

# Opening the Exhibition.

JUNE 10th, 1854.

All ranks and conditions the great and the small,  
Of the great Exhibition I will tell you all;  
When the wonders the ins and the outs you have read,  
It will make you laugh seven years after you're dead.

CHORUS.

Tens of thousands will go in youth beauty and bloom  
To the great Exhibition the tenth day of June.

There is gardens and meadows great mountain & park  
There is Nebuchadnezzar and old Noahs Arch—  
There is Adam and Eve drinking brandy and ale;  
There is Sampson & Joanah who swallowed the whale.

On a large silver anchor sits Charley Napier,  
And up in a corner the old Russian Bear;  
There is Louis Napoleon Prince Al and the Queen;  
And a thing for to make little children by steam.

There is white mice & blue mice & large cannon balls,  
There is newfashioned bugs twice as big as St Pauls  
There's a french irish stew and a portague bun,  
And a funny machine to grind old women young.

There's He giants there fifty seven feet high,  
And She giants who would reach up to the sky,  
There's a bull with ten horns with his head in a pail  
A man with three heads and a pig with nine tails.

There's a goose 'aying ducks eggs a hen raving mad,  
A donkey and cat singing moll in the wad;  
There's an e phant dancing and singing a song,  
And a large german sausage eleven miles long.

From Lewisham from Peckham and Croydon t'ey go  
From Bromley and Sydenham and Norwood also,  
There's tailors with geese and ladies with humps,  
And Jemmy and Jack playing at tiddle and bumps.

There's ladies with lockets and ladies with veils,  
Ladies with boas like crocodiles tails,  
There's ladies with trousers so handsome alack!  
And bustles as big as a coalheavers sack.

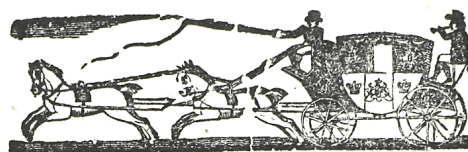
There's ladies with coral necklaces in rows,  
There's gold cocks and breeches, a penny a go,  
There's old farmer chubb and his lady so fine,  
And Paddy from Cork with his button behind.

Inside there's a mermaid so handsome, oh legs,  
With a nose a yard long and two old wooden legs,  
There's coblers and bakers snips grocers and wigs,  
There's welch navigators coalheavers and prigs.

There's roundabouts in and outs, strong ginger pop,  
Knock 'em down pie, 'em up sausages hot,  
Everyting in the world the young ladies to charm,  
And some pine pop the weasels as long as my arm.

All the world and his mother I'm sure will be there,  
And the wonder of wonders will make you to stare,  
One old lady at Sydenham went in it is said,  
And next day she lay in with a big bullocks head.

Printed for the Author, JOHN MORGAN.



## WILD AND WICKED YOUTH.

Printer. . . . . Street,

In Newry town I was bred and born,  
In Steven's Green I died with scorn,  
I served my time to the saddling trade  
And always was a roving blade.

At seventeen I took a wife,  
I loved her dear as I love my life,  
And to maintain her fine and gay,  
A robbing went on the highway.

But my money did grow low,  
On the highway I was forced to go,  
Where I robbed both lords and ladies  
bright,  
Brought home the gold to my heart's  
delight.

I robbed Lord Golding I do declare,  
Lady Mansfield in Grosvenor Square  
I shut the shutters, bid 'em good night  
And went away to my heart's delight.

To Covent Garden I took my way,  
With my blooming bride to see the  
play,  
Till Fielding's gang did me pursue,  
Taken I was by the cursed crew.

My father cries I am undone,  
My mother cries for her darling son,  
My wife she tears her golden hair,  
What shall I do, for I'm in despair.

But when I'm dead, and in my grave,  
A decent funeral let me have,  
Six highwaymen to carry me,  
Give them broad swords and liberty.

Six blooming girls to bear my pall,  
Give them gloves and ribbons all,  
When I am dead, they'll tell the truth,  
He was a wild and wicked youth.

1854

