

HUMOURS OF This Town.

Let us be merry, it's no use to cry
This is the town for humour and joy;
Go to bed Tom, and don't bother your brain,
I've done it before, and I'll do it again.
Young ladies get ready your best Sunday caps,
For you are sure to fill in with a clasp,
Sporting his figure and dashing about,
With a penny cigar and it stuck in his mouth.

There is a young lady they call Mary Ann,
Declares that she must have a jolly young man;
She says that at night she's as cold as stone,
She's weary and tired of lying alone.
To-morrow, she says, is the day of her birth,
And she's fully determined to spend it in mirth,
She's a stunning teetotaler when she's asleep,
But when she's awake she is as drunk as a sweep.

There's Mrs. Bow-Wow, lack-a-day how she'll hop
Grinding away in the pork-butcher's shop,
Rams' ankles, cows' horns, and giblets of geese,
To stuff in the pies at a penny a piece:
There's lots of black puddings and half-penny pies,
Sugar loaf donkies for girls and boys,
Barrels of swanky and kettles of soup,
And the devil himself never saw such a group.

On each Monday morning there is not a doubt,
But plenty of clothes will be shoved up the spout,
Breeches and petticoats, waistcoats and gowns,
And many of them that will never come down:
Bolsters and pillows, beds, blankets, and all,
Bonnets and bustles, with boas and shawls,
Will all go to pop, and there is not a doubt,
But fifty to one if they ever come out.

The young ladies can't drink a drop in gaze,
When they meet their chaps on the landing stage;
And then the young men they go in on the sly,
To purchase a three-halfpenny farthing pie:
Then break it in two and give half to the moll;
Then next he will buy her a peppermint doll,
Then arm in arm he will go with his dear,
You'd think they were worth ten thousand a year.

Old women get ready there's no time to lose,
Buy a shawl and a bonnet and a pair of light shoes,
And if you can't purchase one try, for a joke,
To cabbage one under the tail of your cloak.
If you can't get a bustle to dress by the law,
Why get an old pillow and stuff it with straw;
Don't stop in the house on the hot summer days,
A hunting and killing the bugs and the fleas.

There will be lots of games at the market I know,
The garter and thimble, the arrow and bow,
Donkies and swinging-boats up in the sky,
And ringing the bell coming home on the sky.
Gingerbread nuts for the ladies to crack,
Kitty and Sally, young Betty and Jack.
Through lanes and streets they will gullivant,
While Betty & Sam are playing, deed then you shan't

Now if your old man on the fiddle should stroll,
Stick up to his hip like an upper and sole,
If he calls for a noggin then pull out your purse,
What's good for the child, it is good for the nurse:
And if he gets lousy, then don't be in dread,
Keep him in humour and coax him to bed,
Then bring in the bottle and give him a drain,
Singing cheer up old cock and we'll do it again



THE BUXOM LASS.

As I walked out one morning I met a buxom lass,
Belonging to a dairy man she had a field of grass.
It grew between two mountains at the foot of a rising
hill,
She hired me to cut it down while the birds did
sweetly sing.

He said my pretty fair maid, what wages do you give
For mowing is hard labour without my scythe is good,
She said if you do please me well, I solemnly do swear,
I will give you a crown an acre, and plenty of strong
beer

He said my handsome fair maid I like your wages well,
And if I mow your grass down you'll say it is done
well,
For my scythe is in good order, and lately has been
ground,
So my bonny lass, I'll mow your grass, down unto the
ground.

She said my lusty young man will you now begin,
My grass is in good order I long to have it down,
It is such pleasant weather I long to clear the ground.
So get your scythe in order to mow my meadow down.

With courage like a lion he entered in the field,
He said he'd mow her meadow down before he left
the field,
Before he mowed one rood of grass, his reythe it bent
and broke,
She said young man you must give in, you are tired
of your work.

She said my handsome young man you are tired of
your work,
For mowing is hard labour and weakening to the back,
For mowing is hard labour and that you must forsake.
And round my little meadow you may use your fork
and rake.

He said my handsome fair maid do not on me frown,
For if I stop the summer I cannot mow it down,
It is such a pleasant place and bears such crops of
grass,
It is well watered with a spring that makes it grow so
fast.

