

# King the Detective

Or the modern Jonathan Wild.

Come all good people young or old, young or old  
A curious story I'll unfold—about a bobby,  
His name is King, he belongs to the C's  
So he used to learn the young'uns to thieve.

The Detective King with features mild,  
They call him the modern Jonathan Wild.

He did not want goose, rabbit pie or skins,  
But a higher game he did begin—open your eyes  
Now with some boys he walked about,  
The ladies' pockets he did point out.

To fairs and races he used to  
And done business at the Lord Mayor's show,  
Fake a way,

What money was got to any amount,  
Detective King had share of the blount.

He kept up the game you may believe  
Encouraging boys to go and thieve—turn him out  
Gold watches and purses the truth if you doubt  
Just look in the paper and you'll find it out.

They used to go out at daylight and dark,  
King he used to point out a mark—that's a game  
It's a pity such a body of men,  
Should get a bad name through a rascal like him  
I despises all men now King did cry,  
That gets twelve months for a goose or a pie,  
watches and purse

You won't believe though the truth I speak,  
We got as much as a hundred a week.

King the truth I will declare,  
He opened a Coffee shop with his share.  
he was up to a dodge

To the play the boys went and just for a lark,  
They bought a nice horse to ride in the park

This sneaking cur of a Jonathan Wild,  
Got money to secret the birth of a child,  
Send him to quod

He used to pick out at his command,  
The boys that's got the smallest hand.

When boys they did turn round,  
Athen King thought he was safe and sound  
In a Coffee Shop

He tried to run it was no go,  
The bobby said with me you must go.

The like of this fellow there never was heard,  
He took the police right off their guard,  
Send him to quod

So what with detectives, plumbs mutton & geese  
A man is not safe to walk in the streets,

Such days as these it brings into mind  
The days of Jack Shepherd & Jonathan wild

## DONALD'S RETURN TO GLENCOE

As I was walking one morning of late,  
When Flora's gay mantle the fields decorate,  
I carelessly wandered where I did not know,  
On the banks of a stream that lies in Glencoe.

Like her who the prize on Mount Ida had won  
There approach'd me a lassie as bright as the sun  
The ribbons and tartans around her did flow,  
That once grac'd M'Donald the pride of Glencoe

With courage undaunted I to her drew nigh,  
The red rose and lily on her cheek seemed to vie  
I asked her name and how far she did go;  
She answered me, sir, I'm bound to Glencoe.

I says my dear lassie your enchanting smile  
And sweet comely features my heart's beguiled  
If your fond affections on me you'll bestow,  
You'll bless the happy hour we met at Glencoe.

Young man she made answer your suit I disdain.  
I once had a sweetheart young Donald was his  
He went to the wars about ten years ago (name  
A maid I'll remain till he returns to Glencoe.

Perhaps this young Donald regards not your name  
And placed his affections on some foreign dame  
He may have forgotten for ought that you know  
The lovely young lassie he left in Glencoe.

My Donald's true valour when tried in the field,  
Like his gallant ancestors disdaining to yield  
The Spaniards and French he will overthrow,  
And in splendour return to my arms in Glencoe

The power of the French is hard to pull down,  
They have caused many heroes to die of their  
wounds,

And with your own Donald it may happen so,  
The man you love dearly perhaps is laid low.

My Donald can ne'er from his promise depart,  
For love, truth and honour are found in his heart  
And if I ne'er see him I single will go.  
And mourn for my Donald the pride of Glencoe,

Now finding her constant I pulled out the glove  
Which at parting she gave me as a proof of love,  
She hung on my breast as tears down did flow,  
Saying you are my Donald returned to Glencoe

Cheer up my dear Flora your sorrows are o'er,  
While life does remain we will never part more,  
The rude storms of war at a distance may blow,  
While in peace and contentment I will rest in  
Glencoe.

1850

