

The Durham Pant-Wife's Petition,

TO THE CORPORATION.

TUNE—"There's nae luck about the house."

Oh, Corporation, will you hear
This sad complaint frae me?—
It's not about the brewers' beer,
Nor water frae the sea;—
Of Neptune's water I complain,
Relief, I hope, you'll grant,
I pray you let us have again
Pure water frae the Pant.

CHORUS.

Oh, Corporation, think of this,
Oh think on't, canny Mayor;
Oh, Corporation, think of this,
And grant an awd wife's prayer!

Our skins and duds are yellow dyed
With iron, lead, and ochre.
Besides, our nerves are stiff and dried.
Just like a kitchen poker;
You call yourselves Board of Health,
I dinna want to flatter,—
There cannot be much health, I think,
In pois'nous, dirty water.
Oh, Corporation, &c.

Poor Geordy Dickie's trade is gane,
The awd wives' tea is spoiled.
Our eggs are just like a duck's foot
When in this water boiled.
There's Aqua Vity, Aqua Pure,
And Aquas—it makes ne matter;
And now I ask you, one and all,
What Aqua's our Pant water?
Oh, Corporation, &c.

Professor, de, my little man,
Now let us know the reason
Why and wherefore we are to use
This liquid sort o' poison.
Jack Frost, they say, he took a spite,
And has your bottles broken;
Ne analysis we've had as yet—
I'm sure its very shocken.
Oh, Corporation, &c.

Now, canny Clark, as Neptune's guide,
And master o' the Pant,
I'll "Never mind your legs outside,"
If ye our wishes grant:
If not, ther'll be row, my lad.
Wiv tins, and pails, and skeels;
And if we wives once set on ye,
Ye'll soon take to your heels.
Oh, Corporation, &c.

The water's pure, I'm very sure,
Still at the Fountain's head.
Therefore you must find out the cause—
From metal pipes or lead.
Good water a great blessing is
To country, town, and nation;
And if you grant our prayer, we'll sing—
"God bless our Corporation!"

From the Durham Chronicle, Feb., 16th 1854.

(70).



Durham Militia.

TUNE—"Jeannette and Jeannot."

You are going to be a Militia Man, a valiant volunteer,
You think to have a lazy month, and get you're swig of beer,
You will fight your battles o'er a pipe, and ne'er receive a scar,
You dandy fop at home you'll stop, and dare not go to war.

When you wear your trowsers grey, and your coat of red or
blue,
I fear that you will then forget what we may think of you,
With musket wrong side first, and your bayonet lord knows were,
You will be marching like a hero, to make the lasses stare.

When the trumpet sounds for glory you'll be gladly rushing in,
Into some snug old alehouse, to spend your hard earn'd tin,
And when your tin it is all gone, you'll coax the girls to treat,
By whispering marriage in their ears, and giving kisses sweet.

I would I were our Gracious Queen, or my good Lord Seaham
as well,

I would send those would be warriors, to a place I dare not tell,
All the town should be at peace, and the fellows who compose,
The Durham Volunteers should find themselves in meat and
clothes.

BELLA.

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