

# THE FLARE UP IN THE CONFESSIOAL.

## THE PUSSEY CATS ARE COMING.

COME cheer up old England, don't be in  
the lurch, [the church ;  
With the broom beat the pussey cats out of  
Never mind the confessional, let us have hope  
We don't care for pussy cat, priestcraft, or  
Pope. [wait !

There's a good time boys, coming, a little time  
And listen awhile to the schoolmaster T..e ;  
The Bishop of London, will make them all  
squall, [Paul's.  
And knock them from Oxford, right over St.

The pussey cats coming, close windows and  
gate, T..e ;  
It is very distressing, says the schoolmaster  
Jolly Westerton collar'd a thumping oak stake  
And threatened to wallop them over the pate !

They summon'd the priest, and they sent for  
the Pope, [to mope ;  
And the Bishop of London, did make them  
He said, I will have you all banished I vow,  
When in popp'd the pussey cats, singing, moll  
Forgive me, oh, Father, said A..d P..e, [row  
I'll know better next time, when I go to school  
When in jump'd a Bishop from Oxford no  
doubt, [ing out.

With his breeches all tore, and his shirt hang-  
Oh ! ladies, young ladies, of pussies beware !  
If you go to confession, you'll be caught in a  
snare, [your nose,  
You must tell all you do ; and the length of  
How many nails you have got on your fin-  
gers and toes :

How many times you have washed yourself  
under the pump, [rump ;  
And how many times you have fell on your  
How many times you've been smoking your  
pipe, [your life.  
And how many times you've been drunk in

How many times out at night you have  
stopped, [been wopped ;  
By your husband, tell how many times you've  
How many glasses of gin you've drunk pat,  
And how many times you have walloped the  
cat.

Tell them how many times you have been to  
the play [day !  
And if you'll have any pudding or Christmas  
Ladies, tell them about your fuzzles & curls ;  
Do you think your good husband goes after  
the girls ?

Well now, says the Bishop, you bad naughty  
boy, [and toys ;  
Throw away all your jew's sharps, your whistles  
Away with your hoops, your toys, and your  
rattles ; [battle.  
And you mister Oxford, must lead them to  
Fill all the pussey cats now with amaze,  
It was money made fire & faggots to blaze ;  
Said London, all you naughty p...e boys,  
Shall be chopped up for sausages & saveloys.

Oh, dear ! how they stamped, while some tum-  
bled flat, [pussey cats !  
And they hollowed and swore, did the poor  
Cried clever mister London, I've made it a rule  
To sack him & whack him poor B....s P..e.  
The ladies no more shall go to him confessing,  
Because I consider 'tis very distressing ;  
Speak candid young ladies, would you any  
one like,— [a night ?  
To tell how many times you've been kiss'd in

Here's success mister London, true night & day  
Oh, Westerton, drive all the pussies away ;  
As for you mister Oxford you no comfort will  
find, [behind.  
When you've got a great hole in your breeches  
If the women confess they shall have no more  
gin, [sins ;  
Now can they go telling the parson their  
There will soon be a stop to such doings we  
hope,

Away with the pussey cats, laugh at the Pope  
Be couragious old England, of thorns clear  
the way,  
Hurrah for brave Westerton, jolly and gay,  
He will turn the confessionals all inside out,  
And then all the pussey cats, put to the rout.

London :— Printed for the Vendors.



1850