



# JACK RAG.

Although my name is Jack Rag, if you will list awhile,  
I'll give you the Grecian statues in an out and out style,  
To see Ducrow and Thompson you would not care a rag.  
After you had seen them done by me,—poor Jack Rag.  
If you see me on the crossing, and you can spare a mag,  
I hope you won't begrudge it to me,—poor Jack Rag.

The first was Mr. Hercules, who did many great exploits,  
By killing men in battle, and throwing of the quoits;  
One day he took one in his hand, and he gave it such a throw,  
And when he had thrown it fifty miles, he stood—just so.

Then there was Mr. Ajax, one look of his was frightening,  
One day he gave a hungry grunt—I does defy the lightning,  
He went out without his breakfast, and spirits very low,  
He stamped and swore, he raved and tore, and stood—just so.

Mr. Cincinnati, his name I will not bandie,  
He stood before a lady to fasten up his saddle,  
Some boys they twigg'd the caper and pelted him with snow,  
And all the while they hooted him, he stood—just so.

There was Cain and Abel fell out with one another,  
So Cain, to be revenged, he thought he'd kill his brother,  
He took him up and threw him down, and gave him such a blow,  
And while he was a whopping him, he stood—just so.

Now, when he saw his brother dead, he covered him with hay,  
And as a screw was getting loose, he cut his stick away;  
For when or where his brother was, he said he didn't know,  
And when he toddles after him, he stood—just so.

When Sampson went to Gaza, he broke a thousand pates,  
And as he was not satisfied, he carried off the gates;  
The soldiers tried to hinder him, but that they found no go,  
For when he got them on his back, he stood—just so.

John Sampson caught a lion, a wandering about,  
He shoved his arm down his throat, and turned him inside out,  
He took him up and threw him down, and gave him such a blow,  
And while he was a whopping him, he stood—just so.

# I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY

As I walked out one May morning,  
One May morning so early,  
I overtook a handsome maid,  
Just as the sun was rising.  
With my ru rum ra.

Her stockings white, her shoes so bright,  
Her buckles shined like silver;  
She had a black and rolling eye,  
And her hair hung o'er her shoulders.  
With my ru rum ra.

Where are you going my pretty fair maid?  
Where are you going—my honey?  
She answered me, right cheerfully,  
"An errand for my mammy."  
With my ru rum ra.

How old are you, my pretty fair maid?  
How old are you—my honey?  
She answered me right modestly,  
"I'm seventeen come Sunday."  
With my ru rum ra.

Will you take a man, my pretty fair maid?  
Will you take a man, my honey?  
She answered me, right cheerfully,  
"I dare not for my mammy."  
With my ru rum ra.

If you will come to my mammy's house,  
When the moon shines bright and clearly,  
I'll come down and let you in,  
My mammy shall not hear you  
With my ru rum ra.

I went to her mammy's house,  
When the moon so bright was shining,  
She came down and let me in,  
And I lay in her arms till morning  
With my ru rum ra.

Soldier will you marry me?  
(For now is the time or never),  
For if you do not marry me,  
I am undone for ever.  
With my ru rum ra.

Now I'm with my soldier lad,  
Where the wars they are alarming,  
A drum and fife is my delight,  
And a pint of rum in the morning.  
With my ru rum ra.

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