

## THE MONKEY TURNED BARBER.

*Bitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse, 6,  
Gt. St. Andrews Street, Seven Dials.*

**A** Frolicksome spark in Dublin did dwell,  
He came over to Liverpool which for him was not  
well,  
He went into a barber's shop for to be shaved,  
Where a great heavy beast unto Pat ill behaved.

The barber being out and his wife not within,  
There was nought but this monkey who looked at Pat  
very grim,  
Good morning, good father then Paddy did say,  
You've long been a barber your head's very grey.

Can you shave a wild Irishman just come from the sod,  
The monkey look'd in Pat's face gave a wink and a nod.  
He took up the lather box into his paw,  
And knock'd up a lather so lather'd Pat's jaw.

The razor he then began quickly to use,  
And at the first stroke took off part of Pat's nose,  
He lathered and shaved and cut him full sore,  
Like a bull at a stake poor Paddy did roar.

Then in comes the barber and trembling with fear,  
To see the wild Irishman to stamp and to swear,  
What's the matter my friend, my friend returned ne,  
Don't you see how that big rogue your father served  
me.

Indeed I've no father long time he's been dead,  
It's your grandfather then with his ugly big head  
He's gone up the chimney he dare not come down,  
By my soul if I had him I'd crack his old crown.

Then crying out murder Pat ran up the street,  
And one of his countrymen chanced for to meet,  
Who seeing him bleeding pity'd his case,  
Saying arrah dear honey, and who cut your face.

Why I went to a barber's shop just to be shaved  
Where a great ugly beast to me ill behaved,  
He lathered and shaved me, and cut me you see,  
He's dressed like a man but turns out a monkey,

Why sure man alive you must have been mad,  
To sit while he cut your nose and chin so bad,  
But come to a grog shop the story to tell.  
We'll try if good whiskey won't make your face well.

## GRAND CONVERSATION UNDER THE ROSE.

*Pitts Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse, 6. 6t.  
St. Andrews Street, Seven Dials.*

**A**S Mars and Minerva was viewing of some imple-  
ments,  
Belona stept forward and asked the news,  
Or were they repairing those war-like instruments,  
That is now growing rusty for want to be used,  
The money is withdrawn and our trade is diminishing,  
For Mechanics are wandering without shoes or hose,  
Come stir up the wars and our trade will be flourishing,  
This grand conversation was under the rose.

See how they transact in the states of America,  
Their renown'd Independence sits on the throne.  
They are not misguided by the schemes of a ministry,  
That would extract marrow from the centre of a none.  
Had we enlarg'd that hero, who set the world a trem-  
Whose name was a terror to his imperial foe, [bring,  
Although the day he lost it was bought by disembling.  
This grand conversation was under the rose.

He was a fine statesman likewise a noble general,  
His equals in France was never seen before, [ran.  
His abilities were as bright as the diamond or the mine-  
Which thousands may verify that lay in their gore.  
It was thought he was guided by the hand of Providence,  
Until his gallant army he did wildly expose,  
And when fortune did slight him it proved a bitter con-  
sequence,  
This grand conversation was under the rose.

Here's the farmer and comedian wish that great Bona-  
Would come on the stage and act a new play, [parte,  
For they find their industry is led by a ministerial art,  
And all is not sufficient their debts for to pay:  
But the acts of Napoleon would make the money fly  
about,  
Until combined in policy they did him dispose,  
And thousands who rejected him would be glad to see  
him again,  
This grand conversation was under the rose.

But Britannia of late has erected a grand residence,  
Embellished with an hall and an emblem of peace,  
And His Majesty is crown'd with the greatest of op-  
pulence,  
But her sportsmen are idle and have no game to chase,  
Her anchors lays in harbour and her hearty tars they  
want their grog  
The broom at the mast head shews the daring foe,  
That she'll sweep the main ocean when again she  
bravely heaves the log,  
This grand conversation was under the rose.

