



*A Maiden there lived in a
large Market Town.*

(Cross.)

A Maiden there lived in a large market town,
Whose skin was much fairer—than any that's brown—
Her eyes were as dark as the coals in the mine,
And when they wer'n't shut, why they always would shine.
With a black eye, blue eye, blear eye, pig's eye,
Swivel eye, and squinting.

Between her two eyes an excrescence arose,
Which the vulgar call *snout*, but which I call nose;
An emblem of sense it should seem to appear,
For without one we'd look very foolish and queer.
With your Roman, Grecian, snub-nose, pug-nose,
Snuffling, snout, and sneezing.

Good-natured she looked—that's when out of a frown,
And blushed like a rose—when the paint was put on;
At church ev'ry morning, her prayers she would scan,
And each night would think of—the duty of man!
With her groaning, moaning, sighing, dying,
Tabernacle—Love-feasts.

The tollies of youth she had long given o'er,
For the virgin I sing of was turned fifty-four;
Yet suitors she had, who, with words sweet as honey,
Strove hard to possess the bright charms of her money.
With her household, leasehold, freehold, and her—
Copyhold and tenement.

The first who appeared on this amorous list
Was a tailor, who swore by his thimble and twist,
That if his strong passion she should e'er refuse,
He'd depart from the world, shop, cabbage and goose,
With his waistcoat, breeches, scissors,
Button holes, and buckram.

The next was a butcher, of slaughter-ox fame,
A very great *boor*—and Dick Hogg was his name;
He swore she was *lamb*—but she laughed at his pains,
For she hated calf's head—unless served-up with *brains*,
With his sheep's head, lamb's fry, chitterlings—
His marrow-bones and cleavers.

After many debates, which occasioned much strife
'Mongst love-sick admirers to make her their wife;
To end each dispute came a man out of breath,
Who *eloped with the maid*—and his name was grim *Death*.
With a pick-axe, sexton, coffin, funeral,
Skeleton, and bone house.



THE
GAME OF CRICKET.

To live a life, free from gout, pain, and phthisic,
Athletic employment is found the best physic;
The nerves are by exercise hardened and strengthened.
And vigour attends it by which life is lengthened.
Derry down, &c.

What conducts to health deserves recommendation,
'Twill entail a strong race on the next generation;
And of all the field games every practised or know,
The cricket stands foremost each Briton must own,
Derry down, &c.

Let dull pensive souls boast the pleasures of angling,
And o'er ponds and brooks be eternally dangling;
Such drowsy worm-killers are fraught with delight,
If but once a week they obtain a fair bite.
Derry down, &c.

The cricketer, noble in mind as in merit,
A taste for oppression can never inherit,
A stranger to swindling, he never would wish
To seduce by false baits, and betray a poor fish.
Derry down, &c.

No stings of remorse hurt the cricketer's mind,
To innocent animals never unkind,
The guiltless his doctrine is ever to spare.
Averse to the hunting or killing the hare.
Derry down, &c.

We knights of the bat the pure ether respire,
Which, heightened by toil, keeps alive Nature's fire;
No suits of crim. con. or divorce can assail us,
For in love, as in cricket, our powers never fail us.
Derry down, &c.

To every great duke and to each noble lord,
Let each fill his glass with most hearty accord;
And to all brother knights, whether absent or present,
Drink health and success from the peer to the peasant.

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