

SKETCH OF ROGUERY.

Come all you people in this place,
And listen to My song,
About the tricks in various trades,
In country and in town,
In silence we have born them,
For many many years,
But now free trade is all the go,
Away go all our fears.

CHORUS.

To keep them then from doing wrong,
The way that I suppose,
We will serve them as we would a pig,
Put a ring right through his nose.

First then it was the farmers,
That brought the wages low,
To buy their daughters bustles,
Their fine figures for to show,
I am very glad to tell you,
Free trade will serve them out,
For their shemies and their bustles,
They are shoving up the spout.
The parson too does cut a shine,
Out of the poor man's pay,
And if you'll give attention
I'll tell you in what way ;
There is their bibs and silken gowns,
And their servants dressed in livery,
And we all know the mony comes
Out of the poor man's pay.

The bakers are as bad,
For they're always on the march,
And making up the bread,
Of allum bones and starch ;
To rob the poor in every way,
They study day and night,
and when you go to buy your bread,
They rob you of your weight.

and now behold the miller,
How he's rolled up in lust,
For he steals the poor man's flour
and makes it up with dust,
All sorts of rubbish they mix up,
With sweeping of the mill,

That's how your flour looks so black,
When it's brought from the mill

and the next one is the butcher,
With his old greasy hat,
and under his scales is stuck
A large lump of dirty fat.
and by him stands his daughter,
Drest in such a flashy style,
For the bottom of her muslin,
Might reach half a mile !

The lawyers do it brown,
When ever they go to law.
and if you have ought to do with them
Your money they will draw,
They will take you to the county court,
Here the matter to decide,
they will rob you of every screw,
and humbug you beside.

The farmers keep the wages low,
and parsons live by preaching,
The bakers they do rob the poor,
By everything they're making,
the miller he sells flour,
With sweepings of the mill,
the doctor he sells medicines,
To make the peopld ill.

Just twig the landlord's daughter,
When she gets outside the door,
she now rides in a horse and cart,
But she wants a coach and four,
And in her hand a flashy parasol,
and over her face a veil,
and a bustle nine times as big,
as any milking pail.

So to conclude and make an end,
Of this my funny song,
The publican for roguery,
Mixes small beer with the strong,
So my opinion of the lot,
There's a set of selfish elves,
May the Lord have mercy on the poor,
For the rich can help themselves.

