



## JACK RETURNED FROM SEA.

**H**ERE I am poor Jack,  
 Just come home from sea,  
 With shiners in my sack,  
 Pray what do you think of me.  
 Eight long years I have been,  
 Cruizing the wide world over,  
 Many a droll sight I have seen.  
 But I wish the wars was over,  
     Fal, la!, &c.,  
 I've sailed in many a flood,  
     Where cans of grog did pour,  
 Fought up to my knees in blood,  
     Where bullets flew in showers;  
 Where the French cry'd out Marblue,  
     The Dutch cry'd out Peccavi,  
 The Danes and Spaniards too,  
     Went tumbling to Old Davy.  
 Sailor's have mann'd the gale,  
     Let it be hawl'd round, blow or fog,  
 The purser often fails,  
     To serve us out with grog;  
 I've cross'd the Equinoxial line,  
     Where the sun would scorch your nose off,  
 I've sailed in such a clime,  
     Where the frost would nip your toes off.  
 It was off the coast of Spain,  
     Coming from a six months cruize,  
 Little did I think to hear,  
     Of such good news;  
 I heard our people swell,  
     Boasting of an invasion;  
 But that I knew full well,  
     It was all a botheration.  
 Next was at the Nore,  
     We cast anchor in the night,  
 Looking towards the shore,  
     A boat appeared in sight;  
 As on the yard we lay,  
     Our topsails for to furl,  
 I heard our pilot say,  
     There's peace with all the world.  
 I wish it was a peace,  
     And all our men on shore.  
 With the shiners in the sack,  
     And go to sea no more;  
 And if the war should come again,  
     Damme if I don't enter,  
 And like a jolly tar,  
     Both life and limb I'll venture.

*Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse,  
 6, Gt. St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.*

## THE THREE FLIES.

**T**HERE were three flies, once on a time,  
 Resolv'd to travel and change their clime;  
 For they neither cared for father nor mother,  
 For uncle nor aunt, nor sister, nor brother,  
 The first was a yellow one, the second was blue,  
 And the third was a green one to the view;  
 So off they set with merry hums,  
 And told their parents to kiss their bums,

### CHORUS.

But they too saucy were by half—  
 I can't sing if you do laugh,  
 So shut your mouths, and list to me,  
 Tiddle liddle lol, and tiddle liddle lee,  
 And take a lesson from a fly,  
 Don't give way to lux—u—ry.

They had not got far when the yellow one cries,  
 Look down my boys, a dinner I spies,  
 But the blue-bottle answer'd—upon my word,  
 I sees nothing but a large cow t——d  
 A cow t——d, well, there's good in that—  
 I'm sure it looks monstracious fat;  
 And I wish as how I may go to Davy,  
 If I don't have some of that rich gravy,  
 But the others too dainty were by half— I cant. &c.

Away then flew the other two,  
 Jacky Green and Tommy Blue;  
 They flow'd on fast and did not stop,  
 'Till they came opposite to a butcher's shop,  
 "Oh, oh, says the blue-bottle, 'Here's a treat!  
 I'm particularly fond of butcher's meat,"  
 Says t'other, says he "Then off I go,  
 For I don't care for meat, you know,"  
 But he too dainty was by half— I cant sing' &c.

Far off then by himself he flow'd,  
 And into a grocer's shop he goed;  
 And there he play'd some saucy rigs, [the figs,  
 For he danc'd among the sugar, and the plums, and  
 The day being hot he took a whim,  
 And thought in some treacle he should like to swim,  
 So without considering consequences, in he goes,  
 And did'n't even stop to take off his clothes,  
 But the treacle he found too thick by half— I can't, &c.

The other two pass'd by the door,  
 And heard a voice they'd heard before;  
 So nearer to the sound they got,  
 'Till they lighted on the treacle pot,  
 There they saw him almost dead,  
 And thus to him the blue-bottle said,  
 O Greeny, all our powers can't save ye,  
 You'd better have had our beef and gravy,  
 But you too dainty was by half, &c.

### MORAL.

Now all young men inclined to roam,  
 Take my advice, and stay at home;  
 And be your fortunes dry or wet,  
 Be content with what you get,  
 And 'bout trifles make no fuss,  
 Farther on you may fare worse,  
 And mayhap when a great way off you've got,  
 Like that poor fly you'll go to pot.  
 For he too dainty was by half, &c.

