

FATHER MATHEW, AND THE PLEDGE.



Father Mathews is come to town,
To sober you all tis his desire then,
Five million of drunkards he did reform,
In every hole and corner of Ireland,
Wherever he goes he does propose,
For to reclaim each rank and station,
Give them a good blow out at the pump,
And banish away intoxication

CHORUS

Father Mathews is a wonderful man,
To lead you in the Paths of sobriety,
He is holding meetings all over the land,
And carries with him the teetotal society.

Teetotalism is a curious trade,
And some thinks father Mathew clever,
Out bawled a snob so help my bob,
There is nothing like home brewed ale and leather,
A drop of gin is my delight,
With a drop of brandy gin and porter,
May the devil take all lantern jaws,
Who dips their heads in cold spring water.

Albert is a funny chap,
And Queen Victoria is a schemer,
They have gone a toar on the seas,
In a regular out and out built steamer,
One morning in a merry wood,
Our loving Queen young Albert caught her,
They would get on with their work,
If they had nothing to drink but water.

Old Roatswain Smith has two glass eyes,
In Wellclose Square he beatts the tatoo,
One and ninepence-halfpenny he has got a day,
For being a running toolman to father Mathew,
Let every one do as they like
Father mother son and daughter,
I s all have my pipe and pot,
While Father Mathew drinks pump water.

Some thousands go and swallow the pledge,
Wherever Father Mathews is stopping,
And the farmers in the country say,
Their'll be no employment for folks a hopping

Malt and hops will go to pot,
If every class keeps in sobriety,
The pigs turns up their nose at the grains,
And swears they'll join the teetotal society
If Father Mathews don't alter his tune,
What will the consequence be some axes
The revenue will be done up soon,
And we shall have neither duty or taxes,
To support Prince Albert and the Queen,
The Prince of Wales and their two little
Daughters,

They must lay a duty on ginger Pop, (water
And charge three half-pence a pint for
A teetotaller died last friday night,
And the doctors ran from evry quarter,
And firmly swore that his Inside,
Was full of cabbage leaves and water,
They carried away as I've heard say,
A Bushell of coffee grounds and soda,
Out of his throat a great Pump handle fell,
Good lack a day when they turned him over

What a nourishing thing is ginger pop,
What an excellent drink is cold pump water
Give me a little drop of gin,
Or a glass of home brewed ale and porter,
Drown dull care and banish fear,
When with a friend you go on a frolick,
A drop of beer will your spirits cheer,
But water will give the gripes and cholic.

Three commical chaps I'll tell you slap,
Declared they'd drink neither ale or porter,
At waltham green they took the pledge,
And swallowed goosebury fool and water,
Little Jack and Jim and commical Bill, (jokers,
Kept the pledge three days what rummy
They got blind drunk jim sold his metal,
and had his eye nocked out with a poker.

To Father Mathews to take the pledge,
Away they go so gay and friskey,
and swear they never more will taste,
ale or porter gin or whiskey,
and when the winter does come on,
And a teetotaller dies mark what I'm stating
They will find a p'ace in his inside
For little boys to go a skating.



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