dey hab put him to bed,
And James Along Joseph hab cum in him stead;

'Case it's—Hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Josey.

I knew a nigger ober dar, he had so hard a head,
He took a bull by de horns, an' butted him dead.
He took him to de riber, an' he trowed him in de water,
I don't think he acted jus' 'xactly as he ought to.

'Case it's—Hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Josey.

But now, den, I hab left ole Lusyanna far behind,
An' if I don't go back again I shan't much mind.
For as you were so kind to Mr Billy Barlow,
Perhaps you'll show some favour to Jim Along Joe.

'Case it's—Hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Josey.

ENCORE.

Now, gentlemen an' ladies, I hab come back once more;
'Case it's plain dat you all wanted me, by calling "encore."

First, upon de heel-tap, an' den upon de toe,
And dat here is de science ob Jim Along Joe.

Hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Josey.

When I gets de new coat I 'spects to hab soon,
An' likewise de new pair ob trowser-loon;
When I walks along Prince's Street dar's none will be bigger
Dan dis here sentimental, and scientific nigger.

Hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Josey.

Oh, de pumpkin pudding, an' de peacock pie,—
De white cat bit out de black cat's eye;
I picked up both de cats, and shobed 'em in a pail,
When de black cat bit off de white cat's tail.

Hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Josey.

Dis nigger's fame's a spreadin' round, dat you all will own
An' in Edinburgh city he's a gettin' well known:
De little boys dey call out now, whereber I do go—
"D'ye ken wha that is, laddie! It's Jim Along Joe!"

Hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Josey.

SECOND ENCORE.

I gets letters down from London, nearly ebery day,
From managers of theatres, dar, dat want me to play;
But de people won't let me; neider would I go,
As long as you is pleased wid "Jim Along Joe."

Hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Josey .

De Bolino's dey hab been here, cuttin' great swell,
An' at de Adelphi dey acted bery well.
Dey tinks dat dey is cleber, but am only so, so—
For a graceful figger, look at Jim Along Joe.

Hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Josey

Now ladies an' gentlemen, once more I make my bow,
An' I tank you all for laughin' at my nonsense now.
But I'm gettin' bery tired, an' you please to let me go,
Some oder night you hear more from Jim Along Joe.

Hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Josey.

ON DE OHIO BLUFF.

(Never before Published.)

On de Ohio Bluff, in de state ob Indiana,
Dar's whar I used to lib, chuck in de Habana;

Ebery mornin' early massa gib me liquor,
 I take my net and paddle, and I put out quicker;
 I jump into my skiff, and down de riber drif',
 An' I catch as many tarapin as eber nigger lif'.

Doodlealderingtum, &c.

De sun gwan down, an' de day's work ober,
 Cle Gumbo Chaff he tink he lib in clober;
 Jump on board a 'teamboat, take him tambourine,
 De captain shobe him off—he's gwang to New Orlean;
 An' de skipper, o'd rot him, I neber shall forgot him,
 He put me on de leby for to roll a bale ob cotton.

Doodlealderingtum, &c.

Daddy beats de drum, an' big Bill's de fifer;
 But I am de lad dat can read, write, and cypher;
 Twice two is four, den carry three to seben,
 Twenty-one from nineteen, an' dere you hab eleben.
 For between you an' me 'twas bery plain to see;
 But I can beat de banjo to de double rule ob three.

Doodlealderingtum, &c.

Massa built a barn, an' in it put de fodder,
 Dar was dis ting, au' dat ting, an' one ting anoder;
 Rain forty days and nights—came a drift o' water,
 Take massa's barn away funder dan it ought to;
 Den massa rip an swar, an' cuss, and tear his hair,
 'Case de water take his barn off, he couldn't tell where.

Doodlealderingtum, &c.

Dis morning, on a drif' log, I see an alligator,
 Scull my boat around, an' chuck him sweet potater;
 Scratch him on de head, an' tried for to vex it,
 Couldn't fool de varmint no way dat I could fix it;
 So I up wid a stick, and foteh him such a lick,—
 'Twas noting but a pine-knot on a big stick.

Doodlealderingtum, &c.

UNCLE EDWARD.

There formerly might have been seen an aged coloured individual,
 and bis cognomen was uncle Edward,
 And he departed this life some timo since, some time since ;
 And he had no capillary substance on the summit of his cranium,
 In the place designed by benevolent nature for the capillary substance
 to vegetate !

Then lay down the agricultural implements,
 Allow the violin and bow to remain pendant on the wall,
 For there's no more physical energy to be expected of indigent, aged
 Edward,
 For he's gone to that place designed by a kind Providence for all
 pious, ancient, and benevolent coloured individuals.

Uncle Edward had digits similar to the bamboo formation, which grows
 spontaneously on the banks of the southern Mississipi,
 And he had no oculars with which to observe the beauties of nature;
 And he had no dental formation with which to masticate the Indian
 meal cake :
 So he was forced to let the Indian meal-cake to pass by with impunity.

Then lay down, down the agricultural implements,
 Allow the violin and bow to remain pendant on the wall;
 For there is no more physical energy to be expected of indigent, aged
 Edward,
 For he's gone to that place designed by a kind Providence for all
 pious, ancient, and coloured individuals.

When Uncle Edward departed this life his master was very much
 grieved ;
 And the lachryma poured down his cheeks like the rain from heaven ;
 For he knew very well when Uncle Edward left terra firma,
 He would never behold the countenance of indigent, aged Edward any
 more !

Then lay down the agricultural implements ;
 Allow the violin and bow to remain pendant on the wall,
 For there is no more physical energy to be expected of indigent, aged
 Edward,
 For he's gone to that place designed by a kind Providence for all
 pious, ancient, and coloured individuals.

THE STRIPED PIG.

Up at Dedham,* just now, they'd a terrible "muster,"†
 Which collected the soldiers all up in a cluster;
 And a great deal of trouble they had, would you think,
 To find out a way to get some'at to drink.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

* Dedham—town in Massachusetts.

† Militia muster.

A Yankee came up, the reel "nutmeg" brand,
 Who'd sold wooden clocks all over the land;
 And he hit on a plan, a little bit sticker,
 By which he could furnish the *sojers* with liquor.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

They wouldn't allow him to sell by the mug,
 Unless he took out a "fifteen-gallon" jug;^{*}
 And as folks couldn't drink from a measure so big,
 He got out a license to show a "Striped Pig."

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

So all who felt dry, both the high and the low,
 To the striped pig tent were persuaded to go;
 Where a "fourpenny bit" they paid to get in,
 Which piggy† paid back with his brandy and gin.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

A lawyer, who happened to hear of the rout,
 Went into the tent there, to smoke the joke out;
 He said the striped pig was a very great take-in;
 But said he'd go home and look into Bacon.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

A doctor, who wanted some patients to rob,
 Went into the tent in search of a job;
 Disease in the optics he there could descry,
 For each one that went in had a "sty" in his eye.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

A wealthy distiller then next waddled in,
 To see how the "pig" turned his "grain" into gin;
 And he merely remarked, after taking his fill—
 "'Twas a queer way of working the 'worm of a still.'"

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

Then up came a sailor all under full sail,
 Who said he'd chewed oakum in many a gale,
 Saluted the pig with a boisterous hail,
 And ducked for a quid of his pig-tail.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

* The law was, at that time, that no one could SELL a less quantity than fifteen gallons of spirituous liquor.

† He had a fifteen gallon jug made to imitate a striped pig. He charged a "fourpenny bit" for admission, and GAVE AWAY a glass of spirits to each visitor

A farmer came up on his long tail'd steed,
 Who wanted to know what they'd give him for seed;
 He'd got a good stock of the Byefield breed,
 But such a striped pig, why he never had seed.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

He thought he'd go snacks with a four-footed brute
 That belongs to a genus that knows how to root;
 For the fellow'd been taught (no doubt by the Devil)
 This method of getting the root of all evil.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

The temperance men all felt very sore,
 They tried to make out the striped pig a bore (*boar*.)
 But they said to the keeper that *they* shouldn't rail
 If he rigged out his pig with a temperance tail (*tale*).

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

The folks at the muster were all agreed,
 That this pig was the best for crossing the breed;
 For he left his mark upon every biped,
 As they all went in sober, but came out striped.*

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

ORIGINAL MEDLEY.

(*Never before Published.*)

Written and sung by SAM. COWEIA

Chant.

There's a terrible rage in this musical age
 For everything new, I needn't tell you,
 So a few of its features I'll quiz;
 For there's scarcely a man but believes that he can,
 For amusement or pelf, if not musical himself,
 Play upon an instrument *wot is*.

The English endeavour now more than ever,
 Day after day, in every kind of way,
 To show their harmonious intentions.
 And there is not a foreigner arriving, but what is constantly
 striving
 To add to the number of those who encumber
 The world with their musical pretensions.

* Striped—blue, corned. *screwed. muggy, tipsy, &c.

We have concerts, and balls, music meetings, music halls,
 And music got really out of stones;
 And there is not a lad for a message to be had,
 But what makes a noise, like the rest of the little boys,
 By accompanying himself on his bones.

In sbort, it's my impression, there's a constant succession
 Of folks whom we find musically inclined,
 Which leads me at last to declare—
 That in matters operatical (excuse my being ungrammatical),
 Sometimes, I fear, allow *this ear*
 To be very much annoyed by *that air!*

What with instrumentation and vocalization,
 Oh, we've got a very musical nation.

AIR—*Seven Ages.*

There are Opera houses seen
 To be fav'rites of the Queen,
 Filled with quite a constellation—
 The stars of every nation;
 With concerts that delight
 The public every night,
 From philharmonic down to the casino.

Sims Reeves—applause receives—
 Madame Grisi—sure to please ye—
 Alboni—old crony—
 And down from town, and sure to get renown
 In whatever part of England they are seen, oh!

AIR—*Woman's Heart.*

On private parties, if you're bent,
 Some ballads you may hear;
 But what the ballad-writers *meant*
 Is not exactly clear!
 They make their knights do curious things,
 To keep some soleinn vow;
 Or else some anxious maiden sings—
 "Will you love me then as now?"

AIR—*Will you you love me then as now.*

"You have told me that you loved me,
 But I fear 'twas all my eye;—
 Should I say, when we're wed,
 That my tin was all fled,
 Would you love me then as *now!*"

AIR—*Seven Ages.*

Then there's Mr Henry Russell,
 Who's always in a bustle,
 Who tells us of the life
 Of a wretched "Gambler's Wife;"
 Or "The Maniac," highly wrought,
 Till we shudder at the thought
 Of the terrible calamities he's seen, oh!
 Painful words—striking cords—
 Touch the heart—make us start,—
 Ladies crying—no denying—
 In such sad tone, all shown,
 To make their sorrows known;
 And this is just the sort of song I mean, oh!

AIR—*Maniac.*

"Hush! 'tis the night-watch!—he guards my lonely cell,—
 Hush! 'tis the night-watch—he——"

AIR—*Susianna.*

May go to the east, or go the west,
 But in Ethiopian manner,
 Some voices dere are eberywhere,
 Will tell ob Susianna.

Dat she is black, dat's a fac'—dat she is black dat's a fac'.

SPOKEN—And to prove dat she *is* black, dey say—
 You may go to de east, or go to de west,
 But in Ethiopian manner,
 Some voices dere are eberywhere,
 Will tell of Susianna.

AIR—*Jim Along Joe*

Oh, de pumpkin pudding, and de peacock pie,
 De black cat scratched out de white cat's eye;
 I took up both de cats, an' shobe 'em in a pail,
 When de white cat bit off de black cat's tail.
 And it's, hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Josey,
 Hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Joe.

Dance.

THE VULGAR LITTLE GIRL.

Had Mr Rice sung of the boy he met on Margate Pier
 Some months ago—I mean the boy for whom he fetched the beer—

It would have put me on my guard—I'd not been taken in
 By nasty, filthy, vulgar folks who are fond of beer and gin.
 But so it is,—it seems ordained by some decree of fate—
 Advice, however good it is, should always come too late.
 'Twas so with me, your sympathy I claim, and hope to find
 "A fellow feeling," as, you know, it makes us wondrous kind.

I'd to a Bible meeting been—'twas in the Borough Road,
 And thoughtfully was strolling to my own, my blest abode;
 It was a very rainy night—the hollow wind did blow;
 I pitied those poor wretches who'd no home whereto to go.
 I wrapp'd my cloak about my limbs—I journey'd on my way—
 I saw a little vulgar girl upon a door step lay.
 My feelings all at once were roused,—I went and woke her too;
 Said I, "My dear, on such a night this is no place for you."

"Oh, thank you kindly sir," she said, then bursting into tears,
 A horrifying tale of woe she poured into my ears—
 "My father's on a bed of death, my mother's very ill,
 And all us children starving are—our bellies none will fill."
 I wept, my heart was in my mouth, I said unto this child,
 In manners very soothing, and in language very mild—
 "I always feel acutely for a fellow-creature's grief,
 So I'll go and see your parents, and afford them some relief."

I took the child, then, by the hand, the way I bade her lead,
 I trudged along, I knew that I should prove a friend in need.
 The passers-by at me they stared—some sneered—I didn't care,
 And for their wicked thoughts of me I only breathed a prayer.
 "Ye scoffers, and ye wicked ones, I know I'm acting right—
 Shew charity, the Scripture saith, I'm showing it to-night."
 I bade my fair companion dry each tear and check each sob,
 "I will," said she, "my good old cock, I will, so help me Bob!"

I started, for I couldn't think the words from her arose,
 When two great ugly-looking chaps came up, and did propose
 That I should stand some beer and gin, besides a crown a-piece,
 Or else they'd quickly break my nob, or call for the police.
 "For what?" said I. "Oh, you know what—you knew quite well, old
 boy—
 Our darling little sister, here, this night you would decoy;
 But we're in time to spoil you." Then, regardless of my cries,
 My cloak they tore from off my back, my hat knocked o'er my eyes.

Amazement on me quickly sat—Oh, what a dreadful state—
 On horror's head, as Shakspeare says, horrors accumulate—
 My watch, my guard, my pin, and ring, my snuff-box and my cloak,
 They took, and then politely said, "Good night to you, old Bloke."

When I recovered sense I call'd for the police aloud,
 Which quickly drew unto the spot, you may believe, a crowd;
 I told my woes, some of them smiled, while others loud did laugh,—
 "Twon't do," said they, "old birds like us an't to be caught with
 chaff."

So from my woes a warning take, philanthropy lock up
 Within your breast for proper folks, for others 'tis all stuff;
 On no pretence, although the rain in dreadful torrents pours,
 Wake vulgar children from their sleep upon the steps of doors.
 You'd better seek from London tricks some pretty, tranquil spot,
 As some one writes, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot;"
 For sentiment is but a name—a charm that lulls to sleep,—
 The sharp who picks your pocket, and leaves the flat to weep.

THE SPREE, THE SPREE!

Written and sung by SAM. COWELL.

(*Never before Published.*)

The spree! the spree! the glorious spree!!
 We'll dance and sing, be ever free, be ever, ever free
 Without a *Bob*, without a screw,
 We'll go on *tick* and all get *fou*.
 We'll drink whisky-toddy, eat dog's-meat pies,
 Sing comic songs, tell wondrous lies!
 Sing comic songs, tell wondrous lies!
 I'm on the spree, I'm on the spree,
 I am where I would ever be.
 With the bottles all ranged above and below,
 And liquor wheresoe'er I go.
 If a toper should come, and not have chink—
 What matter, what matter? I can tip him the wink,
 What matter, what matter? I can tip him the wink.

I love, oh, how I love to swill,
 Pay for it he who may or will—he that may or will.
 For every sup it gives me joy,
 And cheers the heart of the player boy;
 For I can drink, and drinking's bliss,
 It never comes to me amiss,
 It never comes to me amiss.
 I never had a pal with me
 But I felt like taking a jolly spree,
 And forth I'd go to do my best,
 Like a young donkey seeking it's mother's nest—
 For a mother it was, and is, to me,

For I was born while my mother was on a spree!
 For I was born while my mother was on a spree!

In the noisy hour when I was born,
 It raised the price of Indian corn—the price of Indian corn.
 The miller whistled, his stones they rolled,
 And misers shook their bags of gold.
 Such a stir was made from north to south,
 When first I ope'd my trap-door mouth,
 When first I ope'd my trap-door mouth.
 I've lived since then, on mussels and tripe,
 Near thirty summers, a cadger's life.
 No power to spend, but cheek to sponge,
 And never have sighed or sought for change.
 And death, whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come, shall come on the wide, unbounded spree,
 Shall come, shall come on the wide, unbounded spree.

THE WORKHOUSE BOY.

The cloth was laid in the Vork'us hall,
 The great-coats hung 'gainst the white-washed vall,—
 And the paupers all were blyth and gay,
 Keepin' their Christmas 'oliday,
 When the master he cried, with a roguish leer,
 "You'll all get fat on your Christmas cheer."
 And one, by his looks, he seemed to say—
 "I'll have some more soup on this Christmas day."

Oh, the poor Vork'us boy!

At length all on us to bed vere sent,
 The boy vas missin'—in search ve vent,—
 Ve sought him above, and ve sought him below,
 Ve sought him vith faces of grief and voe!
 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 cries, "I knows ve shall
 Get jolly vell vopped for losin' our pal."

Oh, the poor Vork'us boy!

Ve sought in each corner, each crevice ve knew,
 Ve looked down the yard, and ve peeped up the flue,
 Ve sought in each saucepan, each kettle, each pot,
 In the vater-butt looked but found him not.
 And veeks rolled on—ve vere all on us told
 As how some one had said, he'd been burk'd and sold;

Ven our master goes out, the parishioners wild,
Cries—"There goes the covey that burk'd the poor ch'ild."

Oh, the poor Vork'us boy!

At length the soup coppers repairs did need,
The coppersmith com'd, and there he seed
A dollop of bones lay grizzling there,
In the leg of the breeches the boy did vear!
Ve drained the soup-coppers, but nought did come
But an old ragged shirt, and a small-tooth comb,—
And ve all on us says, and ve says it sincere,
'Twas the best soup ve tasted for many a year.

Oh, the poor Vork'us boy!

MORAL.

Now all young children, a varning take
From this ere Vork'us boy's mistake,—
If he'd never done wrong, he'd always did right,
And I shouldn't have had to lament him to-night.
Then don't be rumbunctious, nor put a stopper,
On what your papas or your ma's think proper;
Nor at robbing of kettles and pans don't stoop;
'Cause fat boys and bones makes the best 'tater soup!

Oh, the poor Vork'us boy!

SAMMY SUGARPLUMB AND POLLY CHITTERLINGS.

Written by J. EBSWORTH.

Come here you lovers all, now, and listen to my tale,
'Tis ov one Sammy Sugarplumb, who loved a drop o' ale.
He courted Polly Chitterlings, the porkman's daughter sweet,
Who lived in Mutton Lane, 'twixt Saffron 'ill and Tumble Street.

Ri tiddy iddy, &c.

It vas von Vitsun Monday he made Miss Poll his bride.
He took her in a one horse shay, all for to have a ride,
And when they did return at night it vas as dark as pitch,
And Sam being blind with drinkin' ale, druv slap into a ditch.

Ri tiddy iddy, &c.

Miss Polly's neck vos broke in two, poor Sam vos bruised sore.
He pulled Miss Polly from the mud, who never spoke no more;

He took 'er up a pick aback, then put 'er in the shay,
Then 'it the 'orse a deuce of a vack, and galloped fast away.

Ri tiddy iddy, &c.

Her ghost appeared to him at night, and thus to him did say—
“ Oh, Sammy, Sammy Sugarplumb, all cold now is my clay;
My ghost shall haunt you, day and night, till you are robbed of life—
'Cause vell you knows, Sam Sugarplumb, vot I'm your lawful vife.

Ri tiddy iddy, &c.

Poor Sammy quickly lost his wits, and then, von mornin', he
Vas fonnd suspended by the neck, all from a villow tree.
He had a right to do hexactly vot he pleased with his'n.
So the crowner's inquest was, that he had tvisted his own vizen.

Ri tiddy iddy, &c.

MORAL.

Now ye male and feminine genders take varnin' by their fate.
Vhen ye goes galliwantin' oh, don't stay out too late.
If Sam had been a 'totaller, and 'ad be'aved as *sich*,
His bride, Miss Polly, wouldn't 'ave been smothered in a ditch.

ALAS! POOR DRURY LANE.

Written by W. T. WILLCOX.

(Never before Published.)

TUNE—*Mary Blane.*

Alas! poor Drury all is lost,
Where is thy boasted fame?
The Drama's left, the actors gone,
And now “ what's in a name?”
Ye spirits rest, of Kean and Cooke,
Of Siddons, Young, and Jones,
Remain unconscious that the world
Are playing with your *bones*.

Then fare-thee-well poor Drury Lane,
To weep for thee none can refrain,
Let thy poor muse hope not in vain
To see her bright stars shine again.

Poor Falstaff's lost his sack-lined paunch,
King Dick has lost his humps,

Macbeth to Scotland back has gone,
 And Macduff's in the dumps.
 Othello says his chance is best—
 Though bad's the best, alack!—
 He's doing now the nigger dodge
 Because his face is black.

Then fare-thee-well, &c.

'Tis lucky that King Lear went mad,
 Of that he well may boast,
 Unconscious he that Hamlet now
 Has given up the ghost.
 Ophelia still is in the weeds,
 I'm sad to tell the tale;
 Poor old Polonius' last words were—
 " 'Twas wery like a whale."

Then fare-thee-well, &c.

Poor love-sick Romeo no more
 Will Juliet's spirits cheer;
 Content he is, with all his *ails*,
 To rest upon her *bier*.
 The 'Pothecary's starved outright,
 The nurse has lost a berth,
 The Capulets are all defunct,
 And peaceful rest in earth.

Then fare-thee-well, &c.

Old Falstaff's ragged regiment
 Have gone, few can guess where,
 To Mister Moses, 'tis supposed,
 To undergo repair.
 ' There is a tide in man's affairs,
 Which, taken at the flood;'
 But Cassius says the tide is down,
 And he's fast in the mud.

Then fare-thee-well, &c.

France has for months invaded us,
 And greatly to our loss,
 Since Jullien thus commands the foot,
 And Fran-co-ni the horse.
 Now mourn ye muse, " your course is run,"
 No more at Drury feast;
 The entertainment there, alas!
 Is now for " man and beast."

Then fare-thee-well, &c.

Old Shylock's now a bankrupt Jew,
 Since Venice took his sticks;
 And now that Drury's shut up shop,
 He's in a blessed fix.
 He's trying hard to raise the wind,
 To get a five-pound loan.
 Should he once more a Christian shave,
 He'll shave him to the bone.

Then fare-thee-well, &c.

Poor Shakspeare says 'tis cruel work,
 Since age his back has bent,
 To be thus thrust out of his house,
 Where he ne'er owed the rent.
 Should any kind friend wish to know
 Where now he humbly dwells,
 He lodges with a Mr Phelps,
 At poor old "Saddler's Wells."

WILLIKINS.

In London's fair city a merchant did dwell,
 He had but one daughter; an unkimmon nice young gal.
 Her name it was Dina—just sixteen years old,—
 With a very large portion of silver and gold.

Singing, Tol lol lol lol ts.

As Dina was a-vaiking in the garden one day,
 Her papa he came to her, and thus he did say:—
 "Go, dress yourself, Dina, in gorgeous array,—
 For I've got you an usband, both gallant and gay."

Singing, Tol lol lol lol ts.

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

Singing, Tol lol lol lol ts.

"Go, go, boldest daughter," the father replied,
 "If you won't consent for to be this man's bride
 I'll give all your fortin to the nearest of kin,
 And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin."

Singing, Tol lol lol lol la.

As Villikins vas a-vaiking in the garden one day,
 He spied his dear Dina lying dead on the clay—
 And a cup of cold pisin vas a-lying by her side,
 And a billet-dux to say that for Villikins she died!

Singing, Tol lol lol lol la.

He kissed her cold corpis a thousand times o'er;
 He called her his Dina, though she was no more:—
 And swallowed the pisin like a lovier so brave,
 And Villikins and his Dina were buried in one grave.

MORAL.

Now all ye young ladies, take heed to what I say,
 And never, not by no means, your guv'ners disobey;
 Now all ye young men mind whom ye cast your eyes on,—
 Think of Villikins and his Dina, and the cup of cold pisin.

Singing, Tol lol lol lol la.

THE VULGAR LITTLE BOY.

I was at Margate last July,—I walked upon the pier,
 I saw a little vulgar boy, I said, "What makes you here?
 The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;"
 Again I said, "What makes you here, you vulgar little boy?"

Fal lal la, &c.

He frowned, that little vulgar boy, he deemed I meant to scoff,
 And when a little heart is big, a little sets it off;
 He put his fingers in his mouth, his little bosom rose,
 He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose.

Fal lal la, &c.

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man, it's striking nine," I said,
 An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.
 Run home and get your supper, or else your ma will scold. Oh, fie!
 It's very wrong, indeed, for little boys to stand and cry."

Fal lal la, &c

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring;
 His bosom throbb'd with agony, he eried like anything;
 I stopped, and thus, between his sobs, I heard him murmur, "Ah,
 I havn't got no supper, and I havn't got no ma!"

Fal lal la, &c.

"My father he is on the seas, my mother's dead and gone,
And I am here, on this 'ere pier, to roam the world alone;
I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart,
Nor brown to buy a bit of bread; no, let alone a tart!"

Fal lal la, &c.

"If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vulgar boy!)
"And now I'm here, from this 'ere pier it is my fixed intent
To jump, as Mister Levi did, from off the Monument."

Fal lal la, &c.

"Cheer up, cheer up, my little man, cheer up," I kindly said,
"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head;
If you should jump from off the pier, you'll surely break your legs,
Perhaps your neck, then Bogy'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs."

Fal lal la, &c.

"Come home with me, my little man, come home with me to sup,
My landlady is Mrs Jones, we must not keep her up.
There's roast potatoes at the fire, enough for me and you,—
Come home, you little vulgar boy, I lodge at number two.

Fal lal la, &c.

I took him home to number two—the house beside the Toy,
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes, that vulgar little boy!
And then I said to Mrs Jones—the kindest of her sex—
"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X.

Fal lal la, &c.

But Mrs Jones was rather cross—she made a little noise,
She said, "She did not like to wait on vulgar little boys!"
She with her apron wiped the plates, and as she rubbed the delf,
Said, "I might go to Jericho! and fetch the beer myself."

Fal lal la, &c.

I did not go to Jericho, I went to Mr Cobb;
I changed a shilling which, in town, the people call a *Bob*.
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child;
And I said, "A pint of double X., and please to draw it mild."

Fal lal la, &c.

When I came back, I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair,
I could no see my little friend, because he was not there!
I peeped beneath the table-cloth, beneath the sofa too,—
I said, "You little vulgar boy, why, what's become of you?"

Fal lal la, &c.

I could not see my table spoons,—I looked but could not see
 The little fiddle-pattern ones I use when I'm at tea;
 I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch,—Oh, dear!
 I know 'twas on the mantel-piece when I went to fetch the beer.

Fal lal la, &c.

I could not see my Mackintosh! It was not to be seen,
 Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimmed, and lined with
 green,
 My carpet bag, my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and soy;
 My roast potatoes, all are gone, and so's that vulgar boy.

Fal lal la, &c.

I rung the bell for Mrs Jones, for she was down below—
 "Oh, Mrs Jones, what do you think!—ain't this a precious go!
 That horrid, vulgar little boy, whom I brought here to-night,
 He's stolen my things, and run away." Says she, "It sarves you
 right!"

Fal lal la, &c.

MORAL.

Remember, then, what, when a boy, I've heard my grandma' tel,
 "Be warn'd in time by other's harm, and you shall do full well.
 Don't link yourselves with vulgar folks, who've got no fixed abode,
 Tell lies, use naughty words, and say, they wish they may be blow'd."

Fal lal la, &c.

Don't take too much of double X., and don't at night go out
 To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your stout;
 And when you go to Margate next, just stop and ring the bell,
 Give my respects to Mrs Jones, and say I'm pretty well.

Fal lal la, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

AIR—*Dicky Birds.*

(*Never before Published.*)

As I'm for singing in the mind,
 Endeav'ring to amuse—
 I'll try to prove that all mankind
 Are only *Boots and Shoes!*
 You'll say I have to prove it yet,—
 I'll do so, I repeat;

And doing so, I hope to get
The length of all your feet!

Tol de rol, &c.

This axiom will itself adapt
Among our nation's sons;
The Whigs in Parliament are *tops*,
The Tories *Wellingtons*.
The church and state are of a boot
The *sole* and *upper leather*;
While the public's often *welted* well,
To keep them both together,

Tol de rol, &c.

The actor I a *stage boot* call,
Who oft meets many thumps;
Tee-totalers an't boots at all,
But merely wretched *pumps*.
The sergeant is a *shoe of list*,
As green-horns often find;
And schoolboys are those curious boots
That *lacings have behind*.

Tol de rol, &c.

Then women—that seducing sex,—
Are *painted tops*, the half;
And butchers, they are *boots too tight*,
That oft *cut up the calf*.
The Icelanders a *snow boot*,
That does oft the *rein-deer* hunt;
And shirtless men are *boots of cloth*
That *button up in front*.

Tol de rol, &c.

Protection was a *boot that pinched*,
Too much so to be borne,
Because, 'tis plain, it caused too great
A *pressure on the corn*.
But now that poor Protection's dead,
It ends the farmer's woes;
And like a *Chinese boot* it now
Is *turned up at the toes*.

Tol de rol, &c.

In short we every one are boots,
Both giant tall, and dwarf;
And old King Death the *boot-jack* is
That quickly *takes us off*.

And now, as I have done my best,
 Endeav'ring to amuse,
 I'll walk my chalks, and let some other
 Cove step in my shoes.

So, if you've listened to my song,
 I think you cannot choose,
 But say with me that all mankind
 Are only "Boots and Shoes."

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Written and compiled by J. W. ROE.
 Sung by JOHN PARRY and SAM. COWELL.
 Music to be had of WOOD & Co.

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

But a breeze sprang up, and they furled each sail,
 And Robinson looked uncommonly pale,
 As the ship pitch'd to and fro;—
 Poor Crusoe was not a *fellow-de-sea*,
 But it made him feel, as it always does me,
 Sick of life;—and he stagger'd below!

The thunder rolled—the lightning flashed—
 Over the ship the billows dashed—
 And they fired a gun of distress.
 But this was only a waste of powder,—
 Though the gun was loud, the waves roar'd louder—
 They were all in a precious mess!

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

Poor Robinson got on a bit of a mast,
 And "devotee"-like resolved "to keep fast"
 As long as his hands could hold.

But soon, alas! he was forced to let go,
The raging waves did buffet him so,
And he felt so terribly cold.

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

Though he wasn't drowned that day, still he got most awful wet,
And lying there insensible, a shocking cold did get;
Yet he dried himself immediately, though full of grief and woe,
With not a single soul near him—poor Robinson Crusoe!
Then he wore a goat-skin jacket which with his own hands he made,
Then built a house, and planted trees to keep him in the shade;
With his parrot on his shoulder and a monkey by his side,
He looked like some strange *hanimal* just washed up by the tide,
He looked like some strange *hanimal* just washed up by the tide.

By the sad sea wave he was wand'ring all alone,
And humming o'er a stave in a sort of undertone;
He walks on,—Ah, what's there!—what is it makes him stare!—
His eyes and mouth wide open, and his cheek's bright colour flown;
What makes him look so grave
By the sad sea wave!
“What foot is that upon my land,—
A corn upon that toe!
Who has been setting corn in sand!—
'Tis *bootless!*—I must go.”

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

He ran and left the spot—
Don't deem him ungenteel,
He wished not, though in the *flow'r* of youth,
To be despatched for *meal*.

When he saw Crusoe coming near,
He was in a dreadful stew!

He kneel'd and kissed his feet in fear—
Said Crusoe, "Who are you?"

But the poor luckless wight (unhappy black!)
A knowledge of the English tongue did lack;
He looked up, though, as if he would entreat him
To pity, and, at all events—not eat him!

Friday with Crusoe here lived many a day,
And though he worked, he had his hours of play;
A dance he taught his master, we might call
A sort of native *Polka Cannibale!*

At length when they began to tire
Of this humdrum, dull existence,
One morning early they espied
A large ship in the distance!
'Twas bound for Crusoe's native land,
And the captain said, with a grin—
Although he didn't like to cheat,
He'd try to take both in!

Now they sail with the gale,
Robinson Crusoe and Friday, oh!
Now they sail with the gale,
Robinson Crusoe and Friday, oh!

MARM'SELLE MARY, GE BONE CUM SAW.

Come all ye Virginny gals, and listen to my noise,
Oh, neber do ye wed wid de Carolina boys;
For if dat you do, your portion it will be—
Oh, apple-sass, and sassafra, and jangeranga tea!
Oh, Marm'selle Mary, ge bone cum saw.

Night comes on, and it's time to go to bed,
Build 'em up a fi-ar, as high as any head;
And dis is de way dat we used for to do,
When I belong to de Carolina crew.
Oh, Marm'selle Mary, ge bone cum saw.

Some dey hab mocassin, an' some dey hab none,
An' he dat's got a pair ob boots tink himself a man.
He jump on a ho'se, an' fotch him such a lick,
An' trabel o'er de yarth like a crooked maple stick.
Oh, Marm'selle Mary, ge bone cum saw.

An' we goes a courtin' de purty gals to see,
 Its buckskins and mocassins to a high degree.
 De fus' ting we say when we do sit down,
 Is, "Gal, I tink your jonny-cake's a bakin' too brown."

Oh, Marm'selle Mary, ge bone cum saw.

I hab a sweetheart in dis 'ere town,
 She wears a cloak, an' a new silk gown;
 An' as she walks de streets all around,
 Why, de holler ob her foot make a hole in de ground.

Oh, Marm'selle Mary, ge bone cum saw.

An Indianny hoosier came up to town,
 He swallow'd a barrel ob treacle down;
 De hoops cum off, and de barrel it bust,
 An' blowed him up in a thunder gust.

Oh, Marm'selle Mary, ge bone cum saw.

Now, ladies an' gentlemen, I bid ye all good bye;
 I hopes, when I leaves here, none ob you will cry;
 For if ye please to put up wid dis here nigger's notion,
 He nebber will be sorry dat he cum across de ocean.

Oh, Marm'selle Mary, ge bone cum saw.

AN ORIGINAL POLKA MEDLEY.

Arranged by E. J. LODE.

Written and sung by SAM. COWELL at the Royal Surrey, Olympic,
 and Princess's Theatres, London.

Figaro.

List to my voice, I'll endeavour to sing a song,
 Though at the thing I'm not clever, I wont be long!
 While at the Opera every night
 The girls of the ballet fill me with delight;
 The pretty dears say, "Oh, pray, go away,
 You bother me so I can't look at the play."
 "But, dear Coryphee, I told you to-day,
 Your feeling to me I would never betray."

Ah, bravo, Pettitoes!—see, there your Betty goes,
 Ah, bravo, Pettitoes! Oh, what a fortunate fellow am I!
 Ah, bravo, there she goes—no matter where she goes—
 Ah, bravo, there she goes. Oh, what a fortunate fellow am I.

Baron's Scena, in Cinderella.

See the pets, now, of the ballet are advancing,
 Sure such figures ne'er were seen before for dancing.
 Cerito first, to please ye,—and then Carlotta Grisi,—
 Then Madame Taglioni!—Oh, delightful! Oh, enchanting!
 See, with graceful ease she's gliding,—
 Through the ballet how she's sliding.
 Now, attention pay one minute,
 Whilst the wondrous dance—the dance—
 She'll now begin it.

Cannibal Islands.

Then off she goes with a hop and a bound,
 And like a whirligig turns round;
 Her feet ne'er seem to touch the ground,
 Now, don't think me a joker!
 While standing thus on one of her toes,
 Up in the air her leg she throws,—
 Winks at the fiddlers—they rosin their bows,—
 Shakes her head, and off she goes!
 Such a row, and such a shout,
 As she goes turning round about,
 The theatre's almost inside out,
 To see her dance the Polka!

Then one and all believe my word,
 Although the thing may seem absurd,
 Nothing lately has been heard
 Like Mounseer Jullien's Polka.

Jullien's Polka.

The Polka's had a first-rate chance
 Since 'twas brought from La Belle France,
 All over England's wide expanse
 It's been 'mongst all the tip-top dance.
 Polka horns, and Polka flutes; Polka hats and Polka boots;
 By-and-bye, should a man be ill, they'll make him swallow a Polka
 pill!

The Polka, then, to please the fates,
 Went across t' the United States;
 The Yankees there, to finish the joke,
 Their President did christen "Polk."

DIRTY FEET.

Written, composed, and sung by Sam. Cowell

White folks, white folks, noting can be finer
 Dan de way de nigger gals sing down in Carolina.

Dey bake a heap ob hoe cake, dey put it on de table,
And sing like de debil den as long as dey are able.

Den you break de bone and chew de meat,
An' go to bed wid dirty feet,
An' dirty all de linen sheet,
An' den get up an' look so neat,
An' take a walk along de street,
An' who d'ye tink you chance to meet,
Why, Massa's nigger, Sambo Pete,
A-standin' corner ob' de street,
An' wasn't dat a fancy treat?

A boodle der ink a day, &c.

'Way down south, dar's a nigger in de water,
Standin' in de mill-pond, longer dan he ought to;
By came an old man,—he hit him wid a shobel,—
I declar' Sambo t'ought he was a gwain to de debil!

Now you'd ha' grinn'd as I hab done,
For when de nigger stole de gun,
An' took de mutton underdone,
De mutton weigh'd above a ton,
To see bim round the corner run,
A-takin' care ob number one,
Oh, you may tink it was de fun,
But dat's de way de row begun,
Because he stole a penny bun.

A boodle der ink a day, &c.

My mammy was a wolf, and my daddy was a tiger,
An' I'm what de call de "Ole Virginny Nigger;"
I'm half fire, half smoke, a little touch ob thunder,
In fac' I'm what you may term the twenty-sebenth wonder.

Then you break de bone an' chew de meat, &c.

Last Saturday night de nigger went a-huntin',
De dogs ran de Mulah, an' de Mulah ran de tiger,
De tiger ran de stiff-neck,—de stiff-neck ran de debil,—
Dey all ran togeder, an' de nigger ran right after dem.

Now you'd ha' grinn'd as I hab done, &c.

Ole Banjo Ding-dong standin' in de corner,
Sic a sight I neber seed, since eber I was born-a;
Dar was Long Jim ob Louisville, an' Sam ob Cincinatti,
An' a whole beap ob white folks makin' allibatti.

Tben you break de bone an' chew de meat, &c.

Sam Slop ob Shawnee town bought a bale ob cotton,
An' kep' it in de house till it got a kind ob rotten;
Laid all de blame he could on his elder brotber,
Den took a walk into de street, an' dar he bought a nod.

Now you'd ha' grinn'd as I hab done, &c.

THE WONDERS OF 1852.

TUNE—*German Polka.*

What a year this is, prolific
 Of events both scientific,
 Politic, likewise terrific,
 In 1852!
 A whim it is of mine—I doat on't—
 A ditty I set to and wrote on't,
 Like Captain Cuttle I made a note on't,
 In 1852.

What a year this is, I never
 Saw its equal, did you ever!
 Strange events crowded thick together,
 In 1852.

A “warbling Wag’ner,” petticoated,
 From Berlin came over, noted;
 But on “tin” her dad so doated,
 In 1852.
 Black and white he thought to smother—
 They signed for one house, and went to another,
 At least they tried, but proved *more t’other*,
 In 1852.

What a year, &c.

Wagner wagged his head so rummy,
 And wrote to “Backer,” wasn’t it funny?
 He only valued “Bull” for his money,
 In 1852.
 A big wig’s aid “Lum” got, invoking;
 The “Cha(u)n(t)seller,” without any joking,
 The Wag’ners *wheel* soon put a spoke in,
 In 1852.

What a year, &c.

The Crystal Palace they’re transplanting
 To Sydenham, for gallivanting,
 A winter garden—how enchanting,
 In 1852.
 There you’ll strut ’mongst *scrubs* and roses;
 Nor vegetate with *reddish* noses,
 In 1852.

What a year, &c.

The straight-laced Sabbatarian section,
 For our simple soul's protection,
 Would stop all Sunday recreation,
 In 1852.

Because the poor man has but one day
 To breathe fresh air, and that's on Sunday,
 They want to chain him up till Monday,
 In 1852.

What a year, &c.

If "Derbyites," at the next election,
 Raise their *seedy* cry—"Protection,
 We'll give the *rogues in grain* correction,
 In 1852.

If they touch the people's wittles,
 Driving poor to hospitals,
 Bowl 'em out we will like skittles,
 In 1852.

What a year, &c.

The Yellow Fever does so nail yer,
 Every one you meet they hail yer—
 "Snooks, ain't yer going to Australia?"
 In 1852.

Young men, now's your time to stump it,
 Gold in your fobs you'll thump it,
 If you don't like that you can *lump* it,
 In 1852.

What a year, &c.

For spinsters I've good news moreover,
 You will shortly live in clover;
 For every one that does write over,
 In 1852,

Advise all young men, ere they trot
 On board, to marry like a shot,—
 So ladies, tie your beaux in a knot,
 In 1852.

What a year, &c.

Little Boney's trying whether
 He can clog the English press; however
 He's as likely to tie the winds together,
 In 1852.

The nauseous cud, he'd better chew it,
 Otherwise he's safe to rue it;
 "Champagne" and "sausages" *can't do it*,
 In 1852.

What a year, &c.

"Betting shops" look quite improving,
Melbourne like, the money flows in,
Then they adopt the early closing,
In 1852.

After the race—which was not stunny,
One fellow wrote on the shutters funny—
"Gone to the diggins to *fetch the money!*"
In 1852.

What a year, &c.

THE LIVELY FLEA.

AIR—*The Ivy Green.*

Oh, a dainty old chap is the lively flea,
That creepeth o'er young and old;
His choice food is fat—no lean liketh he,—
And he's not very fond of the cold.
You cau't be too warm when he finds you in bed,
To please his dainty whim;
And a nice young kid, vot has been well fed,
Is a jolly good meal for him.

Creeping where no light there be,
A rummy old dodger is the lively flea!
Creeping where no light there be,
A rummy old dodger is the lively flea.
Hatching, scratching,
All over your body at night he'll be!
Creeping, hopping—
A rummy old chap is the lively flea!

[SPOKEN.]—Perdition catch thee! The chance was thine—now 'tis mine! Who art thou? I am thy father's ghost, doomed for the night to crawl on thy body, and nip thee most infernally, and in the day to lurk in the blankets, where no vile finger can pounce upon me. Ah, for this and all the other blisters thou hast raised upon me—down to h— and say I sent thee hither!—*Shakumspur!*

Creeping where no light there be,
A rummy old dodger is the lively flea.

Fast he creepeth along, yet he hath no wings,
And a charming, good leaper is he;
How sharply he biteth, how lightly he springs,
From your toe to the top of your knee.

Then slyly he hideth, and cannot be found,
 When tormenting to you he behaves;
 Then he joyously hops, and crawleth around,
 The rich spot which his appetite craves.

Creeping where, &c.

[SPOKEN.]—Child that I was to start at my own shadow! I am not what I have been;—I was poor once—now I'm worth thousands!

AIR—*Maniac.*

I feel them dancing on me!—Ah!
 I feel them dancing on me!—!
 Oh, release me!—Oh, release me!
 They heed me not!—
 Oh, the d——!—Oh, the d——!
 They'll drive me mad.

[SPOKEN.]—Hush,—put out the light. Now for the sanguinary business!

Creeping where no light there be,
 A rummy old dodger is the lively flea.

Old blankets are searched this dread foe to rout,
 And thousands are nailed, d'ye see!
 All sorts of clothing are turned inside out,
 But we cannot get rid of the flea!
 This brave old chap on lonely nights,
 Shall fatten upon he or she;
 For the stateliest man or woman he bites;—
 We are all of us food for the flea!

Creeping where, &c.

[SPOKEN.]—Is this a flea I see before me? Come, let me clutch thee! What do I behold? My countryman, and yet I know him not! Oh, I know him now! Stands Scotland where it did! Villain!—Traitor!—Turned backbiter! Oh, now prepare for thy doom!

AIR—*Woodman Spare that Tree.*

“Good man, spare the flea,
 Kill me not just now!—”

[SPOKEN.]—My hands tremble!—I cannot do the deed! Go to a Nunnery—go, go, go! No, I cannot, will not, harm thee!

AIR—*From Sonnambula.*

Oh, no, I will not harm thee,
 Ne'er fear, I will not harm thee;

No, false one, no, I love thee,
I dearly love thee still.

Still so gently o'er me stealing, mem'ry will bring back the feeling,
Spite of all my grief, revealing that I fondly love thee still.
I love thee still, I love thee still, I love thee still!

BILLY BARLOW.

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

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

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

Oh, dear, bless my soul, but I'm tired of this life,
I wish in my heart I could get a good wife;
If there's any young lady here wanting a beau,
Let her fly to the arms of her Billy Barlow!
Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
Let her fly to the buzzom of Billy Barlow.

I was offered a berth at Newhaven to-day,
But I don't like the job—I'm afraid it won't pay;
The fishwives wanted me to lie down, would you know,
And let them scrape "Caller Haddies" on Billy Barlow.
Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
And spoil all the toggerly of Billy Barlow.

I paid sixpence to-day, and how odd it did seem
To see lots of chickens a-hatchin' by steam;
So I said to the man who conducted the show—
"Can you hatch me a chicken like Billy Barlow?"

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
He's rather a rare bird is Billy Barlow.

On the roof of a house, at the Mound, may be seen
A statue stuck up, of our good little Queen;
Now the Provost and Council their good taste would show
By building another for Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
A slight testimonial for Billy Barlow.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I'll bid you good bye,
I'll get a new suit when clothes ain't so high;
My hat's shocking bad, that all of ye know;
But it looks well on the head of young Billy Barlow.

Exit.

ENCORE VERSES.

Now, ladies and gen'l'men, I've come back again,
Of your approbation I feels rather vain.
But it must be confessed your good taste ye all show,
By encoring the song of young Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
You can't look too often at Billy Barlow.

To please you still further, my best I will try—
(Don't look at me, ladies, you make me feel shy)—
You look to admire, but, alas, it's no go!
You can't *all* be married to Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
Just one at a time for young Billy Barlow.

As I went up Princes Street, Saturday night,
I was *very* much tickled when I saw a sight
Of a crowd of young ladies, at Crichton's window,
A-viewin' a likeness of Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
But not so good-looking as Billy Barlow.

They went in to buy it, and I saw 'em turn pale,
When Crichton he told 'em it wasn't for sale;—
For Prince Albert's asked for it, and to him it must go,
When he'll set *German* music to Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
The Prince would look well dressed as Billy Barlow.

I went to a large railway meeting to-day;
 To hear what the directors had got for to say,—
 They said their exchequer was brought down so low,
 They wanted some *tin* from young Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

He's got lots of bawbees has young Billy Barlow.

Well, I paid down the money, and took up the scrip,
 So you'll all soon enjoy a most beautiful trip;
 On the south side of Tweed reigns King Hudson we know,
 But the Scotch Railway King will be Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

You'll all soon be subjects of Billy Barlow.

The Queen's going north on the 1st of next June,—
 I hope that my voice will be in good tune;
 For she's wrote me a letter—you think it no go!—
 Here it is, and addressed to young Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

The Queen paid a penny for Billy Barlow.

When I get to Balmoral, I'll sing in fine style,
 And the Queen's dullest moments I'll try to beguile;
 She intends, I believe, for the Prince told me so—
 To knight me, and make me Sir William Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

A Knight of the *Bath* of William Barlow.

I went down to the great steeple chase t'other day,
 When the man at the stand he axed me for to pay.
 "What," says I, "pay!"—and I looked at him so—
 Says he, "Pass in, I know you, you're Billy Barlow."

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

He wanted two Bob from young Billy Barlow.

The sight that I saw was remarkably grand
 (Of course I had got the best place on the stand);
 But some of the horses they went it so slow,
 They ought t'have been ridden by Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

He's rather a fast cove is Billy Barlow.

When the races were done I was coming away,
 When a servant in livery came up to say
 That the Duke of Buccleuch was most anxious to know
 If he could take luncheon with Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

Just to show his respect for young Billy Barlow.

Of course I was anxious the Duke to amuse,
 But my own native modesty made me refuse;
 And Wyndham would really be savage, I know,
 If he missed here, to-night, Mister Billy Barlow.
 Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
 He always is glad to see Billy Barlow.

To our theatre, each night there comes many a swell,
 To see all the dancers who caper so well;
 That they're certain to please I very well know,
 'Cause they took all their lessons from Billy Barlow.
 Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
 But they can't show a leg like young Billy Barlow.

There's a terrible fuss, so the papers all states,
 'Bout the best way, in Glasgow, to pay the Poors' Rates—
 I prefer "means and substance," because, ye all know,
 The *rents* are enormous on Billy Barlow.
 Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh,
 The Poors'-Rates come heavy on Billy Barlow.

There are two water companies in Glasgow just now;
 And 'bout which one is best they make a great row;—
 I said I'd take stock up to ten pounds or so,
 If they'd mix it with whisky for Billy Barlow.
 Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
 He's fond of the "Islay" is Billy Barlow.

I've been to the shop where the papers they fills,
 With hints to "Economize your tailor's bills."
 I showed 'em my *togs*, but they said 'twas no go—
 To try and economize Billy Barlow.
 Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
 Moses & Son can't match Billy Barlow.

In London just now, they're in dreadful despair
 About all the burglaries goin' on there.
 But I feel quite safe, for they'd find the work slow,
 To commit a burglary on Billy Barlow.
 Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
 They'd get a fat lot from young Billy Barlow.

You all know a lady, I mean Jenny Lind,
 Once gave me a great chance of raising the wind;
 She said, if with her I would venture to go,
 She'd always sing second to Billy Barlow.
 Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
 She appreciates the talent of Billy Barlow.

There's Macready, the actor, the first of the age,
Has taken, but lately, farewell of the stage;
But you need not be sorry as long as ye know
Ye still have your favourite, Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

Macready's great rival is Billy Barlow.

In Dublin I went to hear Catherine Hayes,
And that lady most surely deserves immense praise;
The house was a reg'lar slap-up overflow—
'Twould have suited the pockets of Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

And got some new togg'ry for Billy Barlow.

Now Miss Hayes in "Sonnambula" acted so well,
That the tears like large kidney beans down my nose fell.
But a cove in *moustachoes*, that play'd El-vi-no,
Hadn't half such a voice as young Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

Hadn't half such a voice as young Billy Barlow.

Now that D'Orsay is gone, I intend to appear
As the leader of fashion in London this year;
To Almack's next ball I shall certainly go,
Just to give 'em a notion of Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

He's a stunner at Polking is Billy Barlow.

I happen'd to meet a policeman last night,
Who presumed to assert that I wasn't all right;
So I gave him a downer which taught him to know
Six feet three was no match for Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

He shouldn't be *coddin'* young Billy Barlow.

There was one Mr Travers in Cork t'other day,
Who said the sea-sarpent was haunting the bay—
It may be a *sarpent*, but this much I know,
It was more "like a whale" than young Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

A "bottle-nose" covie like Billy Barlow.

The Queen as an Envoy once sent me to Spain,
I knew so the honour of state to maintain;
But the ladies all follow'd and flatter'd me so,
The Grandees got jealous of Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

The gals were all "nuts" on young Billy Barlow,

I told you some time since, in confidence here,
That a long promised visit was then drawing near;
For the Queen and Prince Albert to 'uld Reekie would go,
To pay their respects to young Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
He's a great royal favourite is Billy Barlow.

At that time I had letters in haste every day,
From my old correspondent and friend, Sir George Grey;
Who always was anxious attention to show
To a man of importance like Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
He is right to be civil to Billy Barlow.

It is stated that somebody said to the Queen,
That there was not much worth in this town to be seen;
But her Majesty answered that she'd like to know
What was better worth seeing than Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
She'd go a long way to see Billy Barlow.

The gents of the club-house all met here one night
And resolved that to supper the Queen they'd invite.
She consulted her council who'd not let her go,
'Cause she hadn't been ax'd there by Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
They'll take advice next time from Billy Barlow.

Prince Albert, you know, is a man of great knowledge,
So the Queen, he, of course, took to see the famed college—
The professors who are there you all of you know,
But perhaps you've not heard of Professor Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
He's a wonderful genius is Billy Barlow.

The provost and council all ask'd my advice,
In what sort of toggery I thought they'd look nice,—
I show'd 'em my wardrobe from the top to the toe,
So they're all goin' dress'd like Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
A cocked hat would look stunning on Billy Barlow.

I've been told as a fact, in the course of the year,
That Miss Faucit will once more play Juliet here;
If she wants a real slap-up Romeo,
She ought to engage Mister Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
She'd look well making love to young Billy Barlow.

The African Roscius is likewise to play,
 He's tremendously clever the people all say;
 He may do very well for the Moor, Othello,
 But he'll stand a poor chance beside Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

A Shakespearian actor is Billy Barlow.

They tell me Lord Clarendon means to resign,
 So I'll shortly dispatch to Prince Albert a line;—
 That I'm to be had, why he surely can't know,
 Or he'd make Lord-Lieutenant of Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

He'd give slap-up suppers would Billy Barlow.

There have been some elections in town here just now
 That went off very well, without ever a row,—
 That they came on so soon I did really not know,
 Or you'd seen up the name of Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, ' h, raggedy, Oh!

They'd soon make a bailie of Billy Barlow.

I was standing just down by the railway to-day,
 And saw lots of *sodgers* a-going away;
 And the young women there gave vent to such woe,
 You'd ha' thought they were parting with Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

It brought the drop to the nose of young Billy Barlow.

So I went up to one pretty girl who was there,
 And, says I, my dear darling, you need not despair;
 For the 39th regiment is coming to show
 Some good-looking fellows like Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

They should make a full corporal of Billy Barlow.

I went some time since to the launch of a boat
 That's across the Atlantic intended to float;
 A lady she christened her "City of Glasgow,"
 But she ought to have called her the "Billy Barlow."

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

But she ain't such a "screw" as Billy Barlow.

I sent some conundrums for Anderson's prize,
 They were stunners, and opened the great wizard's eyes;
 He was frightened to print them—the reason I know—
 'Cause the rest would have no chance with Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

He's a riddle himself, is young Billy Barlow.

In Belfast I hired a tandem and car
 And drove to Shane's Castle, though 'twas rather far;
 To Lord O'Neil's mansion then straight I did go,
 And sent up the card of young Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
 I knew he'd be proud to see Billy Barlow.

I had one glass of sherry, and then left the Earl,
 When I met a young dairymaid—(such a nice girl!)
 His Lordship is seventy!—this much I know,
 Such a dairy would suit Mr Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
 The buttermilk fattens young Billy Barlow.

When the wires telegraphic are laid all the way
 From the States to Auld Reekie, the first thing they'll say
 Will, of course, be an anxious inquiry to know
 How the boys here in town like young Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
 'Cause the Yankees were kind to young Billy Barlow.

Well, the first thing I'll do, I'll send 'em back word
 That with favour my nonsense each night you have heard;
 And your kindness to me wherever I go,
 Shall not be forgotten by Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
 So accept the best wishes of Billy Barlow.

T'other night, about six, I had just left my home—
 I popped in to see the large model of Rome:
 But some ladies declared it was only so, so—
 And not half such a model as Billy Barlow!

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
 They were certainly struck with Billy Barlow.

A provost is wanted, at least so I hear,
 To conduct the affairs of the city next year;
 I ain't joking at all when saying I know,
 You could not have a better than Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
 You'd all give your votes for Billy Barlow.

When the little boys see me about town they shout,
 "Hallo, Billy! pray does your mamma know you're out?"
 They injure the feelings when they call out so,
 Of the 'fectionate parent of Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
 He's his mother's pet boy is young Billy Barlow.

I've oft been invited to visit the Queen,
 And many strange countries and sights I have seen;
 But I feel quite assured, if to Rome I would go,
 'They'd soon make a cardinal of Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

A stunning red cloak for young Billy Barlow.

I went in a cab t'other evening to spend
 A few hours at the Circus along with a friend;
 When I asked for an order for *two*, they said "no,"
 They would not *Frank-ony* (*Franconi*) but Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

He never pays nowhere does Billy Barlow.

I once took a service I very soon broke,
 'Twas to stand in a field where my pipe I could smoke;
 But I found that they wished to make me a scarecrow,
 You must own 'twas an insult to Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

The *corbies* would frighten young Billy Barlow.

For some six or eight years I've been roving about,
 Sometimes with good luck, and sometimes without;
 And sometimes my exchequer's been brought down so low,
 That it precious near ruined poor Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

No friend would then fork out for Billy Barlow.

The Queen *was* in a fix who should Premier be,
 So Lord Aberdeen was dispatched here to me,
 To command that to London I'd instantly go,
 And give Stanley a meeting with Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

He'd soon form a Cabinet would Billy Barlow.

But I took up my pen, and that instant sat down
 To tell the Queen plainly I couldn't leave town;
 And her pardon on me I implored she'd bestow,
 'Cause the coves here would not part with Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

Lord Lovel would *greet* without Billy Barlow.

The Great Exhibition, the people all say,
 Will be opened again on the first of next May;
 Now of all the queer things that they'll send there for show,
 The rummest, of course, will be Billy Barlow.

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!

O, a great curiosity's Billy Barlow.

Joseph Paxton has ax'd me to travel up there,
 And exhibit myself at this wonderful fair;
 Now the first prize for beauty, if I were to go,
 Would of course be bestowed on young Billy Barlow.
 Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh!
 Some countess would soon snap up Billy Barlow.

But at length all my verses have come to an end,
 So I'll bid for a time a farewell to each friend;
 But so long as such kind approbation you show,
 You may often hear more from poor Billy Barlow.

THE CORK LEG.

I'll tell you a story without any flam,
 In Holland dwelt Mynheer Von Clam,
 Who every morning said, "I am
 The richest merchant in Rotterdam."

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo,ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

and, ~~being~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~place~~ ~~as~~ ~~before~~ ~~it~~ ~~several~~ ~~times~~. It's 'Conspuez.'⁵

THE STORY OF A CORK LEG

A story at once recalling the famous song about the steam arm and a ghastly tale by Edgar Allan Poe is told of John Stanton, who recently died in New York. Stanton had lost one of his legs, and in its place he wore an artificial limb, which was placed in the coffin with him. At the wake, whilst the ceremonies were in full swing, someone shook the coffin, thereby releasing the spring in the limb, and the corpse's leg arose erect in the air. The drunken mourners were thoroughly frightened and stampeded. Some jumped from the windows. The stairs were blocked by others in their efforts to flee, many persons being crushed, and it became necessary to summon the police before order could be restored.

THE RUSSIFICATION OF FINLAND.

The Russification of Finland recalls some interesting facts in the history of that distracted country. It was formerly a province of Sweden, until Charles XII. lost its eastern division to Peter the Great. In 1809 Gustavus IV. had to yield the rest of Finland to Russia, but the then Czar undertook to preserve all the ancient privileges of the Finnish people, and his oath has been taken by each successive Emperor at his coronation. In fact, Finland has enjoyed Home Rule for nearly a century under Russian rule, and its ancient House of Deputies and House of Nobles have had full administrative autonomy as far as the internal affairs of the country are concerned. Besides the Diet and the Upper House, there is also an Imperial Senate of eighteen members appointed by the Czar under the presidency of a Governor-General. It is the present Governor-General who began the process of Russification by issuing decrees contrary to the privileges of Finland as safeguarded under the Czar's coronation oath. In this way the legislative powers of the constitutional bodies of Finland are being superseded, and the country is gradually being absorbed into the bureaucratic system of the Russian Empire. The Czar, it is said, has been much troubled by scruples in thus depriving Finland of her legislative privileges, but his lawyers have salved the Imperial conscience by assuring him that the Russification of Finland in no way violates his oath. As for the Finns, they are a peaceful people, and will probably do no more than protest against the infringement of their constitutional liberties. They can do nothing else, for resistance would be madness.

Her Majesty's transport Dilwara passed Perim yesterday for Bombay.

of information that was not accessible, and therefore he threw upon them the responsibility for the increased expenditure. This is a prudent course to take, and no complaint can be made of it. When the Opposition, however, refrain from challenging the vote for the great spending services separately, it is not easy to understand on what ground they hope to condemn the Government for alleged extravagance.

The irregular discussion on the Chinese question in the House of Commons last night still further revealed the conflicting interests which, in spite of numerous denials, are still asserting themselves on the Opposition side. Mr Pritchard Morgan, a Radical gentleman who has certain Chinese interests of his own to exploit, challenged the general policy of the Government and especially condemned the support which it had given to the demand of Italy for a naval base. This offered an opportunity to those Radicals who have been blaming the Government either for pursuing a Jingoistic policy or for not displaying sufficient firmness. The critics, however, were silent, and Sir Edward Grey, the spokesman of the Opposition, appeared as the apologist of the Government. He admitted that he did not see how Her Majesty's Government could have acted differently, and reproved Mr Courtney for certain impracticable suggestions to the effect that this country should stand aside and allow the scramble for China to go on. Mr Morgan, on the other hand, contends that Her Majesty's Government should not countenance any acquisition of territory by other Powers. The diversity of opinion on this problem is reflected on all hands. The "Times" still harps upon the absence of any clear and definite policy on the part of the Government, and agrees with Sir Edward

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

In Holland sometimes 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.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.



USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

I've studied, deeply, history,
 And scientific works, dy'e see—
 Just hear me out, and you'll agree,
 My facts are not delusive.
 They say the world is round, and I
 Don't mean at all that to deny,
 My propositions only try,
 You'll find them quite conclusive.
 That these are facts none can deny,
 Contradiction I defy;
 And being so, why really I
 Do call this Useful Knowledge.

From what I've read, I really think
 That when one's dry 'tis best to drink;
 Eat when hungry—never shrink
 From taking your potation,
 A man that's mad must be insane,
 A man that loses cannot gain,
 A man that's wounded suffers pain—
 That's no conglomeration.
 That these are facts, &c.

A little boy is not a *gal*;
 When you're ill you are not well;
 The London Road is not Pall Mall;
 Paris is not London!
 I think I may most truly say,
 That night is night, and day is day;
 But a mud-cart isn't a brewer's dray;
 If ruined, we are undone.
 That these are facts, &c.

Water's wet, and sugar's sweet;
 A hackney-coach isn't good to eat;
 In our shoes we pop our feet;
 A cabbage ain't an apple.
 A pianoforte is not a drum;
 Your little finger's not your thumb;
 "Tenant's stack" 's a muckle lum;
 A tavern's not a chapel!
 That these are facts, &c.

A man in debt must mind the law;
 A steak when well done isn't raw;
 A hand's a hand—a foot's a paw—
 That is no imposition

Water's weak, and whisky's strong;
 A muffin bell is not a goug;
 A man that's right cannot be wrong;
 That is my supposition.

That these are facts, &c.

A man who's sober isn't drunk;
 A ship that's floating isn't sunk;
 A low comedian ain't a monk;
 A printer's not a hatter.
 Chelsea isn't Camden town;
 A hearty smile is not a frown;
 Mr Smith ain't Mr Brown;
 Porter makes you fatter.

That these are facts, &c.

[SPOKEN.]—Most distinctly and emphatically I declare it, and to prove to you that my theory is perfectly correct, I shall venture to offer to your notice a few observations, as delivered by my learned friend Professor Fusbos of Brazen-nose. Hem! hem!—Surrounded by the fawning puerilities of celestial conglomerations, the human intellect betrays its detonating qualities by the genial origin of octagonal rhinoceroses! Do we dread the corroding influence of immoral bill discounters, or the fanatical vehemence of Indian jugglers! How easy it is to repose ourselves upon the crater of Mount Hecla, or amalgamate with the cupidities of thunderstruck archbishops! Away, then, with the iniquities of despotic washerwomen, or the devouring tenderness of Blackwood's monstrous Magazine. For this did George the Fourth lead on the Renfrewshire militia into so many monastic nuisances,—for this did Sir Walter Scott rebel against the concatenated vicissitudes of paper currency, or oppress with nosological exactness the inhabitants of Aunandale. Let the timid Wellington but plant his foot upon the summit of Port Hope town, and the cemeteries of Parisian volcanoes shall prove the noblest guarantees of our national expenditure. In sober truth, none but irrational antipodes, or Rosicrucian fishmongers, could even dream of prognosticating the ruin of Semiramide, or the downfall of anatomy! But to return to the subject! Granting that an ephemeral eternity can isolate the fragrance of obstreperous parallelograms—granting the mosaical stenography exhibits all the turbulency of the fashionable entities—does it follow from such parenthetical premises that the crural coincidences must refrigerate the longitudinal vistas of Turkish Ambassadors, or promulgate the proportions of mystified forgetfulness. On the contrary, I apprehend it to be demonstratively enterpenetrated that every peripatetic symposium must coagulate the far-fetched hyperboles that spring from vernal desolation, or irradiate the centrifugal beauties of Circassian contumacy! No one can deny the justness of this conclusion when the symmetrical ordinances of clerical contiguity are once

brought into contact with the presbyterian stocking-holders, rioting, luxurious contumacy, or triturated with anti-nuptial fumigations. It has been stated by a learned author, that the repertories of iconoclastical enthusiasm had been syncopated by exasperated effluvia; but I will not condemn this commentary upon sytastical phenomena, and the abundance of gramitating excoriations that converge upon tersilated reagados. As the magniloquent poet carnivoreously observed—

Wherever life its varied essence flows,
 There is a satiety when lobsters come!
 Hydras are swallowed faster than the rose,
 Beauty expires, and artichokes are dumb!

To conclude, I shall simply remark that never did the periodic gastronomica more illustriously salivate the apathies of ghastly aldermen upon that brilliant occasion when all eyes were mystified by convolving manufactures, or stupified by the united energies of Persian satrophies, and universal annihilation!

That these are facts none can deny,
 Contradiction I defy;
 And being so, why really I
 Do call this Useful Knowledge.

THE STEAM ARM.

Oh, wonders, sure, will never cease,
 While works of art do so increase;
 No matter whether in war or peace,
 Men can do just whatever they please.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

The story goes, on every night,
 His wife would bang him left and right;

So he determin'd out of spite,
To have an arm, cost what it might.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

They took him at length before the mayor,
His arm kept moving all the while there;
The mayor cried, "shake your fist if you dare,"
When the steam arm knock'd him out of his chair

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

This rais'd in court a bit of clamour,
The arm going like an auctioneer's hammer;
It fell in weight like a paviour's hammer,
And many with fear began to stammer.

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

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

Ri too ral loo ral, &c.

ARE YOU GOOD-NATURED, DEAR!

Originally sung by SAM. COWELL at Cremorne Gardens.

Written by W. T. Moncrieff, Esq.

Music by J. M. Jolly.

The great North Railway—which, they say,
 To town, with other lumber,
 A thousand fools brings every day—
 Brought *me* among the number.
 At first quite pleased, in every street,
 Was I these words to hear,
 From each fair maid I chanced to meet—
 “Are you good-natured, dear?”

Are you good-natured, dear!”

Quite pleased, I rambled up and down,
 As if I'd just been born,
 Till, by the steamer, I left town,
 For the Gardens of Cremorne;
 Where straight a bouncing wench there came,
 Who said with such a leer—
 (I thought I should a' died for shame)—
 “Are you good-natured, dear?”

Are you good-natured, dear?”

" Good-natured! *wery*, Miss," I said,
 Returning her regard;
 " But you need not, bewitching maid,
 Have pinched me quite so hard."
 " Then love," said she, " we'll supper have,
 So, hollo! waiter! here!—
 Bring—but ere I my orders give,—
 Are you, good-natured, dear?"

Are you good-natured, dear!"

I nodded, when for bottled stout
 She screamed away; and, Dickens!
 Like any drayman hollo'd out
 For pigeon-pie, and chickens.
 She ate three plates of ham, beside
 Beef, and three pots of beer!—
 I grieved I'd said " Yes," when she cried
 " Are you good-natured, dear?"

Are you good-natured, dear!"

She then for gin-and-water called,
 And drank like any fish;
 Then for champagne most loudly called,
 Though 'twas against my wish.
 Three sovereigns and more I paid;
 I thought I'd not seem near,—
 Especially as she had said—
 " Are you good-natured, dear?"

Are you good-natured, dear!"

Of course the Polka then we danced;
 Lord, how we kicked and jumped,
 And like two Taglioni's pranced,
 Till both our bellows pump'd.
 Like winking she kick'd up behind—
 I felt uncommon queer;
 As she kept simpering out, so kind—
 " Are you good-natured, dear?"

Are you good-natured, dear!"

Well, how it was I do not know,
 But soon found out, somehow,
 My partner quite " How came you so?"
 Crikes! wasn't there a row!
 Upon the stretcher rushed on high,
 I lumbered in the rear,—

She winked to each policeman by—

“Are you good-natured, dear?

Are you good-natured, dear?”

At the station-house this precious *gal*,

She pitched 'em such a tale—

I was committed for her “pal,”

And ordered to find bail.

Lock'd in the station-house all night,

'Twas my sad fate to hear

Her *hiccup* out until 'twas light—

“Are you good-natured, dear?

Are you good-natured, dear?”

Next morn, before the magistrate,

I had six bob to pay.

Take warning all by my sad fate,

Nor mind what “gals” may say,

Or you will have a precious task.

Shout, then in teues severe—

“Go to the D——l,” when they ask—

“Are you good-natured, dear!

Are you good-natured, dear?”

THE SPORTING GENT.

An original comic song written by J. A. Hardwick.

AIR—“THE CAVALIER.”

Should you pass, any day, near Tattersal's way,

A sporting young gent. you may view,

With a “cut-a-way” coat, and, tied round his throat,

A handkerchief, yellow or blue.

There, smoking cheroots, whilst tapping his boots

With his dog-headed, pliable stick;

In a narrow-rimmed “tile,” because it's the style

Patronized by your turf-going “brick!”

That's the style—the gay style,

Patronized by the regular brick.

Brought up by his pa for the church or the bar,

Academical honours to show;

But he turns up his nose at the Puseyite clothes,—

Considers a barrister “slow.”

So off by the rail "good fellows" to hail,
 He cuts with the quarter's supplies;
 Leaves the classical "Cam." with a classical d—n,
 In London to open his eyes.

His eyes, with surprise,
 In London to open his eyes.

He drops, like a king, his tin to the "ring,"
 For handkerchiefs down at the "mills;"
 Of *Caunt* and *Tom Spring* the fingers he'll wring,
 The chair at "Harmonics" he fills.
 At famed Johnny Broome's, and pugilist rooms,
 The "noble art" tries to attain,
 Where he puts on the gloves, for sparring he loves,
 While they "have him alive" for champagne.

Ch, those gloves, those gloves,
 They cost him a deal for champagne.

He goes up to "Nick's" his toddy to mix,
 The comical trials to enjoy;
 Pats his chest with his hand, and cometh the grand
 If the Baron says "Hallo, my boy!"
 He drives four-in-hand, and at the grand stand,
 Makes his book up, but makes it up "wrong;"
 And he loses (of course) on the favourite horse,
 Then d—n's the whole "ring" pretty strong.

Pretty strong—go along,
 He d—n's the whole lot pretty strong.

He bets, and he plays, and freely he pays,
 As long as a "fiver" 's his own;
 But when he's cleaned out, and a "flimsy" without,
 The "fancy" all leave him alone.
 Then, under the rose, to Levy he goes,
 Where a "bit of stiff" 's done on the quiet,
 With which he intends to "double" his friends,
 And "step it" to Paris "to fly it."

Then he goes,—off he goes,
 Per steamer abroad on the quiet.

Then he cuts to Boulogne the game to keep on,
 Away from the sheriff and "Bum;"
 Grows hair to the eyes, his face to disguise,
 For fear Mr Levy should come.
 But he don't go to board at the "Hotel du Nord,"
 But lodges the quay very near;

Where he tips 'em the "blue," crying "Sacre Dieu,"
While doing "Sam Hall" on the pier.

On the pier, with his beer,
He gives 'em "Sam Hall" on the pier.

At last his old dad, being driven half-mad,
To hear of his wandering ways,
Drops down, rather blue, a cool thousand or two,
And all his liabilities pays.
There, settled in life, with a villa and wife,
On the quiet domestical plan,
He cuts, with his pals, late hours, and girls,
The life of a sporting young man.

So he ends,—thus he ends
The life of a sporting young man.

COMIC MEDLEY.

Sung by G. W. ROSS and SAM. COWELL.

If you list to me for a minute,
A song I will begin it,
There's something curious in it,
It's all about——

Solomon Lob was a ploughman stout,
And a ranting cavalier;
And when the civil war broke out,
It quickly did appear——

That a baby was sleeping,
It's mother was weeping,
For her husband was far o'er the wild, raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
As she cried——

Hey for Bob and Joan,
I like pancakes and gatter;
Keep your wife at home
Or else——

I'll sing you a good old song,
Made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman——

Who dreamt, last night, of his early day,
Ere he sighed for the sword and the feather,
That we danced o'er the heath in the moon's pale rays,

Hand in hand, hand in hand together.
 *or I thought that you gave me—

Three sheepskins to make a pair of breeches,
 Knock 'em up again a wall—

In Trafalgar's Bay
 We saw the Frenchmen lay,
 Each heart was bounding then.
 We scorned the foreign yoke,
 For our ships were British oak,
 And hearts of oak our men.
 Our Nelson marked them on the wave,
 Three cheers our gallant seamen gave
 For England, home, and beauty,
 For England, home, and beauty.
 He cried as 'mid the fire he ran—

If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
 D'ye think I'd wallop him?—No, no, no!
 I'd give him some hay, and cry—

The light of other days is faded,
 And all their glory's past;
 For grief with heavy wing hath shaded—

Little Jack Horner, who sat in a corner,
 Eating a Christmas pie;
 He put in his thumb, and he pulled out—

The rose of Allandale,
 The rose of Allandale;
 By far the sweetest flower there was—

Clar de way for ole Dan Tucker,
 Out ob de way for ole Dan Tucker;
 You're too late to hab your supper.
 Ole Dan he was a nice young man
 Dars none can do as ole Dan can—

I nebber saw a pretty girl in all my life
 But what she'd be de boatman's wife.
 Dance de boatman's dance,
 Dance de boatman's dance;
 We'll dance all night till de broad daylight,
 And go home wid de—

King of the Cannibal Islands.
 He was so tall, near six feet six,
 He had a head like Mr Nick's,
 His palace was like dirty Dick's,
 'Twas built with mud for want of bricks.

And his name was Hokey Poky Wang
 Flibbadee-flobbadee-buskey-bang!
 And a lot of Indians swore they'd hang——

Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row,
 Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row;
 One semibreve is equal to two minims,
 Two minims to four crotchets,
 Played upon cat-gut with bow.
 Four crotchets ar equal to eight quavers,
 Eight quavers to sixteen semi-quavers,
 Or thirty-two demi-semi-quavers
 Played down below!
 It is my lady's holyday!
 Therefore let us be merry!
 It is my lady's holyday!
 Therefore let us sing——

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
 Britous never, never, never will be slaves.

THE WEATHER.

Whenever a friend meets a friend in his way,
 The weather supplies him with something to say;
 Now I've met with a call for a song, and I'll see
 If the weather will furnish a subject for me.
 In forming a song on our changeable clime,
 Of course I should go to the *Fog* for my *rime*,
 And as to the *music*, we all are aware
 The *winds* often whistle a very good air.
 We talk of the weather, wherever we go,
 And a great deal depends on the weather you know.

We may talk of the weather, &c.

What daily complaints of the weather are told,
 'Tis too wet, or too dry; or too hot, or too cold;
 The *sol* sits all day, with his *mug* to his nose,
 Then complains that the weather is *muggy* and *close*.
 'Tis the weather, folks say, that affects all the meat,
 When it proves rather toughish, or not over sweet;—
 And if cook sends it up but half done—she will say
 It looks rather *raw*, because 'tis such a *raw* kind of day.

We talk of the weather, &c.

An alderman vows all his comforts are lost;
 He can't have an ice-house without a hard frost—
 While his housemaid observes, "how can Master suppose
 We can have a *nice* house, when the waterpipe's froze.

Some people declare all their fondness for beer
 Is sure to come on in the *dry* time of year;
 While some behind time, lay the fault to a shower,
 And the thunder gets blamed when the ale is turned *sour*.

We talk of the weather, &c.

Whoever a touch of the rheumatics finds,
 Will lay the complaint to the easterly winds;—
 And *millers* will tell us that flour oft will lose
 A great deal of its weight, by the heavy *mill-dews*.
 So many complaints to the weather are laid,
 Mr Murphy has just a new almanack made;
 In which he fortells in a manner most clear,
 That we shall have *all sorts* of weather this year.

We talk of the weather, &c.

When we first heard of Murphy, his name like a charm,
 Seem'd really to take our attention by storm;
 But 'twas not with a *storm* that he did us accost,
 For he caught the whole town with an extra hard frost.
 This *frost* soon to freeze the old Thames didn't fail,
 But tho' *ships were froze in*, his *book* had a good *sale*—
 And tho' in his *book* he a prophet might seem,
 Yet his *book* proved a much greater *profit* to him

We talk of the weather, &c.

Still his almanack puts all his readers in doubt,
 For, when *fair* in the *book* it is raining without;
 Then so *brief* his description, each *wintery* day
 He disposes of quite in a *summary* way.
 He comments on the moon, and proves to the wise
 That when the *snow falls*, why, the *coals always rise*;
 He comments on the weather's effects on all nature,
 Which shows that this Murphy is a *common tater*.

We talk of the weather, wherever we go,
 And a great deal depends on the weather we know.

CLARA CLINE AND DE BUSY BEE OB BOSTON.

A Free Nigger Ditty.

Respectfully dedicated to Frederick Douglas, Esq.

Written, composed, and sung by SAM. COWELL.

(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.)

In de State ob Massachusetts, I hab heard my daddy say,
 I was borne one Monday mornin' just about de break ob day.

He'd run away when he was young, and dat had made him free,—
 Got married, an' his baby he had called "De Busy Bee."
 Now, when I grew to twenty-one, a gal she did adore me,
 So I tought I'd go an' do jus' what my daddy did afore me;
 I'd heard de matrimonial state was always bery fine,
 So, tinks I, I'll pop de question to my lubly Clara Cline.

[SPOKEN.]—I goes up to her, and, lookin' bery languishin' at her,
 I says to' her, says I—

Oh, lubly Clara Cline, say dat you'll be mine,
 An' I'll marry you in de spring ob de year, when de weader turns
 out fine.

I wanted much to marry her, but how was I to do it!
 I hadu't got a picayune, an' well her moder knew it.
 Besides, a swell wid lots ob tin he lub my Clara too,—
 Oh, Clara Cline! Oh, Clara Cline! now what am I to do!
 Her moder says, "Now Busy Bee so loud you needn't holler—
 I'll let you hab my darter when you raise a hundred dollar.
 So, now, to get de mouny, why, you'd better set about it,
 For jigger me if you shall have my yaller gal without it."

[SPOKEN.]—Dar was a pretty fix to be in! From mornin' till night
 I did noting but sing—

Oh, sweet Clara Cline, I fear you'll ne'er be mine,
 For widout a hundred dollars, why, dis nigger cannot shine.

Well, I pull my shoes and stockin's off, I wade across de riber,
 De way to make a hundred dollars tryin' to diskiver.
 I went to Pennsylvany, 'case, says I, dars no mistakin',
 Ip once in debt, 'tis easy dar to be repudiatin'.
 I went to Philadelphium,—got hired as a waiter,
 'Case I rader tink I is a specimen of human natur.
 I hadn't been dar long before my trade so well I foller,
 I scrape togeder in de bank jus' two-and-twenty dollar.

[SPOKEN.]—Oh, golly! wasn't I a proud nigger den! Yah! yah!
 yah! Ebery night I would count my money ober, and—

Den what joy was mine!—de dollars bright did shine,—
 In ebery one I tought I seed de face ob Clara Cline!

Now, wid dis money in my purse, I left de situation,
 'Case I tought dat it was time to try some other speculation;
 To "make a spoon or spile a horn," was 'zactly what I meant,
 So for a ticket in de lottery my money went.
 I waited widout breathing is ip I was in a slumber,
 Till at de wheel ob fortune dey pull out de lucky number.

Den fancy what my feelings was, oh lor' how I did holler,
When dey say my ticket drew a prize of seben hundred dollar.

SPOKEN.—Oh lor'! oh lor'! I shall neber forget my sensations when dey tell me de news. I walks in to the hotel, a gentleman, where I left a waiter, and—

Den what joy was mine! I treated all with wine,
To drink long life and happiness to my sweet Clara Cline.

I trabel back to home again de bery nex day,
No nigger in de country was eber half so gay;
De money in my pocket, and my heart wid joy a swelling—
So boldly at de door I knock ob my own Clara's dwelling;
But judge ob my astonishment when all de people say
Dat Clara Cline wid some one else dat day had run away.
I stood jus like a statue—I did'nt dare to speak,
For I felt dat if I said a word my heart was sure to break.

SPOKEN.—I wanted to die den. I felt so bad de money seemed to burn my fingers. I could do nothing but sing, in a lemoncholic manner,

Cruel Clara cline, you leave me here to pine—
You run away wid some one else and break dis heart ob mine.

My heart felt like a pound ob lead, but oh a good deal bigger—
I was de bery picter ob a sentimental nigger.
I heard a voice cry "Busy Bee!" Says I "dat name is mine;
Who calls it out?" Says she, "'twas me! your own true Clara
Cline.

"O Busy Bee! Oh Busy Bee! how could you think me fickle!"
She tried to say some more, but de tears began to trickle.
I paid her dad de money. "Now," says I, "your daughter's mine;"
An' happy I've heen eber since wid my own Clara Cline.

SPOKEN.—An' now, ob de long winter nights, all our former troubles
only serbe for a hearty laugh, for—

Since she has been mine, we've "kids" had eight or nine—
An' faithful I will eber probe to my own Clara Cline.

THE YALLER BUSHA BELLE.

As I walked out one moonlight night,
I met a fair maid and her eyes shone bright;
Her face was so black dat you couldn't see it well,
And she was called de Yaller Busha Belle.
Says I, "Miss Dinah, may I walk wid ye?"
What d'you tink was de answer she gib me!

SPOKEN.—She says to me, says she—

“ Go away, black man, don’t you come anigh me,
Burn you wid a chunk if I don’t blue dye me.” (*Repeat.*)
To my radi ink a day;
Lubly nigger seed her eat a pumpkin all de day.

Now dat she should be so dignified I didn’t like to see,
’Case I is de fancy nigger from the elbow to de knee;
I neber seed a yaller gal dat I could like so well,
So I splash my ’fections on to you, my Yaller Busha Belle.
So come, young lady, may I walk wid ye?
Still de same answer de lady she gib me.

SPOKEN.—She says to me, in ’actly de same tone ob voice—

“ Go away, black man, don’t you come anigh me,
Burn you wid a chunk, if I don’t blue dye me. (*Repeat.*)
To my radi ink a day!
I neber seed a a yaller gal could make me run away.

Well, we didn’t talk much longer when down de rain fell,
So in a minute I put up my cotton umberel.
“ Miss Dinah, now I axes you to lean upon dis arm,
An’ I pledge you my solemn appetite I don’t mean you no harm!
So come young lady, may I walk wid ye?”
Dis time a different answer she gib me.

SPOKEN.—You see, de rain was a comin’ down tolerably fast, so she says to me, says she—

“ Go away, black man, I’ll go ’long wid you now,
Hold up your umberel or I’ll get wet through now. (*Repeat.*)
To my radi ink a day,
I calculate dis nigger he can steal de hearts away.

Well, we walk’d away together, an’ I don’t know what I said,
But de subjec’ ob matrimony pop into my head;
All dat pass between us I’m not gwine to tell,
But de nex’ day I got married to my Yaller Busha Belle.
Went to a nigger parson, on purpose to be wed;
When he ax de lady’s name, now what d’ye tink she said!

SPOKEN.—He says to her, says he—“ Does you promise to lub,
cherish, an’ pfect dis here handsome nigger? (Dat was me, you
know.) Well, she says to him, says she—

“ Go away, black man, don’t you come anigh me,
Burn you wid a chunk, if I don’t blue dye me! (*Repeat.*)
To my radi ink a day;
I fill’d wid astonishment enough to turn a nigger gray.

Now twelvemonths after dat I tought I'd go wild,
 When my lady gib to me a little male child;
 He was black as any crow, only jus a trifle bigger,
 I declar I neber seed sich a sweet little nigger.
 But my Yaller Busha Belle, my young an' lubly bride,
 She didn't lib much longer, 'case de nex day she died.

SPOKEN.—She calls me up to the bedside, and in a very melancholic voice, says she—

“ Go away, black man, don't you come anigh me,
 Burn you wid a chunk if I don't blue dye me! (*Repeat.*)
 To my radi ink a day—
 I declar' it nearly broke my heart to put her in de clay.

Now arter she was dead a subscription soon did foller,
 Which altogether mounted up to jus' a hundred dollar;
 I bury her wid fifty, but no one hab a notion
 Dat wid de oder fifty I should come across de ocean.
 I landed jus' in Glasgow; I went to see de play,
 And to de Glasgow manager now what d'ye tink I say!

SPOKEN.—I says to him, says I, “ Sur, does you want a fancy nigger about your 'stablishment, to play de low comedy?” Well, he turns round to me, and says he to me, says he, in a hydropathic tone of voice,

“ Go away, black man, don't you come anigh me;
 Burn you wid a chunk if I don't blue dye me! (*Repeat.*)
 To my radi ink a day—
 I'll gib you half a dollar jump de toder side de way.

Well, I left Glasgow nex' day, an' I didn't go by rail,
 'Case it wasn't built den, so I jump'd upon de mail.
 I landed at Newhaven on de following morn,
 An' sich a sight I never seed since eber I was born;
 Dar was four-and-twenty fishwives, pretty as you please,
 But de petticoats only cum jus below de knees.

SPOKEN.—I goes up to one ob dem, an' says I, “ Ma'am, may I hab the extreme felicity ob offering you my arm dis damp afternoon?” Well, she says, in a strike-me-dead voice, says she—

“ Go 'way, black man, don't you come anigh me;
 I'll hit you wid a haddie, if I don't blue dye me! (*Repeat.*)
 To my radi ink a day—
 Comma sa va parley voo!—Hoo's a' wi' you the day!

Now gentlemen assembled here, I gibs you all my tanks,
 'Case you is all pleased to put up wid dis nigger's pranks.

To cut de toe and pigeon wing, de niggers is de men,
 But I sung dis all so bad jus now some night I'll try again.
 Sent an order ober little while ago, to Ole Virginny,
 An' de British Queen brought back my little piccaninny.

SPOKEN.—You see I'd willingly stop here, singing to you all day,
 if I thought it would amuse you, but I'm fearful you'd get tired ob dis
 nigger, an' be inclined to say to him—

“ Go 'way black man, don't you come anigh me,
 Burn you wid a chunk, if I don't blue dye me. (*Repeat.*)
 To my radi ink a day—
 Gib you all my tanks, an' now I cut away.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

(NEW VERSION.)

Written and sung by W. L. EDMUNDS and SAM COWELL.

AIR—*Drops of Brandy.*

You've most of you heard of a chant
 Called positives and their comparative,
 The theme being a good 'un I can't
 Do better than lengthen that narrative;
 So, if you will listen a while,
 I'll give you some more of the rhyme, sirs,
 And if you're not pleased with the style,
 Why we'll try and do better next time, sirs.
 Tol lol, &c.

The flesh of a bullock is meat,
 But what you burn gas through's a meter;
 For his fire a poor man burns peat,
 But there was an apostle called Peter.
 You'll find crockery packed up in a crate,
 But on Mount Etua's top is a crater;
 If you're late for a train you must wait,
 But a little tin tray is a waiter.
 Tol de lol, &c.

A “ risite ” is part of the dress
 Of a lady, but you must not quiz it, or
 Sneer when I try to impress
 That your cook has a “ Bobby ” for visitor.
 One end of a fish is a tail,
 But the victim of “ gents ” is a tailor;
 In the sea you'll find many a whale,
 But a cruel schoolmaster's a wh(e)aler.
 Tol de lol, &c.

The male of a sheep is a ram,
 But a paviour uses a rammer;
 In a mill stream you'll oft find a dam,
 But a swearing man must be a "dam-mer."
 A net or a snare is a toil,
 But a hard-working man is a toiler;
 An unpleasant swelling's a boil,
 But an engine has always a boiler.
 Tol lol, &c.

Precious stones are in gold often set,
 But a good sporting dog is a setter;
 A nice girl is my sister Bet,
 But my fast brother Tom is a better.
 A river at first is a stream,
 But a long narrow flag is a streamer;
 A very shrill cry is a scream,
 But Sam Cowell, you know, is a "screamer."
 Tol lol, &c.

There's a wine, as you all know, called Port,
 But Rutherford sells us good porter;
 A lump on your finger's a wart,
 But tee-totalers' drink, mind, is water.
 A giant of old was a Titan,
 But New Poor-Law grub's *not* a tightener;
 The E-lectric light is a bright 'un,
 But a piece of sand-paper's a brightener.
 Tol lol, &c.

An insect there is called a bat,
 But a pancake, you know's, made of batter;
 A small piece of butter's a pat,
 But flash talk is often called patter.
 A little round pot is a mug,
 But a pugilist's reckoned a mugger;
 One in a bed is quite snug,
 But two in a bed is much snugger.
 Tol lol, &c.

ORIGINAL MEDLEY.

Containing forty-two snatches from different songs.
 Compiled and sung by SAM COWELL, in the Theatre-Royal,
 Edinburgh.

As I walked, last night, by the dim twilight,
 Some one whispered soft and low——

Rest thee babe, rest thee, thy sire's a knight,
Thy mother's a——

Landlady in France loved an officer, 'tis said,
And this officer he dearly loved——

The Rose of Allandale, the Rose of Allandale,
By far the sweetest flower there was——

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for——

A sly old fox who one day did spy, tol lol de rol lol, &c.,
Some nice rich grapes which hung on——

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,
How can ye sing ye little birds——

About two o'clock in the mornin',
An Irish lad so tight, all wind and weather scorning,
At Judy O'Calligan's door, a sittin' a top of——

A rose tree in full bearing, had sweet flowers fair to see,
One rose beyond comparing for beauty attracted——

The minstrel returned from the war,
With spirits as bouyant as air;
Whilst thus on his tuneful guitar
He sung——

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge pours,
The clouds were rent asunder
By——

What's a' the steer kimmer, what's a' the steer?
Why, Jemmy he has landed, and soon he will be——

Deserted by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim——

Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row that my lad's in.
He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, and a dimple on his——

Jolly nose, jolly nose,
Jolly nose, the bright rubies that garnish thy tip
Are dug from——

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
 The deep, the fresh, the ever free, the ever, ever free;
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth——

Away, away to the mountain's brow,
 Where the trees are gently waving,
 Away, away to the mountain's brow,
 Where——

Green grow the rushes, Oh! green grow the rushes, Oh,
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent were spent——

On a beautiful night, and the stars shone bright,
 And the moon on the waters played,
 When a gay cavalier to a bower drew near,
 A lady to serenade.
 To tenderest words he swept the cords,
 While many a sigh breathed he;
 And o'er and o'er he fondly swore——

I'm a gent, I'm a gent, in the Regent Street style,
 Examine my waistcoat and look at——

My boy Tammy,
 What said ye to the bonnie bairn, my boy Tammy?
 I praised her e'en sae bonnie blue,
 Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou',
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow,
 She said——

Nix my dolly, pals, fake away, nix my dolly, pals, fake away.
 In the box of a stone jug I was born,
 Of a hempen widow, the kid forlorn, fake away,
 And my noble father, as I've heard say,
 Was——

A curly-headed cow-boy, as simple as could be,
 And next a merry ploughboy, who whistled——

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with——

Lord Lovel who stood at his castle gate
 A-combing his milk-white steed,
 When up came——

Sammy Slap, the bill-sticker, and you must all agree, sirs,
 I sticks to business like a trump, 'cause——

I am a gipsy king, and where is the king like me,
 No trouble my dignities bring, no other is——

By the sad sea wave, I listen while they moan
 A lament o'er graves of youth and pleasure gone;
 I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care
 From the rising of the moon to the setting of the sun;
 Yet I sigh like a slave by the sad sea wave——

Oh, dear, Oh, raggedy, Oh;
 Now, isn't it hard on Billy Barlow.
 As I was a-goin' down town, t'other day,
 The people all stand, and some of 'em did say——

How sweet 'tis to wander when day beams decline,
 And sunset is gilding my beautiful Rhine,
 And sunset is gilding——

Roy's wife o' Aldivalloch, Roy's wife o' Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As we cam' o'er the braes o' Balloch.
 She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine,
 She said she lo'ed——

A jolly young waterman, who at Blackfriars Bridge used for to ply,
 He feathered his oar with such skill and dexterity,
 Charming each heart, and delighting——

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Pawn,
 He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn,
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 So he thought the best way to do that was to——

Wheel about, and turn about, and do jus' so,
 Ebery time he wheel about, he jump Jim Crow.
 I'm jus' from old Virginny, where I'd hab you to know
 Dat——

He who wears a regimental suit
 Oft is poor as is some raw recruit,
 But what o' that;
 Girls will follow when they hear the drum——

To see four-and-twenty Irishmen all in a row,
 Four-and-twenty red hot Paddies——

All in the downs the fleet was moored,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came on board—
 Oh, where shall I my true love find;
 Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true——

Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
 Saw ye my true love down on the lea;

Crossed she the meadow yestreen by the gloamin,'
Sought she——

The Nightingale Club at a village was held,
At the sign of the cabbage and shears,
W ere the singers, no doubt, would have greatly excelled,
But for want of——

John Anderson, my jo, John, when we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven, your bonnie brow was brent;
But now you're turnin' auld, John, your locks are——

All round my hat I veers a green willow,
All round my hat, for a twelvemonth and a day,
And if any one should ax me the reason why
I veers it, I tells 'em that——

Its hey get along, Jem along Josey,
Hey get along, Jem along Joe.

TRAGEDY BILL.

Written by T. C. PERRY.

(To be sung in the character of a "dying speech"-seller, bearing a board with eight cuts—a speech on his hat, and books or paper in his hands.)

AIR—"THE GRINDER."

Come, all blessed Christians, dear,
That's a-tender, kind, and free,
While I a story do relate
Of a dreadful tragedy,
Which happened in London town,
As you shall all be told;
But when you hear the horrid deed
'Twill make your blood run cold.

[SPOKEN IN A CRYING VOICE.]—And only a ha'penny! Here you have, just printed and published, the life, trial, and condemnation of Richard Wilbyforce, who was executed on Monday last, for the horrid, dreadful, and wicked murder of Sarah Spriggings of Flatshire. (Isn't it cutting!—very!) Here, my customers, you read his execution to the fatal scene—namely, Choke-'em-all Jail, in Stretchshire! You also read how he met his victim in a dark wood, and what they done—for a ha'penny; and, further, you read how he brought her to London—after that comes the murder, which is worth all the money! And you read how the ghost appeared to him, and then to her parents. Then comes the capture of the *villain*; also the trial, sentence, and execution, showing how the ghost was in the act of pulling his leg on one side, and the d—l pulling on the other side, waiting for his victim—(my good friends, excuse my tears!)—but as Shakspeare says.

“Murder most foul!” but you’ll find this is more foul than that, for a ha’penny! Yes, my customers, to which is added a copy of serene and beautiful verses, as wot he wrote to young men and women of all sexes—I beg pardon, but I mean all classes. (It’s nothing to laugh at!) For I can tell you the verses made three of the hard-heartedest things cry as ever was—namely, a overseer, a broker, and a policeman. Yes, my friends, I sold twenty thousand copies this morning, and could have sold as many more if I could have kept from crying—only a ha’penny. But I’ll read the verses. (*Reads*)—

’Twas in the merry month of May,
 When my true-love I did meet;
 She look’d all like an angel bright,
 So beautiful and sweet.
 I told her that I loved her much,
 And she could not say nay;
 ’Twas then I stung her tender breast,
 And led her all astray.

I brought her up to London town,
 To make her my dear wife;
 But a evil spirit tempted me,
 And so I took her life!
 I left the town all in the night,
 When her ghost in burning fire,
 Saying, “Richard, I am still with you,
 Wherever you retire.”

And justice follow’d every step,
 Though often I did cry;
 And the cruel judge and jury
 Condemned me to die.
 And in a cell as cold as death,
 I always was afraid,
 For Sarah she was with me
 Although I killed her dead.

(*Takes out a rag, and cries.*) [SPOKES.]—My friends, I would read the rest of the lines, but they are too much for a feeling heart like mine.

AIR—“THE GRINDER.”

My tender-hearted Christians,
 Be warned by what I say,
 And never prove unkind or false
 To any sweet la-dy.
 Though some there are, who wickedness
 Oft leads them oft astray;
 So pray attend to what you hear,
 And a warning take, I pray.

(Turns the board to the people.) [SPOKEN.]—Who can look on the cuts without a sigh? Are not the cuts cutting! Scene the first—The meeting of the lovers. He swears he loves her, and she believes him.

Vice smiles on virtue, and virtue returns the look;

But who would think the gentleman meant her goose to cook?

Scene the second—See the lovers on the road to London. Don't you see them? Well, you would, only they have gone behind the hedge.

And there they lay till next day,
All behind the green hedge, Oh!

Scene third—The murder. Is it not horrid! There's a villain! Look at his hair!

He shot her through the breast,
And sent her home by steam to rest.

Scene the fourth—After the style of the *Vie'*. There you see the ghost of Sarah appearing to the murderer, and she is in the act of saying, in a voice a la O. Smith—

“Be you alive, or be you dead,
My ghost shall stand beside your bed.”

Scene the fifth—The ghost appearing to the parents. She is pointing to the fatal wound, and tells them who done it for her. The father swears to be revenged or perish in the attempt.

The parents look in horror wild,
And gaze upon their mangled child.

Scene the sixth—The capture of the blood-stained monster! See how kind the peace officers are using him—very!

But justice shall have its course,
And furdur,
We'll abolish hanging
When they abolish murder.

Scene the seventh—The trial by jury (not Nicholson's.) See how the feeling judge is telling him, in a very kind manner, that he is to be hung by the neck till he is dead, dead, dead, and a little longer.

To fall, to sleep, and wake no more,
With no reckoning paid, so leaves behind the score.

Scene the last—The jail—the fatal fall—the kick—the struggle—the swing—and final *drop of comfort*. See, the ghost is at his heels, and the “Old Gentleman” waiting for his victim, to take him down among the dead men—for a ha'penny.

AIR—"THE GRINDER."

But talking without selling,
 I'm certain cannot pay;
 So now I'll shut my blessed mouth,
 And homewards bend my way.
 But talking, &c.

THE LIFE OF A CADGER.

Oh, I am a knowing cadger as ever tramped the town,
 Or ever earned a penny, or earned an honest brown;
 While I'm trav'ling in the east, my Sal's trav'ling to the west,
 And pretty well we manage to feather well our nest.

On Monday I chalks my mug so neat,
 Luddie fuddie ri fol luddie I-O!
 And I shams a strong fit in the street;
 But the tin soon brings me to my feet,
 With my luddie fol luddie I-O.

[SPOKEN.]—But I knows what brings me round to my feet sooner than that, and that's the sight of a peeler. When I goes out in the street to have a bit of a fit, like, I generally puts a bit of soap in my mouth, to give the fits more effect, like (the froth business.) T'other day I was out having a fit, when up came a Bobby, and the Robert said unto me, young man, how are you off for soap? What's that to you? says I. With that he put his leg-of-mutton fist down my throat, and he boned the bit of mottled. For that I got three months upon the stepper. But I knows what brings me round to my feet sooner than all that, and that is a bucket of cold water thrown over me, the same as they sarves the dogs when they've got the hy-dry-fubby. (Hydrophobia.)

Then upon me in pity look down,
 For I'm hunted about like a badger,
 From one end to t'other of town,
 And this is the life of a cadger.

All round the squares, and round about the areas,
 All round the squares on a quiet afternoon;
 And when the flunkeys turn their backs I comes the presto business,
 And takes unkimmon care of all their silver spoons.

All round the squares Sarah lugs a pair of babbies,
 All round the squares Sarah lugs a pair of twins;
 And when the people passes by she pinches them voracionsly,
 Which makes the babbies for to cry, and sympathy it wins.

[SPOKEN.]—Yes but that baby business is not all profit neither, you know. We has to pay five bob a day for the hire of them blessed infants, and when they gets too big we has to change 'em for a couple a size less. T'other day my old gal was out on her beat in Russell Square, when up comes an old lady—a regular customer—she was always good for twopence. So, she says to my old gal, says she, “I say, ma'am, how is it that your children never grows any bigger?” My old gal was regularly stunned; howsomever, my old gal was always ready at something witty, so says she, “The fact on it is, ma'am, the kids are obst'nate, and won't grow.” “Won't grow; why, what do you mean by that?” My old gal was stunned again; howsomever, says she at last, “The fact on it is, the kids are so wery lazy they wants to be carried, so they've made up their minds not to grow not no bigger.” That was a regular extinguisher for her.

Then upon her, upon her in pity look down,
Tip her a bob, or tip her a brown;
To see you a-begging it gives me great pain,
Oh, William, Dear William, I won't do it again.

Then I flings myself into the river,
When there's plenty to drag me safe on shore,
Sal comes round a long tale to deliver,
To say I've been out of work six months and more.
Tears from the people's eyes are flowing,
Ten or twelve bob they gather me soon;
Then off I cuts, with a wink so knowing,
And gets jolly well drunk at the “Man in the Moon.”

[SPOKEN.]—Then, after that, we comes the starved-out Manchester business, me, Sal, and the blessed infant. We comes it in this sort of style. We pitches ourselves in front of the people's windows on a Sunday morning, just about church time—just as they are sending their dinners to the bakehouse (the vision of a bit of beef, batter-pudding, and baked 'taters in perspective), it makes them feel very charitable inclined. We comes it in this sort of style—“Ladies and gentlemen, it is with the most extreme reluctance that we are compelled to expose ourselves in this shameful and disgusting manner before your windows. Distress alone compels us to do it. You behold before you an able-bodied cotton-spinner from Manchester, who has been entirely ruined by machinery. I have been out of work for the last eight-and-forty years. Look down with an eye of pity on us. Give me a bit of bread for myself, a few cold 'taters, or a cold duck for the old gal, and two or three pairs of shoes for the kids, and they will be most thankfully received.”

For ve've got no work to do,
Ve've got no vork to do;
Ve're all the vay from Manchester,
And ve vants no vork to do.

Sometimes I goes out with my arm in a sling,
 Sally goes round with ballads, and chaunts the "Bridal Ring."
 Sometimes I goes out with my face tied up in rags,
 Sally goes round to the linen-drappers, a looking after swags.
 Sometimes I black my face, and sweep the crossings like a nigger,
 Sally goes round the artists, and lets out her figure.

[SPOKEN.]—"Pose Plastiques." Sally patronizes the Walhalla in preference to the Hall of Rome, because its more respectable. Sally goes to Madame Wharton's and shews her figure for five bob a day. Venus rising from the sea. I does the Hercules to her on Sundays when I have leisure time.

But the best of all businesses that I've mentioned yet,
 Is the begging-letter business, and very tidy sums we get.

[SPOKEN.]—Talk about the begging-letter business; why, if I hadn't have learn'd the art of penmanship it would have been a case of pickles with us long ago. Why, the starved-out caper is no go now; no more ain't the mackerel-making on the pavement, and bits of salmon in chalk—red at one end, and starving at the other. No, no, it's not the cheese; so me and Sally sits down, and we writes billy douxes; that is just the Stilton. T'other day I writes a billy doux for Sally to take to Queen Adelaide, 'scribing as how she was a poor widow, with seven blessed babbies, who had got not no father—mouths full of emptiness, and not nothing to put in em. The result of that application was a yellor boy. Long life to Queen Adelaide, says I. Then I sits down and writes one for myself to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, 'scribing as how I was a poor old soldier, very much cut up in the late wars. Lost two of my legs at the Battle of Salamanca, two of my arms at the Battle of Bunker's Hill, and two of my eyes at the Battle of Waterloo, and I was regularly stumped. The Duke of Wollington was very much affected; nay, I may venture to say that he was seriously affected. Field Marshal his Grace the Duke of Wellington sent me down his compliments and a fourpenny. (Stingy old buffer.) He advised me to call again some day next week, when he wasn't at home. No, no, says I, my boy, you don't catch me at that. No, no; sooner than descend to that I'd go and assist in lowering the bronze horse over the way, opposite your residence; or what is worse, I'd go and bale out the Thames with a mustard-spoon.

Then upon me in pity look down,
 For I'm hunted about like a badger,
 From one end to t'other of town,
 And this is the life of a cadger.

THE LOYAL ADDRESS.

Written by Mr JOSEPH EBSWORTH of Edinburgh.

(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.)

AIR—"GEE HO DOBBIN."

I was saunt'ring about Charing Cross t'other day,
 When a great crowd o' people I met by the way;
 Some were riding in coaches, and others in shays,
 Some were sitting on donkeys, and others on drays;
 I ax'd where they com'd from, and what caused the press,
 And was told they were taking the Queen an address.

[SPOKEN.]—I niver saw anything like it in my born days. Such squalling and swearing, such coaches, and such carriages. "Hollo," says a chap, wi' a voice like a bull, "can't you keep your elbows out of my ribs?" I leuked round quite innocently loike, and crunch went a *dirty* cart-wheel *clean* over my toes. "There go the gunsmiths," says the fellow; I turned my eyes to the spot, and I'll be *shot*, if somebody didn't *rifle* my pockets and *go off* directly. "Oh, dear," says I, "somebody's took my pocket-handkercher." "Then you mun use your cuff," says another. "Hollo! *come up* here, Bill," says a dust-man on a lamp-post, and *down* he came a-top o' me; while I was rubbing my *head*, somebody cut off the *tail* o' my coat. "By gum," says I to a barber, "you've *cut off my tail*." "I shaves," says he; "I never cuts, except when I takes the *'air*; that's the feller wot did it, that ere tailor wot said *hem*, as he *threaded* the mob as sharp as a *needle*, and *cut* away from the *pelisse*, singing

Tol de rol lol, &c.

Then I lost both my shoes and my hat in the rout,
 I was tumbled, and jumbled, and wallop'd about;
 I'd ha' ta'en to my heels, but the mob, one and all,
 Wi' a deuce of a scrouge, pinned me up 'gainst the wall.
 Why they used me so cruel, I couldn't well guess;
 I were very nigh killed wi' the loyal address.

[SPOKEN.]—Of all the thieves, the Cockney thieves are the most impudent. They stole my granny's watch out o' my pocket, and when I said I'd ha' them *taken up* they *knoocked me down*, and told me watches were made *to go*. Their tongues ran nineteen to the dozen. (In different voices)—"Can't you look where you're shoving, stupid! you've knocked out one of my teeth!" "Come, come, I can't swallow that." "No, but *I have*." "Oh, pa, this man has got his hand in my *ridicule*." "Me *ridiculous*!" "Give him *in charge*, pa!" "Don't talk of *charging*, Miss, I'm sufficiently *paid* for my trouble. "Hollo, Mr Kitchenstuff! wot's brought you 'ere?" "My legs, to be sure." "Yes, and precious *bandy vons* they *is*." "Bless my soul, who's that *tall man*?" "That ere! vy, ma'am, by his height I should say he vos a *hoverscer*." "You dirty scoundrel, you've torn the frill of my *shirt*."

"Then you must make a *shift* to get it mended, my covey." "Oh, Oh! vot do you mean by that?" "Vot do I mean by vot?" "Vy, you've trod on my *instep*." "Then you should *step out*." "I say, you, sir, with the *crooked legs*, I should like to make acquaintance with you." "Dear me, vy?" "Because you'd be friend *in-kneed*." "Vell, strike me lucky, if that joke isn't enough to make a fellow

Tol lol de rel lol, &c.

Then I whoop'd and I halloo'd, both loudly and strong,
But war carried away by the force of the throng;
In spite of my shouting was shoved up a lane,
And by a Jack *Tar* was *pitch'd* into a drain;
They soon, wi' a rope, pulled me out of the mess;
I'd had more than enough of the royal address.

[SOKEN.]—They laughed, and told me I had *made a splash* among the loyal inhabitants o' Lunnon. I wur as black as Beelzebub, and almost blind wi' the mud, while the shouting wur enough to make any one deaf. (*In different voices*)—"Lar bless me, if there isn't Mrs Bellows and her husband, the blacksmith!" "Aye, I wonder he has never been *clapped in Newgate*." "Bless me! what for!" "Havn't you heard?" "Dear me, no!" "Why, it's a positive fact, he has committed *forgery* very often." "Oh, I takes. Lor, vot a vag you *his!*" "Oh, crikey! here comes the *brass-founders*. Oh, father, *will* you take me a-top o' your shoulders to see the man in the *copper breeches?*" "Pray, sir, vot part of the *possession* vos that I *saw'd* just now!" "Most likely the *carpenters*, ma'am, if you *saw'd* it *plane* with that *gimlet-eye* o' yourn." "Silence, silence! there's a copper-coloured gentleman making a *horation*." "Who is he? he has a great deal to say." "No vonder, it's Mahogany the *timber merchant!*" "Vell, if I did paint my cheeks, I wouldn't lay it on with a trowel." "Do you 'ear that, pa! why don't you speak to him?" "Do you mean to insult my durtur, sir?" "Is she your durtur?" "She is, sir, and what have you to say to that, sir?" "Only, that there's a precious ugly pair of you." (*Girl cries.*) "I'll not be insulted with impoonly, give him your card, pa!" "There it is, John Grease, oilman and tallow-chandler, Candlewick Ward." "Well, and there is mine, Thomas Suett, butcher, Butcher-hall Lane." "Wery vell, Mr Soeett, I'll *meat* you." "Then you'll get a douse o' the *chops*, and no *mis-steak*." "Who's that there coming *last?*" "Oh, the *bootmakers*, to be sure." "Psha, psha, that's the *end* of 'em." "I say, Bill, oot'll 'er Majesty say to all this?" "Say, vot can she say, bless 'er, but thank us for our loyalty, then take 'er *Halbert*, in 'er *'and* like a true *white sergeant*, as she is, and join 'er *company* while ve go *'ome* singing—

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.

Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
. God save the Queen.

MRS JOHNSON.

Oh, I have got a charming bride,
Thro' life we both so sweetly glide,
In fact she's worth the world beside—
Her name is Mrs Johnson.
In everything we both agree,
So from contention we are free;
I'm humpty, bandy (so is she!)
Oh, lovely Mrs Johnson!

CHORUS—So I have got a charming bride,
Thro' life we both so sweetly glide,
In fact she's worth the world beside,
Oh, pretty Mrs Johnson.

I to the gin-shop go each day,
A dozen drops I stow away;
I after that at skittles play,
And so does Mrs Johnson!
I beat the chaps with great delight,
And put the lush soon out of sight,
Then carried home, dead drunk at night,
And so is Mrs Johnson!

To free-and-easies I repair
(My name is famous everywhere),
I very often take the chair,
And so does Mrs Johnson.
Do you think I pay my penny!—No,
I chant "The Bay of Biscay, O!"
And like a lord my 'baccy blow,
And so does Mrs Johnson.

At dancing I am quite a Don,
To twopenny hops I often run,
And I can shuffle, too, like fun,
And so can Mrs Johnson.
At fighting I can take my share,
I am a match for any pair,
A milling cove I am they swear,
And so is Mrs Johnson.

Among the girls I sometimes roam,
'Bout which she does not stamp or foam;
I often take a lover home,
And so does Mrs Johnson.

Another thing too, bye-the-bye,
 (For modesty is all my eye),
 I've got three young 'uns on the sly,
 And so has Mrs Johnson.

'Bout dress I do not care a jot,
 Though once of clothes I had a lot,
 I've pawned all, but the clothes I got,
 And so has Mrs Johnson.

Of trouble I have felt the shocks,
 And 'cause I gave a chap some knocks
 I twice have been put in the stocks,
 And so has Mrs Johnson.

So all who are to wedlock prone,
 If you its joys would have alone,
 Select a temper like your own,
 As I did Mrs Johnson.

For if your ways bring misery,
 As long as you can both agree,
 As blest as turtle-doves you'll be,
 Like me and Mrs Johnson.

THE NEW POLICEMAN.

Your pardon, gents. and ladies all,
 Listen awhile to me and my blarney;
 Straight from Dublin town I came,
 And, sure my name is Mike O'Karney.
 Trade was dull, and luck was bad,
 Humbugging, grumbling ne'er did cease, man;
 Straight I went to town, 'egad,
 And soon got made a New Policeman.

CHORUS—Rantin', rollickin' Irish joy,
 Always at war, and ne'er at peace, man,
 Kissin' the girls, and mallin' the boys,—
 Whack! hurra, for the New Policeman!

I creeshed my brogues, to Millford went,
 Tould my story nice and handy,
 Got me this new suit of clothes,
 And troth I'm quite the Irish dandy.
 My whiskers like the forest grew,
 Wi' the girls I dance quite gaily;
 Then for the boys a mallin', you know—
 Thunder alive, I got a shillelah.

Rantin' rollickin', &c.

There's not a yard—a garden wall—
 In all the town, but I can scale it;
 And if anything I find at all,
 Wouldn't I be a fool not to nail it?
 Next day is raised the hue and cry—
 Something stolen; but Oh, be brief, man,
 Who, by the hokey, so busy as I!
 A runnin' about to catch the thief, man.

Rantin', rollickin', &c.

Suppose, in walking out at night,
 In every hole and corner peeping,
 Something I spy in the pale moonlight—
 What's this but a gentleman soundly sleeping.
 Then of his pockets I rummage his money,
 While in the ribs with my stick I'm proggin' him,
 And if the fool perchance does wake,
 I tell him I thought a thief was robbing him.

Rantin', rollickin', &c.

If there's not a row in the whole streets,
 Doesn't myself know how to raise one?
 Knocks the first one down I meets,
 Kicks up a noise enough to craze one.
 Then he resists and I've a job,
 Locks him up for being rioty;
 Next day the scoundrel's fined ten bob,
 'Cause he wouldn't let me murder him quietly.

Rantin', rollickin', &c.

I'm known to all the prigs in town,
 The learned thieves, and knows their faces;
 The fair sex, too, my favour own,
 And charge me nought for sweet embraces.
 And if they're going a house to rob,
 Why, doesn't I watch, 'cause 'tis my duty;
 But never dispute about the job,
 'Cause doesn't myself get half of the booty!

Rantin', rollickin', &c.

I'm known to all the kitchen maids,
 Of beef and mutton I've aye an itchin',
 Of being caught I'm never afraid,
 'Cause doesn't myself be-guard the kitchen?
 Does not the poet tell us we
 Should multiply and eke increase man,
 So if the girls come in my way
 I'll fill the town with young policemen.

Rantin', rollickin', &c.

ENCORE! A BOTTLE MORE.

In every dinner party you
 Must all have seen, I think,
 How cautiously and carefully
 We are beginning drink;
 And how we gradually get on,
 Until we're half seas o'er;
 And how we stay, and how we say,
 "Let's have a bottle more!"

Encore, encore, a bottle more,
 Ri fol de rol de ray.

A long time in one house had lived
 The merry Mister Clay,
 Till he, to please his new-made wife,
 One morning moved away.
 That very day he was engaged
 To dine at the Blue Boar;
 And there he went and drank his fill,
 Besides a bottle more!

Encore, encore, &c.

He stopped, and drank out all the folks,
 As well as lights and wine;
 And then cried, "Waiter, bring my hat!
 Not that,—that isn't mine!"
 "It must be yours—no other's left."
 "Oh, waiter you're a sad one;
 It doesn't fit, and what is worse,
 It's such a shocking bad one!"

Encore, encore, &c.

At last he toddled off, by wine
 Almost bereft of sense;
 And naturally his legs took him
 To his old residence.
 Where, on that day, as he moved out,
 Some other folks moved in;
 Who, much fatigued, slept sound till Clay
 A knocking did begin.

Singing, tol de rol de riddle ol,
 Ri fol de rol de ray.

He rapped, and rung, and said surprised,
 "Why don't they open the door?
 My wife's asleep! I wish I'd stopped
 And had a bottle more!"
 He knock'd again,—a man look'd out—
 And said, "Pray, who are you?"
 And Clay replied, "It's me, my dear,
 The door come open, do."

Encore, encore, a bottle more,
 "The door come open, do."

"Oh, I'll 'my dear' you," said the man,
 While Clay, for fear he'd fall,
 The knocker held fast, till a voice
 "Come, let it go!" did bawl.
 Said Clay, "That's very easy spoke,
 But I have studied Cocker:
 And thus I know, that down I go
 If I let go the knocker."

Encore, encore, a bottle more
 "If I let go the knocker."

One pull'd within, and he without,
 Till off the knocker flew;
 And down he tumbled at the door,
 Just giving him a view
 Of some strange fellow in the house,
 With—as he thought—his wife;—
 But who, however, affirmed she ne'er
 Saw Clay in all her life.

Ri tol de rol, &c.

Police was called, and Clay was charged,
 And put into the cage;
 In vain he swore it was his house,
 And foam'd with jealous rage.
 At last o'er-powered he fell asleep,
 And that revived reflection;
 And he awoke,—not much refreshed,
 Except in recollection.

Ri tol de rol, &c.

When taken to the Magistrate,
 Clay pardon did implore;
 "Your Worship, I was forced to stop
 And take a bottle more,
 Which stole my memory, and made
 Me to my old house stray,—

And make a fuss, for I'd forgot
That I had moved away."

Ri tol de rol, &c.

The justice shook his head, and said
"Because you choose to soak,
And eke an extra bottle *crack*,
The peace must not be *broke*.
You shall be fined for being drunk,
And knocking at the door;
Five shillings you must pay—and that
Is just a bottle more."

So pay, encore, a bottle more,
Ri tol de rol de ray.

Clay paid the fine, and when at home,
His wife began to hector;
She scolded all the day, and gave
At night a curtain lecture.
He promised her a new silk gown,
To soothe her, and he swore
No man again should make him stop
To take a bottle more.

Encore, encore, a bottle more,
Ri tol de rol de ray.

SAMMY SLAP.

I'm Sammy Slap, the bill-sticker, and you must all agree, sirs,
I sticks to business like a trump, 'cause business sticks to me, sirs;
The low folks call me plaisterer, and they deserve a banging,
Because, genteely speaking, why my trade is paper-hanging.

Paste, paste, paste!

All the world is puffing, so I paste, paste, paste.

From Calton Hill right down to Leith, when anything the go stirs,
You'll always find me at my post, a stickin' up my posters;
I've hung Van Amburgh twelve feet high, and tho' it may seem funny,
Day arter day agin the valls I've stuck up Mrs Honey.

Paste, paste, paste, &c.

A trip to Edinburgh town some time ago I made, sirs,
And must confess, since I've been here I've druv a roarin' trade, sirs;
I sticks up bills all round the town, in every variety,
From the Musard Concerts down to a "Tee-totaller's Society."

Paste, paste, paste, &c.

Macready, too, I'm proud to say, one of our stage adorners,
 I've had the fun of posting him in all the well-known corners:
 And Helen Faucit, bless her eyes, we uses rather freely,
 And plasters Madame Vestris bang a top of Mrs Keeley.

Paste, paste, paste, &c.

There is a song that was sung here a little time ago, sirs,
 It ran, I think, some eighty nights,—I mean "Jim Along Joe," sirs:
 Yet some would cry "That song's a bore, enough to make a sow ill"—
 Thinks I, "It's done a little more, it's almost made a Cow-ill! (Cowell.)"

Paste, paste, paste, &c.

But I think I've stuck myself upon your patience rather long, sirs,
 Though one good thing I'm glad to say, I've not stuck in my song;
 Folks say I stick at nothing, but believe me that's a fable,
 For, my kindest friends, I'll stick by you as long as I am able.

Paste, paste, paste, &c.

ENCORE VERSES.

I think when I was out just now, some coveys cried "Encore!"
 Which signified you wished me to come back again once more—
 I know my voice is weak, in fact I couldn't have a worse 'un,
 But then you like me 'cause I have a fascinating person.

Paste, paste, paste, &c.

There's been a cove a-acting here, you must know who I mean
 When I say that he's a pet of yours; they call him Charley Kean:
 A sly young covey, that ere chap, at least it so strikes me, sirs,
 For to add attraction to his name he married Ellen Tree, sirs.

Paste, paste, paste, &c.

Then let us wish with all our hearts that they may both agree, sirs,
 And that lots of little branches may spring up from that ere Tree, sirs;
 I mean that she may take a pattern by our gracious Queen,
 And once a year may let us hear of another little Kean.

Paste, paste, paste, &c.

Before I go I'll just address a few words to you, men-kind,
 If you don't think this song a bore, I'll sing it here again, mind;
 As for the ladies, bless 'em, if I thought it would amuse 'em,
 I'd sing to them all night, because I never could refuse 'em

Paste, paste, paste!

All the world is puffing, so I paste, paste, paste,

MR TOMKINS.

Oh, do go away, Mr Tomkins, do,
 I never beheld sich a feller as you.
 You've the vickedest heye I ever did see,
 And you keep continivally vinkin' at me.

Oh, do go away, Mr Tomkins, do;
 I von't have nothin' for to say to you.

Miss Julia Nobbs at her window sat,
 And her nervous little heart went pit-a-pat;
 Mr Tomkins stood on the stair below,
 With his glass in his eye, and his cane on his toe.

Now do go away, Mr Tomkins, do,
 The neighbours vill all be a-staring at you.

Mr Tomkins withdrawing his glass from his eye,
 In order to vink, heaved a wery long sigh;—
 And he said, in a voice which was rather uncommon,
 "Miss Julia Nobbs, you're a wery fine woman!"

Now do go away, Mr Tomkins, do!
 I never heard the like from any man but you.

"Seraphic Nobbs!" Mr Tomkins cried,
 And stuck his hat a little bit more a' one side—
 "I think you had better allow me to say
 You don't see a feller like me every day!"

Oh, do go away, Mr Tomkins, do,
 I like your imperence, but don't like you.

"Concentrated Essence of beauty and bliss,
 Oh, won't you come down and give me a kiss!"
 "Mr Tomkins, I beg, sir, you'll instantly cease
 Such indelicate words, or I'll call the Police!"

So do go away, dear Tomkins, do,
 'Twould be wery improper to come and kiss you.

"Besides, Mr Tomkins, papa's overhead,
 And he's always wery late a-goin' to bed;
 I don't think he yet has taken off his clothes,
 He perhaps smells a rat, for he's blowin' his nose.

Oh, do go away, dear Tomkins, do!
 If he comes down stairs he'll blow you too."

Mr Tomkins that day had dined out,
 And had finished his bottle to keep the cold out;

This threat of being blowed, made him rather unsteady,
For he felt he was slightly in the wind already.

“ Oh, do go away Mr Tomkins, do,
If the Governor’s awake, I wouldn’t be you.”

“ Who’s that?” cried a voice from the third or fourth flat,
“ A knockin’ at my door, in the sugar-loaf hat?
Is it you, Mr Tomkins, arter my daughter?”
And down came a pail-ful of soap and water.

“ Oh, do go away, Mr Tomkins, do,
If daddy comes down, he’ll spifflicate you.”

Mr Tomkins not having on his Mackintosh coat,
Didn’t see the point, nor the wit of the joke;
So without looking back away he did scamper,
With his hopes all damped, and his clothes still damper.

And he heard, as he bolted, Miss Julia’s *adoc*,
“ Go home to your mother, Mr Tomkins, do!”

WHEN A MAN WEDS.

(With an additional verse, written by Mr SAM. COWELL, never before published.)

When a man weds, he must make up his mind
To bad or good luck, or mishaps of all kind;
And shortly expect that the bright honeymoon
Some woful eclipse will obscure very soon.

Marry young wife,
Battle and strife;

Ladle ’em, cradle ’em, sing-song.

Young widow wed,
Mind your bed;

Hornaby, cornaby, ding-dong.

Wife rather old,
Scratch! scold!

Wrangle ’em, jangle ’em, row-row.

Lots of brats,
Dogs and cats;

Caudle ’em, daudle ’em, bow-wow.

Girls and boys,
Hobbledehoys;

Rattledore, battledore, see-saw.

Tumble down,
Crack their crown;

Rumble ’em, grumble ’em, fee-faw.

Squalling, bawling, hauling, calling,
Higgledy, piggedy, jingle ’em, tingle ’em.

When a man weds, he must make up his mind
To bad or good luck, to mishaps of all kind.

He must make up his mind
To bad luck and mishaps of all kind;
Kitchen table, tower of Babel;

Flour 'em, scour 'em, puff, puff!

Wife frying,

Children crying;

Huffing in, stuffing in, cuff, cuff!

Crash! fie!

'Twasn't I!

Greasing 'em, squeezing 'em, dish, dash.

Dirty dog,

You I'll flog!

Working 'em, jerking 'em, splish, splash.

Doctor's fee!

Can't agree!

Physic 'em, pthysic 'em, so, so.

Child dies,

Mother cries;

Robbery, sobbery, oh, oh!

Ladle 'em, cradle 'em, hornaby, cornaby,

Wrangle 'em, jangle 'em, caudle 'em, daudle 'em,

Rattledore, battledore, rumble 'em, grumble 'em,

Flour 'em, scour 'em, stuffing 'em, cuffing 'em,

Greasing 'em, squeezing 'em, working 'em, jerking 'em,

Physic 'em, pthysic 'em, robbery, sobbery,

Yelling, spelling, hauling, calling,

Higgledy, piggedy, jingle 'em, tingle 'em.

When a man weds, he must make up his mind

To bad or good luck, or mishaps of all kind:

He must make up his mind

To bad luck and mishaps of all kind.

Now when a man's single he lives at his ease,

And don't care a jot any mortal to please;

He dines at a tavern each day in the week,

And then to the play and the Poses Plastique.

Sits with his pals,

Quizzes the gals;

Nigging, giggling, so, so.

Smoke a cigar,

Smell it afar;

Snuffing 'em, puffing 'em, low, low.

Then he goes out,

Brandy and stout;

Muzzling, guzzling, lush, lush.

Breaking the peace,

Fight the police;

Tribery, bribery, hush, hush.

Lugg'd to the Court,
Isn't it sport?

Lawery, jawery, row, row.

Judge severe,

Then feel queer;

Railing, bailing, how, how.

Ramming, jamming, cramming, damning,

Riggery, priggery, pickle 'em, sickle 'em,

When a man's single he lives at his ease,

And don't care a jot any mortal to please;

He don't care a jot,

Any mortal, any mortal to please;

Out again,

Curse the rain;

Cabbing it, dabbing it, quick, quick.

Supper for nine,

Shocking rain;

Sunkery, drunkery, sick, sick.

Waiter slow,

Another go;

Slippery, bippery, tin, tin.

Ginger beer,

Very queer;

Sloppery, poppery, tin, tin.

Supper paid,

Lemonade;

Bottle 'em, dottle 'em, phiz, phiz.

Then to bed,

Aching head;

Spinning 'em, dinning 'em, biz, biz.

Niggling, giggling, snuffing 'em, puffing 'hem,

Muzzling, guzzling, tribery, bribery,

Lawyery, jawery, railery, bailery,

Cabbing it, dabbing it, sunkery, drunkery,

Slippery, bippery, sloppery, poppery,

Bottle 'em, dottle 'em, spinning 'em, dinning 'em,

Ladle 'em, cradle 'em, hornaby, cornaby,

Wrangle 'em, jangle 'em, caudle 'em, daudle 'em,

Rattledone, battledone, rumble 'em, grumble 'em,

Flour 'em, scour 'em, stuffing 'em, cuffing 'em,

Greasing 'em, squeezing 'em, working 'em, jerking 'em,

Physic 'em, pthysic 'em, robbery sobbery,

Yelling, spelling, hauling, calling, higgledy, piggedy, jingle
'em, tingle 'em.

When a man weds he must make up his mind,
To bad or good luck or mishaps of all kind.

A DIDACTIC PARODY.

Written by the late lamented W. H. Murray, Esq., and Sung by
SAM. COWELL in the Pantomime, produced in Edinburgh, 1841.

Oh, what can keep in bed so late
Our mighty master, good and great,
Has last night's whisky bothered the pate
Of the King of the Cannibal Islands.
He supped upon children six times six,
Then devilled poor General Sambo Dix,
The Lord High Admiral's bones he picks,
Till the last of the cabinet cut their sticks!
He gobbled up Chamberlain Pooney Wang,
The groom of the chamber, buskey bang;
Till not a lord was left of the gang,—
For the King of the Cannibal Islands.

Then one and all, good people come,
And wish long life to the royal chum;
Hokey-Pokey-Wankey-Fum,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.
What order it does in state promote,
To know when they can't command a vote,
That ministers all walk down the throat,
Of the King of the Cannibal Islands.
For when the cabinet you see
Are left in a minority,
Or with their master disagree,
He swallows them all in a fricassee.
The premier goes first in a fine ragout,
The chancellor next, with his woosack too;
And the lord lieutenant makes Irish stew,
For the King of the Cannibal Islands.

Then one and all, good people come,
And wish long life to the royal chum,
Hokey-Pokey-Wankey-Fum!
The King of the Cannibal Islands.
Then all who feel displeas'd at home,
And wish in foreign climes to roam,
In New South Wales,—you'll all find room,
With the King of the Cannibal Islands.
And when too fast for public peace,
The population does increase,
A royal feed makes danger cease,
And *Alison* from fear release.

So come each night, and see him do,
 For I'm sure kind friends to pleasure you,
 He'd swallow the provost and council too,
 Would the King of the Cannibal Islands.
 Then one and all, good people come,
 And wish long life to the royal chum;
 Hokey-Pokey-Wankey-Fum,
 The King of the Cannibal Islands.

CORN COBS.

There was a man in our town,
 I'll tell you his condition;
 He sold his horses and his cows
 To buy him a commission.

Corn cobs, twist your hair,
 Cart wheels surround you;
 Fiery dragons carry you off,
 Pestle and mortar pound you.

Now when this man a commission had got,
 He proved to be a coward;
 He wouldn't go to Canada,
 For fear he'd get devoured.

Corn cobs, &c.

But he and I we went to town
 Along with Captain Gooding;
 There we saw the Yankee boys
 As thick as hasty pudding.

Corn cobs, &c.

There we saw a great, big thing,
 As big as a log of maple;
 And every time they turn'd it round,
 It took two yoke of cattle.

Corn cobs, &c.

And when they went to fire it off,
 It took a horn of powder;
 It made a noise like daddy's gun,
 Only a darned sight louder.

Corn cobs, &c.

Aunt Jemima clumb a tree,
 She got a stick to boost her;
 And thar she sat a throwin' corn
 At our bob-tailed rooster.

Corn cobs, &c.

Cousin Jim he came to town
 With a pair of striped trousers;
 Swore he couldn't see the town
 There were so many houses.

Corn cobs, &c.

Uncle Ben he lost his cow,
 Didn't know where to find her:—
 And when the cow she did come home
 She had her tail behind her.

Corn cobs, &c.

Aunt Priscilla came to town,
 She jumped upon the steeple;
 She took a frying-pan of grog,
 And poured it on the people.

Corn cobs, &c.

Old Aunt Kate's begunn to talk,
 And we don't know what ails her;
 She used to eat a pound of pork,
 But now her stomach fails her.

Corn cobs, &c.

Now I've sung you all the news,
 And told you all the causes;
 All that I do want of you
 Is all your kind applauses.

Corn cobs, &c.

TARNATION STRANGE.

(As sung by Mr S. COWELL at the Adelphi Theatre.)

Yankee wonders are now all the rage,
 And I think, without much contradiction,
 I can prove, in this erudite age,
 That truth is much stronger than fiction.
 A man, sunk in absence of mind,
 Pull'd his boots off, and laid them in bed;
 And, not dreaming of aught of the kind,
 With his boot-jack he pulled off his head.

SPOKEN—Its a fact! I knew the man well. His name was Ebenezer Sharpe. He was about the thinnest man, I think, I ever seen. He was so *tarnal* thin his wife *threaded her needle* with him once, and never found out her mistake till he was regularly *sewn up!* Its a fact! He was so *straitened* in his circumstances, he had all his waistcoats made at a *lunatic asylum!* He grew fearfully poor, and so careful of his provisions, he'd only kill *half a pig* at a time—(kill the other half to-morrow, you know). Why, the rats used to run about his house with tears in their eyes, 'cause they could get nothing to eat. He was *so weak he could not raise a dollar!* And he had a dog, who grew *so*

olly thin, he had to lean against a tree when he wanted to bark!
a fact! O yes!

Now, isn't it tarnation strange!
O, isn't it tarnation strange!

There's a woman as big as a tree,
(I don't know in what State they found her),
But, set off in a trot from her knee,
It'll take you a week to get round her.
And a rifleman there's such a shot,
That the birds, when they see him a-loading,
Come down and fall! dead on the spot—
They can't bear the noise of exploding!

POKEN—Its a fact! His name was Simon Cole, and a main clever
Simon was. He had about the blackest nigger that ever eat
ging. He was so tarnation black you couldn't see him except in
middle of the day. Why, he was so *black*, a piece of charcoal
like a *white* mark on him. Its a fact! He would have been an in-
able nigger, if he had not been so confoundedly lazy. Why, a
pushed him down a hill once, and he ran on, three days and
lots, 'cause he was too lazy to stop himself. He had the fever and
the mighty bad. Fever stuck to him a long time, but the *ague* soon
left him, 'cause he was *too lazy to shake!* Its a fact! And talk about
others! Ah! he had a *bass* voice. Why, he'd *sing so low* sometimes,
I'd have to go *down a well* to hear him. He was sich a drunken
cow, though, his master made him leave his wife, 'cause he was so
stupid given to *lick her!* (liquor). And he refused to let another nigger
be a wife, 'cause, being a teetotaller, he couldn't *sup porter!* (sup-
port her). Its a fact! O yes!

Now, isn't it tarnation strange!
O, isn't it tarnation strange!

A man there grew fifteen feet high,
Though almost as thin as an adder;
When his neckerchief wanted a tie,
He was forced to get up on a ladder.
And a man who crows so like a cock,
And he does it so shrill and so prime,
That the sun rose about four o'clock,
Just three hours before its right time.

POKEN—Its a fact! That was Obediah Weatherwagger, and I
knew him right well—in fact, I knew everybody about them parts at
that time. His *feet* were so tarnation *large*, he always had to *put his
feet on over his head*. He used to walk so fast, he'd put his *shades
of breath* to keep up with him. He was so short-sighted, he
couldn't see to go to sleep unless he had his *spectacles* on; and then
he could snore so loud, he always *slept in the next street*, for fear of
waking himself up. Its a fact! He had a sister—the nicest gal I ever
saw, only she was so fearful *modest!* Why, she wouldn't sit down

to a pianoforte unless *the legs were covered up*; and she discharged her cook once, at a moment's notice, for sending her up a couple of fowls *only half dressed*. She always wore a pair of *green spectacles* to keep her from seeing anything with her *naked eye*; and she was so modest she wouldn't walk across a *potato field*, 'cause *the taters had eyes* on them. She was a beautiful picture painter, though, and once painted a *snow scene* so like natur, that a man caught a *severe cold* sitting near *with his hat off*. The cold was so bad in his head that he couldn't wash his face without *freezing the water*; and after that, he *hated* water so bad, he wouldn't wear his *watch*, because there were *springs* in it. Ah! he was a clever chap! He never wanted an umbrella. Pa said whenever it rained, *he'd eat a red herring for breakfast*, and that would keep him *dry* all day. See that! I remember his sister once painted a *bottle of ginger beer* so like natur that the *cork flew out* before she could paint the *string to keep it in*. Its a fact! When she used to go out on horseback, her father wouldn't let her have a saddle, 'cause he'd always put a *four-quart measure* instead, 'cause, he said, that was sure to hold a *gal on* (gallon). He was a clever fellow, and no mistake. Why, he went to market one day, and bought two flounders for dinner, and when he came home he found he had *three fish*—two flounders, and one *smelt* (smelled). See that! He once built a ship of *India rubber*, but the authorities wouldn't let him sail it, for fear that, when he was *crossing the line*, he might *rub it out*. Its a fact! He said Queen Elizabeth was twice as great as George Washington, 'cause Washington was a wonder, but Queen Elizabeth was a two-d (Tudor). See that! I remember his asking me once what was the most difficult operation a *surgeon* could perform? I couldn't tell him. "Why," says he, "*To take the jaw out of a woman!*"

Now, isn't it tarnation strange?
O, isn't it tarnation strange!

A man, there, who felt himself sick,
And his head, too, a-getting quite bare,
Sent out for some castor-oil slick,
And some bear's grease, to rub on his hair.
But the nurse, poor thing, made a mistake,
So, he *swallowed the bear's-grease* instead;
And, to finish the joke, in a shake,
Rubbed the castor-oil over his head.

SPOKEN—Poor fellow! *the hair all grew down his throat*, and his head was sick at his stomach for two months after. Its a fact! That same man once took a *bottle of ink* instead of a black draught, and he had to swallow *two whole quires of blotting-paper* to soak it up. O yes!

Now, isn't it tarnation strange?
Isn't it tarnation strange!

FINIS.







