

Poor Old Greenwich Fair



Come all you lads and lasses to my ditty lend a ear
Do you know the rogues have done away with poor
old Greenwich fair,
When at Easter and at Witsuntide we used to go so gay
By wind and steam so merrily to pass dull care away.

Now at Easter and at Witsuntide no more we shall repair,
Oh cruel was the rogues who done away with Greenwich
fair,

We used to go to Greenwich fair and there have such a lark
to see the pretty maidens rolling down through Greenwich
park,
then into the swings they hasten and go flying in the air,
there was never such a pretty place as poor old Greenwich
fair.

There was roasted pigs and nanny-goats in Greenwich fair
was sold, (gold
there was hats and ladies' bustles trim'd with California
there was lovely cocks & bretches saveleys & hot pea soup
three sticks a penny in the hole and pricking in the loop,

What lots of fun and humour used to be at Greenwich fair
there was Billy Pnuch and Judy too in all their glory
there

There was firing at the target and lollypops to sell,
And private rooms for ladies to play at Bagatelle.

I never shall forget the time and I'm sure will never you
When old Brown upon his salt box used to play the rat too
Last Friday night the Baker's wife did solemnly declare,
She saw the ghost of Billy Richardson dancing round the
fair.

She saw the ghost of Algiers too, which made old doughy
jump
He had eleven gas lamps hanging to his rump
She saw old Woombell's elephant dancing in the dark
And then upon the fair ground met the ghost of Billy Clark

Nine pretty maids in Greenwich Park one easter I did see
Who wished to look and see a cock climb up a chestnut tree
But what a lark the bough it broke and they could not
hold fast
When down they came upon their bums a rolling on the
grass.

Oh cruel was the naughty rogues how could they ever
dare
To sign a long petition to kill old Greenwich fair
May they never see a comfort may they never taste a nut
May they die upon the river with a scratcher in their guts

Old Greenwich was delightful when the shop boys were
let loose
The Barber sold his lather box the tailor sold his goose,
The cobbler sold his lapstone to banish grief and care,
And sally pawned her linen smock to go to Greenwich fair

Then weep you lads and lasses lie down and shed a tear,
And cry oh dear we never more shall see old Greenwich fair

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