



CALCUTTA HOUSE OF Correction.

J. Bathgate, Printer, 117 Park Lane, Liverpool.

In all that I have travelled, and much I have
gone through,

My folly escaped my detection ;
From Calcutta to Cabool, my fate to pursue,
And then to the house of correction.

The first one I met, 'twas old Ring at the gate,
Who commenced with a thorough inspection ;
Says he, my poor man, you have met a bad fate,
To come to the house of correction.

He searched me all over both stockings and shoes
'Pon my soul 'twas a funny reception ;
Took my pipe and tobacco, not ever a chew,
Left he for the house of correction.

A Cooly's old blanket, he then did me throw,
From cold it was all my protection ;
With a tin pot and plate, and off I might go,
Complete for the house of correction.

Beef steaks and onions, we have every day,
To them there is little objection ;
Then at the old stones you can hammer away,
Till done with the house of correction.

'Tis all very fine, but the best of the joke,
With which we have any connection ;
Its there you may die, for the want of a smoke,
There's none in the house of correction.

You may think yourself learned, and much you
may know,

But there you'll be brought to perfection ;
For not a swell in Calcutta, must undergo,
A day in the house of correction.



THE Boy in Blue.

Cheer up, cheer up, my mother dear,
Oh ! why do you sit and weep ?
Do you think that he who guards me
Forsakes me on the deep ? (here,
Let hope and faith illumine the glance,
That sees the bark set sail ! (dance,
Look ! look at her now and see her
Oh ! why do you turn so pale ?
'Tis an English ship & English crew,
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.
Oh ! wonder not that next to thee,
I love the galloping wave,
'Tis the first of couriers wild and free,
And only carries the brave ; (shore,
It has borne me nigh to the dark lee

But we struggled heart & hand, ro
And a fight with the sea in its anger
Shames all your strife on land,
The storm was long but it found me true
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.
And if the breakers kill our ship,
And your boy goes down in the foam
Be sure the last prayer on his lip.
Is a prayer for those at home.
But come, cheer up ! methinks I hear
A voice in the anchor-chain
That whispered like a fairy bird,
"The bark will come back again."
God bless you mother ; adieu ! adieu !
But never weep for your boy in blue.

Calcutta House of Correction Continued.

Every evening at sundown, we have a parade,
It's true we have a funny collection ;
Old Kennedy, too, has the look of his trade,
The stamp of the house of correction.

Every poor man has to work for his bread,
For here there's little affection ;
What you are doing, you'll remember the shed,
And the stones in the house of correction.

For there in your cell, with a strong iron door,
A darkey outside for protection ;
The white man goes round, to see all secure,
At night in the house of correction.

The term once passed, we'll begin on the new—
With the bottle we'll drop all connection ;
If you touch it again, as sure as you do,
You'll go back to the house of correction.

Go there for once, and you'll meet, bold Devine,
And gay fellows from every direction ;
After sparring the world, they have to keep time
With the stones of the house of correction.

We'll ride round the city with orders some day,
For 'twill then be a day of defection ;
So the sooner the better, you make your own way
To be clear of the house of correction.

But ladies and gentlemen, pray lend a hand,
It's true, with all my affection ;
I hope you'll be happy, throughout all the land,
And be clear of the house of correction.