

A New Song on the ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Come friends draw near, and you shall
hear,

The lines that I'm inditing,
In England they've found a plan,
They call Electric lighting,
Gas companies are going mad,
All through this bit of scandall,
The country's to be lighted up,
With a half penny Russian candle,

CHORUS

So chaps look out, mind you're about
Your sweetheart do not handle,
Don't after dark get up to your park's
For fear of the Russian candle.

Now blow me tight the Electric light,
Its causing great sensation,
Gas lights are done now it has come,
From Russia to this nation,
Says Pelly Brown myself I'll drown,
For John he musn't handle,
Me on his knee or tickled me,
All through that Russian candle,

Says Susan Jane, O, what a shame,
I cannot go a courting,
And darling Joe who loved me so,
He can't with me be sporting,
On a dark night o, what a delight,
We used to kiss and ramble,

But now its done we can't have fun,
For that blooming electric candle.

Oh's an old girl O, what delight,
Now rushlights I'll be scorning,
All night there'll be a light you'll see,
You won't tell night from morning,
And when we think of tiddlewink,
Will think mind what we are after,
It'll be all right by the electric light,
A little son or a daughter.

While sprats and dace, and fine dutch
plaise,

To Billingsgate they're bringing,
You'll see right down the river Thames
The fishes all a swimming,
The electric light on a dark light,
Will put a end to sporting,
For you they will prig if you thing a my
gig,

With the gir's when you go courting

So gir's beware and mind your hair,
At chaps now don't be winking,
On some fine night the electric light,
will set yo all a blinking,
And chaps now please if you should
squeeze,

Your little Mary Ann sir,
Be sure its right or the electric light,
will make you pay for your jam, sir,

