



Maria Louisa's
LAMENTATION.
THE GREEN LINNET.

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CURIOSITY bore a young native of Erin,
To view the gay banks of the Rhine,
When an Empress he saw and the robe she was wearing,
All over with diamonds did shine,
A Goddess in splendor was never yet seen,
To equal this fair one so mild and serene,
In soft murmur she says my sweet linnnet so green,
Are you gone, will I never see you more:

The cold lofty Alps you freely went over,
Which Nature had placed in your way,
That Maringo, Saloney, around you did hover,
And Paris did rejoice the next day,
It grieves me the hardships you did undergo,
Over mountains you travelled all covered with snow
The balance of power your courage laid low,
Are you gone, will I never see you more.

The crown'd heads of Europe when you were in splendor
Fain they would have you submit,
But the Goddess of freedom soon bid them surrender,
And lowered the standard to your wit,
Old Frederick's colours in France you did bring,
Yet his offspring found shelter under your wing,
That year in Virginia you sweetly did sing,
Are you gone, will I never see you more.

That numbers of men are eager to slay you,
Their malice you viewed with a smile,
Their gold thro' all Europe they sowed to betray you,
And they joined Mamelukes on the Nile,
Like ravens for blood their vile passions did burn,
The orphans they slew & caused their widows to mourn
They say my linnets' gone and ne'er will return,
Is he gone will I never see him more.

When the trumpet of war the grand blast was sounding,
You marched to the north with good will,
To relieve the poor slaves in their vile sack clothing,
You used your exertion and skill,
You spread out the wings of your envied train,
While tyrants great Cæsars old nest set in flames
Their own subjects they caused to eat herbs on the plain
Are you gone will I never see you more.

In great Waterloo, where numbers laid sprawling
In every field high or low,
Fame on her trumpets thro' Frenchmen were calling,
Fresh laurels to place on her brow,
Usurpers did tremble to hear the loud call,
The third old Babe's new buildings did fall,
The Spaniards their fleet in the harbour did call
Are you gone, I will never see you more.

'll roam thro' the deserts of wild Abyssinia
And yet find no cure for my pain,
Will I go and enquire in the Isle of St. Helena,
No, we will whisper in vain,
Tell me you critics, now tell me in time
The nation I will range, my sweet linnnet to find,
Was he slain at Waterloo, at Elba on the Rhine
Howas will never see him more.



The Rat Catcher's
DAUGHTER.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court,
7 Dials.

IN Westminster not long ago,
There lived a Rat Catcher's daughter
She was not born in Westminster,
But on t'otherside of the water,
Her father killed rats and she cried sprats,
All around and over the water,
And the gentle folks they all bought sprats
Of the pretty Rat Catcher's daughter.

She wore no hat upon her head,
Nor cap nor dandy bonnet,
Her hair it hung about her neck,
Just like a bunch of carrots.
If she cried sprats in Westminster,
She'd such a loud sweet voice si,
You might hear her all down Parliament
Street,

As far as Charing Cross, sir.

The rich and great came far and near,
To marry her they all sought her,
But at friends and foes she cocked her nose
Did the Rat Catcher's daughter,
For there was a man cried lilly white sand
In Cupid's net had caught her,
And with head and ears in love,
Was the pretty Rat Catcher's daughter.

Now lilly white sand so run in her head,
When coming along the Strand, sir,
She forgot she'd got sprats upon her head
And cried buy my lilly white sand O,
The folks amazed all thought her crazed
All along the Strand, O,
To hear a girl with sprats upon her head
Cry buy my lilly white sand, O.

The Rat Catcher's daughter run into his
head,
He did not know what he was after,
'Stead of crying buy my lilly white sand,
He cried do you want any Rat Catcher's
daughter.

The donkey cock'd his ears and bray'd,
Folks wondered what he was after,
To hear a lilly white sandman cry,
Do you want any Rat Catcher's daughter

Now they both agreed to married be,
Upon next Easter Sunday (dream
But the Rat Catcher's daughter had
She should'nt be alive next Monday,
To buy some sprats once more she went,
And tumbled in the water (mud
Went down to the bottom all smothered in
The pretty Rat Catcher's daughter.

When lilly white sand he heard the news
Both his eyes ran down with water,
Says he in love I'll constant prove,
Blow me if I live long after,
So he cut his throat with a piece of glass,
And stabbed his donkey after,
donkey and lilly white sand be
Thro' love for the Ra. C. tcher?

