

The Last Farewell to
POOR ST. GILES'S.



Oh crikey heres a pretty go,
 Bawls out old mother Miles's,
 They are going to send us all to pot,
 And pull down all Saint Giles's,
 She hegged they would not serve her so,
 But favour they denied her,
 What a slaughter there will be among,
 The bugs and fleas and spiders,

CHORUS.

If stones and bricks and floors could speak,
 they would lay down before ye,
 Concerning famed Saint Giles's tricks,
 A pretty clever story.
 The Coach Yard says he will go to France,
 Across the Briny Ocean,
 And Buckridge Street will take a dance,
 By steam to Nova Scotia,
 George Street Maynard Street & Banbuy St,
 Will kick up such a shindy,
 And with Church Lane and Lawrence Lane,
 Bolt off to the South Indies,
 Old mother Flinn began to sing,
 Bogs I dont care a farden,
 they are going to pull down Drury Lane,
 Charles Street and Shorts Gardens,
 Up and down and right around,
 And all the seven Dials,
 The bugs and fleas of all degrees,
 Are bawling poor Saint Giles's.
 Saint Giles's oh! this sad affair,
 Most horribly does shake her,

Nine old women run down Buckridge Street,
 Bawling Paddy the baker,
 the Hand & Crown the Hare and Hounds,
 and little Courts a parcel,
 the Robin Hood the Rose and Crown,
 Black Horse and Sweet R. & Castle.
 Since sweet saint Giles's first was built,
 there's many years goue over
 saint Giles's once was all alive,
 and people lived in Clover.
 But now she is condemned to die,
 as dead as any gander,
 Cries tommy Crout I'm up the spout,
 Wherever shall I wander.

In famed saint Giles's I declare,
 Not more than thirty years since,
 A man could buy a five pound note,
 and a bottle of wine for ninepence,
 A good blow out of hot pea-soup,
 For seven-farthings lately,
 A great big wife a glass of gin,
 and a bed for twopence-half-penny.

Oh dear! oh dear! I feel so queer,
 Oh! what can be the reason,
 to kill saint Giles's I declare,
 Is worse than Pettit treason.
 The chimnys tremble do with fear,
 the very stones are quaking,
 and every alley Lane and street,
 In agony is shaking.

Her glass is run her time is come,
 Oh dear! says Mrs. Miles,
 Bad luck to them who did invent,
 to murder poor saint Giles's,
 Oh sweet saint Giles's I'm affraid
 You will be hung drawn and quartered
 Poor tommy Crout is up the spout
 and all his houses slaughtered.



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