

# THE NOBLE DUKE AND THE PARISH OF CHISWICK.

COME all you Chiswick heroes,  
To me now lend an ear,  
There's an offer from a Nobleman,  
The Duke of Devonshire;  
To grant what you all require,  
A pretty piece of ground,  
But what a squall, for an old brick wall,  
She wants a thou and pounds.

## CHORUS.

Among our old ancestors,  
When diseased we wish to lay,  
And by the kindness of the noble Duke,  
We soon shall gain the day.

In Chiswick stands a Boarding-school,  
And you well know it all,  
And around this well-known Boarding-  
school,

There stands an old brick wall,  
In the school there lives a lady,  
The owner of the ground,  
Who wants a thousand pounds in gold,  
To pull the old wall down.

But, says the folks of Chiswick,  
Sure, that can never be,  
She must give in, and very soon  
The Ratepayers will see,  
That they will have the privilege,  
When their friends and kindred die,  
To place them in the ancient spot,  
Where their ancestors lie.

The Lady of the Boarding-school,  
Can sport and ride about--  
Some little boys can chalk it up,  
And none will rub it out.  
She can instruct her scholars,  
And sport upon the ground,  
And for a rotten old brick wall,  
Demand one thousand pounds.

Here's to the Duke of Devonshire,  
Who will so freely give,  
Three acres for a Cemetery,  
Long may he happy live.  
And may the folks of Chiswick,  
All be joyful evermore,  
And when they die, in the churchyard lie,  
As their fathers were before.

# THE DRAPPER OF KENSAL NEW TOWN.



THE Drapper was a funny man,  
And was well known around.  
He learn'd a game—you know the same—  
Up in Kensal-New Town;  
He and his wife, upon my life,  
Look'd like a summer flower,  
And they could train a pretty girl,  
In the parlor for an hour.

## CHORUS

Two Militia lads got in a mess,  
To serve six months in jail,  
And another woman she did get,  
To find a six months bail.

They gave the girl a bonnet,  
As you may all suppose,  
And then the Drapper got for her  
A stonning suit of clothes;  
A petticoat, a pair of boots  
A dandy shawl and frock  
And then so gay—good luck a day!—  
A bustle gown and frock

The Drapper man—you understand  
Made everything to suit  
With ribbons fine the girl he train'd  
These boys to prosecute—

Perhaps she would not have done so  
At least some do suppose  
But she said around she'd get ten pounds  
And a stonning suit of clothes.

We can't say much about this girl  
She tutor'd was so well  
And people say by night and day  
A story she could tell

Let her character be what it will  
The job was done complete  
By the Drapper and the pretty girl  
And the buxom Mister P—

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