

Bendigo and Deaf Burke.

On the late Fight between Thompson, alias Bendigo, and Deaf Burke, which came off on the 12th of February, 1839, for £220 and the Belt.

Come all you young blades who delight in a song,
And listen awhile and I'll not keep you long,
Concerning a hero who to Nottingham belong,
They call him the Nottingham hero,
Young Bendi for ever huzza.

On the 12th of February in the year 39,
The road leading to the fight with people was lin'd,
To see this great fight it was their design,
Between Burke and the Nottingham hero,
Young Bendi for ever huzza.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock the men did appear,
Thousands of people had assembled there,
The colours they tied to the stake I declare
Did Burke and the Nottingham hero,
Young Bendi for ever huzza.

It was on the 1st round I'd have you to know,
That Burke on the ribs got a tremendous blow,
The print of his knuckles they plainly did shew,
What hits came from the Nottingham hero,
Young Bendi for ever huzza.

After some manœuvre as it does appear,
The Deaf'un caught Bendigo upon the ear,
But Burke on the eye got it severe,
From Bendi the Nottingham hero,
Young Bendi for ever huzza.

In the 3rd and 4th rounds some smashing took place,
When Burke was sore punish'd on the face,
For Bendi hit out and which gave Burke a chase,
When over the ropes went the Nottingham hero,
Young Bendi for ever huzza.

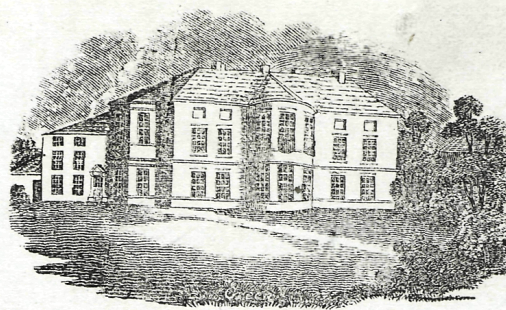
Time being call'd upon the 5th round,
And Bendigo ready was first on the ground,
He popp'd in his right, at the close both went down,
Burke on the top of the Nottingham hero,
Young Bendi for ever huzza.

In the 6th and 9th rounds it was plain to be seen,
That Burke had no chance and his backers look'd green,
Tho' to them it might look and appear like a dream,
To be beat by our Nottingham hero,
Young Bendi for ever huzza.

It was in the last round of this gallant fight,
Bendigo hit at his man left and right,
Burke found he'd no chance so to finish it quite,
He butted the Nottingham hero,
Young Bendi for ever huzza.

Now Burke is defeated of which it is plain,
Should he ever think fit for to fight him again,
He'll not make so sure when he goes to be train'd,
Of beating the Nottingham hero,
Young Bendi for ever huzza.

So now to conclude and finish my song,
I hope these few lines they will offend none,
For singing in praise of a man that hath won,
The belt is the Nottingham hero's
Young Bendi for ever huzza.



THE RECONCILING KISS.

Why that sadness on thy brow,
Why that starting crystal tear;
Dearest Phillis, let me know,
For thy grief I cannot bear,
Phillis, with a sigh, replied,
What need I the cause impart?
Do you not this moment chide?
And you know it breaks my heart.

Colin, melting as she spoke,
Caught the fair one in his arms,
O, my dear, that tender look,
Ev'ry passion quite disarms,
By this dear relenting kiss,
I'd no anger in my thought:
Come, my love, by this and this,
Let our quarrel be forgot.

As when sudden stormy rain,
Every drooping flow'ret spoils,
When the sun shines out again,
All the face of Nature smiles.
Phillis, so reviv'd and cheer'd,
By her Colin's kind embrace,
Her declining head uprear'd,
Sweetly smiling in his face.

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