

Going out a Hunting.

AIR—"The king of the Cannibal Islands."

Good friends I pray you list to me,
And very soon you all shall see,
Vot lots of fun, and mirth and glee,
I had when I vos hunting.
Last Easter Monday you must know,
Some friends persuaded me to go,
To the Epping hunt myself to show,
And join the sportsman's tally-ho!
So off I vent along with they,
To spend my Easter holiday,
Upon a norse I hire that day,
To take me out a hunting.
Vith our boots and spurs and whips so new,
And scarlet coats and breeches too,
Oh didn't ve have a philloo,
When ve vent out a hunting.

Oh, didn't ve not give a shout,
When in the morn ve all set out,
And trotted on along the rout
Where people go a hunting.
There was Tommy Thompson, Charley Lee,
Vith Johnny, Peter, Bill and me,
All monnted on our nags so free,
Determined we would have a spree;
Ve halted at the Seven Stars,
And had some ale and fresh cigars:
Then off ve vhent in spite of bars,
When ve vos out a hunting.
Vith our boots and spurs, &c.

Ve'd very near to Epping got,
When Charley cries I tell you vot,
I feels as how so very hot,
Through going out a hunting;
So let us stop at this here inn,
And each von have a drop of gin,
Then, off ve'll dash thro' thick and thin,
And perhaps the stag hunt we may vin.
He hadn't time to say no more,
For the stag upset him, vot a bore!
Right slap at Tommy Roundings door,
When ve vos out a hunting.
Vith our boots and spurs, &c.

Ve rode again soon arter that,
Ven Tommy Thompson fell down flat,
And Billy Valker lost his hat,
While ve vos out a hunting.
At their disasters I laugh'd loud,
And of myself I felt quite proud,
When my horse at a bull he cowed,
And threw me bang into a crowd;
The people on the road did scoff,
To see us tumbling on and off,
While Johnny fell in an old sow's trough,
Ven ve vos out a hunting.
Vith our boots and spurs, &c.

At length the night began to grow,
As dark as old Nicks place below,
So every one agreed to go,
And leave off going a hunting.
Then homeward we began to trot,
But scarcely half a mile had got,
Before we met a jolly lot
Of chaps vot hunting been *not*;
They made us all stand up in front,
Then all our pockets they did hunt,
And robb'd us each of all our blunt,
While ve vos out a hunting.
Vith our boots and spurs, &c.

At last we got home safe and tight,
But in a werry shocking plight;
In fact ve all enough had quite,
Of going out a hunting.
Not von of us I'm sure can brag
Of hunting, tho' each had a nag.
For every one so much did lag.
Ve never even *saw* the stag.
So now I've told you all my sport
On *Easter Monday*, and in short,
Never again will I be caught,
A going out a hunting.
Vith our boots and spurs, &c.

THE SWEEPS LAMENT.

AIR—"Oh, no, we never mention her."

Oh, no I mustn't think of it,
The cry must ne'er be heard!
I doesn't dare so much as speak,
That vonce familiar vord.
My sweeping trade away is swept,
All, all is turned to vooe;
My donkey gone, I long have kept,
Cos, I mustn't cry soot O!

If they'd a member made of me,
All abuse away I'd sweep;
I'd speechify so fluently,
Our liberties to keep.
I'd say their vords they vere all smoke,
And that it vas no go;
And that it vosn't a bit of a joke,
Not to let us cry soot O!

But vots the use of vasting time,
A talking this ere vay;
Sich a chance will ne'er be mine,
All ever I can say,
All hope is now slap from me gone,
No comfort does I know;
I talks about like von forlorn,
Cos, I mustn't cry soot O!

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