

I wish I was in DIXEY.



I WISH I was in the land of cotton,
Cinnamon seed, and sandy bottom,
To the land, to the land;
In Dixey's land where I was born,
Early on one frosty morn,
To the land to the land.

Chorus.

I wish I was in Dixey, oh, heigho,
In Dixey's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixey.

His face was as sharp as a butcher's cleaver
Which did not seem to griève her,
To the land, to the land;
Will ran away, missus took a decline,
Her face was the colour of bacon rhine,
To the land, to the land.

While missus liv'd, she liv'd in clover,
When she died, she died all over,
To the land, to the land!
How could she act such a foolish part,
An' marry a man to break her heart,
To the land, to the land,

Buckwhat cakes are good strong batter,
Make you fat, or a little fatter,
To the land, to the land;
Here's a health to the next old missus,
An' all the gals that want to kiss us,
To the land, to the land.

THE FUN OF THE FAIR.

WHITSUN Monday was the day,
To Greenwich Park we waste away
With George, and Betsy, John, and Sue,
Little Poll, and her mammy, too;
Over St. George's fields they flock,
From Kent-street, Rotherhithe, and Greenland dock,
Jolly tars in coaches came
With flashy girls from Gravel-lane.

Over London Bridge the crowd did drive,
The Borough, too, was all alive;
Dust carts, waggons, chaise and pairs,
They drove like mad to Greenwich fair.
Journeymen had left their jobs,
Undertakers and their snobs,
Shipwrights, too, were crowding there
To see the fun of Greenwich fair.

Coachmen, carmen, stabling grooms,
And weavers too had left their looms,
Drest up fops and powdered beans
In borrowed suits of rag fair clothes.
There's Dick, the barber, like a don,
Ruffled and frill'd, but no shirt on,
It was to pay his expences there,
So wears the cheat'em at Greenwich fair.

There's captains, with their flashy dames,
Come gliding down the silver Thames,
With watermen so neat and tight,
With flags and music to delight;
The river is crowded down with boats!
You'd think the world was all afloat,
Laughing, joking, splash and swear,
Some wet arrive at Greenwich fair.

When up to the park they do come,
Then at the gate begins the fun;
It's bless my heart, sir, how you squeeze;
You will get in, sir, by degrees—
Women squall and children roar—
Cloaks and aprons lost and tore;
Such crowding to get in there,
So droll the scenes at Greenwich fair

Of noise and racket what a rill,
Laughing and running down the hill—
Servant girls and prentice boys,
At threadle my needle's all their joy—
Nuts and gingerbread who'll buy,
O'er a glass of gin to bung your eye,
Rolls and polonies I declare,
And sausages too at Greenwich fair.

When tired of the sports and fun,
Then from the park away they come
Some public houses enter in,
And call away for beer and gin;
Some with sausages do cram,
And others devour beef and ham,
While others moneyless declare,
Go hungry home from Greenwich fair

The publicans I've not forgot,
Who only charge sixpence a pot—
Good notion, too, they have withall
To mix the strong beer with the small—
Some of their frolics will repent,
While clothes are pawned, and money spent
And some in nine months I declare,
Will see the fruits of Greenwich fair.

