

## RIGS AND FLARES-UP

OF THE

### HIRING DAY.

The hiring day is come, without delay,  
The lads and lasses haste away,  
Drest in their best they do repair,  
To see the rigs of the hiring day,  
With their dumble dum deary, &c.

Johnny leads his blooming girl along,  
A crowding pushing through the throng,  
Shows her eakes and comforts going thro',  
And a pair of cocks and breeches too,  
With his dumble dum deary, &c.

He gives her ale, he gives her beer,  
He gives her something nice and queer,  
For Molly and Johnny will something crave,  
And perhaps in nine months she will have,  
A dumble dum deary, &c.

In pleasure they walked about all day,  
And Jenny to her love did say,  
Dear William, sing a pretty song,  
For that and nothing else I long,  
But your dumble dum deary, &c.

And when the evening does advance,  
Like devils they begin to dance,  
To drive all sorrow, and drown dull care,  
They have a flare-up on the hiring day,  
With dumble dum deary, &c.

When the day is o'er, then off they roam,  
Cries Bet, before we do go home,  
It's a lovely night and charming weather,  
So we'll lay down and pig together,  
With our dumble dum deary, &c.

John lays his love down I ween,  
And gives her an elegant gown of green;  
And as she rises from the ground,  
She cries, I thought the world went round,  
With your dumble dum deary, &c.

Oh, then a loving tale they tell,  
Says Johnny, did I please you well?  
Oh, yes, says Bet, but love, I'd feign,  
To see the world go round again,  
With your dumble dum deary, &c.

Then both being tired, they homeward rac'd,  
John with his arm round Betsey's waist;  
For a doctor and nurse poor Bet will send,  
Her stomach to cool, at the nine months' end,  
With a dumble dum deary, &c.

So lasses all, if you repair,  
To see the rigs of the hiring day,  
At night when you are homeward bound,  
Don't wish to see the world go round,  
With a dumble dum deary, &c.

Forget the stiles or you will rue,  
Forget the gin and brandy too,  
For if the world goes round I feign,  
You'd wish to see it go round again,  
With a dumble dum deary, &c.



## Lovely Nancy.

Adieu, my lovely Nancy,  
Ten thousand times adieu,  
I'm going to cross the ocean,  
To seek for something new.  
Come change your ring with me my dear,  
Come change your ring with me,  
As that will be a token,  
When I am on the sea.

When I am on the sea my love,  
You know not where I am,  
But letters I will write to you,  
From every foreign land.  
With the secrets of my mind, my dear,  
And the best of my good will,  
And let my body be where it will,  
My heart is with you still.

See how the storm is raging,  
See how its coming on,  
While we poor jolly jack tars,  
Are fighting for the Crown.  
Our Captain commands us,  
And him we must obey,  
Expecting every moment,  
For to be cast away.

You gentlemen and strangers,  
That lie snoring fast asleep,  
While we poor jolly sailors,  
Are ploughing in the deep.  
Our officers command us,  
And them we must obey,  
Expecting every moment  
For to be cast away.

Now the storm is over,  
And we are safe on shore,  
We will drink to our wives and sweethearts,  
And the girls we do adore.  
We'll call for liquor merrily,  
And spend our money free,  
And when our money is all gone,  
We'll boldly go to sea.

Printed by George Walker, Jun., Sadler-street, Durha.  
and sold by  
John Livsey, 43, Hanover-Street, Shudehill, Manchester.

