

Bullock Hunter's Medley.

COME listen awhile you bullock hunters
Unto what I now shall sing,
'Tis concerning a bull the other morning,
Out of Smithfield we did bring.
He did bellow, we did halloo,
Whilst the lads in crowds did follow
For to keep him in the crowd.
Then to Newgate steps we got him,
Where the traps did him surround ;
The knowing lads they thought to bone him,
We with rockets cut them down ;
Some cried murder, we pushed further,
Whilst the lads in crowd did halloo,
Mad bullock through the streets did ring.
Then we drove him up fleet street,
And away for Temple Bar ;
Where he pop'd into the Temple
And took a lawyer for the start.
O then we drove him through the Temple,
But he tore the lawyer's coat ;
And out of his waistcoat pocket
Jumped a fifty pound bank note.
A prize from the Temple we got him,
We run him right through Temple Bar,
And up Drury Lane was going,
When foremost did meet a Jack Tar.
At Jack's Trowsers so white made a push,
Mr. Johnny not thinking of harm,
Took a spring and leap'd right on his rump,
Saying, you beggar I've boarded your stern.
Then we drove him straight up Drury Lane,
Where the people they all shut the doors ;
Lord how you'd have laughed at the fun,
To see how he toss'd the poor whores.
Oh! some up the streets was a running,
And some down the lane was a flocking,
Where he toss'd an old Birmingham turk,
That was singing a Wednesbury Cocking.
Then we drove him straight up Drury Lane,
Were the people they all gave him way ;
So he met with a girl by the road,
Saying my dear will you ride to the play.
Mr. Johnny had scarce spoke the word,
Before the bullock made a grand stop,
And pitched Mr. Jackey ashore
Bang into a pastry-cook shop.

Then we drove him into the holy land,
To have some fun with the Irishmen,
He upset Paddy Blany a walking with mount Flannagan
He peept into a celler window and heard some Irish
howling.
And in he pitched a barrow girl,
Knocked down poor Patrick Nowling,
Give hear to the state of an Irishman's fate,
'Twas up to Saint Gibbs we drove him so readily.
When he met raw Pat who had bought a new hat,
And on his horns he took it so steadily,
O a lad from the lane whose guard it was fame,
So eager was he the new hat for to grabble.
But Pat gave a jump, the Bull stuck his horn in his rump
And shipped him to lamp iron out of the rabble,
O Paddy from Cork who had a hay fork,
So eager was he the bull for to worry.
But Pat gave a prick and the bull gave a kick,
Knock'd out the front teeth of poor Patrick O'Kerry
Then up a long entry poor Pat he did sally,
To be sure Mr. Bull he did quickly follow him.
You would have thought by his eyes and the Irishman's
cries,
In less than a minute the bull would have swallow'd
him,
Then up a hill yard poor Patty did sally,
To be sure the bull he did speedily follow him
At the sign of the crown where the bull he fell down
Which saved Mr. Patt from a terrible scouring,
Patt got back to the crowd, where he halloo'd so loud,
To be sure Mr. Patt he was glad he got back again,
But he had scarce spoke a word before something occur'd
And into a cellar Poor Patty went whack again,
Being tired of these Irishmen down Holbern Hill did start
Where he met with a pork butcher some offal in his cart
You'd ne'er forget this pork butcher,
For he look'd so mighty queer ;
When the bull ran away with the old sow's head,
With his horns tuck'd through his ear.
A plumber out of the window,
Working about the lead ;
Cried d——n my —— Tom, Dick, Will, Ned,
Here's a bullock got two heads.
So now to conclude and finish my sonnet,
I think it is time since I first begun it,
When the bull first made off he was stole from the drover
Now the lad's cast for death bullock hunting's all over.

T. Bloomer, Printer, Birmingham.

