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Scottish Chapbooks

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Songs

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THE COMIC
VOCALIST'S BUDGET.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

Price Twopence.

THE COMIC VOCALIST'S BUDGET.

THE RAT-CATCHER'S DAUGHTER.

In Vestminstier, not long ago,
There lived a rat-catcher's daughter,
She was not born in Vestminstier,
But t'other side of the vater.
She sold sprats, and her father caught rats,
Up and down, and over the vater;
The gentle folks all bought the sprats
Of the rat-catcher's pretty little daughter.
Too ra loo ra loo ral uump, &c.

Both high and low, and rich and poor,
In marriage they all sought her,
But at friends and foes she turned up her nose,
Did the rat-catcher's pretty little daughter;
For there was a man sold lily-white sand,
In Cupid's net he caught her,
Right over head and ears in love
Fell the rat-catcher's pretty little daughter.

Now lily-white sand so ran in her head,
As she valked down the Strand, O,
She forgot that she had sprats on her head,
So cried, Do you want any sand, O?
The peoplo amazed all thought she was crazed
As she valked down the Strand, O,
To see a gal, with sprats on her head,
Crying, Do you want any lily-white sand, O?

Now the rat-catcher's daughter so ran in his head,
He could not tell what ho was arter,
And instead of crying lily-white sand,
He cried, Do you want a rat-catcher's darter?

His donkey cock'd his tail, and brayed,
 And couldn't tell what his master was arter,
 To hear a man that sold lily-white sand
 Cry, Do you want a rat-catcher's darter?

Now they both agreed to married be,
 Upon the Easter Monday,
 But the rat-catcher's daughter dreamed that she
 Would not be alive on Sunday;
 She went to the gate once more for sprats,
 And she tumbled into the vater,
 And over head and heels in mud
 Roll'd the rat-catcher's pretty little daughter.

Now, when lily-white sand came to hear the news,
 Both eyes run down with vater;
 Says he, In love I've constant proved—
 I can't, I won't live long arter.
 So he cut his throat with his shaving brush,
 And stabb'd his donkey arter,
 So there was an end to lily-white sand,
 Jackass, and the rat-catcher's daughter.

THE LITTLE, MERRY, FAT, GRAY MAN.

THREE is a little man, dress'd all in gray,
 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. [laughs,
 Yet he laughs and he sings, and he sings and he
 Langhs—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 gray man.

He drinks without counting the number of glasses,
 He sings merry songs, and he 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 snoring snugly the rain he forgets;
 In bleak, cold December, it hails and it snows,
 If the fire goes out, his fingers he blows. [laughs,
 Yet he laughs and he sings, and he sings and he
 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 gray man!

BOBBING AROUND.

Sung by Mrs. W. J. Florence.

In August last, on one fine day,
 Bobbing around, around, around;
 When all the folks went to make hay,
 As they went bobbing around.

Says Josh to me, "Let's take a walk,
 Bobbing around, &c
 Then we can have a private talk,
 As we go bobbing around."

We walk'd along to the mountain ridge,
 Bobbing around, &c.
 Till we got near Squire Slipshod's bridge,
 As we went hobbing around.

Says Josh to me, "Let's have a spree,
 Bobbing around, &c.
 It's I'll kiss you, and you'll kiss me,
 As we go bobbing around."

So Josh's courage no longer tarried,
 Bobbing around, &c.
 Says he, "Dear Patience, let's get married,
 And we'll go hobbing around."

Now I knew he lov'd another gal,
 Bobbing around, &c.
 They call'd her crook-shin'd, curly-tooth'd Sal,
 When we went bobbing around.

So after we got into church,
 Bobbing around, &c.
 I cut and left Josh in the lurch,
 Then he went bobbing around.

MORAL.

Now all you chaps that's got a gal,
 Bobbing around, &c.
 Do think of crook-shin'd, curly-tooth'd Sal,
 As you go bobbing around.

CORN COBBS.

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 Cobbs 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 devour'd.

Corn Cobbs, &c.

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

Corn Cobbs, &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 Cobbs, &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 Cobbs, &c.

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

Corn Cobbs, &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 Cobbs, &c.

Uncle Ben he lost his cow,
 Did'nt know where to find her :—
 And when the cow she did come home
 She had her tail behind her.

Corn Cobbs, &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 Cobbs, &c.

Old Aunt Kate began 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 Cobbs, &c.

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

Corn Cobbs, &c.

KEEMO, KIMO.

Sang by Mrs. W. J. Florence as "Polly, wont you try me, oh?"

In South Car'lina de darkies go,
Sing song, Kitty, can't you ki' me, oh!
Dat's whar de white folks plant de tow,
Sing song, Kitty, can't you ki' me, oh!
Cover de ground all over wid smoke,
Sing song, Kitty, &c.
And up de darkies' heads dey poke,
Sing song, Kitty, &c.

Keemo, Kimo! dar! oh whar?

Wid my hi, my ho, and in come Sally singing,
Sometime pennywinkle, lington nipcat,
Sing song, Kitty, can't you ki' me, oh!

Milk in the dairy nine days old,
Sing song, Kitty, &c.
Frogs and de skeeters, getting mighty bold,
Sing song, Kitty, &c.
Dey try for to sleep, but it ain't no use,
Sing song, Kitty, &c.
Dere legs him out for de chickens to roos
Sing song, Kitty, &c.

Keemo, Kimo! dar! &c.

Dere was a frog lived in a pool,
Sing song, Kitty, &c.
Sure he was the biggest fool,
Sing song Kitty, &c.
For he could dance and he could sing,
Sing song, Kitty, &c.
And make de woods around him ring,
Sing song, Kitty, &c.

Keemo, Kimo! dar! &c.

 NORVAL.

My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills,
Fal, lal, la, la, lal, lal, la, &c.
My father keeps his whisky stills,
Fal, lal, &c.

His occupation is to shield
 His whisky stills frae the gauger chieles;
 And to keep his son at hame as weel,
 Fal, lal, &c.
 And to keep his son at hame as weel.
 Fal, lal, &c.

The moon which shone so bright last night,
 Had scarcely set itself—not quite;
 When a band o' gaugers o'er the hills
 Cam' tumblin' down like Jacks and Gills,
 And pounced upon our whisky stills.
 Fal, lal, &c.

My faither he was off like a shot,
 And said the stills might go to pot;
 While I alone withstood the shock,
 And tumbled the gaugers o'er a rock,
 And made their heads play nick-ety-knock.
 Fal, lal, &c.

Full fifty fathoms they fell, I think,
 And spattered the rocks all over with ink;
 The first he fell down with a thump, thump, thump,
 The next he fell down with a dump, dump, dump,
 While they all fell together in a clump, clump, clump.
 Fal, lal, &c.

TOPSY'S SONG.

Words by C. Geoffreys. Music by Stephen Glover.

I'm but a little nigger gal,
 As black as black can be;
 You know I can't love nobody,
 'Cos nobody loves me.
 Day used to whip me long ago,
 And den I wish to die—
 I specs I dunno how to love,
 And dat's de reason why.

Now what's de use of sich as me
 Ob trying to be good?
 If you could wash de black-a-moor,
 Quite white may-be I would.
 Miss Feely preaches talk all day,
 She says me tell big lie—
 No good for me to speak de truth,
 And dat's de reason why.

She can't abear de nigger gal—
 Miss Feely make me laugh—
 I touch her hand, she brush away,
 As if de black come off.
 I is so wicked, dat's de ting;
 I specs be worse by'n by:
 She says I is, and so I is,
 And dat's de reason why.

But you, Miss Evv, you so good,
 I mind de words you say—
 You're not afraid to touch my hand,
 You neber turn away:
 You talk to me, you gib me smile,
 Till tears come in your eye,
 You lub me, and I lub you too,
 And dat's de reason why.

VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

'Tis of a rich merchant who in London did dwell,
 He had but one daughter, an unkimmon nice young gal;
 Her name it was Dinah, scarce sixteen year old,
 With a very large fortune in silver and gold.

Too ral lal, loo ral lal, too ral lal la.

(Chorus for the silver and gold,)

Too ral, &c.

As Dinah was a valiking in the garden one day,
 Her papa he came to her and thus he did say,
 "Go dress thyself, Dinah, in gorgeous array,
 And take yourself a husiband both galliant and gay."

Too ral, &c.

(Chorus for the expectant husiband,)

Too ral, &c.

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

“Oh! papa, oh, papa! I’ve not made up my mind,
And to marry just yet, why, I don’t feel inclined,
To you my large fortune I’ll gladly give o’er,
If you’ll let me live single a year or two more.”

Too ral, &c.

(Chorus for the suppliant maiden,)

Too ral, &c.

Spoken.—This is what the indignant parent replied
—I represent the father,—

“Go, go, boldest daughter,”—the parent replied—
“If you won’t consent to be this here young man’s bride,
I’ll give your large fortune to the nearest of kin,
And you shan’t reap the benefit of one single pin.”

Too ral, &c.

(Chorus for indignant parent—very bass,)

Too ral, &c.

Spoken.—Now comes the conflagration of the
lovier:—

As Villikins was a valiking the garden around,
He spied his dear Dinah lying dead upon the ground,
And the cup of cold pison it lay by her side,
With a billet-dux a stating ’twas by pison she died.

Too ral, &c.

(Chorus for the chemist round the corner where the
pison was bought,)

Too ral, &c.

Spoken.—This is what the lovier did:—

He kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o’er,
And called her his Dinah, though she was no more:
Then swallowed the pison like a lovier so brave,
And Villikins and his Dinah lie both in one grave.

Too ral, &c.

(Chorus for the disconsolate lovier,)

Too ral, &c.

MORAL.

Now all you young maidens take warning by her,
 Never not by no means disobey your governor,
 And all you young fellows mind who you clap your
 eyes on,

Think of Vilikins and Dinah and the cup of cold pison.

Too ral, &c.

(Chorus for pisoned people,)

Too ral, &c.

MOLLY THE BETRAYED.

Sung by Mr. Sam. Cowell.

In a kitchen in Portsmouth a fair maid did dwell,
 For grammar and graces none could her excel,
 Young Villiam he courted her to be his dear,
 And he by his trade was a ship's carpen-tier.
 Singing doddle, doddle, chip, chum, chow, chooral h la.

Now it chanced that von day ven her vages vos paid,
 Young Villiam valk'd vith her, and thus to her said,
 More lovely are you than the ships on the sea,
 Then she nudg'd him, and laughed, and said fiddle de
 dee. Singing doddle, &c.

Then he led her o'er hills, and down walley's so deep,
 At length this fair damsel began for to weep;
 Saying, I fancy, sweet Villiam, you've hrought me this
 vray,

On porpos my hinnercent life to hetray.
 Singing doddle, &c.

He said, That is true, and we've no time to stand,
 And immediately took a sharp knife in his hand,
 He pierced her hest gown, till the blood it did flow,
 And into the grave her fair body did throw.
 Singing doddle, &c.

That night as asleep on his hammock he lay,
 He fancied he heard some sperrit to say,
 Oh, wake up young Villiam, and listen to hear,
 The voice of your Molly what loved you so dear.

Your ship bound from Portsmouth it never shall go,
Till I am rewenged for my sad overthrow,
The anchor is veigh'd, the vinds fair and strong,
But all is in vain, for your ship shan't go on.

Then up com'd the captain vith—Unfur! every sail!
He giv'd his command, but all no avail,
A mist on the bocean arose all around,
And no vey to move this fine ship could be found.
And no vey, &c.

Then he calls up his men with a shout and a whoop,
And he orders young Villiam to stand on the poop.
There's summat not right, says he, 'mongst this ere crew,
And I'm blow'd if I don't think, young Villiam, it's you.
Singing doddle, &c.

Then Villiam turned red, and then vite, and then green.
Vile Molly's pale ghost at his side it vos seen;
Her buzzom vos vite, the blood it vos red,
She spoke not, but wanish'd,—and that's all she said!
Singing doddle, &c.

MORAL.

Now all servant girls who my story does hear,
Just remember poor Molly and her ship's carpentier,
If your sweethearts they axes you with them to roam,
Just be careful to leave all your savings at home.
Singing doddle, &c.

IRISH BLUNDERS.

THE world's improving every day in fashions and in
wonders, [blunders:
And mix'd among the rest, we see a store of Irish
To tell a few, nor keep you long, I came just to amuse
ye, [excuse ma.
And as 'tis but a blundering song, I hope, sirs, you'll

A Paddy once had hired a hack, and thus doth run the
tale, sirs; [tail, sirs;
In haste he mounted on the back, his head toward the

The hostler laughed, when Pat roar'd out, "Don't be
so very knowing, [of going.]
For I've not told you, stupid lout, which way I think

Another in a country town, once stumbled on a meeting,
With one he formerly had known, and thus gave him
the greeting:— [been your brother,
"When you at a distance I perceiv'd, I thought you'd
And then yourself, but I'm deceived—'tis neither one
nor t'other."

Another Paddy once fell down from off an elevation,
His friends and mates all crowd around in fear and
consternation; [there's an end on!"
One cries out, "By my soul he's dead! poor Teddy
"Oh! yes, I'm speechless! Teddy said, "and kilt, you
may depend on!"

But I've enough of blunders shown, and don't think I
deceive you, [you;
When I declare, you shall own the truth before I leave
That is, we never ought to name our Irish friends with
scorn, sirs, [born, sirs!
For Englishmen would be the same, if but in Ireland

THE OLD COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

Sung by Mr. Murray, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

I'll sing you an old song, that was made by an old
pate,
Of a worshipful old gentleman who had an old estate;
And he kept a good old mansion at a bountiful old
rate, [gate,
With a porter old to give relief to the old poor at his
Like a fine old country gentleman, all of the olden
time.

His hall so old was hung around, with pikes, with
guns, and bows,
With broadswords, and with bucklers too, that had
stood against old foes; [trunk hose,
And there his worship held his state, in doublet and

And he quaffed a cup of good old wine to warm his
good old nose,

Oh! he was a capital old country gentleman, who
loved the olden time.

When winter cold brought Christmas old, he opened
house to all, [the ball;

And tho' threescore and ten his years, he featly led
Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from his
hall, [small;

For tho' he feasted all the large, he ne'er forgot the
Like my fine old country gentleman, all of the
olden time.

But time tho' old is strong in might, and years flew
swiftly by, [die;

And autumn's falling leaf foretold the old man he must
He laid him down and tranquilly gave up life's latest
sigh, [every eye,

While a heavy sadness fell on all, and tears dimmed
For the last old country gentleman, all of the olden
time.

Now isn't this much better far than all your modern
parade;

Of your theatres, your fancy balls, at homes, or mas-
querade; [paid,

And much more economical, when all the bills are
So cut your new vagaries quite, and take up the old
trade

Of my fine old country gentleman, all of the olden
time.

THE RAAL OULD IRISH GINTLEMAN.

Air,—“The good old country Gentleman.”

I'll sing you a dacent song, that was made by a
Paddy's pate,

Of a raal ould Irish gintleman who had a fine estate;
His mansion it was made of mud, with thatch and all
complate,

With a hole at top through which the smoke so grace-
ful did retrate,

Like a raal ould Irish gintleman, a boy of the
oulden time.

His walls so cold were cover'd wid the divil a thing
for show, [many a foe

Except an ould shillelah, which had knock'd down
And there ould Barney sat at ease, without his shoe
or hose: [nose

And quaff'd his noggin of poteen to warm his big ree
Like a fine ould Irish gintleman, a boy of the
oulden time.

To Donnybrook his custom was to go to every fair,
And though he'd seen a few score years, he still was
young when there: [poor

And tho' the rich had feasted him, he still among the
Would sing, and dance, and hurl, and fight, and make
the spalpeens roar,

Like a raal ould Irish gintleman, a boy of the
oulden time.

But, och! mavrone! once at a row ould Barney got a
knock, [shock

And one that kilt him, 'cause he could'nt o'erget the
They laid him out so beautiful, and then set up a groan,
Och! Barney, darlint, jewel dear—why did you die?
och hone!

Then they waked this Irish gintleman, the boy of
the olden time.

Though all things in their course must change, and
seasons pass away,

Yet Irish hearts of oulden times were just as at this day;
Each Irish boy he took a pride to prove himself a man;
To serve a friend and bate a foe it always was the plan,
Of a raal ould Irish gintleman, a boy of the oulden
time.

LORD LOVEL.

LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,

When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
 To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,
 Wishing her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel? (she said),
 Oh, where are you going?" said she;

"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
 Strange countries for to see, see, see,
 Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel? (said she)
 Oh, when will you come back?" said she.

"In a year or two, or three at most,
 I'll return to my Lady Nancy-cy-cy,
 I'll return to my Lady Nancy.

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
 Strange countries for to see,
 When languishing thoughts came into his head,
 Lady Nancy Bell he would go see, see, see,
 Lady Nancy Bell he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white horse,
 Till he came to Loudon town,
 When he heard St. Pancras' church bells ring,
 And the people all mourning around, round, round,
 And the people all mourning around.

"Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said,
 "Oh, what is the matter?" said he.

"A lord's lady is dead," an old woman said,
 "And some call her Lady Nancy-cy-cy,
 And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
 And the shroud to be turned down;
 And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
 Till the tears came trickling down, down, down,
 Till the tears came trickling down.

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

Lady Nancy was laid in the cold churchyard,
 Lord Lovel was laid in the choir ;
 And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
 And out of Lord Lovel's a brier, rier, rier,
 And out of Lord Lovel's a brier,

They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,
 And then they could grow no higher ;
 So there they entwined in a true lover's knot
 For all true lovers to admire, ire, ire,
 For all true lovers to admire.

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,
 'Twas on a market day,
 A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
 Upon a truss of hay ;
 But when that hay was blooming grass,
 And deck'd with flowers of spring,
 No flow'r was there that could compare
 With the blooming girl I sing.

As she sat in the low-back'd car,
 The man in the turnpike bar
 Never asked for the toll,
 But just rubbed his old poll,
 And look'd after the low-back'd car.
 Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
 Has strings of ducks and geese,
 But the scores of hearts she slaughters
 By far outnumber these.

While she among her poultry sits,
 Just like a turtle dove,
 Well worth the cage, I do engage,
 Of the blooming god of love.
 While she sits in her low-back'd car,
 The lovers come near and far,
 And envy the chicken
 That Peggy is picking—
 As she sits in the low-back'd car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
 With Peggy by my side,
 Then a coach and four, and gold galore,
 And a lady for my bride;
 For the lady would sit fornenst me,
 On a cushion made with taste,
 While Peggy would sit beside me,
 With my arm around her waist.
 While we drove in the low-back'd car,
 To be married by Father Maher.
 Oh, my heart would beat high
 At her glance and her sigh,
 Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Oh, Britannia, the pride of the ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free,
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
 The world offers homage to thee.
 At thy mandate heroes assemble
 When liberty's form stands in view,
 Thy banners make tyrants to tremble,
 When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war spreads its wide desolation,
 And threatened the land to deform,
 The ark of Freedom's foundation,
 Britannia rode safe through the storm;
 With her garland of victory round her,
 So bravely she bore up her crew,
 And her flag floated proudly before her,
 The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
 And fill it up true to the brim,
 May the wreath Nelson won never wither,
 Nor the star of his glory grow dim.
 May the service united ne'er sever,
 But still to her colours prove true,
 The Army and Navy for ever,
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

JOHNNIE SANDS.

A M·N whose name was Johnnie Sands,
 Had married Betty Haig,
 And tho' she brought him gold and lands,
 She proved a terrible plague.
 For, oh, she was a scolding wife,
 Full of caprice and of whim,
 He said that he was tired of life,
 And she was tired of him.
 And she was tired of him.

Says he, "Then I will drown myself—
 The river runs below."

Says she, "Pray do, you silly elf,
 I wished it long ago."

Says he, "Upon the brink I'll stand,
 Do you run down the hill,
 And push me in with all your might."

Says she, "My love, I will."

Says she, &c.

"For fear that I should courage lack,
 And try to save my life,
 Pray tie my hands behind my back."
 "I will," replied the wife.

She tied them fast, as you may think,
 And when securely done,

"Now stand," says she, "upon the brink,
 And I'll prepare to run,
 And I'll prepare to run."

All down the hill his loving bride,
 Now ran with all her force,
 To push him in — he stepped aside——
 And she fell in of course.

Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,
 "Oh save me, Johnnie Sands."

"I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish,
 For you have tied my hands."

For you have, &c.

THE WIDOW MAHONEY.

OH! love it is murder, I wish it was furthir,
 For faith I'm inclined to get rid of my life ;
 I'm out of my senses, arrah, besides the expenses,
 And only because I'm in want of a wife.

The widow Mahoney, she was my crony,
 Only her heart was so hard and so stony ;
 Och, widow, says I, stop my bachelor's trade,
 Or as sure as I live, I shall die an old maid.

Oh! widow Mahoney.

The widow Mahoney was tall, stout, and bony,
 Her husband had left her to plough the salt seas—
 Had gone to the bottom, his guineas she got 'em,
 So without any labour she lived at her ease.

A beautiful cratur as any in nature,
 And just like myself too in every feature,

Och, widow, says I, &c.

I scorned to be scaly, so treated her daily,
 As sure as the night came, to whisky and tea ;
 And there in a noddy, her beautiful body
 Would sit cheek by jowl, a one side behind me.
 So finish the matter, Mr. Rooney was fatter,
 And then with his blarney, he throw'd his eye at her.

Och, widow, &c.

Ere long they had tarried, they 'greed to be married,
 So lovingly went to the priest to get wed, [ing,
 When who should be stalking to stop their sweet walk-
 Bnt the widow's live husband, the man that was dead.
 Mr. Mike was confounded, the widow she swounded,
 The man pick'd her up, and the neighbours provok'd,
 So there I was left to my bachelor's trade,
 And through widow Mahoney, must die an old maid.

Och, widow, &c.

THE IRISH WEDDING.

SURE won't you hear what roaring cheer,
 Was spread at Paddy's wedding, O,
 And how so gay they spent the day,
 From churching to the bedding, O.

First, book in hand, came Father Quipes,
 With the bride's dada, the bailie, O,
 While all the way to church, the pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

Now there was Mat, and sturdy Pat,
 And merry Morgan Murphy, O,
 And Murdoch Meggs, and Tirlough Skeggs,
 M'Lachlan, and Dick Durphy, O.
 And then the girls dress'd out in white,
 Led on by Dad O'Reilly, O,
 All jigging, as the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

When Pat was ask'd, would his love last?
 The chancel echo'd with laughter, O,
 Arrah fait! cried Pat, you may say dat,
 To the end of the world, and after, O.
 Then tenderly her hand he gripe^s
 And kisses her genteelly, O,
 While all in tune, the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

Now a roaring set at dinner are met,
 So frolicsome and so frisky, O,
 (Potatoes galore, a skirraig or more,
 And a flowing madder of whisky, O.)
 To the bride's dear health round went the swipes,
 That her joy might be nightly and daily, O,
 And as they guttled, the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

And then at night, oh! what delight,
 To see them all footing and prancing, O,
 An opera or ball were nothing at all,
 Compared to the style of their dancing, O.
 And then to see old Father Quipes,
 Beat time with his shilelah, O,
 While the chanter with his merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

And now the knot so tipsy are got,
 They'll go to sleep without rocking, O,
 So the bridemaids fair, now gravely prepare
 For throwing of the stocking, O;
 And round, to be sure, did go the swipes,
 At the bride's expense so freely, O,
 While to wish them good night the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

THE boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring blades,
 And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,
 They'll kiss 'em and coax 'em, and trate them so free,
 For of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.
 Fal de ral, &c.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
 In the town of Kilkenny there lives a fair dame;
 Her lips are like roses, her mouth much the same,
 Like a dish of sweet strawberries smother'd in cream.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large coal,
 Which thro' my poor bosom have burnt a big hole,
 Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear, and pure,
 But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines where it stands,
 And the more I think on it, the more my heart warms,
 For if I was in Kilkenny I'd think myself at home,
 For 'tis there I get sweethearts, but here I get none.
 Fal de ral, &c.

KATE M'CLUSKY.

Air,—“Saint Patrick was a Gentleman.”

TALK not of Venus or the loves
 Of any heathen creature,
 Of nightingales or turtle doves,
 That bother human nature;

But talk to me, and don't depart
 From morning till it's dusky,
 Concerning her who stole my heart,
 The charming Kate M'Clusky.
 She's never absent, night or day,
 As through the world I wander;
 And thus I pine my time away,
 Like any gooseless gander.

Och! Kitty's eyes are black as jet,
 Her cheeks are red as roses,
 Her lips with pearls round are set,
 Her ringlets are like posies;
 Her praises I could sit and sing
 Till roaring made me husky,
 I never, never shall forget
 The darling Kate M'Clusky!
 She's never absent, &c.

Sweet Kitty, dear! when first we met,
 Ye were so young and simple,
 You had a most bewitching step,
 And on each cheek a dimple;
 And then the fragrance of your breath,
 It was so sweet and musky,—
 Och, murder! but she'll be my death,
 The jewel, Kate M'Clusky.
 She's never absent, &c.

I've wandered many a weary mile
 Around the Irish nation,
 And hundreds have I made to smile
 Of the female generation:
 But Kitty she has made me weep,
 In sorrows weeds I'll bask me—
 My heart is broken most complete
 By cruel Kate M'Clusky.
 She's never absent, &c.

O Kitty! if ye won't relent,
 Ye will commit a murder,
 My ghost will make the jade repent,
 At midnight I'll disturb her;

I'll search me out a great big tree,
 And han - on't till I'm fusty,
 That all the gaping world may see
 I'm kill'd by Kate M'Clusky.
 She's never absent, &c.

Good people all, both great and small,
 Behold my situation,
 Just kick'd about like some football
 For Kitty's recreation;
 Och! may the wicked heartless jade,
 Be single till she's musty,
 And at four-score be still a maid,
 The unmarried Miss M'Clusky.
 Then should she haunt me night and day,
 As through the world I wander,
 If I be gooseless, folks will say
 Ould Kate has got no gander.

WIDOW MALONE.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone—ohone!
 Who lived in the town of Athlone—alone!

Oh! she melted the hearts
 Of the swains in them parts
 So lovely the Widow Malone—ohone!
 So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score—or more,
 And fortunes they all had galore—in store;
 From the minister down
 To the clerk of the Crown,
 All were courting the Widow Malone—ohone!
 All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mrs. Malone—'twas known,
 No one could e'er see her alone—ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,
 They could ne'er catch her eye,
 So hashful the Widow Malone—ohone!
 So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare—how quare!
 It's little for blushing they care—down there,
 Put his arm round her waist,
 Gave ten kisses at last.

Oh, says he, you're my Molly Malone—my own;
 Oh, says he, you're my Molly Malone.

And the Widow they all thought so shy—my eye!
 Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh—for why?

But, "Lucius," says she,
 "Since you've made so free,
 You may marry your Mary Malone—ohone!
 You may marry your Mary Maloue."

There's a moral contained in my song—not wrong;
 And one comfort it's not very long—but strong;

If for widows you die,
 Larn to kiss, not to sigh;
 For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone—ohone!
 Oh! they're all like sweet Mistress Malone.

KATTY MOONEY

I COURTED Katty Mooney, dear,
 A girl so neat and cosie;
 Her eyes they were both bright and clear,
 And her cheeks were red and rosy:

I bought a pig to live with us,
 I got a stick to mind it,

'Twas a clever pig, and like the rest,
 It carried its tail behind it.

O! hubbuboo! O! smaililou,
 Was not I a spooney!

Och hone! to grunt and groan,
 And all for Katty Mooney.

All for Katty, all for Katty, all for Katty Mooney.
 All for Katty, all for Katty, all for Katty Mooney.

When we were wed and soon made one,
 In love we made a dozen,
 Until she brought to town with her
 Her thirty-second cousin;

I made him eat, I made him drink,
 With compliments he lined me,
 But the reason why I never could find,
 Till one day he stayed behind me.
 Oh, hubbuboo, &c.

I don't know what when I came back,
 I wish I had not seen them,
 For there they were giving smack for smack,
 And the pig was sitting between them;
 He ran away, och hubbuboo!
 May the devil catch and bind him,
 And my wife may go to the devil too,
 If they'd left the pig behind them.
 Oh, hubbuboo, &c.

WIDOW MACHREE.

Words and Music by Samuel Lover.

Widow machree, 'tis no wonder you frown,
 Och hone! widow machree;
 Faith it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,
 Och hone! widow machree.
 How altered your air,
 With that close cap you wear—
 'Tis destroying your hair,
 Which should be flowing free;
 Be no longer a churl,
 Of its black silken curl,
 Och hone! widow machree.

Widow machree, now the summer is come,
 Och hone! widow machree;
 When everything smiles should a beauty look glum?
 Och hone! widow machree;
 See, the birds go in pairs,
 And the rabbits and hares—
 Why even the bears
 Now in couples agree;
 And the mute little fish,
 Though they can't spake they wish,
 Och hone! widow machree.

Widow machree, and when winter comes in,
 Och hone! widow machree
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
 Och hone! widow machree.
 Sure the shovel and tongs
 To each other belongs,
 While the kittle sings songs
 Full of family glee;
 Yet alone with your cup,
 Like a hermit you sup,
 Och hone! widow machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,
 Och hone! widow machree;
 But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowl'd,
 Och hone! widow machree.
 With such sins on your head,
 Sure your peace would be fled,
 Could you sleep in your bed,
 Without thinking to see,
 Some ghost or some sprite,
 That would wake you each night,
 Crying, "Och hone! widow machree."

Then take my advice, darling widow machree,
 Och hone! widow machree;
 And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,
 Och hone! widow machree.
 You'd have me to desire,
 Then to stir up the fire:
 And sure Hope is no liar
 In whispering to me,
 That the ghosts would depart,
 When you've me near your heart,
 Och hone! widow machree.

RORY O'MORE.

Words and Music by Samuel Lover.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,
 He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn,

He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do that, was to tease;
 "Now Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye,
 "With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm
 about,
 Faith you've teaz'd till I've put on my cloak inside out."
 "Oh! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way,
 You've thrated my heart for this many a day,
 And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure?
 For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
 For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike,
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound,"
 "Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the
 ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
 Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
 "Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
 For dhramas always go by contrairies, my dear.
 Oh! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie,
 And 'tis pleased that I am, and why not to be sure?
 Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah Kathleen, my darlint, you've teaz'd me enough,
 And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and
 Jim Duff,
 And I've made myself drinking your health quite a
 baste,
 So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest:"
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
 So soft and so white without freckle or speck,
 And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,
 And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was
 right?

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more,
 That's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before,"
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

THE KITCHEN POKER.

Air—"Ally Croaker."

SWATE Widow Fag, one winter's night,
 Invited a tea-party,
 Of iligant gentility,
 And made the boys quite hearty ;
 But just as they were breaking up,
 She miss'd her kitchen poker,
 And delicately hinted that
 The thief was Paddy Croaker.
 He'd stole her little poker,
 Her purty kitchen poker ;
 She delicately hinted that
 He'd stole her little poker.

Now Pat he was a grenadier,
 In what is called the gray light horse,
 And a claner, stouter, tighter boy,
 Upon my soul, there never was.
 He cried out, "Blood and thunder,
 Do you take me for a joker,
 Do you think I'd come into your house,
 And stale your durty poker ?
 Your nasty kitchen poker ;
 Do you think I'd come into your house,
 And stale your durty poker ?"

Then Pat swore by the Hill of Howth,
 And by the holy fathers, too ;
 By all the ghosts in yon churchyard,
 If they were gather'd in a crew.
 Says he unto the widow,
 "Do you take me for a joker,
 Do you think I'd come to your fireside
 And stale your durty poker ?
 Your nasty, clarty poker :
 Do you think an Irish jntleman
 Would stale your durty poker ?"

But all that he could say or do,
 Had no effect upon her ;
 At length says she, "Now, Pat, will you
 Declare upon your honour ?"

Arrah! Paddy stared and started back,
 His hand behind his cloaker,
 "Touch my honour, touch my life,
 There's your durty poker!
 Your nasty, filthy poker;
 Touch my honour, touch my life,
 Take your durty poker."

THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

Air,—“Vulcan's Cave.”

Oh, have you heard the news of late,
 About a mighty king so great?
 If you have not, 'tis in my pate—

The king of the Cannibal Islands.

He was so tall—near six feet six,
 He had a head like Mister Nick's,
 His palace was like Dirty Dick's,
 'Twas built of mud for want of bricks,
 And his name was Poonoowingkawang,
 Flibeede flibeede buskeebang:
 And a lot of Indians swore they'd hang
 The king of the Cannibal Islands,
 Hokee pokee wonkee fum,
 Pnttee po pee kaihula cum,
 Tongaree, wongaree, ching ring wum,
 The king of the Cannibal Islands.

This mighty king had, in one hut,
 Seventy wives as black as soot,
 And thirty of a double smut—

The king of the Cannibal Islands.

So just one hundred wives he had,
 And every week he was a dad,
 Upon my word, it was too bad,
 For his smutty dears soon drove him mad;
 There was Hunkee Mungkee, short and tall,
 With Tuzzee Muzzee, and Kecko Pall,
 And some of them swore they would have all
 The king of the Cannibal Islands.

Hokee pokee, &c.

One day this king invited most
 Of his subjects to a roast,
 For half his wives gave up the ghost,
 The king of the Cannibal Islands.
 Of fifty wives he was bereft,
 And so he had but fifty left,
 He said with them he would make shift,
 So for a gorge all set off swift.
 The fifty dead ones were roasted soon,
 And all demolished before the noon,
 And a lot of chiefs vowed to have soon
 The king of the Cannibal Islands.
 Hokee pokee, &c.

When they had done, and bones picked clean,
 They all began to dance, I ween;
 The fifty wives slipped out unseen,
 From the king of the Cannibal Islands.
 He turning round soon missed them all,
 So for his wives began to bawl,
 But no one answered to his call,
 He sprung out thro' the muddy wall;
 Then into the woods he went with grief,
 And found each queen 'long with a chief,
 He swore he'd Macadamize every thief,
 The king of the Cannibal Islands
 Hokee pokee, &c

He sent for all his guards with knives,
 To put an end to all their lives,
 The fifty chiefs and fifty wives—
 The king of the Cannibal Islands.
 These cannibal slaveys then begun
 Carving their heads off, one by one;
 And the king he laughed to see the fun,
 Then jumped into bed when all was done;—
 And every night when he's asleep—
 His headless wives and chiefs all creep
 And roll upon him in a heap,
 The king of the Cannibal Islands.
 Hokee pokee, &c.

VERY RESPECTABLE.

A favourite comic song, sung by Mr. Richards of the London Concerts.

Air,—“Miss Nicholls.”

ONE day going out for a walk,
 A thought it popp'd into my noddle sirs;
 Of St. James' Park I had heard a great talk,
 So to it resolv'd for to toddle, sirs.
 But when I got there, lack-a-day!
 A figure I saw so dejectable;
 His face it was filled with dismay,
 But yet he looked very respectable.
Fal de ral.

I beheld him with wonder surprised,
 I felt myself quite in confusion;
 I scarcely could credit my eyes,
 For I thought it was all an illusion.
 No shoes to his feet he had got,
 His hat it appeared quite rejectable,
 His hair it grew out of the top,
 But yet it looked very respectable.
Fal de ral.

I approached him, intending to speak,
 As he on the bench was reclining:
 His name I began for to seek,
 But he answered me so undefining.
 In business, he said, he had been,
 But things they did not go delectable,
 For the bailiffs on him were so keen,—
 But once he'd been very respectable.
Fal de ral.

I with him most deep sympathized,
 And he made me a bow with such grace, sirs;
 In stooping—his limbs I descried,
 To see him it was a disgrace, sirs.
 His trousers were slit up so neat,
 That his knees they peeped thro' so perfectable;
 No stockings he had—what a treat!
 But yet he looked very respectable.
Fal de ral.

I talked with him until it got dark,
 And then I invited him home, sirs,
 To be seen in the day with this spark,
 Why I didn't feel inclined for to roam, sirs.
 For his beard was as black as a coal,
 So rough and so very projectable ;
 As he stood, oh, he shivered with cold,
 But yet he looked very respectable.

Fal do ral.

When we got home I instantly fed
 This man, for I thought it a charity ;
 I made him have part of my bed,
 And both of us seemed in hilarity.
 But when he had undressed, did appear
 No waistcoat or shirt—'twas delectable !
 To have seen him would have made you stare,
 But yet he looked very respectable.

Fal de ral.

In the morning, oh, when I awoke,
 I looked for my friend, but alack, sirs,
 I soon found that it was not a joke,
 For off with my clothes he had packed, sirs,
 My watch he had taken—so strange !
 And everything that was selectable,
 His rags he left me in exchange,
 But yet he was very respectable.

Fal de ral.

O GOOD ALE! THOU ART MY DARLING!

Sung at all convivial assemblies. Air,—“Nothing.”

THE landlord he looks very big,
 With his high-cock'd hat and his powder'd wig ;
 Methinks he looks both fair and fat,
 But he may thank you and I for that.
 For, O good ale! thou art my darling,
 Thou art my darling night and morning.
 The brewer brew'd thee in his pan,
 And the tapster drew thee in his can :
 So I with them will play my part,
 And lodge thee next unto my heart.

For, O good ale! &c.

And if my wife should thee despise,
 By Jove, I'll beat out both her eyes!
 But if she loves me as I love thee,
 A happy couple we shall be.
 For, O good ale! &c.

Thou oft hast made my friends my foes,
 And often made me pawn my clothes;
 But since thou art so near my nose,
 Come up my friend—and down it goes.
 For, O good ale! &c.

THE JEW AND THE PICKLED PORK.

Air,—“Derry Down.”

BOB STITCH was a tailor, and liv'd in the west,
 A man who admired and oft crack'd a jest;
 No lad was so clever at making a pun,
 Nor any before him in frolic and fun.
 Derry down, &c.

One day Bob had seated him down for to dine
 Off cabbage, peas-pudding, and *pork* quite divine,
 When his parlour window he chanc'd to peep through,
 And saw in the street one that *look'd* like a Jew.
 Derry down, &c.

He'd a bag on his arm, and his beard hung low,
 As Bob watch'd his movements, he utter'd “Clo! Clo!”
 “I'll conclude I'm a fool,” then exclaim'd the sly spark,
 “If with old Mr. Moses I don't have a lark.”

No sooner resolv'd, then the man he call'd in—
 The Jew he obey'd with an half cunning grin:
 Bob Stitch, when he enter'd, insisted, oh lauk!
 That he should partake of his cabbage and pork.

The man seem'd unwilling, but Bob he still press'd;
 The man vow'd he wouldn't, but Bob swore he'd best,
 And vow'd every bone in his skin he would shake,
 If that instant he didn't of his pork partake.

"Thus press'd," said the man, "I must do as you bid,"—

So seated himself, and he ate it indeed ;
With pleasure Bob Stitch gaz'd upon the old Jew,
And laughing, he cried, " See what hunger will do !"

The Jew ate away till he'd left not a bone,
The peas-pudding, cabbage, and 'tatoes each one ;
When, taking his hat up, he wish'd Bob good day,
And laughing most slyly, was walking away.

Bob stopped him, however, to make this remark,—
" I think you have prov'd that a Jew can eat pork !"
Said the man in reply, " Let me tell this to you,
That I'm an Italian, and not, sir, a Jew !—

You press'd me so hard, that I could not refuse,
And as I do not wish one so kind to abuse—
So if you have pork, 'tis so truly divine,
That to-morrow I'll call in again, just to dine !"
Derry down, &c.

THE WAKE OF MISTER O'LEARY.

Air,—*" King of the Cannibal Islands."*

In Ireland, so as I've heard say,
To *wake the dead* they have a way ;
They get dead drunk, on the floor lay,
At the wake of Mister O'Leary.
He went quite dead one Sunday night
Which put his friends in a sad fright,
For from this world he'd taken flight,
But they drank his health with all their might,
Then danc'd and reel'd about, oh dear,
For the whisky made them all feel queer ;
I'm sure they had the best of cheer,
At the wake of Mister O'Leary.

Swearing, tearing, all the night,
Putting whisky out of sight,
Good cheer did all the guests delight
At the wake of Mister O'Leary.

'Twas in a *first floor under ground*,
 Where all this mirth did sure abound,
 And where the whisky quick went round
 At the wake of Mister O'Leary.
 There was Father Gale, the parish priest,
 Among the rest come to the least,
 And roll'd about like any beast,
 I'm sure he did not drink the least;
 Then Saul's *dead* march the piper play'd,
 But I am told did not get paid,
 To speak the truth I'm not afraid
 About the wake of Mister O'Leary,
 Swearing, &c.

'Twas in the middle of the fun,
 I think just at the hour of one,
 The guests they precious quick did run
 From the wake of Mister O'Leary.
 O'Leary, if I don't mistake,
 Thought it was time that he should wake,
 With fear, says he, I'll make them quake,
 So he gave the coffin a sudden shake;
 Och! faith, Ould Leary loud did cry,
 This *waking* me is all my eye,
 For, by Jasus! I never meant to die,
 I didn't, says Mister O'Leary.
 Swearing, &c.

For help the guests quite loud did call,
 And murder, thieves! each one did bawl,
 Oh, wasn't there a precious squall,
 At the wake of Mister O'Leary?
 O'Leary then appear'd to view,
 And at the company he flew,
 And beat them all sure black and blue,
 Upon my life all this is true;
 Some on crutches hobbled home,
 And swore again they ne'er would roam,
 While others loud with pain did groan,
 At the wake of Mister O'Leary,
 Swearing, &c.

THE COVE WOT SINGS.

Air,—“ Devil and Little Mike.”

No doubt a song you've heard,
 How greatly it delights—
 It comprises, in a word,
 The luck of a “cove wot writes?”
 Now I've a song so true,
 (My mind to truth it clings);
 And I'm going to tell to you,
 The luck of a cove wot sings!
 Tol de rol, &c.

In a garret I showed my nob,
 Near Earl Street, Seven Dials;
 My father was a snob,
 And my mother dealt in *wials*.
 But my mind took higher flights,
 I hated low life things!—
 Made friends with a cove wot writes,
 And now I'm a chap wot sings!
 Tol de rol, &c.

When at singing I made a start,
 Some said my voice was fine;
 I tried a serious part,
 But turned to the comic line.
 I found out that that was best,
 Some fun it always brings;
 To the room it gives a zest,—
 And it suits a cove wot sings.
 Tol de rol.

To a concert, ball, or rout,
 Each night I'm asked to go;
 Gets my toggery down the spout,
 And I cut no *dirty show*.
 Goes up to the music, all right,
 At the women I sheep's eyes flings;
 Gets my lush free all the night,
 Because I'm a cove wot sings.
 Tol de rol.

If I go to take a room,
 There wants no talk or stuff;
 'Bout a reference they don't fume,
 My word is quite enough
 For my money they don't care a sou,
 The landlady kind looks flings;
 She's proud to have in her house
 A gentleman wot sings.

Tol de rol.

Each day so well I fare,
 On each thing good so fine;
 In the *grub way* well I share,
 For I always goes out to dine.
 And those who ask me so free,
 Plenty of their friends brings;
 They come for miles, d'ye see,
 To hear the chap wot sings.

Tol de rol.

While strolling t'other night,
 I dropped in at a house, d'ye see;
 The landlord so polite,
 Insisted on treating me.
 I called for a glass of port,
 When a *half-a-bottle* he brings!
 "How much?"—"Nothing of the sort,"
 Says he, "you're a cove wot sings."

Tol de rol.

Now my song is at an end,
 My story through I've run
 And all that I intend
 Is to cause a morsel of fun.
 If I succeed, that's right,
 There's a pleasure pleasing brings,
 And I'll try some other night,
 The luck of a chap wot sings.

Tol de rol.

THE COUNTRY FAIR.

Yes, I own 'tis my delight,
 To see the laughter and the fright
 In such a motley, merry sight,
 As a country fair.

Full of riot, fun, and noise,
 Little ragged girls and boys,
 The very flower of rural joys,
 Is fun beyond compare.

Some are playing single-stick,
 Boys in round-about so "slick,"
 Maidens swinging till they're sick,
 All at a country fair.

Wooden legs and lollipops,
 Ribbons, lace, and shilling hops,
 Peg, and whip, and humming tops,
 At a country fair.

Spoken.]—This is the most wonderful wonder of all the wonders the world ever wondered at.—Look through the glass and you will see the misrepresentation of the wonderful combat between the English bull dogs and the Scottish lion Wallace, for eight hundred guineas a side.—Stand aside you little ragged rascals wot have got no money, and let them dear little creatures come up vot is a-going to pay. Now, my little dears, look straight for'ard, blow your noses, and don't breathe upon the glass;—look to the left and you will see of Mr. Wombell, the proprietor of the lion, encouraging of him;—look to the right and you will see of the proprietors of the dogs a-couraging of them;—look through the centre hole and you will see the lion a-nibbling of one of the dogs, holding one under his foot, while he is whisking out the eye of another with the point of his tail. I say, Mister, vich is the lion, and vich is the dogs? Oh! whichever you please, my little dears, it's of no quence:conce whatsomedever;—the like was never seen. Here you have the view of this most extraor-

dinary combat, while eight thousand spectators are looking on in the most facetious manner as is, the whole forming one grand and malignant representation for the small charge of one penny.

For, I own, &c.

Those in fairs who take delight,
In shows and seeing every sight,
Dancing, singing, and a fight,
At a country fair.

Boys by ma'as with treacle fed,
With cakes and spicy gingerbread,
On everybody's toes they tread,
At a country fair.

Monkeys mounting camels' backs,
For prizes there men jump in sacks,
And others drinking quarts of Max,
And think that that's your sort.

Corks are drawing, glasses jingle,
Trumpets, drums together mingle,
Till your ears completely tingle,
Which quite destroys your sport.

THE STAGE-STRUCK HERO.

Air,—“O! dear, what can the matter be?”

STAGE-struck when a boy, I went to school gaily,
Didn't care for the birch, though I tasted it daily,
All school-time I ranted and twirl'd my shillelah,
And was always playing the fool.

Spoken.]—Says my master—

O! dear, what will become of him?
Dear! dear! what will become of him?
O! dear, what will become of him?
He's quite a disgrace to my school.

Spoken.]—One day my master called my name out;
“Dicky, my boy,” said he, “hould up your head, and
let me hear you repeat that piece that I told you to

learn." "Yes, sir," said I; but the fact was, I seldom paid any attention to what he said; so I just gave him what came first, hem! I then commenced, and I bawled out lustily, "Hem! My name is Norval, on the Gram-pian hills my father feeds his flocks"—"He was a man, take him for all in all"—"What said the fool of Hagar's offspring!"—"Is this a dagger that I see before me?"—"Give me another horse, bind up my wounds!"—"I do remember an apothecary"—"But no more like my father than I to Hercules"—"Oh! my prophetic soul, my uncle!"—"Of all men else have I avoided thee"—"To be, or not to be? that is the question"—"I'm weary of conjectures, this must end them."

"It shall," quoth my master, with rage his head tossing.

"Is this now a place for to give me your sauce in? Instead of a horse, now, I'll give you a horsing."

So he bound me quite fast to a stool.

Spoken.]—Says he at every stroke—

O! dear, what will become of him?

Dear! dear! what will become of him?

O! dear, what will become of him?

He's quite a disgrace to my school.

Spoken.]—After he had flogged me till he was tired—"Young man," says he, "as there is not a bit more of the birch left, I shall not flog you any more at present." "Thank you, sir," says I, "then as I may not have such another chance again, I'll just take the liberty of telling you a bit of my mind."—So I seized my shillelah, mounted a form, and held forth thus:—"Most potent, grave, and reverend seignor, my very noble and approved good master"—"That you have wronged me, doth appear in this; you have"—"Disgraced me by a vile blow"—"Had not a dagger done the nobler service"—"I've been your faithful slave too long"—"Slave! I have set my life upon a cast, and I will stand the hazard of the die"—"Richard's himself again"—"I go, who moves one step to follow me, dies upon the spot"—

This said, I marched out with the air of a Rolla,
 The master jumped up, and determined to follow,
 But I got the start, and I beat him quite hollow,
 And left the old fellow to cool.

Spoken.]— And as I marched off, I heard him
 saying—

O! dear, what will become of him?
 Dear! dear! what will become of him?
 O! dear, what will become of him?
 He's quite a disgrace to my school.

SAINT PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

Words by "Christopher North."

Oh! Saint Patrick was a gentleman,
 And came from decent people;
 He built a church in Dublin town,
 And on it put a steeple.
 His father was a Gallacher
 His mother was a Brady,
 His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
 First cousin to O'Grady.

Oh! success attend Saint Patrick's fist,
 For he's the handsome saint, O;
 Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist—
 He's a beauty without paint, O.

The Wicklow Hills are very high,
 And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;
 But there's a hill much higher still,
 Much higher nor them both, sir.
 'Twas on the top of this big hill
 Saint Patrick preached his *sarmin*,
 That drove the frogs into the bogs,
 And bothered all the *varmint*.

Oh! success, &c.

There's not a mile in Ireland's Isle
 Where dirty vermin musters,
 But there he put his dear fore-foot,
 And murdered them in clusters.

The toads went pop, the frogs went plof
 Slap dash into the water,
 And the snakes committed suicide,
 To save themselves from slaughter.
 Oh! success, &c.

No wonder that those Irish lads
 Should be so free and frisky,
 For, sure, Saint Pat he taught them that,
 As well as drinking whisky.
 No wonder that the Saint himself
 To drink it should be willing,
 Since his mother kept a *shebeen* shop
 In the town of Eniskillen.
 Oh! success, &c.

Oh! was I but so fortunate
 But to be back in Munster,
 'Tis I'd be bound, that from that ground
 I never more would once stir;
 'Twas there Saint Patrick planted turf,
 And plenty of the *praties*;
 With pigs *galore*, *ma gra m'astore*,
 And cabbages—and ladies!
 Oh! success, &c.

NOTHING.

Air,—“The Irish Washerwoman.”

WHEN rhyming and verses at first were in fashion,
 And poets and authors indulged in their passion,
 Select what they might for their subject, 'twas new,
 And that's more than our modern scribblers can do.
 The ancients have wrought upon each thing in nature,
 Described its variety, genus, and feature;
 They having exhausted all fancy could bring,
 And as *nothing* is left, why of *nothing* I sing.
 From *nothing* we came, and whatever's our station,
 To *nothing* we owe an immense obligation;
 Whatever we gain, or whatever we learn,
 In time we shall all into nothing return.

This world came from *nothing*, at least so says history,
 Of course about *nothing*, there's something of mystery.
 Man came from *nothing*, and by the same plan,
 Why, woman was made of the rib of a man;
 Since then a man thinks a *nothing* of taking
 A woman to join, and again his rib making;
 There's *nothing* can give so much joy to this life,
 (For *nothing's* so rare) as a good humoured wife.
 From *nothing* we came, &c.

Thinking of *nothing* is some folk's enjoyment,
 Doing of *nothing* is many's employment;
 The love of this *nothing* have some folks so strong,
 That they say *nothing*, do *nothing*, all the day long.
 Some folks do pass their time, *nothing* beginning.
 By *nothing* losing, and by *nothing* winning;
Nothing they buy, and *nothing* they sell,
Nothing they know, and of *nothing* they tell;
 From *nothing* we came, &c.

There's something in *nothing* exceedingly clever,
 For *nothing* will last out for ever and ever;
 Time will make everything fade away fast,
 While *nothing* will certainly durable last.
 You may talk about anything, but its condition
 With *nothing* for certain can't bear competition;
 And so I praise *nothing*, for *nothing* my gains.
 And *nothing* I certainly get for my pains.
 From *nothing* we came, &c.

That life is all *nothing* is plainer and plainer,
 So he who gets *nothing* is surely a gainer,
 All about *nothing* I prove pretty plain,
 Take *nothing*; from *nothing*, there'll *nothing* remain.
 Thus with this *nothing* the time out I'm spinning,
 And *nothing* will sometimes set many folks grinning;
 Believe me in this, there is *nothing* so true,
 The author who wrote this had *nothing* to do.
 From *nothing* we came, &c.

ADDITIONAL VERSES.

How many young men having *nothing* to boast of,
 Pass away time, making *nothing* the most of,

On *nothing* they manage to raise their supplies,
 And *nothing* they say, making folks think they're wis
 For with this said *nothing* I'm sure they are railers,
 And with this said *nothing* they pay off their tailors.
 They with *nothing* grow young, and with *nothing* grow
 old,
 And find *nothing* as useful as silver and gold.
 From *nothing* we came, &c.

What wonders from *nothing* are ev'ry day rising,
Nothing has surely grown very surprising,
Nothing is moving, and *nothing* stands still,
 There's a fuss about *nothing*, go which way you will;
 There's *nothing* so pleasing to love as love sonnets,
 There's *nothing* so ugly as ladies' large bonnets;
 If a man has got *nothing*, he makes his heart gay,
 For if he has *nothing*, he *nothing* can pay.
 From *nothing* we came, &c.

KATEY OF LOCHGOIL.

Air,—“The Whalers.”

'Twas on the year eleventy-nine,
 And March the fortieth day,
 That Katey of Lochgoil, my boys,
 To sea she'll bore away.
 Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

Now Katey, she's as fine a ship
 As ever yet was rigg;
 And when she'll got her main sail up,
 Got! you'll tuke her for a prig.
 Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

T'ere was Tonald More an' Tougald More,
 Shon Tamson an' Shon Roy:
 And all our whole ships companie
 Was twa laddie an' a poy.
 Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

As we'll sail by the Pladda light,
 She'll plew a terrible plow;
 Says Tonald More to Tougald More,
 She'll think she's pest pelow.
 Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

As we steer round the Ailsa Craig,
 She'll plew a won'rous gale;
 Says Tougald More to Tonald More,
 We'll turn apoot her tail.
 Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

As we steer round the Toward point,
 She'll plew a terrible plast:
 She'll plew sich a hurricane,
 She'll plew awa her mast.
 Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

As we cam' by the Cloch light-house,
 She'll plaw a terrible plew:
 It's Tonald at the poo, my poys,
 O! she'll be tuke a spew.
 Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

The captain, being kind to us,
 Put on the muckle pot,
 With scat-yuns for to boil to us—
 But the de'il a' ane we'll got.
 Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

Tere was Tonald More an' Tougald More,
 Shon Tamson, an' his mate,
 Was putting his coosin sou ashore,
 For breaking a scat-yun plate.
 Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

Ta signal tat our Katey had,
 Was Tonald's bonnet blue;
 Ta skipper being out on shore,
 It's he the signal knew.
 Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

Noo Katey she is hame again,
 And safe on Greenock key;
 And, e'er she'll go to sea again,
 She'll take new han's for me.
 Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

RAB RORYSON'S BONNET.

Air,—“The Auld Wife o' the Glen.”

YE'LL a' hae heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
 Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet;
 'Twas no for itsel', 'twas the head that was in it,
 Gar'd a' body talk o' Rab Roryson's bonnet.

This bonnet, that theekit his wonderfu' head,
 Was his shelter in winter, in summer his shade;
 And at kirk, or at market, or bridals, I ween,
 A braw gawcier bonnet there never was seen.

Wi' a round rosy tap, like a muckle blackboyd.
 It was slouch'd just a kenning on either han' side;
 Some maintain'd it was black, some maintain'd it wa
 blue,
 It had something o' baith, as a body may trow.

But, in sooth, I assure you, for ought that I saw,
 Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava;
 Tho' the hale parish talk'd o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
 'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.

The head—let it rest—it is now in the mools,
 Though in life a' the world beside it were fools;
 Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was possess'd,
 Nane e'er kent but himsel', sae there's nane that will
 miss't.

There are some still in life wha eternally blame—
 Wha on *buts* and on *ifs* rear their fabric o' fame;
 Unto such I inscribe this most elegant sonnet—
 Sae let them be crowned wi' Rab Roryson's bonnet!

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

Air,—“The Lothian Lassie.”

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
 I said there was naething I hated like men,
 The dence gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,
 The dence gae wi'm, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
 And vowed for my love he was deeing;
 I said he might die when he liked for Jean,
 The gude forgi'e me for leeing, for leeing,
 The gude forgi'e me for leeing.

A weel stocked mailin—himself for the laird—
 And marriage aff haun were his proffers;
 I never loot on that I kenned it or cared, [offers,
 But I thought that I might hae waur offers, waur
 I thought that I might hae waur offers.

But what wad you think? In a fortnight or less—
 The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her—
 He up the lang lean to my black cousin, Bess, [her,
 Guess ye how, the jand! I could bear her, could bear
 Guess ye how, the jand! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;
 And wha hut my fine fickle lover was there,
 Wha glowr'd as gin he'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 Wha glowr'd as gin he'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gi'ed him a blink,
 Least neebors might say I was saucy:
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd that I was a dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd that I was a dear lassie.

I splier'd for my consin fu' couthie and sweet,
 Gin she had recovered her hearin';
 An' how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet,
 Gude safe us! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
 Gude safe us! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged for gudesake I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow ;
 So c'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

L, A, W,—LAW.

Air,—“ Malbrock.”

COME listen to me a minute,
 A story I'm going to begin it,
 There's something serious in it,
 So, pray attention draw.
 I sing the charms of LAW,
 So, pray attention draw.
 Experience I have bought it,
 And now to you have brought it,
 Will you or not be taught it ?
 I sing the charms of LAW !
 L, A, W,—LAW !
 Which has met with such *éclat*
 If you're fond of pure vexation,
 And long procrastination,
 You're just in a situation
 To enjoy a suit at LAW.

When your cause is first beginning,
 You only think of winning,
 Attorneys sllily grinning,
 Just while your cash they draw ;
 Your cause goes on see-saw,
 As long as your cash they draw.
 With a brief and consultation,
 Bill and replication,
 Latin and botheration,
 Then the council loudly JAW ;
 J, A, W,—JAW !
 It is a very great thing in Law.
 If you're fond, &c.

Snail-like your cause goes creeping,
 It hinders you from sleeping,
 Attorneys only reaping,
 For still your cash they draw ;
 D, R, A, W,—DRAW,
 That's the mainspring of the LAW !
 Misery, toil, and trouble,
 Make up the hubble bubble,
 Leaving you nothing but stubble,
 And make you a man of straw.
 L, A, W,—LAW,
 Divides the wheat from the straw.
 If you're fond, &c.

And when your cause is ending,
 Your case is no ways mending,
 Expense each step attending,
 And soon they find a flaw !
 Then the Judge, like a great Jack Daw,
 He lays down what is LAW.
 In a rotten stick your trust is,
 You find the bubble burst is,
 And though you don't get justice,
 You're sure to get plenty of LAW !
 L, A, W,—LAW,
 Will leave you not worth one straw.
 If you're fond, &c.

Then if life's all sugar and honey,
 And fortune has always been sunny,
 And you wish to get rid of your money,
 I'd advise you to go to LAW ;
 Like ice in a rapid thaw,
 Your cash will melt awa' ;
 Comfort 'tis folly to care for,
 Life's a lottery therefore,
 Without a why or wherefore,
 I'd advise you to go to LAW.
 L, A, W,—LAW,
 Does like a blister draw.
 If you're fond, &c.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

Air,—"Jenny's Bawbee."

I met four chaps yon birks amang
 Wi' hanging lugs and faces lang,
 I speir'd at neebor Bauldy Strang,

What are they these we see?

Quoth he, "Ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel,
 Thinks himsel' cunning as the de'il,
 And here they cam' awa' to steal
 Jenny's bawbee."

The first a captain to his trade,
 Wi' ill lin'd skull, and back weel clad,
 March'd round the barn and by the shed,

And papped on his knee;

Quoth he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
 Your beauty's dazzled bath my een,"
 But de'il a beauty had he seen

But Jenny's bawbee.

A Norlan' laird neist trotted up,
 Wi' bassen'd nag and siller whip,
 Cry'd, "Here's my beast lad, haud the grup,

Or tie him to a tree;

"What's gowd to me? I've wealth o' lan',
 Bestow on ane o' worth your han',"

He thought to pay what he was awn

Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist wi' bletherin' gab,
 Wi' speeches wove like ony wab;
 In ilk ane's corn he took a dab,

And a' for a fee:

Accounts he owed through a' the town,
 And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown;
 But now he thought to clout his gown

Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Quite spruce, just frae the washing tubs,
 A fool cam' neist; but life has rubs,
 Foul were the roads and fu' the duba,

And sair besmeared was he;

Your ladies of fashion, of every degree,
 For a ride in the morning are mounted by me;
 You may laugh at their fancy, but lord! they dont
 mind,
 While Johnnie, the footman, keeps whipping behind.
 Come up, Neddy, &c.

When I comes it on Sunday, with Poll by my side,
 Why I doesn't enwy my lord and his bride,
 Though my shay and my Neddies are not over grand,
 I take care that Polly shan't have the whip hand
 Come up, Neddy, &c.

There's a great many people, as I vill maintain,
 Who, like me, do by asses a livelihood gain;
 Quack doctors, and lawyers, and gamblers, too,
 If it vasn't for asses, pray what would they do?
 Come up, Neddy, &c.

T'other day, when a donkey I took to be shod,
 A queer Bond Street lounger popped in rather odd,
 He too, wanted shoeing, as I could discern,
 "Whoa, master," says I, "every ass in his turn."
 Come up, Neddy, &c.

Step, Neddy, I cried, t'other day in the street,
 When one of these kiddies I chanced for to meet;
 His name being Ned, he looked round through his
 glass;
 Says I, "I didn't mean you; I meant Neddy my ass."
 Come up, Neddy, &c.

So now there's an end of my song, d'ye see,
 Pray what do you think of my Neddy and me?
 'Tisn't easy to say, if my ditty don't pass,
 Whether Neddy or I will look most like an ass.
 Come up, Neddy, &c.

THE GUID GUID WIFE.

Air,—“Highland Laddie.”

To ha'e a wife and rule a wife,
 Tak's a wise wise man, tak's a wise wise man,
 But to get a wife to rule a man,
 O that ye can, O that ye can ;
 So the wife that's wise, we aye maun prize,
 For they're few ye ken, they're scarce ye ken ;
 O Solomon says ye'll no find ane,
 In hundreds ten, in hundreds ten.

When a man's wed, it's often said,
 He's aye o'er blate, he's aye o'er blate ;
 He strives to improve his first calf luvie,
 When it's o'er late, when it's o'er late.
 Ye maun daut o' them and mak' o' them,
 Else they'll tak' the barley-hood, the barley-hood ;
 Gin the hinnymoon wad ne'er gang dune,
 They wad aye be guid, they wad aye be guid.

Gin ye marry whan ye're auld,
 Ye will get jeers, ye will get jeers :
 An' if she be a bonnie lass,
 Ye may get fears, ye may get fears ;
 For gin' she's tall, when she grows baul'
 She'll crack your crown, she'll crack your crown ;
 An' gif ye plea wi' ane that's wee,
 She'll pu' ye down, she'll pu' ye down.

Sae he that gets a guid guid wife,
 Gets gear aneugh, gets gear aneugh ;
 An' he that gets an ill ill wife,
 Gets cares aneugh, gets fears aneugh ;
 A man may spen' an' ha'e to the en',
 If his wife be ought, if his wife be ought :
 But a man may spare, an' aye be bare,
 If his wife be nought, if his wife be nought.

THE LITERAIRY DUSTMAN.

SOME folks may boast of sense, egad!

Vot holds a lofty station;

But though a dustman, I have had

A lib'ral *dedication*.

And though I never vent to school,

Like many of my betters,

A turnpike-man, vot varn't no fool,

He larn't me all my letters.

They calls me Adam Bell, 'tis clear,

As Adam vas the fust man:

And, by a co-in-side-ance queer,

Vy, I'm the fust of dustmen,

The very fust of dustmen.

At sartin schools they makes boys write,

Their alphabet on sand, sirs;

So I thought dust would do as yell,

And larn't it out of hand, sirs;

Took in the "Penny Magazine,"

And Johnson's *Dixionary*;

And all the Peri-o-di-calls,

To make me *literairy*.

They calls, &c.

My dawning genius fust did peep

Near Battle-bridge, 'tis plain, sirs:

You recollect the cinder heap,

Vot stood in Gray's-Inn Lane, sira. —

'Twas there I studied pic-turesqueze

While I my bread vos yearniu',

And there inhalin' the fresh breeze,

I sifted out my larnin'!

They calls, &c.

Then Mrs. Bell, 'twixt you and I,

Would melt a heart of stone, sirs,

To hear her pussy's wittals cry,

In such a *barrow-tone*, sirs;

My darters all take arter her,
 In grace and figure easy;
 They larns to si'g, and as they're fat,
 I has 'em taught by *Grisi*!
 They calls, &c.

Ve dines at four, and arter that,
 I smokes a mild 'Awanna;
 Or gives a lesson to the lad,
 Upon the grand *pianna*:
 Or with the gals walks a *quad-rille*,
 Or takes a cup of cof-fee;
 Or, if I feels fatig'd, or ill,
 I lounges on the *sophy*!
 They calls, &c.

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

I means to buy my eldest son
 A commission in the Lancers,
 And make my darters every one,
 Accomplished *hopra* dancers.
 Great sculptors all conwarse wi' me,
 And call my taste diwine, sirs;
 King George's *stotty* at King's Cross,
 Was built from my design, sirs!
 They calls, &c.

And ven I'm made a member on—
 For that I means to try, sirs,
 Mr. Gully fought his vay,
 And verefore shouldn't I, sirs?—

Yes, when I sits in parliament,
 In old Sin Stephen's College,
 I means to take, 'tis my intent,
 The "Taxes off o' knowledge"
 They calls me Adam Bell, 'tis true,
 'Cause Adam vos the fust man,
 I'm sure it's wery plain to you,
 I'm a *literairy dustman!*

QUITE POLITELY.

Air,—"Dainty Davy."

WHEN first in Lunnan I arriv'd,
 On a visit, on a visit,
 When first in Lunnan I arriv'd,
 Midst heavy rain and thunder,
 There I espied a lass in green,
 The bonniest lass that eyes e'er seen,
 I'd often heard of beauty's queen,
 Thinks I, by gum, I've found her.
 Tol de rol, &c.

She stood stock still, I did the same,
 Gazing on her, gazing on her!
 She stood stock still, I did the same,
 We both look'd mighty simple.
 Her cheeks were like the blushing rose,
 Which on the hedge neglected blows,
 Her eyes were black as any sloes,
 And nigh her mouth a dimple.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Madam, says I, and made a bow,
 Scraping to her, scraping to her,
 Madam, says I, and made a bow,
 I quite forgot the weather.
 If you will me permission give,
 I'll see you home where'er you live;
 With that she took me by the sleeve,
 And off we trudg'd together.
 Tol de rol, &c.

A pratty wild goose chase we had,
 Up and down sirs, in and out, sirs,
 A pratty wild goose chase we had,
 The cobbled stones so gall'd me.
 Whereon we came unto a door,
 Where twenty lasses, aye, or more,
 Came out to have a bit galore
 At Bumpkin, as they call'd me.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Walk in, kind sir, says she to me,
 Quite politely, quite politely,
 Walk in, kind sir, says she to me,
 Poor lad, they cried, he's undone.
 Walk in, kind sir,—not so, says I,
 For I've got other fish to fry,
 I've seen you home, so now good by,
 I'ze Yorkshire tho' in Lunnun.
 Tol de rol, &c.

My pockets soon I rummag'd o'er,
 Cautious ever, cautious ever,
 My pockets soon I rummaged o'er,
 Where I a diamond ring found;
 For I had this precaution took,
 To stick in each a small fish hook,
 In groping for my pocket book,
 The hook it stript her finger.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Three weeks I've been in Lunnun town,
 Living idle, living idle,
 Three weeks I've been in Lunnun town,
 'Tis time to strike to work sure;
 I sold the ring and got the brass,
 I did not play the silly asa,
 • With it I'll toast the Lunnun lass,
 When I get back to Yorkshire.
 Tol de rol, &c.

I WISH I KEN'D MY MAGGIE'S MIND.

Air,—“Tammie.”

I wish I ken'd my Maggie's mind,
 If she's for me or Tammie;
 To me she is but passing kind,
 She's caulder far to Tammie;
 An' yet she lo'es me no that ill,
 If I believe her grannie,
 Oh! sure she maun be wond'rons nice,
 If she'll neither ha'e me nor Tammie.

I've speir'd her ance, I've speir'd her twice,
 And still she says she canna;
 I'll try her again, and that mak's thrice,
 An' thrice, they say, is canny;
 Wi' him she'll ha'e a chaise and pair,
 Wi' me she'll ha'e shanks-naggie;
 He's auid and black, I'm young and fair,
 She'll surely ne'er tak' Tammie.

But if she's a fule, and lightlies me,
 I'se e'en draw up wi' Nancy;
 There's as guid fish into the sea,
 As e'er cam' out, I fancy;
 And tho' I say't—that shouldna say't,
 I'm o'er guid a match for Maggie;
 Sae mak' up your mind without delay—
 Are ye for me or Tammie?

OUR GUIDMAN CAM' HAME AT E'EN.

OUR guidman cam' hame at e'en,
 And hame cam' he;
 And there he saw a saddle-horse,
 Where nae horse should be.
 Oh, how cam' this horse here?
 How can this be?
 How cam' this horse here,
 Without the leave o' me?

A horse! quo' she;—aye, a horse, quo' he,
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,
 And blinder mat ye be!
 It's but a bonnie milk cow,
 My mither sent to me.

A milk-cow! quo' he;—aye, a milk-cow, quo' she,
 Far ha'e I ridden,
 And farer ha'e I gane;
 But a saddle on a milk-cow
 Saw I never nane.

Our guidman cam' hame at e'en,
 And hame cam' he;
 He spied a pair o' jack-boots,
 Where nae boots should be.
 What's this now, guidwife?
 What's this I see?

How cam' thae boots here,
 Without the leave o' me?
 Boots! quo' she;—aye, boots, quo' he,
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,
 And blinder mat ye be!
 It's but a pair o' water stoups,
 The cooper sent to me.

Water-stoups! quo' he;—aye, water-stoups, quo' she,
 Far ha'e I rid den,
 And meikle ha'e I seen;
 But siller-spurs on water-stoups
 Saw I never nane.

Our guidman cam' hame at e'en,
 And hame cam' he;
 And there he saw a siller sword,
 Where nae sword should be.
 What's this now, guidwife?
 What's this I see?

O how cam' this sword here,
 Without the leave o' me?
 A sword! quo' she;—aye, a sword, quo' he,
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,
 And blinder mat ye be!

It's but a bonnie parridge-stick,
My minnie sent to me.

A parridge-stick! quo' he;—aye, a parridge-stick,
quo' she,

Weel, far ha'e I ridden,
And farer ha'e I gane;
But siller-muntit parridge-sticks
Saw I never nane.

Our guidman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
And there he spied a ponth'er'd wig,
Where nae wig should be.

What's this now, guidwife?
What's this I see?

How cam' this wig here,
Without the leave o' me?

A wig! quo' she;—aye, a wig, quo' he,
Ye auld blind dotard carle,

And blinder mat ye be!
It's naething but a clocken-hen,
My minnie sent to me.

A clocken-hen! quo' he;—aye, a clocken hen, quo' she,
Far ha'e I ridden,

And muckle ha'e I seen,
But pouth'er on a clocken-hen
Saw I never nane.

Our guidman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
And there he saw a meikle coat
Where nae coat should be.

How cam' this coat here?
How can this be?

How cam' this coat here,
Without the leave o' me?

A coat! quo' she;—aye, a coat, quo' he,
Ye auld blind dotard carle,

And blinder mat ye be!
It's but a pair o' blankets
My minnie sent to me,

Blankets! quo' he;—aye, blankets, quo' she,
 Far ha'e I ridden,
 And muckle ha'e I seen;
 But buttons upon blankets
 Saw I never nane!

Ben gaed our guidman,
 And hen gaed he;
 And there he spied a sturdy man,
 Where nae man should be.
 What's this now, guidwife?
 How can this be?
 How cam' this man here,
 Without the leave o' me?
 A man, quo' she;—aye, a man, quo' he,
 Pair suld blind body
 Blinder mat ye he
 It's but a new milkin' maid,
 My mither sent to me.
 A maid! quo' he;—aye, a maid, quo' she,
 Far ha'e I ridden,
 And farer ha'e I gane,
 But lang-bearded maidens
 Saw I never nane.

HOT CODLINS.

A LITTLE old woman a living she got
 By selling hot codlins, hot! hot! hot!
 But this little old woman who codlins sold, [cold;
 Though her codlins were hot, thought she felt herself
 So to keep herself warm, she thought it no sin,
 To fetch herself a quartern of—

Ri tol, &c.

This little old woman set off in a trot,
 To fetch her a quartern of hot! hot! hot!
 She swallowed one glass, and, it was so nice,
 She tipt off another in a trice;
 The glass she filled till the bottle shrunk,
 And this little old woman, they say, got—

Ri tol, &c.

This little old woman, while muzzy she got,
 Some boys stole her codlins hot! hot! hot!
 Powder under her pan put, and in it round stones;
 Says the little old woman, "These apples have bones;"
 The powder the pan in her face did send,
 Which sent the old woman on her latter——

Ri tol, &c.

The little old woman then up she got,
 All in a fury, hot! hot! hot!
 Says she, "Such boys, sure never were known,
 They never won't let an old woman alone;"
 Now here is a moral, round let it buzz,
 If you mean to sell codlins, never get——

Ri tol, &c.

THE GIPSY KING.

'Tis I am the gipsy king,
 And where is the king like me?
 No troubles my dignities bring;
 No other is half so free.
 In my kingdom there is but one table,
 All my subjects partake in my cheer;
 We would all have champagne were we able,
 As it is, we have plenty of beer;
 And 'tis I am the gipsy king.

A king, and a true one, am I;
 No courtiers nor ministers here!
 I see everything with my own eye,
 And hear everything with mine own ear.
 No conspiracies I apprehend,
 Among brothers and equals I rule;
 We all help both to gain and to spend,
 And get drunk when the treasury's full;
 And 'tis I am the gipsy king.

I confess that I am but a man,
 My failings who pleases may know;
 I am fond of my girl and my can,
 And jolly companions a row.

My subjects are kind to me,
 They don't grudge me the largest glass,
 Nor yet that I hold on my knee,
 At this moment, the prettiest lass;
 For 'tis I am the gipsy king.

Ne'er a king do I envy, nor keyser,
 That sits on a golden throne,
 And I'll tell you the reason why, sir,—
 Here's a sceptre and ball of my own.
 To sit all the night through in a crown,
 I've a notion mine ears 'twould freeze;
 But I pull my old night-cap down,
 And tippie and smoke at my ease;
 For 'tis I am the gipsy king.

THE WEARY BODY'S BACK AGAIN.

Air,—“Heather Jock.”

The weary body's back again,
 The unco body's back again;
 Fye let a' the neebors ken
 The weary body's back again.
 Weel ye mind, for mony a year,
 He kept the kintra side in fear;
 The bairnies toddlin wi' their dame,
 Would cower to hear the cadger's name;
 For he was kent baith far and wide,
 For he could den and he could hide,
 And cadge-wha like the kintra through,
 Nane could cadge like him, I trow.

The weary body's, &c.

Lang did they curse his supple legs,
 When he ran aff wi' hens and eggs,
 The wives would cry, the de'il be in't,
 If I hinna lost my talt o' hut;
 And then they'd rue his freenly gills,
 That gart them aft to sign his bills,
 And mony a weary wicht, I trow,
 Paid dear enough for gettin' fou.

The weary body's, &c.

At last he thocht to save his neck,
 He hied him aff to cauld Quebec,
 And there set up the grocer trade,
 And many a pawky trick he played;
 But Yankee he was nae sic fool,
 He dipp'd the cadger in the pool,
 And for fear he would their country stain,
 They kickit the body back again.

The weary body's, &c.

O! had you seen sic consternation,
 Ilk face was mark'd wi' pale vexation;
 And young and auld alike complain,
 Is the weary body back again?
 The shuttie choked in the shed,
 The list'nin' tailor brak his thread;
 The wright, wi' spite, threw by his plauie,
 Is the body really back again?

The weary body's, &c.

The sturdy mason drapp'd his mell,
 The blacksmith's big fore-hammer fell;
 The cannie nurse let fa' the wean—
 Losh! woman, d'ye think he's back again!
 The chattin' barber cut the face,
 The auld guidman forgot the grace,
 Na! the lasses wadna lie their lane,
 Sin' e'er they heard o' him back again.

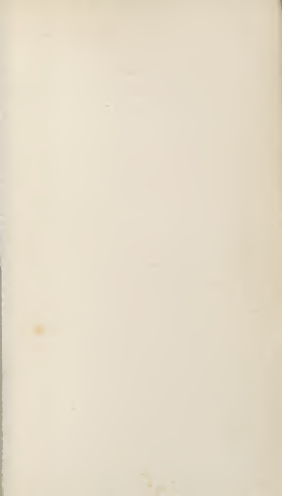
The weary body's, &c.

Weel may Scotland greet wi' spite,
 And gi'e the Yankees a' the wite,
 That wadna let the wight remain,
 But pest us wi' him back again!
 For weel I wat they ken'd fu' weel,
 A rogue like him was just a de'il,
 They micht had mair respect for men,
 Than sent the body back again.

The weary body's, &c.

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