

The Chieftain of Hunkyway.

IN the Isle of Hunkyway,
A mighty Chief held sway,
His name was Hiam Hanky Hoky Chinky.

Whanky Whackiboo,
His skin was black and tough,
Round his middle hung a muff
And his hair just like an hearth rug, on his head
To lead a steady life, (it grew).

This Chieftain took a wife,
And of concubines besides he had a whole stud.
But he loved his wife good Lord,
'Cause his nose was three inches broad.
And she look'd for all the world, just like a mon-

key roll'd in mud,
Sing hoky juackiboo
Hanky Laaky, patiboo.
Winkce wankee folkee tokee.
Rummelechalee petti pee
Ka koorra furra koo,
Wheram ooram mungy woo,
Hunky hoky winky wosky,
Wunkee wee,

Like a baboon tall and stout,
Hiam's wife oft waddle's out,
Her skin all plaster'd o'er with grease,
And feathers round her middle too,
Her teeth so large and white,
E'en the devil would afright,
And with them oft the white men's flesh,
She prov'd she'd griddle too.
But she soon was put to bed,
With a little boy 't said
His skin was like a pudding black,
His lips so thick, Oh dear,
At his birth to mase a rout.
Hiam Hanky sent about,
And invited all the chieftian blacks,
Who dwelt both far and near.

Then the dingy party met,
Such an impish looking set,
Some with mouths as wide as pits,
And some with heads as big as mine,
Some with noses too so flat,
And hair like a door mat,
Bedaub'd with fat and deck'd with rings,
And human teeth so fine,
To see the feast they had,
Would have made a person glad,
They'd human legs stev'd into soup,
Watch they gulped in a shew,
Suckra's heads they pick'd a score
Luck'd their sausage lips for more,
Then jump'd about and for a change,
Each others heads did bear.

They danced all night or neer,
Till they got very queer,
What with smoking, feasting, drinkin',
They were all birds of a feather,
They drank a barrel more
Till they tumbled on the floor,
And like a lot of soot charms
Roll'd about together,
As of sleep they stood in need,
They every one agreed,
To take a nap to make the needer.

rest within their their head,
So drunk were they I hear,
That they could not see clear
So with another chieftian's wife,
Each tumbled into bed.

sing hoky, &c.

In the morning when they woke,
Each own'd it was no joke,
So every man his dingy mate.
Did kick slap out of bed Oh dear
Then very much displeased,
Their Tommahawks they seized,
And in a shake they knock'd each on the oh dear
To see the women fight,
And each others noses bite,
The blackcy's heads like cannon
Balls up in the air they flew,
Their carcasses next day
Were sold for meat in Hunky way
And on a spot they roasted
Hicana Hanky Whackiboo,

sing hoky, &c.

The Country Girl out of Fashion.

GOOD people attend I will sing you a song
If you'll pay attention it will not be long
'Tis of a new fashion that is come in order,
To wear a large bunch stuck in the cap border,

CHORUS

I have told you the truth indeed tis no less,
So give me the girl that wears a plain dress,
Fal de ral, &c.

A little time back the truth I declare,
They had a great fashion of curling the hair
Depend on my word they are quite out of order,
For want of a bunch stuck in the cap border

A poor countrygirl with her hair cut off short,
When she comes to a town they will on her
She looks very shabby & quite out of order (mark)
For want of a bunch stuck in the cap border

Some lasses wear bonnets full half a yard wide
With large bunch of ribbons stuck in the inside
Another new fashion is go where you will
Is a large bunch of ribbons inside of the frill
To see some old women with their heads quite

grey,
With a fine bunch of curls & their caps trimmed
they look quite the dandy I vow and declare
And perhaps their old shin is as rough as a bear

There is one thing more you all know (fully well)
The rich from the poor you scarcely can tell (p at)
With their fine dashing curls & their hair in tail
And the shirt on their back as black as your hat
These dandified ladies to market will flock (frock)
With their dandy gowns sleeves made like a smock
And their dandy white petticoats vandyke round
And the rest of their clothes not worth half a crown

So now to come tide and to finish my song,
Hope you'll excuse me if I'm in the wrong.
I have told you the truth and indeed tis no less
So give me the girl that wears a plain dress

Pitts, Printer, Toy and Marble Warehouse,
t, Andrew Street, Seven Dials

