



## The Excursion to PUTNEY.

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It happened but the other night,  
I chanced to meet one Billy Vite,  
Said he it must be vast delight  
To go upon the vater!  
The thought on't put me in a glow,  
Said I, vell Billy I think so,  
Our skill in rowing let us show,  
But where's the place you'd like to go?  
Says he, I'm blow'd if I arn't blest,  
But we'll start off unto the vest,  
The place friend Mug that you like best,  
Is down by Putney quarter!  
Splashing, dashing all the way,  
Pulling, skulling all the day,  
My eye, there was old Nick to pay,  
In our row to Putney by vater!

But scarcely had we reached Wauxhall,  
When blow me there came such a squall,  
That all the women began to bawl,  
While going to Putney by vater!  
At that up-rose poor Dickey Brown,  
Says he the fates do on us frown,  
So let us all return to town,

If a storm comes up, we must go down.  
Oh dear how frightened each von look'd,  
My arm in White's was closely hook'd,  
To the next world we vere booked,  
While going to Putney by vater.

When whilst all with fear did shake,  
The clouds above began to break,  
And ve found ve'd made a queer mistake,

While going to Putney by vater,  
So laughing at our little fright,  
Ve pulled away with all our might,  
Till a blowed steam-wessel came in sight,  
And put us in an awkward plight.  
The waves they rose, we all felt ill,  
Our heads spun round like Brixton-mill,  
And all declared ve'd had our fill,  
Of our voyage to Putney by vater.

The steamer past ve vonce more found  
The vater smooth,—but looking round,  
Ve found our boat had run aground,  
While going to Putney by vater.  
Oh how ve pushed, stamp't and swore,  
The ladies vowed twas quite a bore,  
But getting safe afloat once more,  
Ve pulled away and reached the shore.  
When landing cargo, crew and vine,  
Ve found a place twas quite diwine,  
A field where ve that day might dine,  
On getting to Putney by vater.

Our cloth vas laid upon the grass,  
And down ve sat each lad and lass,  
When vot should come but a huge Jack-ass,  
Prancing from Putney quarter.  
As soon as e'er he came in sight,  
He bolted left, he bolted right,  
So off we ran in a terrible fright,  
Whilst the Jack-ass wented all his spite,  
By rushing among' the crockery,  
And jumping as nimbly as a fly,  
With one leg stuck in a giblet pie,  
So avay ve ran down to the vater.

Now ven ve with our might and main,  
Ve got our werry off again,  
Oh lanks it then began to rain,  
So ve vent to Putney by vater.  
Said Vite to Mug, vot shall ve do,  
The rain I'm sure ve can't go through,  
And see the rain begins to brew,  
Let's turn to the bridge of Vaterloo,  
Ven one of the Piers our wessel met,  
So in the Thames ve vere all upset,  
And one and all got verry vet,  
In our row to Putney by vater.

Ne wishing any more to note,  
Ve scrambled each on board the boat,  
And wery soon vere safe afloat  
Returning from Putney by vater,  
But still disaster followed thick,  
And ve of pleasure all grew sick,  
Vevished the Jack-ass at old Nick,  
And cursed Miss Fortune's scurvy trick,  
Arriving safely at the Strand,  
Ve leaped with joy upon the land,  
And never, except at your command,  
Will ve journey to Putney by vater.  
Splashing, dashing all the way,  
Pulling, skulling all the day,  
My eye there was old Nick to pay, &c.

