

Printed and sold by George Walker, Jun., at the Printing Office, Moat-Side Lane, Sadler-Street, Durham, where retail Dealers may be supplied, on Liberal Terms, with a Choice Collection of 24-page Histories, Song Books, Ballads, Spellings, Reading Easies, Battledores, Arithmetic Cards, &c., &c., &c.

FATHER AND I!

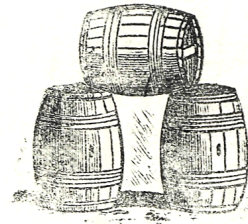
Mother were dead, and sister were married,
And nobody at home but father and I,
So I thought before longer I tarried,
To get a good wife my fortune I'd try,
But I swore she the moral should be of my mother,
For ne'er was a better wite under the sky;
So we mounted our Nags to find out such another,
And set out a courting did Father and I.

Farmer Chaff has a daughter that's famous for breeding,
She do dance, and do sing, and do play, and do write,
But she never would talk, she were always a reading
About Ravishments, Devils, and Ghosts in white,
Woons! says I, at that fun you won't find me a good one,
To be mine dear girl, far other guess fish you must fry,
The wife for my money must make a good pudding,
So we'll wish you good morning, Father and I.

As to Lunnun to manage, like other folks scorning,
They set down to breakfast when we went to sup,
At midnight they dined, and they supped in the morning,
And went to bed at the time we got up,
Then so poor, but that I'd no heart to make fun on,
They could not afford any covering to buy,
So shivering with cold, we the girls left in Lunnun,
And come back to the country, Father and I.

But Lord! farmer's girls be as bad as their betters,
Poor prudence and decency left in the lurch!
They paints pictures and faces, write stories and letters,
And dresses like sheets standing up in the church,
Stead of sitting at home shirts and table cloths darning,
Or pickling of cabbage, or making a pie,
All the clodpoles are standing astound at their larning,
Sad wives for the likes of Father and I.

So just as we did not know what to be arter,
Odds wounds, cries our father, a neighbour of mine,
Died a twelve month ago, left a sister and daughter,
And they both can milk cows, and make gooseberry wine,
On to 'em we went, this fell out on a Monday,
Neither stood shilly shally, looked foolish or shy,
The licence were bought, and the very next sunday,
They were both of them married to Father and I.



THE FINE YOUNG ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I'll sing you a song, a good new song, that was made by a mad
young pate,
Of a fine young English Gentleman, who lives on—no estate,
But who keeps up appearances at a very dashing rate,
And also his poor landlady by coming home so late,
Like a fine young English Gentleman,—
one of the present time.

He lives in a smart new lodging, up rather a narrow stair,
And the furniture is fine enough, but a little the worse for wear,
For two or three fine young friends of his, who are fond of
smoking there,
And tho' they do spoil the carpet, this brave young man don't
care,
For he's a fine young English Gentleman,—
one of the present day.

He goes round Hyde Park with his cab and bit of blood,
While smoking his cigar, was upset in the mud,
While his friends and Tiger help'd to lift him up again,
He look'd for his mustache in the mud where he had lain,
This fine young English Gentleman,—
one of the present day.

His custom of an afternoon—if he's any thing of a swell—
Is to lounge on a friend's horse in Hyde Park, and chat with
some first rate belle,
And to dine with two or three nice young friends at the Clar-
ingdon Hotel.
On capital good turtle soup, and champagne that's iced so well,
For these fine young English Gentlemen,—
of the present day.

Then after a glass of wine or two, he gets up and walks away,
And is much surprised that folks should ask such a fine young
man to pay,
So he gives the waiter an oath or two and goes to see the play—
Turns his back upon the Actors, and ne'er hears a word they say,
Like a fine young English Gentleman,—
one of the present day.

Then as for the rest of the evening, I really cannot say,
Except the cold punch was excellent, and the company very gay,
And he challeng'd some of his very best friends but settled it
next day,
And he don't exactly remember how or when he got away,
This fine young English Gentleman,—
one of the present day.

Geo. Walker, Jun., Printer, Sadler-Street, Durham.

