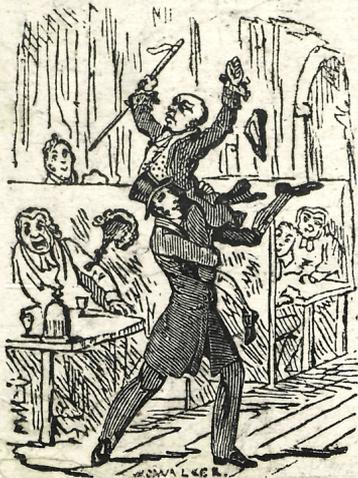


Kentish

THE NAUGHTY SWELL,

Or, who stole the Bricks?



ALL you that dwell in Kentish Town,
Attend unto my song:
I'll try for to amuse you
And not detain you long,
Its of a very well known swell,
Who play'd some naughty tricks,
He toddle'd into Calver's Lane,
And from the sewer he prigg'd the bricks

With his chisel in his pocket,
He nicely has got fixed,
They fined him fifty shillings,
Because he prigg'd the bricks.

Policeman Ransby on his beat,
Seeing this swell to lurk about,
Says he, I think you steal the bricks,
But that I will find out;
Then Ransby went and marked two bricks
And run in a hiding place,
And the old swell came and stole them,
Which brought him in disgrace.

In his handkerchief he tied the bricks,
And then he walked away,
The Policeman done his duty,
By asking him to stay;
Saying, Sir, I must search the handkerchief,
You've been playing naug' ty tricks,
And you must come along with me,
For I saw you prig the bricks.

This swell he shook and trembled,
And was as meek as any mouse,
Begg'd the Policeman not to take
Him to the Station-house;
But, says he, my duty I must do,
Or I shall myself get fixed,
If I suffer any swell like you.
To come and prig the bricks.

When he was brought before the beak,
He little had to say,
But it was to leave the garden walk,
He took the bricks away.
Said the Magistrate, this case is clear,
A small fine on you I'll fix,
You must pay fifty bob and costs,
For prigg'ing of the bricks.

So you people all of Kentish Town,
Of brick prigg'ing beware,
Or else like this naughty swell,
You'll get into a snare;
The bricks was marked with G B.,
Which makes this swell bewail,
If a poor man had have stole them,
He'd have got six months in jail.

JOHN PRATT, Printer, Pye Street,
Westminster.

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