

RORY O'MORE'S

Description of London Fashions.

I pray give attention, high low, rich and poor,
I suppose you've all heard of bold Rory O'More.
I came from old Ireland to visit the Queen,
And oh! good lack-a-day, what rum starts I have seen,
I came from Ireland that place of renown,
Just to see all the fashions of great — town,
To drown care and sorrow, and banish all strife,
I thought perhaps in — I'd meet with a wife,
I saw the coronation since here I have been,
Of that blooming young damsel Victoria the Queen,
So if you'll list you shall have all the fashions I'm sure;
And description of — by bold Rory O'More.

If you'll list.

As the great streets of — I travell'd all through,
A set of rum coveys all trugg'd out in blue.
With their little shilelaghs it is true now be sure,
A shindy kick'd up with bold Rory O'More,
Says I, my brave fellows. mind what you're at,
Or else by St. Patrick I'll give you a crack,
I'm Rory O'More as you well understand,
A ninety-third cousin of Ireland's Dan,
A rumpus I had and beat seventeen,
Then I toss'd of a glass and sung God save the Queen,
And the people all shouted, the rich and the poor,
Here's a health and long life to bold Rory O'More

If you'll list.

So I've seen all the fashions as I went along,
And to please you I've rhym'd them up into a song,
Every thing that I saw I dropp'd into my head,
Twill make you all laugh a month after you're dead,
There's Victoria frying pans, Victoria cream,
And Victoria every thing going by steam,
There's Victoria pickles and Victoria honey
And Victoria methods of spending your money,
There is Victoria baskets and Victoria tools,
Victoria cuckolds, and Victoria fools.

If you'll list.

There is Victoria breeches, and Victoria coats,
Victoria black puddings to shove down your throats,
There's Victoria tipets, and Victoria shawls,
And Victoria bustles as big as St. Pauls,
There is Victoria stockings and petticoats too,
There is Victoria Garters and Victoria shoes,
There's Victoria swindlers the nation to dupe,
With Victoria mustard, Victoria pea soup,
There is Victoria ladies with Victoria veils,
And Victoria boass just like a cow's tail.

If you'll list.

There's Victoria needles and Victoria Rings,
Victoria old women and Victoria Gin,
Victoria rabbits and Victoria cats,
And Victoria four and nine-penny hats,
Victoria fiddles and Victoria flutes,
Victoria ruffles and Victoria boots,
Victoria radicals, Tories and wigs,
Victoria Dustmen and Victoria prigs,

Victoria miliners, Victoria stays,
Victoria washing tubs, Victoria trays.

If you'll list.

There is Victoria cotton and Victoria stuffs,
Victoria tobacco, Victoria scotch snuff,
Victoria broomsticks and Victoria pails,
Victoria muscles and pickled eel's tails
Victoria brandy and Victoria wine,
And Victoria great German sausages fine,
There's Victoria leather and Victoria tapes,
Victoria peaches and Victoria grapes,
Victoria apples Victoria pears,
And Victoria fiddlers getting up stairs.

If you'll list.

There is Victoria cambrick and Victoria lace,
And Victoria Rose pink to put on your face,
There's Victoria onions a penny a lot,
And Victoria Smoking baked tatoes all hot,
There's Victoria night caps, to keep you from harm
And Victoria blankets, to wrap you up warm,
Fine Victoria cocoa and Victoria lard,
And Victoria calico two-pence a yard
Victoria broad windsors, and Victoria pease,
Lots of Victoria bugs and fine Victoria fleas.

If you'll list.

There is Victoria salmon and what is more bolder,
Fine Victoria Whiting and cods head and shoulders,
There is Victoria onions a penny a lot,
And Victoria blacking three-half-pence a pot,
Victoria peas pudding a half-penny a lump,
Three-farthings a basket, hard wood all in crump,
But I'll tell you a story to please you all round,
There is Victoria oysters in country and town,
And yesterday morning, lord how I did laugh,
To see an old man eat a bushel and half.

If you'll list.

Don't you think now my friends a great deal I've seen,
Since I came from old Ireland to visit the Queen,
When I saw the young lady so gay and so free,
Arrah jewel, says I and will you marry me,
No, Rory says she, I shall wait for a while,
And round to her mother she turn'd with a smile,
But I told her you know that she must understand,
I was ninety-third cousin to Ireland's Dan,
No matter says she, you'd no bussiness to roam,
So take my advice now, and cut away home,
Then she up with her foot, as she opened the door,
And out of the palace kick'd Rory O'More.

If you'll list.

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