

Sunday act

The Public House Act.



Come all you men and women too
that likes a drop of Beer,
A glass of Rum, a glass of Gin,
Into the wine vaults steer.
But recollect on Sunday night
Inside you cannot stop,
Slap goes the door, out goes the light
At the hour of ten o'clock.

CHORUS.

They have passed an act, it is a fact,
The drunkard's mouth to stop,
Up goes the shutters, out goes the light,
at exactly ten o'clock.

Spoken—Come gentlemen, it only wants
two minutes and two seconds to ten o'clock.
Why that ere clock aint right I know, it
wants three minutes by the day. Landlord,
fill this pot; cant draw no more to night,
our act says you shall not draw, offer to draw
drink or offer to drink after the hour of ten
o'clock on a sunday night, under the penalty
of five pounds, recollect that.

Now who's that knocking at the door
I must not let you in,
We are travellers and we must have
A little drop of gin,
We want some pipes, we've got the gripes,
Make haste we cannot stop,
You must cut your stick, so hook it quick,
You know its ten o'clock.

Spoken—Who is that making that con-
founded noise at the door? why we are tra-
vellers and we want refreshment, here's old
Joe Muggins's wife's daughters' grandmother
got a pain in her nose, she wants a quar-
tern of gin and peppermint. Can't come in
I tell you, it is nearly four minutes past ten,
and if you are not off I shall be compelled to
call the police, so then to the station you will
get popped for disturbing the people at ten
o'clock.

There was an old man and his darling wife
went out so gallant and gay,
For a drop of gin last Sunday night,
But oh good lack a day,
They could'nt get in, they got no gin,
How they did hammer and knock,
How they did shout, but the light was out,
It was after ten o'clock.

Spoken—Come turn out you fellows in the
tap room, you know as well as I do it is near
ten o'clock, I'm blowed if I go till I have
drinked my beer, it is a gallows shame to
turn us out, see how it rains and blows, why
we shall be all wet to the skin; cant help it
the law is the law, and the act is the act, and
I must close my doors, so out you go, out
with the lights Bill and bolt the doors.

Put out the lights and bolt the doors
And all the engines lock
Come move about, and shove them out,
'Tis nearly ten o'clock.
Draw them no more of ale or stout,
And not a drop of gin,
Fire away, I tell you all,
I must not let you in.

Spoken—Landlord my wife is in labour
and I want a little Brandy; can't help it, I
can't let you in if she had ten labours, if you
call to morrow morning at a quarter past four
you can have as much as you like to pay for.

Such fun it is on Sunday nights,
To see the lights put out,
At ten o'clock, no ale or gin,
Brandy, wine or stout,
will they supply to old or young,
If in the dark you pop,
To the Public house, now recollect,
If after ten o'clock.

John Marks, Printer, 206, Brick Lane, Whitechapel.
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