

THE POOR OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY.

(Dibdin.)

How kind and how good of his dear majesty, In the midst of his matters so weighty, To think of so lowly a creature as me,

A poor old woman of eighty.

Were your sparks to come round me, in love with each charm,

Says I, I've nothing to say t'ye,

I can get a young fellow to keep my back warm, Though a poor old woman of eighty.

John Strong is as comely a lad as you'll see, And one that will never say nay t'ye, I cannot but think what a comfort he'll be To me, an old woman of eighty.

Then fear not, ye fair ones, though long past your

youth, You'll have lovers in scores to beg and pray t'ye,

Only think of my fortune, who have but one tooth, A poor old woman of eighty.



Though I am now a very little Lad.

AIR-" The White Cockade."-(O'Keefe.)

Though I am now a very little lad, And fighting men cannot be had; For want of a better I may do, To follow the boys with a rat tat too; I may seem tender, yet I'm tough, And though not much of me, I'm right good stuff; Of this I'll boast, say more who can, I never was afraid to face my man.

I'm a chickabiddy see, Take me now now now, A merry little he, For your row dow dow.

Brown Bess I'll knock about, oh ! that's my joy, With a knapsack on my back like a roving boy.

In my tartan plaid a young soldier I view, My philabeg and dirk and bonnet so blue; Give the word and I'll march where you command, Noble serjeant, with a shilling then strike my hand. My captain when he takes his glass, May like to toy with a pretty lass; For such a one I've a roguish eye, He'll never want a girl when I am by. I am a chickabiddy see, &c.

Though a barber never yet has mowed my chin, With my broad sword I long to begin; Cut, slash, ram, dam, oh! glorious fun; From a pip-pop, change my little pop-gun, The foes should run like geese in flocks: Even Turks should fly like Turkey cocks: Wherever quartered I shall be, Oh! zounds! how I'll kiss my landlady. I'm a chickabiddy see, &c.

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