

# Something.

## A Parody, on Nothing.

Pitts, Printer, Toy and Marble Warehouse,

6; Great St. Andrew street. 7 Dials

**A**TTEND to my song and or something I'll sing  
I've a notion that something is useful to bring.  
I've got something here, but what it's about, out  
You must judge for yourselves when you've heard it all  
CHORUS

There's something in pleasure, there is something in  
sorrow, (borrow;

There's something in money, when you want for to  
There's something in friendship, be it ever so flat,  
If a man goes a courting, there is something in that.

If you look and see nothing, its name it will change,  
Into something no doubt that will appear strange,  
For nothing's been lost for many years back,  
And when it is found, there'll be something in that

It's something you know in love to be cross'd  
It's something to lose all your Nose by the frost,  
When men go a skating and tumble in slap,  
To their chin in the water there's something in that.

There's something you know when a Parliament man,  
Shakes hand with a mortal that scarcely can stand  
Like O'Connell when pouring the whiskey down Pat  
To elect him a member, there was something in that,

There was something you know in the Catholic bill,  
A something each day people's mouths for to fill  
But some folks that time was as blind as a bat  
For when the bill passed there was something in that

When a man wants a wife and to have one is bent,  
He's sure to get something if it makes him repent  
But when dukes and large folks goes on Battersea plat,  
A fighting of duels there's something in that,

There's something in wedding, when a man brings his  
bride  
From the church he sits down light and gay by her side,  
He's jolly and merry, till Cupid give him a slap,  
He's to bed in a wink, then there's something in that,

It's something when large folks your pockets would  
fleece, [Police  
Peel thought of something, when he thought of the  
But the trade now round London appears very flat  
Tyburn's gate ran away, now there's something in that

It's something to get a black eye from your wife  
I call it something, tho' its nothing in life,  
There's something in Gin, its so devilish hot  
Its something to have a good joint in the pot,

Hyde-park gate took the sulks, & swears on his seat,  
For the future he thinks he shall take no more toll.  
But clap on a tax upon each horse's back.  
Now when parliament meets there'll be something in that

There's something you know looks as black as my hat,  
When great men cut their throats, why there's some-  
thing in that,

It's something to see John Bull taken in,  
As lately he was, by the Preuca Fire King,



## William and Dinah,

Pitts, Printer, Toy Marble warehouse, 6 ,  
Great st. Andrew street Seven Dials

**I**T'S of a liquor Merchant in London did dwell  
He had but one child a beautiful girl  
Her name it was Dinah, scarce fourteen years old,  
She had a large portion of silver and gold,

Besides a large portion when her mother did die  
Which made many a sweetheart to love and draw nigh  
As Dinah was walking in the garden one day  
Her father came to her and thus he did say'

Go Dinah address yourself in costly array,  
For I've met with a young man both gallant and gay,  
I've met with a man worth ten thousand a year  
He says he will make you his bride and his dear,

O honoured father, I am but a child,  
And to marry so early I ne'er can abide,  
O honoured dear father, I would freely give o'er  
If you'd let me live single for three years or more,

Go, boldest strumpet, the father then replied.  
Since you have denied me to be this man's bride  
I'll give away thy portion to some heir of thy kin  
You ne'er shall reap the benefit of one single pin.

Dinah wrote her love a letter with all haste and speed  
And told her sweet William what her father had said,  
Farewell my sweet William, for ever farewell  
How dearly I loved you there is no tongue can tell

As William was walking the groves all around  
He found his dear Dinah lay dead on the ground  
With a cup of strong poison and a note lying by her side  
'Twas my cruel father, caused my death so nigh,

He kissed her cold lips as she lay on the floor  
And he called her his jewel ten thousand times o'  
Then he drank up the poison like a lover so brave  
There's William and Dinah both lies in one grave

