



THE FLEA.

The Flea! the Flea! the hopping Flea!
The teasing, biting, blackguard Flea;
I'm full of marks, I dare be bound,
Since o'er my back he's running round:
He plagues the skin and makes it rise,
Or like a sneaking thing he lies.

I've got a Flea! I've got a Flea!
He is where I won't let him be:
With his nipping above and nipping below,
That I have no peace where'er I go,
If a swarm should come and on me creep
Och, murder! the devil a wink! I sleep.

I hate, I hate,—och fait! I can't abide
A suit of clothes with Fleas inside,—
At every bite you'd jump the moon,—
Or if you're whistling,—stop your tune,
Which telleth the world that you are sick,
And makes you wish they'd cut their stick.

I never was on a dirty floor,
But Fleas flew on me more and more,
Then home I'd run to change my best,
Like a partridge seeking it's mother's nest,
And my mother swears 'tis fate's decree,
That I was born to be plagued by a Flea

The sky was clear and hot the morn,
In the noisy hour that I was born,
The pig it whistled, the donkey rowl'd,
My father danc'd, the nurse she howled,
'Och, fire and murder—och, I'll go wild,
'See there's a Flea upon the child.'

I've lived since then in care and strife,
For fifty years a scratching life!
And though to shift the scene, I'd range,
I never yet could get a change,
I'd rather death should come to me.
Than be plagued with a confounded Flea.

PADDY'S LAND.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

One evening all alone,
As I sat in my easy chair,
In a cottage of my own,
I was free from strife and care,
Up steps a damsel to me,
She kindly shook me by the hand,
She ask'd me for a verse or two,
In praise of sweet Paddy's Land.

There's nothing that is venomous,
But all of a sweet scent,
The air is pure and wholesome,
The girls love merriment.
For beauty and behaviour,
There is none with them can stand,
The roses of all Europe,
The pretty girls of Paddy's Land.

Those people are free hearted,
And of an open mind;
And always to strangers,
They behave very kind,
They never will defraud you,
But always lend an helping hand,
And who can contradict me,
That ever was in Paddy's Land.

There's one will contradict you,
That is of another race,
They would wish to know the reason,
So many of them leave the place.
With my small education,
I will answer the demand,
Because they took the trade,
From that glorious place called Paddy's Land

Come, come my hearty boys
A free trade we got again,
We value not the French,
The Dutch nor haughty Spain.
But if they overbear us,
We soon will make them countermand,
We'll make them smell oak sticks
That grow in Paddy's Land.

Come, come my hearty boys,
Let's push about the flowing quart,
In the honour of Admiral Nelson,
And all of such a valiant sort,
And not forgetting Jarvis
That used to deck so very grand,
And to all the pretty lasses
That dwell in Paddy's Land.