

# BILLY NUTS THE POET.

Beat the drum and blow the fife,  
And let the world all know it—  
I must confess, I'm nothing less,  
Than Billy Nuts the poet;  
Tho' dress'd demure you'll own I'm sure,  
That I a clever start made—  
The first lines that I did pen,  
I penn'd upon a bar maid.

SPOKEN.—My name is Billy Nuts on work-days,  
William Nuts on Sundays, and William Nuts, Esq., any  
day you think proper. I'm a poet, by my wit I'll show  
it, some say stow it, but I say go it. Lines on a Bar  
Maid, after the style of Billy Shakespeare.

Oh! my scrumcious little dear,  
When I sees you drawing the beer,  
Out of them engines, it is clear  
You cast your eye with a wicked leer,  
Crickey don't I then feel queer—  
A tingling noise in each ear,  
Such ringing;  
Then you stretch forth your hand with ease,  
To take the monies;  
The opportunity I then seize,  
Your little hand I gently squeeze,  
And together knocks my knees—  
For I could live with thee on bread and cheese,  
And onions.

Beat the drum, &c.

I sometimes beat up Monmouth-Street,  
Or pitch in Seven Dials;  
Misfortune's sting, I oft times sing,  
The worst of nature's trials.  
As I pass by the people cry,  
He's versed in human nature,  
The poor man's part he takes to heart,  
Like the Irish agitator.

SPOKEN.—Talking of 'tatoes, I have some lines on a  
'tater—you shall here them, do 'nt jeer them, but cheer  
them, with a fal-de-riddle-e-rum. Lines on a Tater,  
after the style of Murphy.

Oh! Irish fruit, how well you suit,  
The calls of human nature;  
None can compare, I do declare  
With thee, O, flowery 'tater;  
Kidneys or round, I'll be bound,  
You'll stand amid the racket—  
Sometimes in hash—sometimes in mash,  
And sometimes in your jacket.  
Oft have I beheld young maids  
Your shining jackets pealing,  
With pointed knives dig out your eyes—  
They've got no fellow feeling.

Beat the drum, &c.

# NEVER HOLD MALICE!

Oh, never hold malice! it poisons our life  
With the gall-drop of hate, and the night-shade of strife;  
Let us scorn where we must, and despise where we may—  
But let anger, like sun light, go down with the day.

Our spirits in clashing, may bear the hot spark—  
But no smould'ring flame to break out in the dark;  
'Tis the narrowest heart that creation can make,  
Where our passion folds up like the coils of a snake.

Oh, never hold malice! it cannot be good,  
For 'tis nobler to strike in the rush of hot blood  
Than to bitterly cherish the name of a foe,  
Wait to sharpen a weapon, and measure a blow.

The wild dog in hunger, the wolf in its spring,  
The shark of the waters, the asp with its sting,  
Are less to be feared than the vengeance of man,  
When it lieth in secret to wound where it can.

Oh, never hold malice! dislike if you will,  
Yet, remember humanity linketh us still;  
We are all of us human, and all of us erring—  
And mercy within us should ever be stirring.

Shall we dare to look up to the Father above,  
With petitions for pardon, or pleadings for love?  
Shall we dare, while we pant for revenge on another,  
To ask from a God, yet deny to a brother?

# BILLY NUTS.---Continued.

I soon expect, if I don't neglect,  
To start a penny paper,  
And then with pun, and wit, and fun,  
I'll scare away each vapour;  
I'll indite and write, by candle light,  
Each article so witty,  
And in time of course I'll dine,  
With the Mayor of our City.

SPOKEN.—Talking of dinners, it is not often us poets  
get a dinner, but when we do what is there more delightful  
than a Sheep's Head? I have some Lines on a Sheep's  
Head, you shall hear them. Lines on a Sheep's Head, after  
the style of Lamb.

Oh! Sheep's Head how hard thy tale to tell is,  
How often thou hast filled the bellies  
Of little Susans, Kates, Janes, Molls and Nellies;  
Thy primest part, we all know well is,  
Thy fat eye, from which the luscious jellies  
Flow, the butcher eager for to sell is—  
The imaginary jemmies, *alias* mountain pecker.

Beat the drum, &c.

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[26]

