

SO THEY STOP'D THE CLOCK

Shoreditch

As I walk'd down by Shoreditch church
I heard an old woman say,
It is nearly dark, so help my bob,
And what's the time of day ;
When a butcher boy did her annoy,
And gave her such a shock,
And holloa'd in her ears, why don't
You see they've stopped the clock.

What great confusion it did cause,
All Shoreditch it did shock,
Because they took it in their heads
Oh dear ! to stop the clock.

All over Shoreditch parish, in
Sorrow they did roam,
Some lay in bed till dinner time,
Some all the afternoon ;
Some did not go to work at all,
Some got an awful knock,
They could not tell the time of day,
Because they stopped the clock.

As they passed down by Shoreditch
church,
In sorrow they did say,
Can you tell me sir, or madam, pray
What is the time of day ;
When up above they cast their eyes,
And then oh ! what a shock,
They saw a ladder sticking up,
But could not tell the clock.

Such grumbling and growling,
Was never heard before,
Some did groan, and some did moan,
And others loudly swore ;
And said it was a cruel thing,
The neighbourhood to shock,
And they did curse the hands who did
Presume to stop the clock.

I've got a twelvemonth IN QUOD FOR LARKING

I am borne down with care and woe,
And driven to distraction,
At the Old Bailey I was tried,
For larking and abduction ;
A blooming girl near Limehouse dwelt
And the jury all believed her,
She swore one night I did her meet
And cruelly deceived her.

Young men beware round Limehouse
Fields,
Or you will rue by jingo,
If you deceive a pretty maid,
You'll get twelvemonths in limbo.

To the Ben Jonson I did go
To meet this pretty maid there,
And then enticed her in a cab,
And basely I betrayed her,
Took her to a nanny house,
Where people did abuse her,
And others strove with all their might
To shamefully ill-use her.

Into a cab again she got,
How sad it is to tell, sir,
And then enticed her in a cab,
And got to Clerkenwell, sir ;
Where on a step I set her down,
Unconscious there did leave her,
With her direction in her hand,
It was cruel to deceive her.

Now in a jail I must bewail,
And skilley sup each morning,
You Limehouse lads I hope by me
That you will take a warning ;
Don't deceive a pretty maid,
Or you will rue by jingo,
Like Billy Day, who went astray,
And got twelvemonths in limbo.

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