

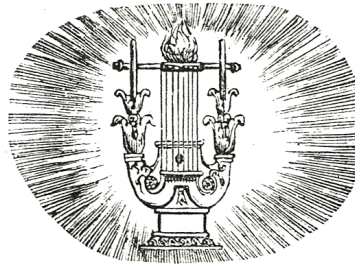


THE LAZY CLUB.

A popular Comic Song, written by J. R. Perry.

TUNE.—Regent Street.

My wife is such a lazy Turk,
 She'll never do a bit o' work;
 She says, 'she isn't such a flat—
 Hard work you'd never make her fat.
 So ev'ry morning when she wakes,
 Breakfast in her bed she takes,
 And mugs herself on rum and shrub—
 In honor of the Lazy Club.
 Then when she takes it in her head,
 I'm forced to lift her out o' bed;
 To say a word I doesn't dare,
 But place her in an elbow chair.
 To stir a peg appears a crime—
 So there she sits till supper time,
 While I'm obliged to cook the grub,
 Becos she's joined the Lazy Club.
 My eldest daughter is as bad—
 I really think she's lazy-mad;
 For she's too lazy now to walk,
 And scarcely feels inclin'd to talk.
 Her face is never clean, by goles;
 Her stockings always are in holes,
 Her tail is never free from mud,
 Becos she join'd the Lazy Club.
 My hopeful son shews off his airs,
 And cannot sit without three chairs;
 He makes believe he's got the gout,
 And makes me carry him about.
 He's too lazy to go to bed,
 So he sleeps in a chair instead;
 He makes me guv his boots a rub,
 Because he's join'd the Lazy Club.
 Ve keeps a girl about fifteen,
 To mind the house, and keep it clean;
 But she is such a lazy elf
 I'm 'bliged to do the work myself,
 For if I wishes her to stir,
 She says I ought to wait on her,
 And guv the room and stairs a scrub,
 Becos she's join'd the Lazy Club.
 Veve sich a precious lazy dog,
 He lays about just like a log;
 He tries to imitate a snail,
 He's too lazy to wag his tale.
 Before the fire in a heap
 He lays, and there goes fast asleep—
 In fact he's such a lazy cub—
 I think he's join'd the Lazy Club.
 I've got into a precious mess,
 Through this infernal laziness,
 For as my debts I cannot meet,
 I'm going into Whitecross street;
 So while I'm there these lazy elves,
 Will be obliged to keep themselves;
 No doubt if they're in want o' grub,
 They'll get it from the Lazy Club.



OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

Oh! blame not the bard if he fly to the bowers
 Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame,
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours,
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame,
 The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart!
 And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
 Might have pour'd the full tide of the patriot's heart!

But, alas! for this country! her pride is gone by,
 And that Spirit is broken which never would bend:
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend!
 Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray:
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires:
 And the torch that would light them through dignity's way,
 Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in Pleasure's soft dream,
 He should try to forget what he never can heal:
 Oh; give but a hope—let a vesta but gleam
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel;
 That instant his heart at her shrine would lie down
 Ev'ry passion it nursed, ev'ry bliss it adored:
 While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius should cover his sword.

But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
 Thy name, loved Erin; shall live in his songs;
 Not ev'n in the hour when his heart is most gay,
 Will he lose his remembrance of thee and thy wrongs:
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains:
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
 Till thy masters, themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep;

THE SMUGGLER.

Original. By Wamba.

TUNE.—There is nae luck about the house.

When stormy billows roll around,
 And toss me to and fro,
 Full safe I guide my slender bark,
 To land I straightway go;
 Though threatening dangers on me frown,
 While warring with the deep,
 My craft I earnestly pursue,
 Content at night I sleep.

My lonely cot of shingle built,
 Contains my worldly store,
 And skimming swiftly o'er the waves,
 I reach my humble door;
 Hard is my fate, yet free from care,
 I stem the watery tide,
 With merry heart and joyful song,
 My days so calmly glide.

When stormy, &c.

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