

# FIVE CAPITAL NEW SONGS.

## THE WEATHER EYE.

*A favourite Comic Song, written by W. T. Moncrieff, Esq.*

Murphy hath a weather eye,  
He can tell when'er he pleases,  
If it will be wet or dry, [freezes,  
When 'twill thaw and when it  
To the stars he has been up,  
Higher than the Alps high summits,  
Invited by the moon to sup [comets,  
With her, the planets, and the  
Murphy hath, &c.

Murphy hath an Almanack, [gather—  
From which we every day can  
He has such a happy knack—  
What will really be the weather.  
He knows how to raise the wind,  
Hold the rains, have hail at pleasure  
Get in the sun when he's a mind,  
And blow a cloud when'er he's  
leisure. Murphy hath, &c.

Murphy can the world eclipse, [sir—  
Can light the sun if he should fail,  
At Venus nightly lick his lips, [sir,  
And pull the Great Bear by the tail,  
He knocks the quicksilver about,  
Nor ever asks what there's to pay,  
sir—

Don't let his mother know he's out,  
But drink tea in the Milky Way, sir,  
Murphy hath, &c.

Murphy knows the Zodiac's signs.  
Virgo long hath been his Virgin;  
With her he has Gemini, the Twins,  
Old Capricorn his passion urging.  
He with the Bull is quite at home—  
The Fish in the Scales can carry—  
When'er Aquarius reigns won't roam  
But with the Ram still plays old  
Harry! Murphy hath, &c.

Francis Moore is now no more—  
Murphy is his undertaker,  
And soon we may the loss deplore,  
Of every umbrella maker,  
As all know when 'twill be wet—  
The doctors will look monstrous  
funny,  
For very soon we shall not get  
A cough or cold for love or money.  
Murphy hath, &c.

Murphy is so weather wise,  
He'll to a stand bring hackney  
coaches—  
The Jarvis will all bless his eyes,  
And Cads breathe nothing but re-  
proaches.

No General Frost will put to flight  
Great Generals now from Rome and  
Paris  
No army will set out to fight  
'Till Murphy hath declared it fair is.  
Murphy hath, &c.

Murphy knows each wind of old,  
And, like a lapland witch can sell it  
And when it is very cold,  
He at his fingers' end can tell it.  
And though he's sometimes at a fault;  
Yet from this what can we gather?  
If it don't rain when it ought,  
'Tis not his fault, but the weather.  
Murphy hath, &c.

A flesh and blood barometer,  
(His quicksilver by us provided :)  
The sun our sole gaseometer  
Will be if we're by Murphy guided,  
No corns must now presume to shoot,  
Nor cat his left ear dare wash over—  
For what will their prognostics boot?  
'Tis Murphy now must all discover.  
Murphy hath, &c.

Murphy is an M. N. S.,  
Which Member means of No Society  
For, living on the air, he is  
A Man of Natural Sobriety.  
My metre-ology to end,  
May we long happy live together,  
With Mr. Murphy for our friend,  
To tell us all about the weather.  
Murphy hath, &c.

## QUEEN VIC'S CORONATION.

*A right Royal, Loyal, and Allegorical Ditty, most humbly inscribed to Her Maiden Majesty, by J. Labern.*

*Tune—Norah Creina.*

Never since the Golden Days  
Of good Queen Bessy's exaltation,  
Hast cocknies such a gorgeous gaze,  
As at Queen's Viceroy's Coronation.  
The Thursday morn was scarcely born  
When young and old dropped off  
their perches,  
Chanticleer crow'd in the dawn,  
Ting-a-ring went the parish churches  
Never whilst a head remains,  
To grace our loyal British  
Nation—  
Especially while Viceroy reigns,  
Can they forget the Coronation.

Cripplegate church so people tell,  
Prov'd sound enough that day for  
sartin

Bow church knock'd about his bells,  
St. Martin's played up Betty Martin.  
Big folks and their little ones,  
Strain'd their loyal throats (no  
gammon !)

Soldiers freely pop'd their guns,  
The Tower took and pop'd their  
cannon. Never, &c.

Folks, of course, who was prepar'd,  
Togg'd in slap-up style to roam, sirs  
Those who shickery dress'd, declar'd,  
They wasn't the clothes they'd got  
at home, sirs.

Sweeps their dingles left behind,  
Dustmen look'd above their station,  
Both ugly, crooked, lame, and blind,  
Took a sight at the Coronation.  
Never, &c.

Railings, roofs, and shops were forc'd  
To bear the timber-ous erections,  
Not a bird's eye view was lost,  
Which show'd housekeepers blunt  
affections.

Pound foolish many were that day,  
In figure many cut a droll one,  
Numbers paid down (strange to say)  
Half a sovereign to see a whole one.  
Never, &c.

At ten Vic left the royal yard,  
Trumpets blowing such a fuss on,  
Surrounded by her body guard,  
Solely to protect her person.  
Dukes and Dons, Viscounts and Lords  
Mobs rush, crushing all to view 'em,  
Robes and ribbons, sceptres, swords,  
Bartlemy Fair was nothing to 'em.  
Never, &c.

English, Welsh, and Scot, with Pat  
United, wav'd their flags and ban-  
ners—

Those who could 'nt cut it fat,  
Shook their fourpenny Baddamas.  
The loyal shouts made chimnies  
shake,  
Hailing the reign of our baby—  
'Twas almost fear'd the earth would  
quake,  
'Till she cut her wood into the  
Abbey. Never, &c.

The Bishop read a written prayer,  
The godly dads round Viceroy hov'ring  
Made her take the (Royal) chair,  
When it took but a crown to make  
a sovereign!

The bishops, toothless, old, and grey,  
As a blessing—(Vic to herself was  
cursing)—

Ended one by one the play,  
By giving the Queen a hearty buss-  
ing. Never, &c.

Covent Garden, Drury Lane,  
To please the loyal run astray gills,  
Vauxhall, and more too thick to name  
Was open free, but find your play  
bills.  
Green, who's no green, late or soon,  
And very partial to re galas,  
Plough'd the sky in his balloon,  
And prov'd the first of all sky sailors.  
Never, &c.

London streets were in a blaze,  
Throng'd with belles and beaux, and  
spouses,  
Glaziers silly starved the glaze,  
Because some hadn't starved their  
houses.  
Such melting moments ne'er was seen.  
Nothing loyalty could hinder,  
Some wrote up—'V. R.—the Queen !'  
While rushlights graced each garret  
window. Never, &c.

High Park some thought rather low,  
What a taste they must have had,  
sirs,  
Richardson's was all the go, [sirs,  
Folks were play and wild beast mad,  
Guy Fawkes never did so please,  
The town like High Park squibs  
and rockets,  
Some a sight took from the trees,  
And some a sight from people's  
pockets. Never, &c.

Victoria medals sold like gold,  
Warranted silver, made of pewter;  
But on your time I've trespassed told  
You'll think 'tis time that I was  
neuter.

May Victoria long enjoy [her—  
The blessings people shower round  
Her enemies defeat—destroy,  
And may we find her as we've found  
her. Never, &c.

## THE MOTHER'S TEAR.

*An Original Song, sung at the London Concerts.*

*Tune.—The soldier's tear.*

Upon the tomb she sat,  
Disconsolate—alone—  
She mourn'd 'ly bent her eyes upon  
The dark and dismal stone.  
Beneath her babe did rest,  
Too innocent for here—  
The mother heav'd a mournful sigh,  
And wip'd away a tear.

'Twas but three months ago  
His little sparkling eyes,  
Made glad his widow'd mother's heart  
And quelled her half form'd sighs.  
But now their lustre's fled,  
Her once gay home is drear—  
She upwards turned her eyes in prayer  
And wip'd away a tear!  
His sweet and prattling voice  
Drove care from her away;  
Oh, sorrowful she could not be,  
When 'Ma' she heard him say.  
But now her infant's voice,  
Alas no more she'll hear—  
The mother turn'd her eyes above,  
And from them gushed a tear.

## THE ROBBER CHIEF.

*Tune.—The Gipsy King.*

Oh, I am a robber free!  
Yes, free as the winds that blow—  
With spirits light, d'ye see,  
It's little of sorrow we know.  
To the forest at night we roam,  
To the foe with courage bold,  
We shout in a brazen tone, [gold !'  
"Halt ! stand, and deliver your  
For I am a robber bold !  
Ha ! ha !

Some boast of a moonlit sky,  
Or the light of a summer's day—  
Give us sable night, we cry,  
When the traveller rides astray.  
To the forest then we steer,  
With hearts of courage bold.  
And shout when the foes appear,  
"Halt ! stand, and deliver your  
gold !" For I'm, &c.

Some love the smiling Spring,  
When Nature clothes the ground—  
For Winter, boys, we sing,  
When the storms are raging round.  
To the forest, then, we fly,  
Unmurd' by the sturdy cold,  
With our carbines fix'd, we cry,  
"Halt ! stand, and deliver your  
gold !" For I'm, &c.

## OLD BEN THE YANKEE.

OR, MORE JONATHANS !

*A celebrated Comic Song, sung by Mr. T. Ditton, with great applause, in the Virginian Minny, Theatre, Durham.*

Uncle Ben, did you never hear tell,  
In Boston town he was born full well  
The only failing poor Ben had  
Was that his memory was bad.  
For sitch a tarnation chap was old  
Ben the Yankee,  
Sitch an absent man I never did see.

Once with him I did walking go,  
When he felt an itching in his great toe,  
He stoop'd with such a serious phiz,  
And scratch'd my toe instead of his.  
For sitch a tarnation, &c.

After washing once, it was the case,  
He with the paper wip'd his face;  
He then sat down—the towel perus'd,  
And vowed he had been much amus'd.  
For sitch a tarnation, &c.

Going to slumber, it was said  
He put the candle into bed ; [dout,  
'All right,' says he, 'the light I'll  
He gave a puff, and blew himself out.  
For sitch a tarnation, &c.

In his optics being but queer,  
He put his specs once on his ear ; [go,  
Then walk'd sideways, four miles did  
Before he did the difference know.  
For sitch a tarnation, &c.

Intending once to ride his horse,  
He put the saddle his own back across  
Nor saw he his mistake, alack !  
Till he tried in vain to get on his own  
back. For sitch a tarnation, &c.

Intending once to get into bed,  
He put his trowsers there instead;  
He tuck'd 'em up and then this elf,  
Across the chair-back hung himself.  
For sitch a tarnation, &c.

Once bread and butter going to cut,  
The butter o'er his own face he put ;  
Nor once his error did he trace,  
Till he'd cut a slice off his own face.  
For sitch a tarnation, &c.

Being once into the cellar sent,  
Instead, down his own throat he went ;  
Nor did he see he wasn't right,  
Till the wind on his stomach blew out  
the light. For sitch a tarnation, &c.

Cooking a goose in an absent fit,  
He put himself upon the spit ;  
Nor once the blunder did he see't,  
Till roasted, and serv'd up to eat.  
For sitch a tarnation, &c.

A turkey carving once the elf,  
'Tis said forgot and carved himself—  
Nor saw he his mistake, I feggs,  
'Till he'd eaten one of his own legs.  
For sitch a tarnation, &c.

Once his forgetfulness was such,  
Instead of an egg he boil'd his watch ;  
And kept in ignorance sublime,  
'Till he looked at the egg to see the  
time. For sitch a tarnation, &c.

Once pulling off a tight thick boot,  
He by mistake pull'd off his foot ;  
Nor did he see he'd lost a peg,  
Till he'd walk'd four miles upon one  
leg. For sitch a tarnation, &c.

Instead of a key to a string, this dunce  
Himself let out of a window once,  
Nor saw he his mistake before  
He was fixed in the lock of his own  
door. For sitch a tarnation, &c.

Instead of a letter once this elf,  
Into the letter box dropt himself ;  
Nor did he once perceive this hobble  
'Till ask'd if he were single or double.  
For sitch a tarnation, &c.

Printed and Sold wholesale by George Walker, Jun., Sadler-Street, Durham, where Hawkers may be supplied with a Choice Selection of Songs, Ballads, 24-page Histories, Spellings, Reading Easies, Primers, Battledores, &c., &c.—Almanacks Published Annually.

