

# POOR PADDY.

*A much-admired Song, written and composed  
by Mr. Tom Bennett, and sung by him with  
the most unbounded applause.*

**I**F you will only list to me,  
We'll have a little harmony,  
I'll tell you of the misery  
I lately have endured:  
Soft and green, from Erin's isle,  
I landed here on English soil,  
Thinking I'd meet a kindly smile,  
Oh! how I've been allured!

## CHORUS.

For they laugh at Poor Paddy,  
Make game of Poor Paddy;  
My heart is sore—  
Cut to the core,  
Oh! God help Poor Paddy!

A month ago I landed here,  
How I've fared since you shall hear,  
I've met with many a bitter sneer,  
But I didn't care for that.  
I struggled hard to get employed,  
On each occasion was denied,  
For those I asked did me deride,  
And called me ragged Pat!

And they laughed at Poor Paddy, &c.

One friend I met to me was kind,  
He told me, if I had a mind,  
He'd show me where good work I'd find.  
Said I—I'll go and try.  
I thought my heart rose in my throat  
With joy—but they jung'd me by my coat,  
For they handed me a little note—  
"NO IRISH NEED APPLY!"

And they laughed at Poor Paddy, &c.

The English -gen'rous are no doubt,  
Well; so are we—with hearts as stout;  
Then why should they Poor Paddy rout,  
From this, their happy land?  
We nobly join them in the fight,  
Struggle side by side with all our might  
Then, show us kindness—treat us right—  
Stretch forth a helping hand!

# AS I TROT MY MOKE TO MARKET!

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**N**OW my pals just list awhile,  
And you'll tumble to my style,  
I'm a coster as you all can plainly see,  
To Billingsgate I trot;  
Of fish I buy a lot,  
And there's not another chap comes up to me

Spoken.—Yes, my blooming pals, I should  
think there wasn't, on should only see me when  
I go market. I rise about 5 p.m., put my Moke  
in harness, get a drop of rum and coffee, light  
my blooming pipe, and feel as happy as a king  
when I—

## Chorus.

Trot, trot, trot, my moke to market,  
And don't I steam along and blow my clay;  
I'm a lardy dardy chap, dancing on the cellar flap  
And can't I put the pongalo away.

I was born at Seven Dials,  
I am known for many miles,  
Of costmonger Jo, you all have heard—  
I mackerel sell all day,  
And at night I'm at the play,  
And then I rise next morning like a bird,

I'm palling on a gal,  
Her Christian name is Sal,  
And she is such a stunner, I declare,  
She's eyes as black as sloes.  
And she's got a tanned up nose,  
And ain't she got a carrotty head of hair.

Spoken.—Yes, there's my blooming mistake  
about my dona. You should see us when we've  
going down to market, as I—Chorus.

Now my pals I must away,  
For I can no longer stay,  
My customers are waiting down Pall Mall,  
But I'll call some other night,  
And do the thing that's right,  
And introduce Jerusalem and Sal.

Spoken.—Yes, when I introduce them I'll give  
you all a ride, and only charge a duey soldy for  
each homey, and then we can all sing together.  
chorus.

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