

# QUINTIN DICK'S FAREWELL TO MALDON

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I'm in a pretty mess,  
And I have made a bother,  
I am finely knocked about  
From one place to the other ;  
I know not what to do,  
My head is now in thralldom,  
They nicely made me rue,  
And kicked me out of Maldon.

Oh! dear! I'm nicely done,  
They have me now in thralldom,  
Pity poor old Quintin Dick,  
You pretty girls of Maldon.

I thought that I was once  
As sly as any renard,  
But now I am kicked out  
By Waddington and Lennard ;  
One King did turn his coat,  
The good for nothing fellow,  
And he shall have a shirt,  
Made purple, blue, and yellow.

I am poor old Quintin Dick,  
Bereft of home and riches,  
I have pawned my hat and coat,  
And sold my shirt and breeches ;  
They say in Maldon town,  
I am a curious joker,  
Not fit to represent  
Jack Tyrrell's tongs and poker.

To Maldon I will go,  
At Highbridge I will wrestle,  
And tip it into Ward  
To-morrow at the Castle ;  
Then I'll go to the Bull,  
And fiare away like flinders,  
Sing my last dying speech,  
And then jump through the windows.

No member I shall be,  
Because they say I'm simple,  
If you'd elected me,  
Such lots of perriwinkles,  
Cockles too, and crabs.  
And beef a penny a pound, sir,  
Thirteen ship loads of dabs,  
And such a lot of flounders.

O crikey! knock me down,  
And paint my breeches yellow,  
You girls of Maldon town,  
Say Quintin Dick for ever!  
And I'll go to the Queen,  
Along with Sally Nepper,  
And a license I will get,  
To wollop Harry Pepper.

Pea soup and hot cow heels,  
Red herrings, beef, and cabbage,  
Tripe and saveloys,  
Oh! ar'nt I d—— savage ;  
I do not like the Bull,  
Nor the Castle, 'cause I'm simple,  
And I'll bet a crown I break  
Young Harry Pepper's pimple.

Adieu! a last adieu!  
Wherever shall I wander,  
I am in the blues,  
And weeping like a gander ;  
Poor old Quintin Dick,  
Turned out, what funny capers,  
Running through the streets  
Bawling baked potatoes.



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