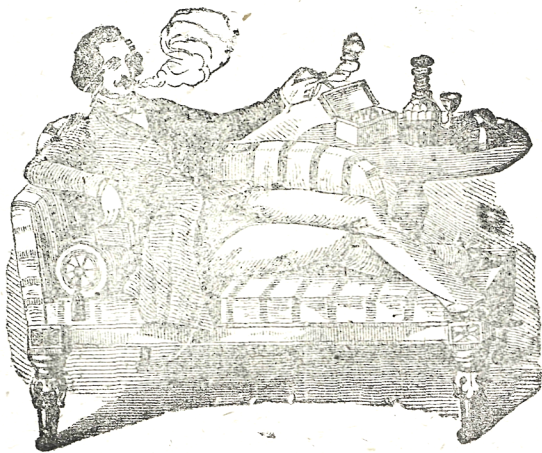


# THE PUBLICAN AND SINNER.



Oh dear, what a row and a riot!  
 Those jolly old men will never be quiet;  
 They ought to be fed on extremely low diet.  
 What a row about G—s pills!  
 The doctor went to see a sick mother,  
 Fell in love with the daughter and shook hands  
 with the brother;  
 I must tell the truth—my feelings I can't smother,  
 She's a nice little girl of her age!

The sweet little creature—how nice in her manners  
 He loved her sweet music, I don't tell a crammer,  
 She quite stir'd him up when at the piano;  
 For she liked G—s cordial and pills.

They say the old doctor is a first-rater,  
 He is very clever he done things to nature,  
 Then she being a "garden," he must cultivate her  
 He's such a nice chap for the girls!  
 Now she began blooming ere to a flower was  
 growing,  
 Though sweet seventeen she began very knowing  
 Now she must soon reap what she has been sowing  
 And a young-an was found in her arms.

At last it came out now, who could doubt it  
 As that not aberring knew all about it;  
 For she liked G—s cordial and could not do with-  
 out it.  
 For it causes such a wonderful change!  
 The blind grandfather was very much shocked sir  
 For when it was drest it was just like a doctor  
 He says the cab-riding has wonderfully rocked her  
 Bad luck to his cordial and gin.

Things came about that looked mighty shabby  
 They sent for the doctor to own his dear baby  
 But he swore outright it belonged to her daddy.  
 The doctor's as bad as his pills!  
 such rascally conduct must not be past over  
 He ought to be sent from Calias to Dover  
 The poor old man's character would turn cover  
 Through G—s cordial and gin.

Now although he's acquitted we know all about it:  
 It might not have been his but some doubt it  
 He felt her all over she wonderful stout was  
 He gave her cordial and pills!  
 He invited her out—took her cab riding  
 Then how she got stout was not suprising  
 The change of the air and some early rising  
 Occasionally cordial and pills.

So dear little girls mind what you are doing  
 Until you are twenty do not go wotting  
 For surely some mischief you will be brewing:  
 Beware of cab-riding and pills!  
 You publicans now look after your daughters.  
 Don't let them draw stout or brandy and water  
 Married men too your wives pray look arter  
 Don't let them bite G—s pills.

1850

