

# CRUKEY,

OH,

## GOOD GRACIOUS.

I courted Betty Giddy-gout,  
A maiden young and tender,  
In person she was rather stout,  
Though straight as any feuder !  
Though her waist was very thin,  
Her bustle was cappacious !  
My heart at first sight she did win,  
Oh ! crikey ! oh, good gracious !

Young men, I pray, too sure don't make  
Though you their favours swim inn,  
For love oft proves a grand mistake,  
So never trust in women.

Her words to me were fond and fair,  
Though differently her heart meant,  
She dwelt up in a three back pair,  
In a furnished apartment,  
With her I used to spend my tin,  
In manner most splendacious ;  
For she could walk into the gin,  
Oh, crikey ! oh, good gracious !

Thinking Bet would be my spouse,  
I emptied quite my pocket,  
I took a very decent house,  
Bought furniture to stock it,  
A bed, a bedstead, blankets new,  
A sofa, drawers splendacious,  
A cradle and a child's chair too,  
Oh, crikey ! oh, good gracious.

I laid out all the blunt I had,  
Which warn't a little ochere,  
For every thing was uew egad  
From pillow case to poker !  
Take care of them they are your own,  
I said to her factious ;  
For that says she, leave me alone,  
Oh ! crikey ! oh, good gracious !

I went to see the night before,  
Our wedding day my spousey !  
I hammered loudly at the door,  
For all seemed still and drowsy,  
She from the window looked at me,  
In a manner most howdacious !  
"Oh, let me in !" "I shan't," says she,  
Oh ! crikey ! oh, good gracious !  
I burst the door in with a shove,  
For rage was me bewildering,  
I ran up stairs, and spied a cove,  
And half-a-dozen children,  
He gave me all down stairs a roll,  
In a manner most outrageous ;—  
I went bump—bump—upon my soul,  
Oh ! crikey ! oh, good gracious.  
That she a virgin was odds like,  
To think I'd reasons strong 'uns,  
But she proved to be that covey's wife  
And them e'er brats his young 'uns,  
So thus you see I lost a spouse,  
And furniture splendacious,  
And got lock'd in the station house,—  
Oh, crikey ! oh, good gracious !

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## FROM THEE ELIZA I MUST GO

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From the, Eliza I must go,  
And from my native shore;  
The cruel fates between us throw  
A boundless ocean's roar,  
But boundless oceans roaring wide  
Between my love and me,  
They never, never can divide  
My heart and soul from thee.  
Farewell ! farewell ! Eliza dear,  
The maid that I adore ;  
A boding voice sounds in mine ear.  
We part to meet no more !  
But the last throb that leaves my heart  
While death stands victor by,  
That throb, Eliza, is thy part.  
And thine that latest sigh.

