

THE PADDINGTON COACHMAN.

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AIN—"Garryowen."

I suppose you all know at the back of the Bank,
Where the Paddington stages all stand in a rank,
A spruce looking fellow, one Larry O'Flank,

By profession a Paddington coachman.
A chap of whom nobody ever complains,
Of his coach and his horses he takes so much pains;
As clever a lad as e'er handled the reins,
Was Larry the Paddington coachman.

He was thought rather ugly by most of the cads,
Who attend with such pride on the Paddington lads;
But he knew well his duty—took care of his prads,
Did Larry the Paddington coachman.

Such pleasure he took in the cut of his clothes,
Tho' his legs were formed like a couple of bows,
And charming grog blossoms adorned the red nose,
Of Larry the Paddington coachman.

To race with his coach, why he never would try it;
'Twas the new 'REGULATOR' and who can deny it
For, 'twas said, every coach on the road would go
by it,

When drove by the Paddington coachman.
So for Byers and Johnson, he cared not a crack,
He was never 'pull'd up Sir,—depend on the fact,
So the great Mr. Martin's new Cruelty Act,
All my eye was to Larry the coachman.

But Larry had something about him to please,
The good-looking widow, who lived at the 'fleece,'
Tho' she was as fat as a firkin of grease,

Yet she ogled the Paddington coachman.
So he thought it a chance he would not let slip,
And says he, 'twill be better than handling the whip,
To sit down in the bar and be making egg flip,
For the rest of the Paddington coachmen.

Then Larry the match to conclusion to draw,
Said she was she fairest his eyes ever saw,
When she dropp'd her huge hand like an elephant's
paw,

Into that of the Paddington coachman.
Then Larry gave orders for wine and for cake---
Invited his friends of the same to partake;
I'm as right as a trevitt---and no mistake---
Cries Larry the Paddington coachman.

But love mustn't always be reckon'd a treat;
And wedlock possesses both sour and sweet,
But I hope none of you such misfortunes may meet,
As befel the poor Paddington coachman.
For it happen'd, as sometimes you know is the case
A gentleman's servant who'd left his place,
Quite a swell but as black as the devils own face,
Came to lodge with the Paddington coachman.

MARY MAY.

They have chosen the proud stranger,
Because a lord was he,
And can boast of wealth and honour,
And a line of high degree,
They have left me here to languish,
To pine by grief away;
They have made the world a desert,
Bereft of Mary May.

When I met her in the valley,
And wandered by her side,
She told me that she loved me,
And vowed to be my bride,
They have torn the tie asunder,
She now is far away,
They have left me broken hearted,
Bereft of Mary May.

She is happy with the stranger,
Now I am left alone,
There's nought left to cheer me,
Since Mary May is gone,
I'll seek some distant dwelling,
And bear my grief away,
You will hear that I am dying,
For thee, my Mary May.

Things went on very well---but in less than a year
Poor Mrs. O'Flank found herself rather queer,
When a doctor was sent for---who living quite near,
Soon attended the Paddington coachman.
But he had not been long in poor Larry's empyloy,
When the nurse, running down, cried---I wish you
much joy,
For mistress has brought you a beautiful boy!

What a treat for the Paddington coachman.
When this news had arrived, in the tap-room had met,
Of Larry's acquaintance a fuddling set;
As a treat---a good gallon of strong "heavy wet."
Was sent in by the Paddington coachman.
When the nurse came again, and says she 'pon a
soul,
I forgot, (in the bustle,) to tell you the whole,
But the dear little creature's as black as a coal;
"Blood and ounds!" says the Paddington coach-
man.

When matters were settled, and things put to right
It appeared the black footman had bother'd her quite
And she said she could not keep him out of her sight,
That may do, says the Paddington coachman.
But landlords, in future take care what you're at,
Don't let lodgers and wives get too much in chat,
Or your children may all be black as my hat,
Like mine says the Paddington coachman.

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