

LOVE IN A HAYBAND.

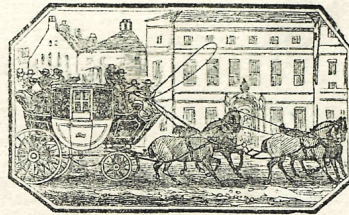
Did you ever hear tell one Richard Short's history
If you didn't I'll tell you it now,
All over our parts it was thought quite a mystery,
He was a young man and followed the plough,
But he got tired of that sort of life did,
Was hired as Ostler at the sign of the Crown,
Fell in love with a maid for the want of a wife
did,
'Twas very well known by the folks of the town.

This lass Nelly Long she was dressish & dapper,
And tho' our Dick was a good looking lad,
She snubb'd him, and coff'd him, for she was a
snapper,
And told him quite plumpish she was'nt to be
had,
For she loved a man more handsome and bigger,
And he came fra Lunnun and was'nt a clown,
His name it was Sly, and he was a grave digger,
'Twas very well known to th' folk in our town.

As Nelly right flat his wife did refuse to be,
Richard he lost all his comfort and hope,
And he said he did'nt feel like what he use'd to be,
He'd hang himself up if he could find a rope,
He hunted about while with love he did falter,
But the devil a rope could he find up or down,
So he twisted a hayband and made him a halter,
'Twas very well known to the folk in our town.

He hung himself up to a tree in the meadow,
He felt all over he did'nt know how,
His neck was stretching, his feet could'nt tread O,
When up came by chance farmer Giles's old
cow,
She smelt at the hay and caught hold of the band
fast
Pluck'd out a mouthful which brought Dickey
down,
He jumped on his legs and away then he ran fast,
And wur never more seen by the folk in our
town.

Now mark what a judgment came on that lass
Nelly,
For being so hard hearted to that poor lad,
She by the grave digger got stout about belly,
And he ran away leaving her all so sad,
She found too late that she was betrayed, and
Relations all turned their backs wi' a frown,
She laid in, and her boy was mark'd with a hay-
band,
'Twas very well known to th' folk in our town.



THE WONDERFUL METROPOLIS.

AIR—*The Tortoiseshell Tom Cat.*

Oh! what a town, what a wonderful metropolis,
Sure such a town as this was never seen;
Mayor, common-councilmen, citizens and populace,
Wandering from Poplar to Turnham-green.

Chapels, churches, synagogues, distilleries, and county-
banks,
Poets, Jews, and gentlemen apothecaries, moun-
te-
banks;
There's Bethlem Hospital, and there the Picture Gallery
And there's Sadler's Wells, and there the Court of
Chancery.

Oh! such a town, and such a heap of carriages,
Sure such a motley group was never seen;
Such a swarm of young and old, of buryings and
marriages,
All the world seems occupied in a ceaseless din.

There's the Bench, and there's the Bank, now only
take a peep at her,
And there's Rag Fair, and there's the East London
Theatre,
There's St. James all so fine, St. Giles's all in tattery,
Where fun and frolic dance the rig from Saturday to
Saturday,
Oh, what a town, what a wonderful metropolis,
Sure such a town as this was never seen.

George Walker, Jun., Printer, Sadler-Street, Durham.

