

SALISBURY AGRICULTURAL SHOW



From all parts of Europe in thousands they fly,
To great Salisbury town in the month of July,
To see all the wonders and wonderful things
The bullock that bleats and the cuckoo that sings
There is genuine pigs, donkeys and bulls big as whales
A goat with five heads and a cat with nine tails.
With ganders and geese, calves, heifers and cows,
Carts, waggons, and wheelbarrows, harrows and ploughs

See the lads and the lasses all tripping around,
Over valleys and meadows to Salisbury town,
So sweet and so charming they merrily go,
To the Salisbury great Agricultural show.

There is old Farmer Plump and his lady so fat,
With a bustle behind and a lump on her back
There is Sally from Down on she onward do speed,
And Peggy from Romsey called Steik in the mead,
All the lasses from Wilton so charming does run
With their calico trousers to keep off the sun
With a veil and a bonnet they do look so fine
And great holes in the heels of their stockings behind

There is Warminster Nancy and Andover Pat
With a fiddle and a Jack Sheppard hat
And Tisherton Mary so buxom and mild,
She bursted her trousers going over a stile.
There is roses and violets and tulips in bloom,
There is great Wiltshire pancakes as big as the moon,
There is cabbages, greens, and a duck that near sung
And a thrashing machine to grind old women young.

There is sheep, goats & turkeys they are bringing along
There is large Wiltshire cheeses that grows in the pond
So the sweet farmers daughters cant they go the rig,
And ride to the show on the tail of a pig.

Pretty Kit had a child was as sharp as a thorn,
Marked over the nose with a large bullock's horn,
She said it was got as she homeward did go
From the Salisbury great Agricultural show.

Old England is joyful she never was dull
Is there one in the world can beat old farmer Bull
With his ducks and his drakes, horses, calves, sheep
and cows,

His sweet Wiltshire lasses and God speed the plough,
With his cheeses his bacon his butter and cream
Here's the roast beef old England & God save the
Queen,

May you never know sorrow, care, gambling or strife
Here's a pot of good ale and a Salisbury wife.

I saw a large cabbage in Salisbury town,
It would cover just twenty-five acres of ground
I am sure such a cabbage I shall ne'er see again,
Every leaf was far bigger than Salisbury plain,
Old Molly from Devizes fresh as a rose,
In a great Yorkshire dung cart fell slap on her nose
The vowed and declared as she in it did lie,
She thought twas a stunning great gobber pye.

Beware pretty maidens as homeward you go
From Salisbury Agricultural show
If you fall on the grass not a moment there lie,
Or perhaps you'll remember the month of July
Come tightly draw on your bustles behind and be free
Pull up your stockings and button your drawers
sing like young cuckoos as homeward you go
success to the agricultural show

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