

# CRIKEY

## WHAT WILL MASTER SAY?

From a country village t'other day,  
I up to Lunnen bent my way,  
Expecting that my wit and face  
Would get me a very tidy place;  
I walked around, and up and down—  
Wur called a gapish country clown,  
'Till to a baker I did speak,  
Who hired me for a shilling a week.

With helgho, diddle, riddle, dum,  
Fidgety, fadgety, rum ti bum,  
Bibbery, bobbery, bum ti bay,  
Oh, crikey, what will master say?

But very soon I cursed my lot,  
For scarcely any grub I got,  
And all the boys played tunes with me,  
They teased and plagued me for a spree,  
One day while taking home a dish,  
Some boys into poor I did pitch;  
They with the meat and pudding fled,  
And threw the meat all o'er my head.

I cried not a little bit at that,  
And like a devil rolled in fat;  
To get the dish I then did try,  
But got instead a stinking eye!  
When I went home and told the spree,  
Lor did not master larrup me!  
They lock'd me up and made me pay,  
With not no wittals all that day.

Next morning you may think of course,  
I was as hungry as a horse—  
So, 'stead of cleaning master's shoes,  
I thought a chance I wouldn't lose,  
I'm sure, you'll admire my wit—  
I ate the blacking every bit!  
Then took vbile every one did scoff,  
A pint of salts to vork it off.

One day my master, with a smile,  
Sent me to buy some stirrup oil,  
So off to fetch it then went I,  
Into a cobbler's stall hard by;  
Here, said the snob, it is my chap—  
So down he reached a leather strap,  
And tanned me up and down the stall,  
'Till I could scarcely stand at all.

There's Peggy too my master's cook,  
At me she does so vicked look,  
I does all her vork so kind and free,  
Because I'm certain she loves me;  
My master often valks her out,  
And lately she has got quite stout,  
She's going to have a child, 'tis true,  
And she says that I must father it too.

So tell me, pray, what shall I do?  
The life I lead makes me look blue;  
I've saved a pound upon my life,  
And I really think I'll take wife!  
Now is there any lady here?  
Who to wed me will not fear!  
Come smile, consent, and name the day,  
Then, crikey, there's a lark they'll say!  
With my heigho, &c.



## I'M QUITE THE LADIES' MAN.

J. Harkness, Printer, Church-Street, Preston.

I am a ladies' man—in fact,  
The belles they all declare—  
They never had a beau before,  
Who walked so militae.  
My whiskers and mustachios too,  
Resist their charms who can,  
It is their fascinations make  
Me quite the ladies' man.

I'm partial to a moonlight walk,  
I like a morning ride  
With lady Mary Cavendish;  
In all her youth and pride,  
I love to lounge in the bazaar,  
The trifles there to scan;  
I never visit Crockford's—for,  
I'm quite the ladies' man.

'Tis pleasant when the heart is free,  
To watch the maiden's smile,  
To mark her eyes' bewitching glance,  
The youthful heart beguile;  
But I can gaze on beauty bright,  
And I'd much rather than  
Peru's rich mines were mine to boast,  
Be quite the ladies' man.

Once I could live on balmy sighs,  
'Twas foolish—I was young,  
I spoke the language of the eyes,  
But now I've found my tongue;  
I was a simple lover then,  
I have now a better plan,  
I flatter—swear—write sonnets—and  
I'm quite the ladies' man.

