



## Jenny Jones.

A FAVOURITE WELSH MELODY.

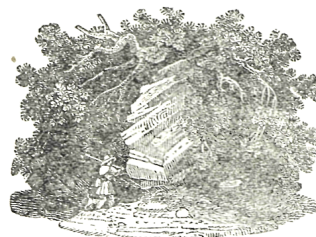
SUNG BY MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS

My name's Edward Morgan, I live at Llangollen,  
From the vale of St. Taffy'd, the flower of North Wales;  
My father and mother too, live at Llangollen,  
Good truth! I was born in that sweetest of vales;  
Yes, indeed, and all countries so foreign and beautiful,  
That little valley I prize far above,  
For indeed in my heart, I do love that Llangollen,  
And sweet Jenny Jones too, in truth I do love.

For twenty long years I have ploughed the salt ocean,  
And served my full time in a man-o'-war ship,  
And 'deed, goodness knows, we had bloodful engagements,  
And many a dark storm in the pitiless deep.  
And I've seen all the lands that are famous in story,  
And many fair damsels to gain me have strove;  
But I said in my heart I do love that Llangollen,  
And sweet Jenny Jones too, in truth I do love.

I've seen good King George, and the Lord May'r of London,  
With Kings and fair countiees and many a Queen,  
The great Pope of Rome, and the Duchess of Danguleme,  
Up from King George to Sir Watkin I've seen.  
But no, not Princesses, Kings, Dukes, nor Commissioners,  
No, goodness knows it, my envy could move:  
For indeed in my heart, I do love that Llangollen,  
And sweet Jenny Jones too, in truth I do love.

I parted a lad from the vale of my fathers,  
And left Jenny Jones then a cockit young lass:  
But now I'm return'd a storm-beaten old mariner,  
Jenny—from Jones, into Morgan shall pass,  
And we'll live on our cheese and our ale in contentment,  
And long through our dear native vallies will rove;  
For indeed in our hearts we both love that Llangollen,  
And sweet Jenny Morgan, with truth will I love.



## A Debate about Noses.

TUNE—*Darby Kelly.*

My jovial friends,  
Your patience lend,  
And hear this curious song out,  
I'll now begin,  
But, sir, you'll grin,  
Is the head that wears a snout?  
I'll prove it is,  
For, mind each phiz,  
That wears a long hook'd nose before,  
Takes more snuff,  
And tobacco puff,  
Than twenty pugs, and that a score.

A nose, cock'd up,  
Can bite or sup,  
It's point can never dive in hot;  
Or drinking beer,  
That spirits cheer,  
There is no need to blow the pot.  
Sing, drink, and chat,  
While you are at,  
We all of us love good drinking, O.  
Those true bred,  
Have noses red,  
And drink their grog when blinking, O.

Now to explain,  
The cock-nose fame,  
Our kings had pugs, and queens also;  
The Roman nose,  
Was honour'd by foes,  
And pugs got ground, as those got low;  
God rest our queen,  
Her snout you've seen,  
Our gracious prince's noble one.  
William the late,  
One as long as his pate,  
But thank my stars now his is gone,

There's John Bull's nose,  
That's flat from blows,  
And Paddy's nose to him I'll back,  
And Sandy's too,  
Is fam'd for blue,  
Who bears his whiskey in his sack.  
Sink, drink, and chat,  
What are you at,  
We all of us love good drinking, O.  
Those true bred,  
Have noses red,  
And drink their grog when blinking, O.

*George Walker, Jun., Printer, Durham.*

(68)

