



## Incontrovertible FACTS.

Sung by Mr. Matthews in the Mail Coach  
Adventures.

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I 'M Simon bore just come from College,  
My studies I've pursued so far,  
I'm called for my surprising knowledge,  
The walking Cyclopaedia.  
Tho' some perhaps may call me quiz  
Their jeers I value not a jot  
In arts and shape and all that is,  
I'll tell you aye and all that's not  
So you must all acknowledge, O,  
I've made good use of College, O  
Whilst I was there completely bare  
I stript the tree of knowledge O.

Hay is brought to town in carts,  
Ham sandwiches arn't made of tin,  
They can't feed cows with apple tarts,  
Nor wear gilt spurs upon their chins,  
Bullocks don't wear Opera hats,  
Fiddles are not made of cheese  
Nor pigeon pies of water rats.  
Doil'd Salmon does not grow on trees,  
Patty is not good to eat,  
Frying pans arn't made of gauze,  
Penny rolls are made of wheat,  
Straw bonnets too are made of straw,  
Horses don't wear Hessian boots,  
The Thames is not mock Turtle Soup,  
A child can't eat a iron hoop,  
Pigs don't play the German flute  
Kittens are but little cats,  
Mouse traps are not county jails,  
Whales are full as large as sprats  
They don't stuff geese with copper nails  
A german waliz is not an hymn,  
The French are mostly born in France.  
Fishes a'nt afraid to swim,  
Tuckies seldom learn to dance  
Twenty turnips make a score.  
Dustmen rarely drink champagne  
A cow's tail seldom grows before  
They don't make wigs of bamboo cane  
Dutchmen sometimes lie in bed,  
A cabbage cannot dance a jig,  
Grass does not grow on ladies head,  
A bulldog does not wear a wig,  
Fifty pounds of yellow soap,  
Weighs more than twenty-five of cheese,  
An Oyster cannot chew a rope,  
Poor people have a right to sneeze,  
Pigs don't read the Morning Post,  
Watch chains are not Roasting racks  
They don't make boots of butter & toas  
Red herrings don't pay powder tax.  
So you must all &c.



## OH, YES ?

I oft Remember thee.

(Answer to the Celebrated Song 'Oh no  
We Never Mention Her.

O H yes I oft remember thee,  
Amid the silent hour,  
And leave the gay and festive hall,  
For some sequestered bower,  
For now the splendours of the scene,  
Is listless mood & view,  
And think of former happy days  
When they were shared with you,  
Fond memory traces o'er and o'er,  
The path where we have been,  
And lingers on each spot where we,  
May never meet again,  
Still greenly flourish in my breast,  
The vallies where we've met,  
As when beneath the hawthorn tree,  
You bade me never forget,

When they who reek not others weal  
Shall thus unkindly say,  
"Why cling to her when she has cast,  
All thought of thee away,"  
Oh heed them not. but this believe,  
(Thro' every changeful lot)  
While still your heart remembers me  
You ne'er will be forgot;

FOLLOW OVER MOUNTAINS.

FOLLOW, follow over mounta  
Follow follow o'erlea  
And I'll guide thee to Love's fountain.  
If you'll follow follow me.  
With the waters of the fountain  
Will I ease thy aching heart  
And the roses of the fountain  
Shall to thee a balm impart  
Follow follow &c.

For Woman's love is dearly bought  
If bought with peace of mind  
But taste the fount and not a thought  
Of love is left behind.

Follow follow &c

I'll fan thee with the zephyrs wings  
And watch thee night and day  
I'll guide thee to love's healing spring  
So follow and away  
Follow &c

