



An admired Song called
MY
ONE POUND FIVE.

Its of a tradesman and his wife I hear the other day,
 Who did kick up a glorious row they live across the way,
 Her husband prov'd himself a fool—his money it all went—
 He called his wife upon my life to know how it was spent.

CHORUS:—

So she reckon'd up and show'd him and to show him had the cheek,
 How his five and twenty shillings was expended in a week.

Oh he says my wages are all gone and it does me perplex,
 Indeed said she come list to me my bony cock of wax,
 Continually you make a noise and fill the house with strife,
 I'll tell you where your money goes I will upon my life.

There's 2s. 3l. for rent now attend to what I say,
 And there's 4s. for meat and 3s. 9d. for bread,
 To wash your nasty dirty shirt there's 9½ for soap,
 1s. 1d. for coals old boy and 10d. for turf & coak.

The red herring every morning that's 7d. a week,
 Some times you send me out for fish for you say you can't eat meat,
 Last Monday night when you got drink you dirty filthy bore,
 And 6d. went for India buck your cursed guts to cure.

There's 4d. for milk and cream 1s. for malt,
 There's 3½ goes for vinegar and 1½ for salt,
 So 1d. goes for mustard too and 2½ for thread,
 And 2d. I gave the ether night for a cod's head

There's a 1d. for pepper too as you may understand,
 2d. for soda starch and blue and a farthings worth of sand,
 There's 4½d. for candles too, to light you into bed,
 I wish the devil had you or else that you were dead

There's 8d. for tobacco too and 7 farthing pipes,
 There's 3½ for sand and 6d. goes for trppes,
 There's 2d. for this and a pint you gave your brother,
 Last week you broke the Chamber-pot and I had to buy another,
 When old boy to Crampton-court you go to drink and sing,
 While on a washing day you know I get a drop of gin
 Then I cheer up my spirits your money I must count
 But the devil a glass that you will take that I wont take a pint.

There's 1s. for potatoes and 6d. for greens,
 There's 10d. for a fat pigs cheek that's to be seen,
 One 6d. goes for coffee for sugar and tea,
 And a 1d. worth of puddings that you bought the other day.

Theirs a 1d. for a valentine for my daughter Maryanne,
 For the child will go creazy if she does not get a man,
 There is 2d. for blacking and 8½ goes for cheese,
 And a farthing rushlight every night.

