

Come Landlord fill a Flowing Bowl.

COME landlord fill a flowing bowl,
 Until it does run over.
 Tonight we will merry be,
 To-morrow we'll get sober,
 Come landlord,
 He that drinks strong beer,
 And goes to bed mellow,
 Lives as he ought to live,
 And dies a hearty fellow
 Come landlord, &c.

He that drinks small beer,
 Goes to bed sober,
 Falls as the leaves do,
 That die in october,
 Come &c. &c.

Whisky cures the gout
 The cholic and the
 That is to all men,
 The very best of phy sic,
 Come landlord,

He that courts a pretty girl,
 And courts her for his pleasure,
 Is a fool if he marry her,
 Without stores or treasure.
 Come landlord &c.

So now let us dance and sing,
 And drive away all sorrow,
 For perhaps we may not
 Meet again to-morrow.

The Buffalo,

Pitts. Printer, Toy and Marble Warehouse, 5, Great
 Andrew street seven dials,

COME all you young fellows that have a mind
 To range,
 Into some foreign country your station for to chuse,
 Into some foreign country away from her did go
 We lay down on the banks of the pleasant yea wo
 We wandered thro' the wild woods & chase the Buffalo
 There is fishes in the river that is fitting for our use,
 And fine lofty sugar Canes that yield us fine juice
 And all sorts of game my boys besides the buck and Doe
 We lay down on the banks of the pleasant yea wo.
 Thro' the woods we'll wander & chase the Buffalo.

Come all you young maidens come spin us some yarn,
 To make us some cloathing to keep ourselves warm
 For you can card and spin my gals and we can reap
 and mow,
 We lay down on the banks, &c.

supposing these wild Indians should chause to comene
 We will all unite together boys, our hearts free from c
 We will march into the town my boys, and give the
 tal blow,

The Fire King Tame the Bantam Cock

Pitts. Printer, Toy and Marble Warehouse, 5, Great
 Andrew Street, Seven Dials,

GOOD people now pray list awhile
 Pay attention unto me,
 And the wonders of our modern age,
 I'll shortly let you see,
 Monsieur Chabert the Fire King
 He cuts a wonderous shew,
 With young and old of each degree
 In talk he's all the go,
 With his pies and tarts and joints of meat
 And every thing that's nice
 In an oven blazing heat ne goes
 To bake them in a trice
 Now pray kind friend on him
 Not think him ought of evil
 For some do swear and some do swear
 He's the son of the very Devil
 For who but one of Satan's imps
 Could stand such monstrous heat
 And stay ther full one hour,
 While they bake a joint of meat
 The people flock from every part
 With anxious care to see
 This wonderful Phenomenon
 Poison himself to that degree
 That his eyes will start out of his head
 And lay upon his cheek
 And all the time he'll at folks Laugh
 and with them talk and speak
 Now all who want attention paid,
 To the baking of your meat
 And with with great anxiety,
 To provide your friends with a treat
 As Christmas time is drawing near,
 No doubt you'll use them well
 And in baking's fam'd Monsieur Chabert
 Is all these does excel
 and all mischievous folks I say
 Who do nought else but evil,
 and who us a reward do fear,
 The kingdom of the devil
 I'll have you go unto Chabert
 And tell him to forsooth,
 And in the the course of a short time
 He'll make you Fire proof,
 Now all who wish to have a treat,
 Just go along with me,
 To the Argyle Rooms with anxious care
 Monsieur Chabert to see.
 He's the wonder of the present age
 With folks both high and low
 And in the circles of night
 In talk he's all the go.

