



JUDY YOU BLACK-GUARD.

Arrah, Judy you blackguard I see you've been
 lushing,
 I know by the leer of your eye,
 In each whiskey shop your nose you've been
 pushing,
 And taking a drop on the sly,
 Och bad luck to your dram drinking throttle,
 With your guzzling I'm murder'd completely,
 By the powers you're queen of the bottle,
 And your rags like a gibbet fly neatly.

When first we were married, love you was my
 darling,
 How happy each moment passed by,
 But now night and day we're like cat and dog
 snarling,

When you've got a drop in your eye,
 And when to your uncle's you go,
 The tales that you go with are shocking,
 You put on there a face full of woe,
 And for gin you would pop an old stocking.

There was once a time when I thought you were
 pretty,

But now you are as ugly as sin ;
 Your carbuncled mug for ever is dirty,
 And the colour of snuff is your skin.
 Sure the devil your equal ne'er found,
 In the whole of his infernal nation,
 And when you go to him I'll be bound,
 He'll blush for his ugly relation.

My shirt is so tattered whene'er it wants wash-
 ing,

You hang it out on a nail,
 Its on the wall while you're suds at it dashing,
 For fear you should scrub out the tail,
 Like as Hottentot king I'm decked out,
 In all colours of patches and steithes,
 While my new clothes you've shoved up the
 spout,

And swallowed coat waistcoat, and breeches.



THE BESOM MAKER.

I am a besom maker, listen to my tale,
 I am a besom maker, lives in yonder vale,
 Sweet pleasures I enjoy both morning, night, and noon,
 Going over the hills so high a gathering of green broom.

CHORUS.

Come buy my besoms, besoms fine and new,
 Bonny green broom besoms, better never grew.

One day as I was roving, over the hills so high,
 I met with a rakish squire, all with a rolling eye,
 He tipt to me the wink, I wrote to him the tune,
 I eas'd him of his jink, a gathering of green broom.

One day as I was turning, to my native vale,
 I met Jack Sprat, the miller, he asked me to turn tale,
 His mill I rattled round, I ground the grits so clean,
 I eas'd him of his jink, in gathering broom so green.

One day as I was turning to my native cot,
 I met a buxon farmer, happy was his lot,
 He plough'd his furrows deep, and his corn so low,
 He left it there to keep her, like green broom to grow.

When the corn grew up to its native toil,
 A pretty sweet young baby soon on me did smile,
 I bundled up my besoms and took them to the fair,
 And sold them all by wholesale, nursing now's my care.

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