

# MEAL AND WATER; OR

DEPRESSION OF TRADE.  
Sec. 26.

I wish there would an alteration  
Take place in the British nation,  
For the poor, I'm sure, in county, town, and city,  
For the want of work and food they're starving,  
While the rich fat joints are carving,  
And the poor from them get little pity.

CHORUS.

I wish the times would alter, O dear O dear,  
For now the poor, I'm certain sure,  
Can scarce get meal and water ;  
O dear, O dear, I wish the times would alter,

If the times don't alter soon, I fear,  
There'll be a row in Lancashire,  
For the poor, the poor can carry on no longer,  
John Bull must give the finishing stroke.  
For the American blockade must be broke,  
For the poor, the poor will perish with hunger.  
I wish the times would alter, &c.

As I was walking out one day,  
And down by Walker Street did stray,  
The poor with jugs and cans were waiting ;  
Some with tickets green and red,  
Some received a loaf of bread.  
While others got a quart of soup that wasn't worth  
eating.

I wish the times would alter, &c.

To the pop-shop keeper, Mr. Balls,  
Gowns, trousers, petticoats, and shawls,  
Victorine's and crinolines, poor people they keep  
sending,  
There's plenty going up the spout,  
But precious little coming out,  
So the pop-shopmen they do intend to give over  
lending.

I wish the times would alter, &c.

Cheer up your heart, says Sal to Polly,  
And drive away all melancholy ;  
Don't grieve, for I believe better days are dawning,  
There'll be a stir up by and by,  
And every one will find employ,  
Then we'll rejoice with heart and voice, and sing  
night, noon, and morning.

I wish the times would alter, &c.

# THE DARK GIRL Drest in blue.

I have been in many a hobble, but always got well  
through.  
Until I was got-in-a line, by a dark girl dress'd in blue ;  
Whom I at the Exhibition met, and such was my ill-luck,  
With her raven locks and sweet blue dress, I was dead  
love-struck.

Chorus.

And such sly glances she could throw, with eyes that  
pierced you through,  
That I was thrown quite into a shade, by this dark girl  
dressed in blue,  
By this dark girl dress'd in blue, dress'd in blue.

I followed her up, step by step, and kept close by her  
side,  
Ask'd her to take refreshments and offered her my guide :  
At last with a sly glance she said, what most pleas'd you?  
I cried, the loveliest thing I see, is a dark girl dress'd in  
blue!

Chorus.

To the park we strolled together, forget it I ne'er shall,  
I was minus tin, tho' I'd plenty brass, when she halted in  
Pall Mall ;  
She looked in at a confectioner's—I felt as if I were  
smashed,  
Saying, " Sir, I've got a ten pound note, will you go and  
get it cash'd ?

Chorus.

I bow'd and gladly took the note,—she took a further  
range,  
And I felt quite an altered man, as I gave her back the  
change ;  
Says she, I'll step to the next street, I shall not long re-  
main,  
Now pray sir don't you leave this spot, I will soon return  
again."

Chorus.

I waited half an hour, with impatience I did burn,  
The dark girl in blue had cut her stick, no more to return ;  
But seldom one slip comes alone, but another quickly fol-  
lows,  
Then up starts two darn chaps in blue, with numbers on  
their collars.

Chorus.

Cried they you've passed a forged note ; even now the  
dread I feel,  
And I took steps of repentance, four years on the stepping  
wheel ;  
Thus for one false step I many took, I bitterly did rue,  
That things should look so black on me, by a dark girl  
dress'd in blue.

1853.

