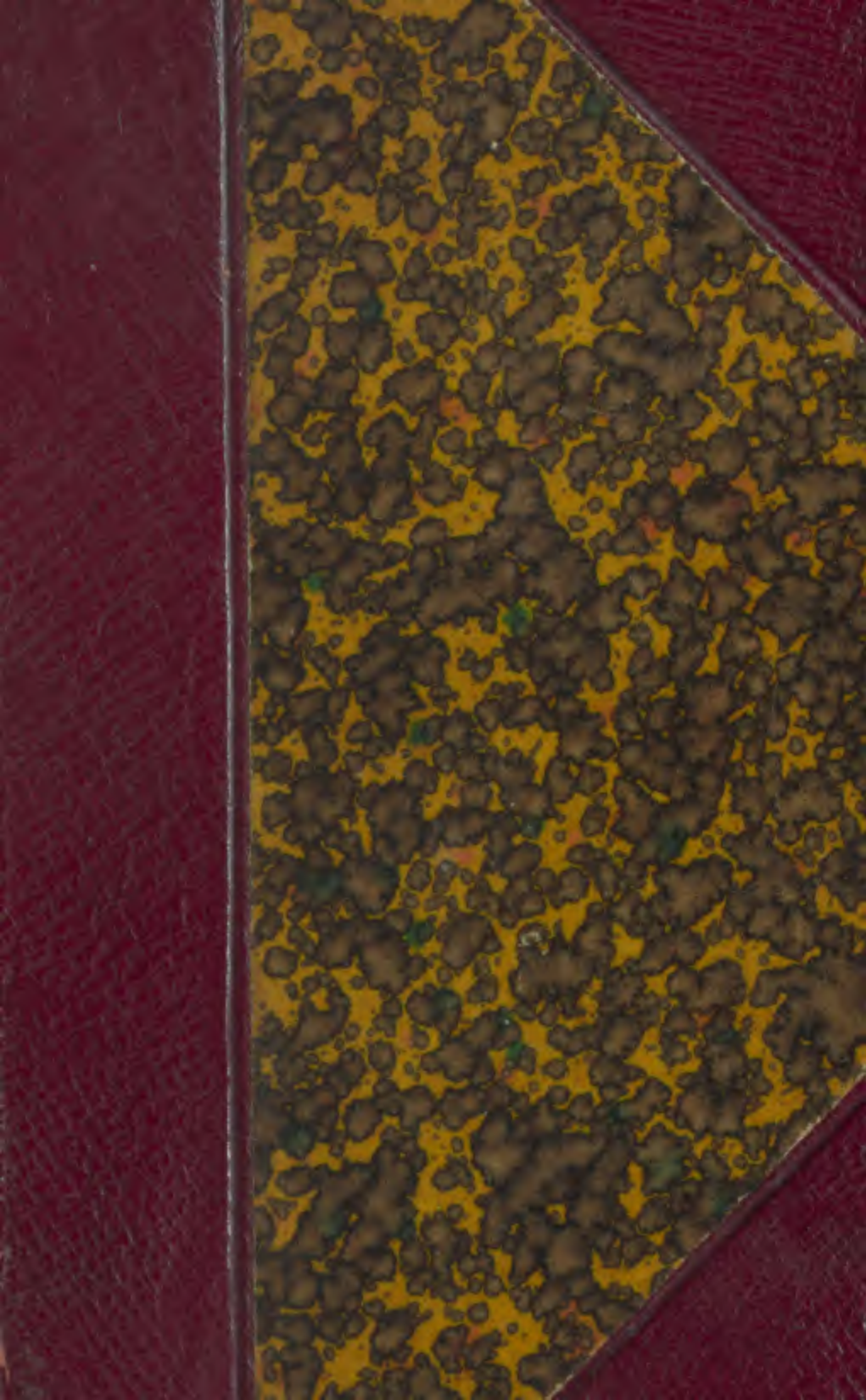

Scottish Chapbooks

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Humorous Songs

Printed at:-
Glasgow.

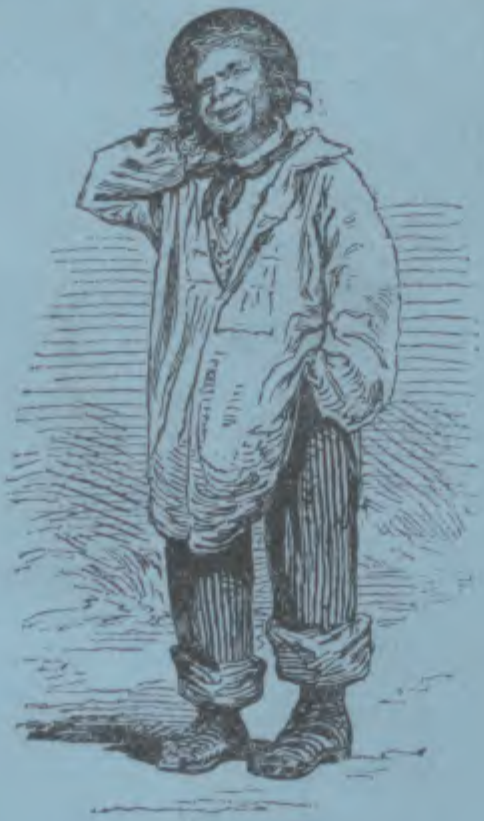
Contents

*** A detailed list of contents will be found in each book.

3

NEW

COMIC SONGSTER.



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NEW

COMIC SONGSTER.

ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGENE.

Chant.

Oh! I am going to sing you a story, which I suppose
you all know;
At least 'twas told me a very long time ago;
'Tis all about a young fellow, by name Alonzo, [beau.
And amongst the female population he was quite a

Air—"*Old English Gentleman.*"

Now this young swell a sweetheart had, a fairer ne'er
was seen,— [teen,
He'd light blue eyes and flaxen hair, and only seven-
And he was just turn'd twenty-one, and what we might
call "green,"
To "flop" his young affections on the faithless Imogene,
This foolish soft young gentleman, the subject of my
rhyme.

Air—"*Guaracha.*"

Alonzo the Brave and the fair Imogene
Convers'd as they sat side by side;
And, squeezing her hand (you all know how I mean),
Said, "Dearest, (dearest!) wilt thou be my bride?
Wilt thou be my bride?"

Air—"*La Somnambula.*"

Sounds so joyful, bliss revealing,
Chloroform-like o'er her senses stealing,—
So she answered him in tones of feeling—
"Dearest Alonzo! you may ask my respectable papa.

Air—"*The Sprig of Shilelah.*"

Then away went Alonzo to seek the "old man,"
And to gain his consent tried to hit on a plan,
By which he might marry the fair Imogene!
The wars they were on—the Baron was bold,
He'd once been a soldier, tho' now rayther old:
So, said he to Alonzo, "If you will go there,
And join our brave army, I do not much care
If I grant you permission to wed Imogene!"

Air—"*Lucy Long.*"

Now Alonzo he was handsome, and Alonzo he was young,
So off he went to Imogene, and thus he said or sung:—
"I've just now seen your father, and he says, my dearest life,
That, if I'll be a soldier, why, he'll let you be my [wife!"
"Then good bye, dear Alonzo! I know you're young and strong;
So, go and be a soldier, but do not stay too long!"

Air—"*Believe me, if all those Endearing Young Charms.*"

"But ah!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Some other may court you, and you will bestow
On some wealthier suitor your hand."
"Oh! cease these suspicions," fair Imogene cried,
"If e'er for another my heart should decide—
Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
I hope that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at my wedding may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave!"

Air—"*Lord Lovel.*"

But he had not been gone but a year and a day,
To fight in a foreign countree,
When a Baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
Came and ask'd her his spousy to be, be, be,
Came and ask'd her if she'd marry he?

Air—"*Kitty Clover.*"

Now this Baron he certainly bothered her so,
  Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!
With him to the church she consented to go,
  Which was very wrong, we know!
The guests were invited, and ev'rything done,
The moments flew by with uproarious fun.
Till the bell of the castle at length sounded ONE!
  Bow, vow, bow, vow! Oh, oh, oh, oh!
The guests in affright from the tables did run:
  The reason you shortly shall know.

Air—"*The Mistletoe Bough.*"

A figure unearthly the hall up did glide,
And seated himself at fair Imogene's side;
His air was terrific!—he uttered no sound—
He mov'd not, he spoke not, he gaz'd not around—
His vizor was down, in black armour he shone,
And Imogene's features grew ghastly and wan;
The lights they burn'd blue, and the lady, they say,
As usual in such cases, fainted away!
  Oh! for poor Imogene's vow,
  Poor Immy! you're in for it now!

[This is what the ghost said:—]

"Behold me! You told me
You'd be true, and you've sold me!
  List to your own broken vow!

Air—"*Down among the Dead men.*"

You hop'd that, to punish your falsehood and pride,
My ghost at your wedding should sit by your side,
Might tax you with perjury, claim you as bride,
And bear you away to the grave beside!
  So, since your oath you did forego,
    Down among the dead men,
    Down among the dead men,
    Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men you must go!

Air—"*Billy Taylor.*"

Now ladies all may take a moral
From this doleful history,—
When your lovers go fight for the warrior's laurel,
Never give way to perjury!
Tiddy iddy iddy iddy tol lol lol lol,
Tiddy iddy iddy iddy lol lol la.

For in these days of table-turning,
The tables may be turned on you:
And don't think ghosts cant be returning,
'Cause now I assure you that they do!
Tiddy iddy, &c.

And, if donbt on my tale you're throwing,
Th' original parties may be seen;
Just go and ask Mister Robert Owen,
He'll call up Alonzo and Imogene!
Tiddy iddy, &c.

CHAPTER OF BEGGARS.

Our statesmen wise have made a law, all beggars to put down, sirs;
But if they do, I'm sure they must banish all the town, [sirs;
They'll find it such an evil, and not easy to remove it,
For high and low, and rich and poor, are beggars, and I'll prove it,
For we see in ev'ry degree, great and small, are beggars all, sirs,
Fiddle diddle dee.

The country booby begs a place his honour's coats to dust 'em,
The tradesman begs his lordship good will bless him with his custom,
And when his bills have run up high, he begs with face of sorrow,
For payment, but his lordship begs he'll call again [to-morrow.
Thus we see, &c.

Quack doctors beg, should you be ill, you'll try their
famous stuffs, sirs;
Share brokers beg you'll swallow all their puffs, sirs,
And should you be unlucky, and no dividend gain, sirs,
They'll beg of you to be so kind as try your luck
again, sirs.
Thus we see, &c.

The lover begs on bended knees of pretty little miss,
sirs, [kiss, sirs;
That she'll so condescending be, as grant one little
But she, so modest and so coy, affects to play the
prude, sirs, [not be rude, sir.
And cries, I don't know what you mean, I beg you'll
Thus we see, &c.

In wedded life we find it too, and strong without a
doubt, sirs, [going out, sirs;
For the wife will beg her husband not to think of
And when she finds he will, she cries, I beg you'll
make haste back, now, [your clack, now.
When he politely turns, and cries, I beg you'll hold
Thus we see, &c.

See wretchedness beg for relief before the great church-
wardens; [ten thousand pardons;
In the street a fellow knocks you down, and begs
The parson begs you'll turn from sin before it is too
late, sirs, [plate, sirs.
Then begs you'll not forget to put some money in the
Thus we see, &c.

Then see the member o' parliament, how hard he'll beg
your vote, sirs, [coat, sirs,
And beg you will not think that he can ever turn his
But when once his election's sure, you'll find his chief
intention [pension.
Is to have a better chance of begging for a place or
Thus we see, &c.

Thus all the world are beggars, tho' all don't beg for
pelf, sirs, [myself, sirs;
So of course, where every one's alike, I must be one

So if from this queer begging song you've had the
least delight, sirs, [night, sirs.
I beg you'll give me leave to sing't again, another
Thus we see, &c.

THE SONG OF THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

Air,—"O, 'tis I am the Gipsy King!"

O, 'tis I has a ticket o' leave,
And where is the prig more free?
I'm at liberty now to thieve,
And the crushers can't meddle with me.
Tho' my sentence were fourteen year,
Scarce a couple in quod I had bin,
When the chaplain ses he, there's no fear
Of the penitent sinnin' agin.
So they guve me a ticket o' leave, ha! ha!
Yes, pals, I'd a ticket o' leave.

The dodge on it's simple enough,
If you've got a good mem-o-ry,
And'll larn a few collecks and stuff,
Yer'll be let off as heasy as me.
Just turn up the whites of your eyes,
Give a sanctified twist to your mug,
And the parsin vith texts if you plies,
He'll soon make you free of the jug.
For he'll git yer a ticket o' leave, ha! ha!
(*Spoken.*) Yes, he'll say as how for your good conduck,
(*Sings.*) You're desarvin' a ticket o' leave!

So, pals, here you'll find as I'm fly,
For the lay as 'll best stand the shot,
Crio-crackin, or faking the cly,
Or tipping a taste o' garotte.
But ere leavin' this here festive scene,
For a toast your attention I'd claim,
'Ere's a 'ealth to them chaplins so green,
And success to our gammonin' game!
Which it wins us our tickets o' leave, ha! ha!
Yes, it gits us our tickets o' leave!

DOCTOR O'TOOLE.

In this wonderful age, when most men go to college,
And ev'ry man's head has a hatful of knowledge,
'Twill soon be a wonder to meet with a fool,
When such men are abroad as Professor O'Toole,
Derry down, down, derry down.

There are very few men like O'Toole who can teach;
If the head wont respond, he applies to the breech,
And whacking them well, till with blows they are full,
Let's knock in the larning, says Doctor O'Toole.
Derry down, &c.

One morning the Doctor went out to his walk,
And he saw on the door his own portrait in chalk,
That morning he flogg'd every brat in the school,
'Tis a part of my system, says Doctor O'Toole.
Derry down, &c.

Get on with your lessons as fast as you can,
For knowledge is sweeter than eggs and fried ham;
Don't try to deceive me, like ducks in a pool,
Or I'll blow you to pot, says Professor O'Toole.
Derry down, &c.

And now, my dear childer, bear always in mind,
That words without meaning are nothing but wind,
Accept of all favours, make that the first rule,
Or you're a parcel of asses, says Doctor O'Toole.
Derry down, &c.

If you go to a house, and they ask you to eat,
Don't hold down your head and refuse the good meat,
But say you will drink too, or, just like the mule,
You're unworthy of lessons from Doctor O'Toole.
Derry down, &c.

When your father and mother have turned their backs,
Don't kick up a row with the dog and the cats,
Or tie the pig's tail to a table or stool,
For you're a parcel of devils, says Doctor O'Toole.
Derry down, &c.

But give over fighting, and think of your sins,
Or I'll break ev'ry bone in your impudent skins;
Give over your fighting, don't think me a fool,
I'll punish you, blackguards, says Doctor O'Toole.
Derry down, &c.

Now the lessons are over, so run away home,
Don't turn up your nose at a crust or a bone;
Come back in the morning, for that is the rule,
And you'll get more instruction from Doctor O'Toole.
Derry down, &c.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO PARIS.

Air—"*King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

Of all the sights that e'er were seen,
In this or any age that's been,
None can compare with the one I mean—
Her Majesty's visit to Paris.
So when the French they came to know
Victoria really meant to go,
Their hearts with joy did overflow,
And their devotion they would show;
Triumphal arches, splendid towers,
Gorgeous columns, wreaths of flowers,
Glittering halls and golden showers,
Prepared for this visit to Paris.

Chorus:—
Of all the sights that e'er were seen &c.

From the Isle of Wight, with favouring gale,
The royal party did set sail,
And soon the shores of France they hail,
On her Majesty's visit to Paris;
And when the Queen was landed fair,
Such shouts of welcome rent the air;
Napoleon, too, himself was there,
To receive her and tho joy to share.

Each heart did hail this great event,
For they all felt what her presence meant;
It was two great nations to cement,
Was her Majesty's visit to Paris.
Of all the sights, &c.

Our Queen the Frenchmen thought divine,
And in "*Vive la Reine!*" their voices join;
But it didn't rain, it was all sunshine,
On her Majesty's visit to Paris.
The Emperor, on showing her through
The splendid palace of St. Cloud,
When he looked back on years a few,
A striking contrast he might view.
Through life what struggles he had to face,
But he's proved himself worthy of his race,
And that he is the right man in the right place,
Is shown by this visit to Paris.
Of all the sights, &c.

The royal children, happy pair,
Amidst the festive throng did share
Delight and admiration there,
On her Majesty's visit to Paris;
The Empress, too, with winning grace,
The royal children did embrace,
Hoping it soon might be her case,
To have some of her own on her heart to place,
She said to the Queen with playful glee—
"A little Napoleon you soon may see,
To which god-mother I hope you'll be,
And think of your visit to Paris."
Of all the sights, &c.

Thus day by day in joy was spent,
All Paris on revelry intent;
And at night to ball or opera went,
On her Majesty's visit to Paris.
If such a happy unity
The Russian bear could only see,
He might envious of their feelings be,
And a lesson learn against tyranny;

It might whisper to this Russian czar,
Are not such meetings better far,
Than plunging earth in cursed war,
  This, her Majesty's visit to Paris?
                Of all the sights, &c.

With emotion strong each heart did swell,
When to France Victoria bade farewell;
And Frenchmen long will love to tell
  Of her Majesty's visit to Paris.
This visit meant more than display so grand—
'Twas nation with nation in holy band;
People with people shaking hands,
Giving strength and firmness to the land.
May Victoria and Napoleon long be known,
As examples to the world be shown,
And shake the Russian tyrant on his throne,
  Through her Majesty's visit to Paris.
                Of all the sights, &c.

JACK RAG'S STATUES.

My name is Jack Rag,
  If you'll list to me awhile,
I'll give you the Grecian statues,
  In an out and out style;
For to see young Lloyd or Cowell,
  You wouldn't give a mag,
If you only saw them done
  By me, Jack Rag.

    When you see me on a crossing,
      And you can spare a mag,
    I hope you wont begrudge it
      To poor Jack Rag.

The first was Mr. Hercules,
  A mighty man of fights,
A winner of great battles,
  And a thrower of great quoits.
One day he took one in his hand,
  And gave it such a throw,

And when he'd thrown it fifty miles,
  He stood just so. (IMITATION).

The next was Sir Cenates,
  His name I will not handle—
Who stood before a lady
  For to fasten on his sandal;
Somo boys soon twigged the caper,
  And pelted him with snow,
And when they were a-hooting him
  He stood just so. (IMITATION).

The next was Cain and Abel,
  Fell ont with one another,
When Cain, to be revenged on him,
  Swore he'd kill his brother.
He took him up and threw him down,
  And hit him such a blow,
And when he was a-wopping him
  He stood just so. (IMITATION).

Samson went to Gezar,
  And broke a thousand pates,
And then, not content with that,
  He carried off the gates;
Some soldiers tried to stop him,
  But that they fonnd no go,
For when he'd got them on his back,
  He stood just so. (IMITATION).

Samson met a lion,
  A-wandering about,
He thrust his right hand down its throat,
  And turned it inside out.
He drew him up, and threw him down,
  And hit him such a blow,
And while he was a-wopping him,
  He stood just so. (IMITATION).

Now if you think me clever,
  Be generous in my cause,
And if you've nothing else to give,
  Grant me a kind applause.

NORVAL.

My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills,
Fal, lal, la, la, lal, la, &c.
My faither keeps his whisky stills.
Fal, lal, &c.
His occupation is to shield
His whisky stills frae the gauger chiels;
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' tumbling down like Jacks and Gills,
And pounced upon our whisky stills.
Fal, lal, &c.

My faither he was off liko 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-nock.
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.

KING ARTHUR, SIR LOIN, AND THE BARON OF BEEF.

Air—"*The miseries of a Lord Mayor.*"

King Arthur once said to his queen, delighted,
"My heart feels this morning as light as a cork,
For to-day by the Mayor I'm to dinner invited,
And all know I play a good knife and fork.

'll no interest heed but at this civic dinner,
For once in my life, I'll as free be as gay,
l in frolic indulge, for as I'm a sinner,
What pleases me most, I will knight, dear, to-day."
Tol lol de rol, &c.

the City he went; the mob shouted and crowded;
There my Lord Mayor and sheriffs he joined in Guildhall;
hopes to be knighted, they all of them bow did,
But he didn't knight any; none pleased him at all.
e dinner was served up, and course on course followed,
When a fine loin of beef pleased his highness so much,
at waving his carving knife o'er it, he hollooed,
"I henceforth Sir Loin create you by this touch."
Tol lol de rol, &c.

a fine round of beef his fair queen had been feasting,
Regardless tho' it a fare made it for Charon,
d cried, "Dearest Arthur, indeed I'm not jesting,
You've knighted your loin, now make my round a baron."
ied the king, "I'll, to please you, do all that I'm able,
For though I'm a king, you're commander in chief,
ur round of beef henceforth shall grace my round table,
For rounds shall from this time be Barons of beef."
Tol lol de rol, &c.

xt day at Spithead, with his rib the fleet viewing,
His majesty thought of his yesterday's sport,
d presented, so much was he pleased with his doing,
Sir Loin and the Baron in state to the court.
Wonder not, knights," he cried, as the courtiers all bowed,
"Constitutional friends, they from all bear the belle,
ish honours aye were as purely bestowed,
And all those who received them deserved them as well," Tol lol de rol, &c.

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 would'nt 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 darn'd sight louder.
Corn Cobbs, &c.

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

Cousin Jim he came to town
With a pair of strip'd trousers;
Swore he couldn't see the town
There were so many houses.
Corn Cobbs, &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 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.

BAULDY BUCHANAN.

WHA hasna heard o' blythe Bauldy Buchanan?
hale hearty carle o' some saxty years stan'in;
ae search the hale kintra, frae Lanark to Lunnon,
e'll scarce find the match o' blythe Bauldy Buchanan.
or Bauldy's sae cracky, an' Bauldy's sae canty—
frame o' threescore, wi' a spirit o' twenty—
'i' his auld farrant tales, an' his jokin', an' funnin',
rich an' rare treat is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

lythe Bauldy Buchanan's a wonderfu' drinker
' knowledge—for he's a great reader an' thinker;
here's scarcely an author frae Bentham to Bunyan
ut has been run dry by blythe Bauldy Buchanan.
e kens a' the courses an' names o' the planets—
he secret manœuvres o' courts an' o' senates—
an tell you what day Babel's tower was begun on;
ae deep read in beuks is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

He can play on the bag-pipe, the flute, and the fiddle,
Explain ony text, or expound ony riddle;
At deep calculation, at drawin', an' plannin',
There's naebody equal to Bauldy Buchanan.
He kens how the negroes are black and thick-lippit;
How leopards are spotted—how zebras are stripped;
How maidens in Turkey sae muckle are ran on;
Sae versed in sic matters is Bauldy Buchanan.

How the English like beer, an' the Scotch like their whisky;
How Frenchmen are temperate, lively, and frisky;
How the Turks are sae grave, an' the Greeks are sae cunnin',
Can a' be explained by blythe Bauldy Buchanan.
An' mair than a' that, he can trace out the cause
O' rain an' fair weather—o' frosts an' o' thaws—
An' what keeps the earth in its orbit still runnin'—
Sae wonderfu' learned is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

When round his fireside neebours meet in the gloamin's,
And hear him describe the auld Greeks and the Romans—
How they battled and fought, without musket or cannon,
The folk glow'r wi' wonder at Bauldy Buchanan.
Or when he descends frae the grave to the witty,
And tells some queer story, or sings some droll ditty,
Wi' his poetry, pleasantry, puzzlin' and punnin',
Their sides are made sair wi' blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

But o' a' the attractions that Bauldy possesses,
His greatest attractions are twa bonnie lasses:
'Mang a' the fine leddies, frae Crail to Clackmannan,
There's nane can match Bella an' Betty Buchanan;
For O they're sae clever, sae frank, an' sae furthy,
Sae bonnie, sae bloomin', sae wise, an' sae worthy,
They keep the hale lads in the parish a-runnin',
An' strivin' for Bella an' Betty Buchanan.

MY MASTER'S GUN.

I'M a 'prentice boy, my name is Bob,
  The tale I've often related—
They bound me to a dirty snob—
  A trade I always hated.
The lapstone I did daily shun,
  The sight of a stirrup alarm'd me—
So off I run, with my master's gun,
  To enlist in the Spanish army.
        With master's gun, with master's gun,
        I fought my way to glory.

Some balls of wax, with hemp and tacks,
  I thought might be required
To give our foes some precious whacks,
  When all their shots were fired.
In battle I did mock their tricks;
  And, when they thought of beating,
I fired my wax against their backs,
  And sent them all retreating.
        With master's, &c.

Then off they ran, like hounds in packs,
  But quick did we entail them,
Instead of wax I fired my tacks,
  Till all of a bunch I nail'd them;
Then I took out my hemp so fine
  That was in my knapsack boarded—
Among their troops I did it entwine,
  Which now you'll find recorded.
        With master's, &c.

Gen'ral Evans came up to me—
  Said he, "Bob, show 'em no quarter;
You're a valiant youth, I plainly see,
  And you shall marry my daughter."
Said I, "The fight will soon be done."
  Their ramparts then I dash'd on,
And with this gun the battle won
  At the siege of San-Sebastian.
        With master's, &c.

At legs and arms I fired away,
  And some of their nobs I twisted—
Thinks I, I'll make 'em rue the day
  That a 'prentice boy enlisted.
And soon I brought their colours down,
  Which caused a great attraction,
And did my head with glory crown—
  What a glorious satisfaction!
With master's, &c.

You'll hear of my fame wherc'er you walk,
  In songs and magazines too;
And it shall for ever be the talk
  Of soldiers and marines too.
I'd say before I make my bow,
  Though perhaps you may laugh hearty,
I'm call'd by all the Spaniards now
  "The British Bonaparte."
With master's, &c.

I'M BOTHER'D FROM HEAD TO THE TAIL.

Air—"*Oh dear, what can the matter be?*"

At sixteen years old you could get little good of me;
Then I saw Norah—who soon understood of me
I was in love—but myself for the blood of me
  Could not tell what I did ail.

'Twas dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Och! blood and ouns, what can the matter be?
Och! gramachree, what can the matter be?
  I'm bother'd from head to the tail.

I went to confess me to Father O'Flannigan!
Told him my case—made an end—then began again,
Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,
  If you find out what I ail.

Dear, dear! says he, what can the matter be?
Och! blood and ouns, what can the matter be?
Both cried out—can't you tell what can the matter be?
  Bother'd from head to the tail.

oon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again;
orah took pity to see me at nurse again: [again!
ave me a kiss—Och! zounds, that threw me worse
Well she knew what I did ail.

ut dear, dear! says she, what can the matter be?
ch! blood and ouns, what can the matter be?
oth cried out—arrah, dear, what can the matter be?
Bother'd from head to the tail.

is long ago now since I left Tipperary:
ow strange, growing older, our nature should vary,
ll symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary,
I cannot tell now what I ail.

ear, dear! what can the matter be?
ch! blood and ouns, what can the matter be?
ch! gramachree, what can the matter be?
I'm bother'd from head to the tail.

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

Air—"*Guy Fawkes.*"

DMINISTRATIVE reformation now is all the go, sirs,
ey're not fast men that brought it up, let's hope
they'll not be slow, sirs,
is high time some one made a move to cause some
agitation,
r now the tide of trade is choked by this vile state
stagnation.
Oh what a row!
Reform was never needed more than it is now.

om the time of Alfred the Great, all parties have
been storming, [reforming;
out the faults of governments, and how they need
r if a place of any worth is vacant in the nation,
is filled up by some favourite highborn poor relation.
Oh what a row, &c.

What is the House of Commons now? to what may it
not dwindle? [the grand swindle,"
As Layard says, "The gamblers they are working
Cut and shuffle is the game among the Jacks and
aces, [in their places.
And they bilk the crib of poor John Bull by keeping

Oh what a row, &c.

But let us hope all buoyant knaves may sink where
they are swimming, [women,
And men of talent keep afloat, instead of these old
Who talk away the nation's time just for what they
get, sirs, [debt, sirs,
And either run the ship aground, or run her deep in

Oh what a row, &c.

Because a man's a lord, a duke, or born how high
soever,
There needs not aristocracy to make a man be clever;
Give worth and talent up their due, but how altered
now the case is. [lofty places.
There's many a man that's lowly born, would be in

Oh what a row, &c.

By reform administrative we may see things dealt
much fairer, [the wearer,
See rewards and dignities be graced by the honour of
Not like old dame Aberdeen, just treated as a martyr,
Who for neglect and blundering was given a new
garter.

Oh what a row, &c.

But let's support the promised form of modern refor-
mation, [taxation,
Let 'em not drench the country by the vile drugs of
But purge our constitution from these dangerous at-
tacks, sirs, [quacks, sirs.
By banishing state mountebanks, and parliamentary

Oh what a row, &c.

MOLLY MALONE.

By the big hill of Howth,
That's a bit of an oath,
That to swear by I'm loath,
  To the heart of a stone;
But be poison my drink,
If I sleep, snore, or wink,
Once forgetting to think
  Of your lying alone.

    Och! its how I'm in love.
    Like a beautiful dove,
    That sits cooing above,
        In the boughs of a tree;
    And myself I'll soon smother
    In something or other,
    Unless I can bother
        Your heart to love me,
    Sweet Molly, sweet Molly Malone,
    Sweet Molly, sweet Molly Malone.

I can see if you smile,
Tho' I'm off half a mile.
For my eyes all the while
  Keep along with my head;
And my head you must know,
When from Molly I go,
Takes its leave with a bow,
    And remains in my stead.
        Och, its how, &c.

Like a bird I could sing,
In the month of the spring,
But it's now no such thing
    I'm quite bothered and dead;
Och, I'll roar and I'll groan,
My sweet Molly Malone,
Till I'm bone of your bone,
    And asleep in your bed.
        Och, its how, &c.

IT'S A FOLLY TO TALK OF LIFE'S TROUBLES.

Air—"*Judy's black eyes.*"

It's a folly to talk of life's troubles,
  There's always two sides of the way,
And if one is in shade, the chance doubles
  That the other is cheerful and gay.
We know it looks sad to be sighing,
  Yet there's good in it nature decides,
For the man who with grief thinks he's dying,
  With laughter will ne'er crack his sides.
                It's a folly, &c.

To be without hands, though no blessing,
  Has some good, as economy proves,
Tho' awkward we find it when dressing,
  We can ne'er be in want of new gloves.
The man without legs, though queer talking,
  He'll ne'er break his shins, it is plain;
And the man who's no feet to go walking,
  Won't be troubled with chilblains again.
                It's a folly, &c.

If a man all his teeth chance to lack,
  He is sure they can give him no pain;
And if a man has no coat on his back,
  Why he's sure it won't spoil with the rain.
If a man has no money to mind,
  He may save the expense of a purse;
And if a man's perfectly blind,
  Why he's sure his sight cannot grow worse.
                It's a folly, &c.

If a man has but one shirt at most,
  He's no trouble which he shall use;
And a man who's as deaf as a post,
  Why he'll never hear unwelcome news.
If light-headed, why still you're all right,
  For there's comfort to think it ain't madness;
And a man who gets drunk day and night,
  Why it's clear he can't feel sober sadness,
                It's a folly, &c.

If but little your own you can call,
  It's quite certain much you cannot pay;
And if you've got nothing at all,
  Why you're sure they can take none away.
Strange stories may find new upholders,
  But one thing you'll grant, which is that,
If a man's got no head on his shoulders,
  He wont care a straw for a hat.
                It's a folly, &c.

THE HARMONIC MEETING.

Air—"*Lord Tomnoddy.*"

At the Nightingale the other night,
Amongst my friends, with trne delight,
I passed some hours with a smile,
For each party sang in a novel style.
The brandy warm, and cold without,
Went pretty freely round about:
The chairmaker kindly took the chair,
In the vice a blacksmith took his beer,
The *Lock*smith found us all in a *key*,
And kept the door for harmony;
A farmer sang "The land, the land,"
And the waiter, "What are you going to stand?"

The painter did in the "Portrait" shine;
The hatter sang the "Four-and-nine!"
The vintner gave us "Rosy wine,"
And the shabby gent, "Where shall I dine?"
The exciseman sang "The smuggler king;"
The jeweller sang "The bridal ring;"
The soldier sang "The soldier's tear;"
The brewer sang "A drop of good beer;"
The pawnbroker sang "Old uncle Ned;"
And the baker "Where is fancy *bred*;"
The grocer sang "Adulteration fine."
And from *practice* never missed a line.

The dog-fancier sang "The little barque;"
And the bird-catcher "Lo, the gentle lark;"

The huntsman sang "Tally ho;"
And the tallyman rose up to go;
The ostler sang "Poor Bob the groom,"
In character, with a large birch-broom;
The tax-gatherer sang "The quarter day;"
The swindler sang "Hark, hark, away;"
A sailor set sail with "The sea;"
Three woodmen gave "The old oak tree;"
The policeman tried, but had a cough,
So he with a little extempore *took them off.*

The bell-ringers gave "The evening chimes;"
The editor, "Rhymes upon the Times;"
The joiner tried "The old arm chair,"
But being hoarse, failed in the air.
The turner, "Turned upon the hill;"
The fighting-man he tried "The mill;"
The undertaker sang "The mute;"
And the lawyer sang "The faded suit;"
The printer, pressed in time, then gave
The poem called "The galley slave;"
And the turnkey, though I thought he'd fail,
Seemed quite at home in "The county jail."

The shoemaker sang "The song of a shoe;"
And "The snob's confession," gave us too;
A traveller sang with many hands,
"I've journeyed over many lands;"
The butcher sang "Is there a heart?"
The turnpike-man sang "Stop the cart!"
A waterman sang "A boat, a boat!"
The poor poet sang "The ragged coat;"
The postman sang "The letter sweet;"
A poor old actor sang "Dead beat;"
The sexton sang "The pauper's drive;"
And the bailiff he sang, "*Catch 'em alive.*"

A tailor sang "A man's a man;"
The jockey o'er the "Race-course" ran,
The beadle sang "Old parson Brown;"
And the overseer, "The heart bowed down;"

A black cook sang "Come, Darkies, sing;"
The landlord sang "Time's on the wing;"
So the gardener sang "The cabbage green!"
And the company, "God save the Queen."
'Twas half-past six before we'd done;
So the concert closed with "See the sun;"
Then off to bed we all did roam,
And after prayed for "Home, sweet home."

THE KITCHEN POKER.

Air—"*Ally Croaker.*"

SWATE Widow Fag, one winter's night,
  Invited a tea-party,
Of elegant 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 call'd the grey 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 yonr durty poker?
  Your nasty kitchen poker;
Do you think I'd come into your house,
  And stale yonr durty poker?"

Then Pat swore by the Hill o' 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 jintleman
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 LOW-BACKED CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-backed car—
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his old poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes, demands the tithes
Of death, in warlike cars;

While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
  Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down, in the market town,
  As right and left they fly—
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far—
  For the doctor's art
  Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from the low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
  Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
  By far out-number 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 the low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
  And envy the chicken
  That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in the low-backed car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
  With Peggy by my side,
Then a coach-and-four and goold 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-backed 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-backed car.

CHAPTER OF TOASTS AND SONG OF SENTIMENTS.

Most folks give their sentiment after their song,
But I cannot say that is my tether;
To part heart and harmony sure must be wrong,
Song and sentiment I join together:
So at once in a song I'll my sentiment give,
Sure you'll all approve what I am givin'—
Here's *The Queen*, heaven bless her, and long may she live,
With *Old England, the land that we live in.*

Then here's *Lovely woman!* each man will drink that
For in each care and ill she'll relieve him;
Sweet home, for tho' homely, 'tis home for all that,
With *A Friend and a bottle to give him.*
Here's *May honour and honesty never decline*,
'Tis the wish of my heart, I assure ye;
May *Justice and Mercy for ever entwine*,
With our glorious *Trial by Jury.*

Here's *The heart that can feel for another's distress*,
And *The man that was never ungrateful;*
Here's *May we the smiles of good humour possess*,
With friends around cheerful and faithful.
Here's *Our old Wooden Walls* that still lay our foe flat,
With those treasures, *Wives, children, and friends;*
Here's *Our own noble selves*, and now having drank that,
Here my song of good sentiment ends.

THE WIDOW MAHONEY.

Oh! love it is murder, I wish it was furder,
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;

h, widow, says I, stop my bachelor's trade,
as sure as I live, I shall die an old maid.
Oh! widow Mahoney.

e widow Mahoney was tall, stout, and bony,
r husband had left her to plough the salt seas—
d gone to the bottom, his guineas she got 'em,
without any labour she liv'd at her ease.
beautiful cratur as any in nature,
d just like myself too in every feature.
Och, widow, says I, &c.

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

e long they had tarried, they 'greed to be married,
lovingly went to the priest to get wed,
hen who should be stalking to stop their sweet
walking,
t the widow's live husband, the man that was dead!
r. Mike was confounded, the widow she swounded,
e man pick'd her up, and the neighbours provok'd;
there I was left to my bachelor's trade,
d through widow Mahoney, must die an old maid.
Och, widow, &c.

TOPSY'S SONG.

I'M but a little Nigger gal,
As black as black can be;
You know I can't love nobody,
'Cos nobody loves me.
Dey 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 the use for sich as me
  Oh 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 cant abear the Nigger gal—
  Miss Feely mak' 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 Evy, you so good,
  I mind de words you say—
Your'e 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.

BILLY BARLOW'S WEDDING.

Air—"*Feyther's old sow.*"

As I was going down Whitecross Street,
  I heard a great noise which made me stare about,
When to my surprise such a mob I did meet:
  Some were huzzaing, while others did swear and shout.
Hallooing, hooting, oh dear, what a clatter;
  They all of a bunch up an alley did go,
I asked an old pieman what was the matter;
  Says he, "It's the wedding of Billy Barlow.
I ne'er shall forget it—O, dear me, no!
The glorious wedding of Billy Barlow.

when we got home and got in at the door,
There was not a stool nor a chair to sit upon;
make all things pleasant we sat on the floor,
And a table we made with a pail and a shutter on.
and him sat his old father and mother,
Up in one corner sat Bet and her beau!
ings were got ready without auy bother,
"And now for the dinner," says Billy Barlow.
I ne'er shall forget, &c.

on after this, Billy's aunt in did pop;
The company looked like a parcel of savages;
e had a large washing-tub brim up to the top
Of roast bullocks' heads, boiled trotters, and cabbages.
ey ate till they no longer were able,
While the beer in a frying-pan round it did go;
ey ate it all up, and then capsized the table,
While some drank "here's a health to Billy Barlow."
I ne'er shall forget, &c.

me took to dancing, and some drinking gin,
While the rest of the company for tobacco and beer did call,
of a sudden the floor it broke in,
While Barlow's wife in the cupboard for fear did squall.
me did escape while others were trying,
The rest of the mob in the cellar did go;
me fell a-laughing, and some fell a-crying,
But they all fell a-top of poor Billy Barlow.
I ne'er shall forget, &c.

or Billy, almost smother'd, for mercy did call,
While the rest of the guests up the cellar did get away;
ly's wife hung herself to a nail in the wall,
Because Barlow she thought quite dead in the ruins [lay.
t Billy crept out almost broken-hearted,
And that very night to the work-house did go,
om his dear little wife for ever was parted,
Which ended the wedding of Billy Barlow.
I ne'er shall forget, &c.

THE OULD BOG HOLE.

THE pig is in the mire, and the cow is on the grass
And a man without a woman is no better than an a
My mother likes the ducks, and the ducks like
drake,
And sweet Judy Flanagan, I'd die for her sake.
My Judy she's as fair as the flower on the lea,
She's neat and complete from the neck to the kne
We met t'other night our hearts to condole,
And I sat Judy down by the ould Bog Hole.

Singing cushla mavourneen, will you marry me
Arrah, cushla mavourneen, will you marry me,
Arrah, cushla mavourneen, will you marry me,
Would you fancy the bouncing young Barney Ma

Then Judy she blushed, and hung down her head,
Saying, Barney, you blackguard, I'd like to get w
But they say you're so rough, and you are such a ral
Don't believe it, says I, for it's all a mistake.
To keep you gentcel, I'll work at my trade,
I'll handle the shovel, the hook, and the spade;
The turf to procure which is better than coal,
And I'll work to my knees in the ould Bog Hole.
Singing cushla mavourneen, &

Arrah, give me your hand and consent just at onc
Sure it's not every day you will get such a chance
When the priest makes us one, how happy I'll be
With the beautiful, dutiful, Mistress Magee!
Tho' the meal should be scarce we'll have pra
enough,
And if you think long for more delicate stuff,
I'll take out the ould rod which my grandfather st
And I'll go fish for eels in the ould Bog Hole.
Singing cushla mavourneen, &

Fine children we'll have, for we must mind that,
They'll be Darby, and Barney, and Kitty, and Pa
They'll be Judy so meek, and Mary so bluff—
O stop! stop! she cried, have you not got enough

have not, said I, sure I'll not be content [Lent;
d you bring home as many as there's days in the
ow the neighbours will stare when we go for a stroll,
hen we all promenade round the ould Bog Hole.
Singing cushla mavourneen, &c.

the hokey! says she, I can scarcely refuse,
r Barney the blarney you know how to use;
u have bothered my heart with the picture you've
drawn,
I thought I could trust you, the job might be done;
ly murder! says I, do you doubt what I say?
I thought 'twould convince you, I'd sware half-a-
no, she replied, it's of no use at all, [day;
en she whispered consent by the ould Bog Hole.
Then give me a kiss, my joy and delight!
Be aisy, you blackguard, until it's all right;
Sure, after we're wed, we may kiss and condolo,
And fish for the eels in the ould Bog Hole.

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 bashful 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 laste,
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 Malone."

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.

AN EXCUSE FOR A SONG.

Air—"*Haste to the wedding.*"

You ask for a song, and indeed I'm quite sorry
I cannot oblige the good company here;
Were I to begin you would find in a hurry,
The guests would depart and the coast would be clear;
They could not sit still to have their ears pestered
By such horrid notes, but away they would run
To some lone desert or valley sequestered,
And give that the preference, fifty to one.

But since that you seem so desirous to hear me,
I now will endeavour—this trial's my best;
I sure shall be laughed at by those who sit near me,
And those afar off will make me their jest.
"A shepherd once tended his flock on a mountain,"
Oh that is too high for my voice by a tone;
"A maiden once sat by the side of a fountain,"
Oh, that is so low I shall never get done;

ut by your permission I'll try at another;
"When echo's shrill voice through the woodlands
doth ring."
h, that is, if possible, worse than the other,
I beg you'll excuse me; indeed I can't sing.

PADDY ON THE RAILWAY.

A PADDY once in Greenock town,
For Glasgow city he was bound,
Staring all round and round,
At length he saw the Railway.
Then up the stair he did repair,
And a sixpence paid down for his fare,
And with great wonder he did stare,
When he got on the Railway.

Engine, boiler, water-tight,
Driving in with all its might;
Upon my soul it was a sight
To see the Greenock Railway.

The ladies were all Pat's delight,
And he sat down amongst their whites;
I once was wrong, but now I'm right
This morning on the Railway.
A gent. sat there with curled hair,
At Paddy he began to stare;
And said he did not pay his fare,
For that class on the Railway.
Engine, boiler, water-tight, &c.

Paddy's blood began to rise,
He took that spalpeen by surprise,
And hit him then between the eyes,
That morning on the Railway.
The people all then made a fuss,
To get the conductor in they must,
Pat told him to enter if he durst,
That morning on the Railway.
Engine, boiler, water-tight, &c.

But now in sight of Glasgow town,
And at the station we came down,
They looked if a Police could be found,
  To drag me from the Railway.
But now my shillelah quick I drew,
The conductor on the ground I threw,
And then with legs so swift I flew,
  And left them at the Railway.
    Engine, boiler, water-tight, &c.

Now to the harvest I will go,
And tell them there of all I know,
I'll tell them of each friend and foe,
  That I met on the Railway.
Then off to Ireland I'll repair,
And tell them all the wonders there,
For never a one in county Clare,
  Ever saw or heard of a Railway.
    Engine, boiler, water-tight &c.

THE LEARNED MAN!

Air—"*The Cuckoo's Nest.*"

SINCE the distant days I prattled o'er
The horn book and the battledore,
What musty heaps I've rattled o'er.
  And yet I've scarce began,
But with due volubility,
I'll tell with facility,
And wondrous agility,
  I've studied, if I can.
If of your views I any fit, I'll tell you in a trice,
How you'll derive great benefit by taking my advice—
First shake off all timidity, apply with due solidity,
Eschewing every quiddity, to be a learned man.

Commence with Etymology,
Go next to Genealogy,
Your head fill with Chronology,
  Although it be a ban,

Then go next to Ontology,
And Physical Theology,
Observing strict Philology,
If you would lead the van.
ut mix up no lampoonery in aught you say or do,
nd let no vile buffoonery e'er emanate from you,
you touch on the majestical, celestial, or terrestrial,
et it not be catachristical, to be a learned man.

If you'd display Chinography,
In any man's Biography.
Look well to your Geography,
And time and dates well scan.
Antediluvian history,
Mythology, the mystery,
Theogamy Consistory,
To know next be your plan.
nd if past Mediocrity in wisdom you would soar,
o on with all alacrity, and search for further lore.
hen turn to Botanology, give a glance at Mineralogy,
nd ditto at Schottology, to be a learned man.

Learn Alchemy by particle,
Theoputics, every article,
With Pharmacy cathartical,
Or emetical, you can.
And there's yet a multiplicity
Of etcetras—Electricity,
Computation with felicity,
Over which I haven't ran.
rchitecture and Schnography, and Dioptrics you learn. [turn—
rom Cosmography to Topography and Mechanism
orms of Government, Theocracy, and that one called Democracy,
ot forgetting Synosocracy, to be a learned man.

MY MARY ANN.

Fare you well, my own Mary Ann,
Fare you well for a while,

For the ship it is ready, and the wind it is fair,
And I am bound for the sea, Mary Ann,
And I am bound for the sea, Mary Ann.

Don't you see that turtle dove,
A-sitting on yonder pile,
Lamenting the loss of its own true love?
And so am I for mine, Mary Ann.
And so am I for mine, Mary Ann.
Fare you well, &c.

A lobster in a lobster pot,
A blue fish riggling on a hook,
May suffer some, but oh no, not
What I do feel for my Mary Ann,
What I do feel for my Mary Ann,
Fare you well, &c.

The pride of all the produce rare,
That in our kitchen garden grow'd,
Was pumpkins, but none could comparo
In angel form to my Mary Ann,
In angel form to my Mary Ann.
Fare you well, &c.

YOUNG BEN THE CARPENTER, OR FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

Young Ben, he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade,
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
Who was a lady's maid.
But, as they took a walk one day,
They met a pressgang crew,
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.
Singing fol de rol de lol de rol de fol de
rol di de, fol de rol de rol de rol de
fol de fol de rol di de.

The boatswain swore, with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," says he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For, when your swain is in the boat,
A boatswain he will be."
Singing fol de rol, &c.

So, when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She rous'd, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.
"And is he gone? and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright;
"Then I will to the water-side
And see him out of sight."
Singing fol de rol, &c.

A waterman came up to her:
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye water in the sea."
"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow:"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said gee-wo.
Singing fol de rol, &c.

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the tender ship you see."
"The tender ship!" cried Sally Brown;
"What a hard ship that must be!
Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But, oh! I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim!
Singing fol de rol, &c.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales;
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And valk about in wails."
Now, Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world;

But in two years the ship came home,
And all the sails were furl'd.
Singing fol de rol, &c.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she had got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John:
"Oh! Sally Brown,—oh! Sally Brown,
How could you sarve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!"
Singing fol de rol, &c.

Then pondering o'er his 'baccy-box,
He heav'd a heavy sigh;
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.
And then he tried to sing "All's Well!"
But couldn't, though he tried;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.
Singing fol de rol, &c.

His death, which happen'd in his berth,
At forty odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.
Now Sal his fun'ral did attend,
With fearful, anxious look;
She waited in the old churchyard
Till the parson—shut his book.
Singing fol de rol, &c.

THE DEATH OF BILLY BARLOW

Air—"*Cicely Crow.*"

A GREAT deal has been sung, and much more has be
said,
About Billy Barlow, his birth, and his wedding,
When he was married, the life he first led, [in
But now something dreadful you all must be drea

When on the first night from his dear he was parted,
He said he'd a-done with all bother and strife,
Sat down on an old saucepan, almost broken-hearted,
Resolved to work hard for the rest of his life.
Oh! to think of his woe, it makes my tears flow,
The unhappy end of poor Billy Barlow.

He got work at the Docks, where he used there to say,
"What an unfortunate chap sure I be,
When I get home there's the devil to pay,
If I don't light the fire and make them all tea.
Then there's my father, and sister, and mother.
They all of them kick, too, and knock me about;
Pinch my nose with the tongs, and then try me to smother,
And swear they'll kill me if I do but cry out."

Oh! to think, &c.

But now then comes poor Billy Barlow's last move,
One day dragging a truck, helter-skelter, pell-mel.
The wheel on a sudden slipped out of the groove,
And with it poor Billy in the water fell.
As he went down he most loudly did squeal,
The truck it went too, with a terrible crack;
But we soon twigg'd his nob 'tween the spokes of the wheel:
"Oh, for God's sake," said he, "take this thing off my back."

Oh! to think, &c.

With boats, ropes, and ladders, he soon was surronnded,
But all was no use, he was not to be found;
They star'd one at another, and felt quite confounded,
And soon they concluded poor Billy was drowned.
Then they ran off for the drags in a hurry,
And dragg'd without ceasing three weeks and a day;
At last when they found him, they felt in a flurry,
For the fishes had eaten him nearly away.

Oh! to think, &c.

Then he lay in the workhouse for forty-eight hours,
And a bill was put up, too, for him to be own'd;
Barney Brallaghan came by—said he, "by the powers!
I know that 'ere body, I thought he'd been boned."
Then he fell a hugging and kissing of Billy;
"Who is it?" said the people—said he, "don't you know?
Come, cut all your chaffing, your're not half so silly—
It's my sister Sal's husband, poor Billy Barlow."
Oh! to think, &c.

Then he threw poor Billy across his big shoulder,
And swore how he'd see him put into a shell—
With surprise you may guess it struck ev'ry beholder,
When Bill Muggins, the dustman, he toll'd his death knell:
When put in the grave they did all shout and halloo,
Six hundred queer mourners all stood of a row,
Got dead drunk and fell out, whacked one another,
Which ended the burial of Billy Barlow.
Oh! to think, &c.

THE BLINKIN' O'T.

O, IT wasna her daddy's lairdly kin,
It wasna her siller—the clinkin' o't;
It wasna her minny's welcome in;
'Twas her ain blue e'e—the blinkin' o't.
The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't,
Oh, weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
My heart and a' she's stown awa'
Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

It wasna the licht o' her snawy broo,
Nor her gowden hair—the dinkin o't,
Her dimpl'd cheek, nor her cherry mou',
Nor her braw, braw goun—the prinkin' o't.
'Twas a' her e'e—the blinkin' o't,
Oh, weary fa' the blinkin' o't,
Nae a' her charms could work such harms
As the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

A' day I dream o' its witchin' gleam,
  A' nicht I wauk wi' thinkin' o't;
A-field, at hame, wi' sib or frem'd,
  I'm glamour't wi' the blinkin' o't.
The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't,
  Oh, weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
My peace is deen, my wits are gane,
  Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

Fanever I teach, fanever I preach,
  I'm dottled as gin I'd been drinkin' o't;
Fanever I sing, or play a spring,
  The burden's aye—the blinkin' o't.
The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't,
  Oh, weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
I'm fear't fu' aft I'll gang clean daft
  Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

'Tween hopes and fears, 'tween joys and tears,
  My heart is at the sinking o't;
I'd better dee at ance than dree
  The pain I thole fae the blinkin' o't,
The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't,
  Oh, weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
I'm sad, I'm sair, I'm in despair,
  Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

But, oh, gin she would smile on me,
  And gi'e Mess John the linkin' o't,
Nae warld's care should ever mair
  Torment me wi' the jinkin' o't.
Oh, then I'd bless the blinkin' o't,
  The smilin,' wilin' blinkin' o't,
And cheerfu' live or happy dee,
  I' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

THE ATHLONE LANDLADY.

'Twas in the sweet town of Athlone,
Liv'd the beautiful Widow Malone,
  She kept the Black Boy,
  Was an armful of joy,
And had plenty of lovers, och hone, och hone,
O the world for you, Widow Malone,

There was Bolus the medical drone,
And Latitat all skin and bone,
But physic and Law,
Both stuck in her craw,
And she couldn't digest them, och hone, och hone,
O success to sweet Mistress Malone.

But Cupid, who's the devil's own,
Sent a lad who soon altered her tone,
'Twas brave Sergeant MacWhack,
With long sword and broad back,
And his roguish black eyes at her thrown, och hone,
O they bother'd poor Widow Malone.

The love-sick sweet Mistress Malone,
So fond of the soldier was grown,
That in secret she'd sigh,
"For the Sergeant I die,
Oh! I'm tir'd now of lying alone, och hone,"
More of that to you, Mistress Malone.

Still the Lawyer and Doctor would groan,
And each tease the poor Widow, och hone!
Till one day, Pat MacWhack
Kick'd them out in a crack,
And a smack gave sweet Katty Malone, och hone,
"O you've won me," cried Widow Malone.

So they wedded and bedded, och hone,
While with fun sure the stocking was thrown,
And he's man of the house,
And his beautiful spouse
Is sweet Mistress MacWhack, late Malone, Malone;
So more luck to you, MacWhack and Malone.

SWATE MOLLY MOGG.

Arrah! swate Molly Mogg,
You're as soft as a bog,
And as wild as a kitten,
As wild as a kitten;

Those eyes in your face,
Arrah! pity my case:
    Poor Paddy they've smitten,
    Poor Paddy they've smitten.

Far softer than silk is,
And whiter than milk is,
    Your lily white hands is,
    Your lily white hands is;
You're just like a pail,
From the head to the tail,
    And as straight as a wand is,
    As straight as a wand is.

When drest in your boddice,
You trip like a goddess,
    So nimble so frisky,
    So nimble so frisky;
One kiss of your cheek, too,
So smooth and so sleek, too,
    Would warm me like whisky,
    Would warm me like whisky.

Your red rosy cheeks,
And your coally black hair,
    Is as black as the devil,
    As black at the devil:
Your breath is as swate, too,
As any parato,
    Or orange from Seville,
    Or orange from Seville.

Your coying give over,
Nor Paddy your lover
    So cruelly handle,
    So cruelly handle;
Or else he will die,
Like a pig in a sty,
    Or the snuff of a candle,
    The snuff of a candle.

DO AS OTHER PEOPLE DO.

Von Villiam Vicks, as I've heard tell,
A vintner was, at Clerkenvell;
His wife she was a vixen vile,
And oft poor Vill she would revile,
For ever vanting something new,
To do as other people do.

There's neighbour Vite, they keeps a chay,
And vhen she vants to dash avay,
And vie with all the bucks and belles,
A vay they vip to Tunbridge Vells;
And since ve all vant something new,
Dear Villiam Vicks, I vish as you
Vould do as other people do.

Vat now, says Vill, vat vant you next?
Why, Vicks, I vow it makes me vext,
To think ve lives in dirt and filth,
A willa here would save my health;
And here's a spot with charming view,
Dear Villiam Vicks, I vish as you
Vould do as other people do.

The house was bought, and madam now
Must have a coach, and servants too!
A pair of horses, smooth and sleek,
And routs and parties thrice a veek;
Poor Vill began his fate to rue,
But she replied, you know as you
Must do as other people do.

At length Vill's cash grew very brief,
And Vill turned o'er another leaf;
The maids dismiss'd, the house was sold,
And coach and horses, too, were sold;
Vhy Vick, says she, vat shall ve do,
Egad says Vill, you know that you
Must do as other people do.

Ma'am didn't like her change of life;
So death vipped off poor Vick's vife;

And now retrieving his affairs,
Most Christian-like his loss he bears;
And if you ask him, "How d'ye do?"
"Indeed," says Vill, "to tell you true,
I do as other people do!"

THE NEW CRYSTAL PALACE *VERSUS* PAT'S CURIOSITY SHOP.

Air—"*I was the boy.*"

So they've raised up a new Crystal Palace,
At Sydenham built all so fine,
And sure now I spake without malice,
When I tell you it ne'er can beat mine.
For I've relics in my little shop, sir,
I'll challenge the world for to show,
And you've only just in for to pop, sir,
By my sowl, the rale fact you'll soon know.
Then hurra, boys, for Pat's exhibition,
Tumble up, sir, to Paddy's rare show.

The first relic I've got in my store, sir,
'Tis as true as the day, boys, believe,
Since Adam, none's seen it before, sir,
'Tis the nightcap of ould mother Eve.
I've Moses's wife's left-off boa;
The ould girl made to keep her neck warm;
I've the dreadnought of famed Adm'ral Noah,
The first pilot that weathered the storm.
Then hurra, &c.

I've the rib which that Guy—Earl of Warwick,
Picked out of the famous Dun cow;
I've a sword of the great actor, Garrick,
And the tail of King David's fat sow.
I've another scarce relic, 'tis true, sir,
(Bad luck to the butcherling old thief,)
The knife of fierce Shylock the Jew, sir,
He'd have stuck in the poor merchant's beef.
Then hurra, &c.

I've a pig that dog Latin clean teaches,
  I've Niobe's tears cork'd in vials;
I've Jack Falstaff's huge pair of red breeches,
  He stole from a shop in Seven Dials.
And to prove what I say's not theatric,
  Or clothed in deception's vile togs,
I've the wand of our holy St. Patrick,
  When he banish'd the toads and the frogs.
Then hurra, &c.

I've a tortoishell tom—'twas Jack Perry's,
  The only one seen since the flood,
I've the rare ould bush of blackberries,
  That nourished the babes in the wood.
And now to surprise with the staggers,
  As I know you'll all long for a peep,
I've Macbeth's two devil's own daggers,
  When he kill'd the ould king in his sleep.
Then hurra, &c.

I've a scholar, the first in the land, sir,
  Acknowledged by all, quite agreed,
He can write, too, a beautiful hand, sir,
  'Twould puzzle the devil to read;
And so clever is he as a stoker,
  That one day the weather being cowld,
He put his hand on a hot poker,
  And removed it without being tould.
Then hurra, &c.

I've got Mother Redcap's flat heater,
  I've got too her wig—what a friz;
I've got, sir, the cock that woke Peter—(*Crows*)
  And a jolly ould cock, faith he is.
And now for an out and out teazer,
  Which I know you'll all hear with much joy,
I've the skull of the great Julius Cæsar,
  When he was a fine little boy.
Then hurra, &c.

I've lots more of relics 'tis true, sir,
  Lady Morgan I've got yet to come,
In next week I shall ope to your view, sir,
  The rale chair of Mahomet from Rome.

By a bull come this morning to Dover,
  Which you'll all clap your hands, boys, to know,
That long 'fore our season be over,
  I'm to have the pope's eye, and his toe.
    Then hurra, &c.

LIGHT HEART AND A THIN PAIR OF BREECHES.

O ye frolicsome sparks of the game,
  And you that's got money in store,
Come listen to Jamie by name,
  Who once had his hat full of gold;
Seven score acres of land,
  Corn and cattle in store,
But now he's as poor as a rat,
  Tho' he goes as genteel as before.
    So what need we quarrel for riches,
      Or any such glittering toys,
    A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
      Go through the wide world, my boys.

Oh, my father went clothed in leather,
  My mother in cheapest of gray;
They toiled through all sorts of weather,
  That I might go gallant and gay.
With my beaver hat mount with a feather,
  O, my heart was as light as a cork,
And all that the old folks could gather
  I trifled away with my sport.
    And what need we quarrel, &c.

O some say that care killed the cat,
  And made her to starve alive,
But I shall be wiser than that,
  For never a care had I.
With the toast and a full flowing bowl,
  We will drive away sorrow and strife,
Here's a health to each good hearted fellow,
  Who never knew care in his life.
    For what need we quarrel, &c.

KEEMO, KIMO.

Air—"*Polly, won't 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 pennywincle, lingtum, 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 hing out for de chickens to roost,
Sing song, Kitty, &c.
Keemo, Kimo! dar! &c.

Dere was a frog liv'd in a pool,
Sing song, Kitty, &c.
Sure he was de 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.

THE STREET *BAND*-ITTI.

Air—"*Guy Faux.*"

Since the days when Nero fiddled while imperi[illegible]
Rome was burning, [learnin[illegible]
There never was an age like this for music each o[illegible]

ith Jullien's "monster concerts," and his noisy
polkas stereoed, [*Julian* period.
stead of Victoria's days, this might be called the

CHORUS:—

Row, row, row,
The street *band*-itti make a terrible row.

h, *list*. oh, *list*, great shade of Lizst, what shocking
execution [difficult solution;
done by those whose crochets tempt them to each
hate "Infant phenomenons," who think their *forte* is
strumming on,
nd wish all pianos were *Collar*(e)*d* ones that ama-
teurs keep drumming on,
Chorus.

rambulating bands are *band*-ed *Band*-its, often
soapless; [go is hopeless;
e cannot call them *Bands of Hope*, to what they'll
hould like to be *instrumental* in their row-de-dow
prohibiting, [from exhibiting.
nd have each band *banned* with *instruments of torture*
Chorus.

g drums the *drums* of ears din, and "wandering
minstrels" scrape on; [capon;
like a *drumstick* very well—but that's of a fat
e *scraper* at your door's enough; but *base vile* fel-
ows lingering, [kinds of fingering.
ddle out your cash, while scamps around do other
Chorus.

y-bugles, trombones, serpents, and cornopeans
annoy me; [does oft employ me;
hich have most *brass*, them or the players, to solve
ey might *sound their own trumpets*, who chose,
within the bills of mortality, [locality.
t *blow* all *horns* that come to *raise the wind*, in *my*
Chorus.

e grinding men with *theirs* disturb *my organs* of
igestion; [question;
o'll give the *key-note* to get rid of *them*, that is the

Such music by *handle* (Handel) is too bad to *play*
upon the populace;
It's one continual "*Rogue's March*" marched by them
through the metropolis.

Chorus.

Itinerant harpist *harpies harp on one string*—begging
sturdy, [hurdy gurdy.
And *triangles* in *squares* go *round*, reinforced with
I'd *flagellate* the flageolet men, make banjo niggers
still, sir,
And *Ban* "*Joe* knocking at de door," and send
"*Bones*" to grind at the "Mill," sir,

Chorus.

Accordions and harmoniums look out for coppers
greedy;
A concertina-concert in a short time follows speedy.
Next comes the bag-pipes, and a "New Cut" Scotch-
man lushy reeling. [feeling.
I could *bag-pipes* and Scotchmen too, so wild I'm often

Chorus.

Now don't think I'm not musically inclined, oh, no,
I'm fond of [pond of.
Good playing, but *that* in the street to hear, I do des-
The "Music of the spheres," and fine on earth, certain
to please is, [disease is.
But the "*Music of the squares*" a perfect *organ*-ic

Chorus.

THE IRISHMAN'S SERENADE.

Air—"*The Young May Moon.*"

The full new moon is old, my love,
You've got plenty of money, I'm told, my love;
So your knocker I'll ring, and to court you I'll sing,
Tho' I've got a most shocking bad cold, my love.

en awake, for my love is so hot, my dear,
at without you I'll soon go to pot, my dear;
For my shirt at your clack would stick close to my
back—,
t the devil a shirt have I got, my dear.

ke a cat my watch I'm keeping, love,
r no bed have I got to sleep in, love;
So, honey, look down, and smile me a frown,
om your eye so beautiful peeping, love.

d time, like the gutter, does run, my dear,
pray thee much modesty shun, my dear:
Have me, I'll have you, and though still we'll be two,
l Kilkenny will take us for one, my dear.

JOHNNIE SANDS.

A MAN 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.

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 sorrow's weeds I'll busk 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 hang 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 fourscore 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.

VERY RESPECTABLE.

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—surprise;
  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 de 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 mo in exchange,
  But yet he was very respectable.
                Fal de ral.

KEEP UP YOUR PECKER.

Air—"*Paddy's Museum.*"

Does any one here want to know how
  To get through this valley of tears,
First-class and slap-up?—then I'll show how,
  To turn aside scorning and jeers.
Not for what you are, are you respected,
  But for what you appear by your dress,
Look down—by the world you're suspected,
  Look well up—you meet its caress.

CHORUS—

Don't own you're low in the exchequer,
Poor devils the world can't endure,
My boys, always keep up your "pecker,"
And never look shabby nor poor.

Of importance the first is your togging,
And should your dull prospects look black,
Why then you must put the less prog in
Your mouth, for the sake of your back.
For instance, a coat torn and seedy,
Abandon by all means, at once,
For if you look shabby and needy,
You're reckoned a knave or a dunce.

Chorus.

If you can't buy new boots, use "soft sawder,"
To get them on credit, my swells;
Keep the leather department in order,
By some means, wear "nobby Crabshells."
With decent boots,—tidily polished,
You can "cheek it," to borrow a crown,
If they're bursted, your hopes are demolished,
And it's U.P. for getting a brown.

Chorus.

Never wear a hat dented and greasy,
It damns you at once low and poor,
To hide the stain oily is easy,
And here's a receipt for it, sure:—
Mount black crape, and swear you're in mourning
For a wealthy old uncle, or aunt,
And a fortune before your eyes dawning,
On the strength of that, loans they will grant.

Chorus.

If your linen department's all "dicky,"
How to make the most of it, I'll tell,
Wear it right way, on Monday, my bricky,
On Tuesday, the same way as well,

On Wednesday, to make it look tidy,
  Reverse it, and unprick the plaits.
Turn it upside down, Thursday and Friday,
  But consign it, next day, to the fates.
Chorus.

If smoking the "weed" is your hobby,
  Avoid short pipes—they are low,
A penny Pickwick, it looks nobby,
  And, with judgment, much farther will go,
Puffing clays in the street, you're suspected
  For treason and villany ripe.
With a genteel cigar, you're respected,
  But a vagabond dubbed, with a pipe.
Chorus.

A tap-room avoid like a jail, and
  The twopence spent there, for the beer
Will purchase a glass of pale ale, and
  Make you much grander appear.
Sit down in the parlour, the paper
  Ring for, and there blow your cigar;
You're thought a nob, then, by that caper,
  But a snob in the tap, or the bar.
Chorus.

In conclusion, keep up an appearance,
  Somehow, both in pocket and togs;
It's done by a cool perseverance,
  And you'll find how the world easy jogs.
And remember, whate'er people say, sir,
  In this life 'tis the coat makes the man;
And you're sure to get on every way, sir,
  If you'll follow the foregoing plan.
Chorus.

MR. SOLOMON LEARY.

MISTER LEARY slipp'd into this world at Killarney,
The place of all others for beauty and blarney;
He soon found his mother, but found it was rather
A hard task for babies to know their own father.
  Father O'Leary, sweet pretty deary,
It's a wise child that knows his papa, Mister Leary.

He'd a red nose, red hair, brawny limbs, and a clear eye,
Which squinted, a bit, so they christen'd him Leary,
But the boys call'd him Solomon, which was no joke,
For merry and wise were the first words he spoke.
Master Leary, Leary, lisping young Leary,
He was merry and wise, Master Solomon Leary.

Growing up he made love to Miss Hester Molloy,
The virgin mamma of a very fine boy,
Who he fain would have kiss'd, but she cried, "Go you joker,
Sure the child that's once burnt, always dreads a hot [poker.
O Leary, Leary, go you sweet deary,
The burnt child dreads the fire, Mister Solomon Leary."

Then he fill'd up a bumper and leer'd at Miss Hester,
He toasted her charms, while he tenderly press'd her,
Till a press-gang press'd him all on board a king's ship;
Oh! there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.
Poor Leary, Leary, he look'd very queery,
As he slipp'd both the cup and the lip, poor O'Leary.

Having lost both his liquor and lass, our nate dandy
Fell deeply in love with the captain's nate brandy,
Till caught at the bung-hole, they show'd him no quarter;
Oh, the pitcher might go once too oft to the water.
O Leary, Leary, he look'd wretched and dreary,
For the pitcher was broke, Mister Solomon Leary.

Then they put him in chains, and condemn'd him beside,
And up to the yard-arm his wizzen they tied;
But the rope broke, and into the water he bounded,
Sure he that was born to be hang'd can't be drounded,
O Leary, Leary, swim to your deary,
He that's born to be hang'd can't be drown'd, Mister Leary.

THADY O'BRADY.

Air—"*Charley over the water.*"

Ye lasses and bucks leave off your sly looks,
  While I sing of one Thady O'Brady,
Who courted Miss Reilly so snug and so slily,
  He determined to make her his lady;
But before he'd begin to commit this great sin,
  Which the clergy they call matrimony,
His furniture all, he would tell at one call,
  That he'd give to his own darling honey.

First a nate feather bed and a four-posted stead,
  A bolster, quilt, blanket, and sheets, too;
A curtain, one side to the rafters well tied,
  And a neat deal-board chest at our feet, too.
In one corner some meal, in another a pail
  Of sweet-milk, and roll'd butter hard by it:
Some salt in a barrel—for fear we should quarrel—
  Some whisky to keep us both quiet.

Four knives and four forks, four bottles and corks,
  Six plates, spoons, and two pewter dishes,
Salt butter a store, and salt herrings galore,
  With good praties as much as she wishes:
Two pots and a girdle, a sieve and a riddle,
  A slate for a tongs to bring fire on,
A pair of pot-hooks, and two little crooks
  To hang up the salt-box and gridiron.

Three noggins, three mugs, and a bowl and two jugs,
  A crock, and a pan something lesser,
A red fourpenny glass, to dress at for mass,
  Nail'd up to a clean little dresser;
Some starch and some blue in two papers for you,
  An iron, and holder to hold it;
A beetle to whack, and a stick-horse's back
  To dry your cap on 'fore you fold it.

Some onions and eggs in two little kegs,
  A kish wherein plenty of turf is;
A spade and grefaun to dig up the bawn,
  And some manure to cover the murphies.

A dog and two cats to run after the rats;
  A cock for a clock to give warning;
A plough and a sow, and a neat Kerry cow,
  To give milk for your tea in the morning.

A churn and a dash to make the cream splash,
  Some boiling hot water to fill it;
Two saucepans with handles to make the rush candles
  Some grease in a small metal skillet;
For a lump of fat bacon you'll not be short taken,
  With some cabbage to put where the meat is;
A pair of new brogues, and two osier skehogues
  To draw water from off the boiled praties.

Some flax and a wheel, some wool and a reel,
  A besom to keep the house snug, too;
A few yards of frieze to cover my thighs,
  And for you a neat piece of brown rug, too.
But we must think of young Thady, and have flannel ready,
  With paneady to keep him a feeding:
A cradle see-saw, and a red lobster's claw,
  To give to the brat when he's teething.

Some soap to wash all, shifts, stockings, and caul,
  A table, three stools, and a form;
All this will I give, and think we may live
  As well as the Justice of Quorum.
But Kathleen asthore, should you want any more,
  Roar out without any more pother,
For 'tis an Irishman's pride, let whatever betide,
  To keep his poor wife in good order.

THE BOYS OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

WHAT for should I sing you of Roman or Greek,
  Or the boys we hear tell of in story?
Come match me for fighting, for frolic, or freak,
  An Irishman's reign in his glory,
For Ajax and Hector, and bold Agamemnon,
  Were up to the tricks of our trade, O;
But the rollicking boys for wine, women, and noise,
  Are the boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

What for should I sing you of Helen and Troy,
  Or the mischief that came by her flirting?
There's Biddy M'Clinch, the pride of Fermoy,
  Twice as much of an Helen, that's certain.
Then for Venus, Medica, or queen Cleopatra,
  Bad luck to the word could he said, O,
But the rollicking boys, for war, women, and noise,
  The boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

What for should I sing of classical fun,
  Or of games whether Grecian or Persian?
Sure the Curragh's the place where the knowing one's lone,
  And Mallow that flogs for divarsion.
For fighting, for drinking, for women, and all,
  No time like our times o'er was made, O,
But the rollicking boys, for war, women, and noise,
  The boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

YOU SHOULDN'T BUY TRIPE ON A FRIDAY.

RECITATIVE.

I've often heard my poor old Granny say
That Friday was a most unlucky day—
And as a proof old Granny wasn't wrong,
O listen—listen to my doleful song.

AIR.

Old Mrs. Snipe was fond of tripe,
  Sure no poor soul was thinner—
In Sunday clothes to market goes,
  On Friday for a dinner.
But as she went along the road,
  She met with neighbour Tiddy—
He heard her errand—lackaday!
And unto her these words did say,
  "You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday!"

But on she went—the tripe she bought,
  Though she was in a shiver;
She got a large piece, sirs, for a groat,
  Besides a hap'orth of liver,

As she return'd a large dog lay,
  Which opened his mouth so wide—he
Snatch'd her liver and ran away,
And barking thus, he seemed to say,
  "You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday!"

Then home she went with sorrow flat,
  Such luck she ne'er before had met—
And then she saw her tabby cat,
  Sat mewing loud at the door mat.
"Ah, puss," she cries, "I can't be gay,
  This seems to me a wry day"—
But puss she mew'd, and round did play,
And thus to her she seem'd to say,
  "You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday!"

But still she thought her tripe to eat,
  So laid it on the dresser—
But pussy got it down so neat,
  And soon she made it lesser.
A large piece stuck, sirs, by the way,
  Which cooked her neat and tidy,
She kick'd and sprawl'd, and down she lay,
And as she died, she seem'd to say,
  "You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday!"

CONTENTS.

X