

THE EARTHQUAKE DID NOT ARRIVE.

TUNE.—“NIX MY DOLLY.”

IT was on the sixteenth day of March,
When folks, for fear began to start,
How they did quake,
Some rose up in a terrible fright,
About twelve o'clock on Wednesday night,

CHORUS.

I now assure you, great and small,
The Earthquake did not come here at all,

My Uncle Dick lay down his head,
And a little mouse ran under the bed,
How he did quake,
How he did tremble and quake for fear,
And run in the cupboard to say his prayers,
I now, &c.

Some quite snug in the coal-hole got,
Some hid behind the chimney pots,
Overcome with fear,
Nineteen poor tailors, I do declare,
Got in the frying pan under the stairs,
But, I now, &c.

On Wednesday night, when it was dark,
In the Strand I met a lawyer's clerk,
In a woeful plight,
Clean out of his hat he tore a piece,
Crying the Earthquake's coming, police! police!
I now, &c.

Old women be happy, dry up your tears,
The time is put for three long years,
Indeed 'tis true,
He would not come here so he went to Greece,
He was so afraid of the City police,
I now, &c.

John Bull would believe a turnip's a fig,
A cat was a bull, or a lion a pig,
How Joanny did shake,
That a mop was silk, and the stick was elm,
And the Queen's poll parrot, a Peer of the Realm,
I now, &c.

I saw an old Duchess, how sad to tell,
A weeping and wailing in Pall Mall,
On Wednesday last,
She climb'd up to speak to the Duke of York,
And she gave one jump to the City of Cork,
I now, &c.

In Drury Lane an old woman went wild,
She heard the cat going over the tiles,
How she did quake,
Oh, the Earthquake's coming, she cried, just now,
When her old Tom cat hollowed out moll row,
I now, &c.

Oh dear, oh dear, hollow'd Mrs More,
Nail the window and bolt the door,
Only hark!
I will up in the ceiling hide myself,
The tea pot is tumbling off the shelf,
I now, &c.

A broker bolted himself in the room,
And arm'd himself with a shovel and broom,
Shaking for fear,
The ducks, for fear, did quack that day,
And the poor old donkeys, with fright did brav,
I now, &c.

Some went to Italy, some to Spain,
Some hid in the furzes on Salisbury Plain,
Overcome with fright,
Some got drunk, for fear, that day,
Singing, Nix my dolly, pals, fake away,
I now, &c.

As I went over Clapham Common,
I saw a poor forlorn old woman,
A hundred and three,
She tied up her stockings and gave a jump,
And her nose broke off the end of the pump,
I now, &c.

The time is over, the day is gone by,
And this humbugging story is all my eye,
Old women don't fret,
This curious tale did many perplex,
And I wonder whatever they'll think of next.
I now, &c.

To the Commons they have sent a petition,
To pass an Act of Parliament,
At Greenwich Fair,
To please false prophets and quakers in stocks,
And flog them to death with turnip tops,
I now, &c.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,
Seven Dials.



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