

THE  
**Riggs and Sprees**  
 OF  
**PLAYHOUSE SQUARE**  
 AND  
**WAPPING.**

I am a jolly sailor bold, and always am in motion,  
 I've past the Flying Dutchman oft when sailing on the ocean!  
 I've sailed the globe all round, and in foreign lands been stopping  
 I've cross'd the line, but never found, such a charming place as  
 Wapping.

CHORUS.

You ranting roaring railors bold, one moment just be stopping,  
 And you shall hear the riggs and sprees of Playhouse Square  
 and Wapping.

I landed in the Prince's Dock, with pockets lined with money,  
 And many a wink, and many blink, I got from lasses funny!  
 I rambled off to have a spree, to some noted house of fame, sir,  
 And got into the 'Sign of the Ship' in a place called Park Lane

There was lots of ladies there of fame, thinks I, by Jove, I'll  
 hook it,

Ugly gouty, blind and lame, bandy-legg'd and crooked;  
 Broken-back'd and pigeon-toed, silly drunk and cosey,  
 Yellow & blue, & quite as black as Master Jim-along-Josey.

I met a frigate in full sail, no calm could her be stopping,  
 She ran a-head and anchor'd in a dirty bay in Wapping;  
 She lowered her jib, her mainsail furl'd, and tack'd about to lar-  
 board,  
 She fired a gun, then bang she ran in a little port a starboard.

She ran her bowsprit into me, so cleverly and handy,  
 Then I ran on her quarter-deck and fired at her gangway!  
 I broke her poop, and holloa'd 'whoop!' and let her cables loose  
 sis,  
 Then ran away, and sail'd into the port of Paddy's goose, sir.

I drank nine pots of half-and-half, and four goes of brandy,  
 Then off I went and met a lass—I thought she was a dandy!  
 She took me to a singing room, then flared me up like tinder,  
 Turned my pockets inside out, & pitched me through the window

I've been among the blacks & browns, & 've had many a  
 shindy,  
 I've been all thro' the east & west, and in every part of India;  
 But of all the places in the world, it is true what I do say, sir,  
 The devil a one can half come up for Wapping has the sway, sir

So all you jolly sailors bold, when you ashore are stopping,  
 Mind your eye, as you pass by, Whitechapel and Wapping;  
 If you meer a frigate in full sail salute her with a spanker,  
 Or in the port of Paddy's Goose perhaps you may cast anchor.

Fire away without delay, as long as you are able,  
 And mind your eye, as you sail by, or they will cut your cable!



THE FEMALE  
**Auctioneer.**

Well here I am, and what of that,  
 Methinks I hear you cry,  
 Why I am come, and that is pat,  
 To see if you will buy?  
 A Female Auctioneer I stand,  
 Though not to seek for pelf,  
 And the lot I have in hand,  
 Is for to sell myself.  
 And I'm going, going, going,  
 Who bids for me?

Ye Bachelors, I look at you,  
 And pray don't deem me rude,  
 Nor rate me either scold or shrew,  
 A coquet or a prude;  
 My hand and heart I offer fair,  
 And should you buy the lot,  
 I'll swear I'll make you here my own,  
 When Hymen ties the knot,  
 And I'm going, etc.

Though some may deem me pert or so,  
 Who deals in idle strife,  
 Pray where's the girl, I wish to know,  
 Who'd not become a wife.  
 At last I own I really would,  
 In spite of all alarms,  
 Dear Bachelors, now, be so good,  
 Do take me to your arms,  
 For I am going, etc

