



BETTY

OF

Billingsgate:

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A BOAT unmoor'd from oft Bank-
side,
Young Charley he was rowing,
With him Bet Flounder oft was seen
To Billingsgate a-going.
Young Charley he Bet Flounder lov'd,
And to her he'd his love relate,
To please each night and morn he
strove,
Sweet Betty of Billingsgate.

As on they row'd, he told his tale,
How that, on her he was doating,
The boat was upset by a gale,
Like a flounder she was floating;
He plunged into the river wide,
Nor did he a moment wait,
To save his dear, his destin'd bride,
Sweet Betty of Billingsgate.

Betty she is an high-born fair,
A dustman was her daddy,
Her mother she sold wooden ware,
Her brother was a Paddy:
Sweet Betty at length young Charley
blest,
And she took him for her mate,
And happy now with her he lives,
Sweet Betty of Billingsgate.

