



AX MY EYE.

I deals in costermongery,
And in my calling makes some noise,
And to them wot is hungry,
I sarves out 'taters and sawoys,
Some may sport a bony pony,
Or lean knacker for a job,
But I've a randy, dandy, tear up, flare up
Moke, that cost eleven bob.
Stow your gab and guffery,
To every fakement I am fly,
I never takes no fluffery,
I'm a regular—AX MY EYE!

I can sport the mopuses,
Among the kiddies I'm the kick,
With them wi' empty gropusses,
I sport my ochre like a brick.
Then I keeps a rousling, tousing
Moll, full fat and finely shaped,
Who, when she's togg'd out flashy, dashy,
Like a carrot newly scraped.
Stow your gab &c.

You'll think I tell a pack o' lies,
But toggery tip top I put on,
My Sunday subligachlees,
Have fetched me 15 hog in pawn.
Besides I sport a hellish, swellish
Coat, wot stands the weather's rubs,
A tile too, and a slashing, dashing
Stunning pair of pickling-tubs.

Of grub I stows a dollop in
My tripes at least four times a day,
And as for lush I gollop in
Like fun, the gatter—that's the way,
Sometimes at home I sidle, idle,
All day long and scarcely wag,
Then at night I'm working, burking,
Hocussing, or kenning swag.

I oft go out and cant and jaw,
And turn parson in the open air:
My rolling eyes and lantern jaw,
Did wonders 'mongst the pious there.
I strikes 'em dumb with moaning, groaning,
And while they stare with upturn'd eyes,
My pals goes round with ogles fogles.
And empts of all their blunt, their clies.
Stow your gab, &c.

THE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE MIKE.

A New Comic Song, Singing at all the London Concerts.

Little Mike he was born about six in the morning,
Sure him and his mother was there at the time,
And while I am singing pray don't be scorning,
As all his adventures I'll sing in my rhyme,
His sister and brother first said to his mother,
A wonder he'd be when a man he is grown;
Without hesitation he'll please all the nation,
When first he was born he could toddle alone.

With rub a dub, row de row,
Fife away, all the day,
Filliloo that'll do,
"Cut away Mike!"

He first took a walk to his grandfather Connor,
Who lived about six hundred miles out of town,
I'm telling no lie, for it's true 'pon my honour,
I can't tell you where but a place of renown,
He walk'd there in an hour, and lifted a tow'r
Then quickly return'd with the church in his lap,
Sat down by the fire as grand as a 'Squire,
With a large wooden spoon eat a pail-ful of pap.

One moon shiny night as he dreamt he was flying,
Some comical thoughts came into his head,
For twenty miles round you might hear him a crying
He awoke in a fright and thought he was dead.
He was dreaming, he said, as he swam in a boat, sir,
He ate all the men-of-war ships for a spree
And to wash them all down as they stuck in his throat, sir,
He drank all the water there was in the sea.

One day in the City as he went out a riding,
A regiment of soldiers he had at his call.
At drinking strong whisky he next took a pride in,
And drank fifty gallons in no time at all.
Then he very soon got such a fine situation,
Ten thousand a year which was very good pay,
And that he received from the heads of the nation,
To build up new churches just three in a day.

He next made a contract with butcher and baker,
For all they could bake and all they could kill;
He never invited a single partaker,—
It scarce was enough his own belly to fill.
He was a great eater as I am a sinner,
Although, thought a man he was only a youth,
Yet a whole batch of bread he'd consume for his dinner,
And he'd stuff a cow's tail in the hole of his tooth.

Then he had a relation who got him a station;
To kill all dead horses that wanted to die,
And when he had done for his own recreation,
He washed down the house with a tear from his eye.
One day little Mike met with such a disaster,
As he was a walking along up Cheapside,
A little old woman she tipp'd him a plaister,
He kick'd a few times and then instantly died.
And sang, &c.

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