



Down among the

DEAD MEN

Here's a health to the Queen, and a lasting peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase;
Come, let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death;
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found;
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless, women-hating crew;
And they that women's health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to Love;
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

May love and wine their rights maintain,
And their united pleasures reign;
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lie.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

OLD DAN TUCKER.

I came across de ocean wide,
To live wid a gemman on t'oder side;
'Xpected to breakfast, dine, and sup,
When wid dese harsh words he chaw'd me up:
Git out ob de way Old Dan Tucker,
You're too late to come to supper.

I see a yallow bush-a-belle,
But when I come my lub to tell,
And all de pangs she causes me,
What you tink she answer me?
Git out ob de way, &c.

I 'fraid I don't look well a-dancing,
'Cos my legs too much a slanting:
'Rub 'em well wid gin-and-water,
Soon come straight,—so says de doctor.
Out ob de way, Old Dan Tucker,
Don't go dancing arter supper.

I go to dance so hard one night,
I dance myself clean out ob sight;
Next morning early my head was found
Sticking upright, an' my body in de ground.
Git out ob de way, &c.

