

THE
SURREY
HONEST TRADESMEN.



Oh don't we live in funny times,
And scarce would be believing,
Some people who have lots of tin,
Should venture out a thieving;
An honest tradesman the other day,
In R—— boned 2d. of bread so clever
And in Bermondsey another stole
About seven penny worth of leather.

Oh! what a jolly piece of work,
There is says Lady Wiggin,
All about Mr. What's-his-name,
Who ventured out a priggling.

Now some do out a thieving go
Who are clothed in rags and stitches,
And others who are togged so fine
And possessed of wealth and riches;
But if a poor person steal a penny loaf
They're sure to go off to gaol now,
But if the rich should steal a horse,
They're only held to bail now.

And when the trial does come on,
Then money it does fly, sir,
And say their nut it must be cracked,
And that you can't deny, sir;
But it is not so, you all well know,
The truth I will repeat, sir,
For them who has not any tin,
Must in a prison weep, sir.

In England we have curious laws,
And many now it well, sir,
You must not beg, you must not steal;
And sometimes mustn't sell, sir;
Oh dear, whatever shall we do,
It is serene, now mind it,
Honesty is the best policy.
And that my friends you'll find it

THE BANKS OF
DUNMORE.



YE lovers of high and low station, and gentlemen of renown
Give ear to these lines I now mention, the truth I would
wish to lay down;

In praise of a beautiful damsel who love in my bosom hath sown
She's only a poor farmer's daughter that lives on the banks of
Dunmore.

One evening as I went out walking in order to take the fresh air,
'Twas down by the brink of a river I met with a beautiful fair;
I thought she was fairly enchanted, or something proceeding
from love,

Oryet that she might be an angel that fell from the heavens above
The hair that fell over her shoulders, like ringlets of gold from
her head;

Her skin was as white as the lily, & her cheeks of a bright rosy red
The more that gaz'd on this female the longer I wish'd to delay,
My heart she tore from my bosom, and with her she bore it away

But at length I said to this fair damsel, I hope you will tell
me your name,

If you are of a Christian creation, you'll tell me, too, from
whence you came,

For I am a man of great honour, from England I lately sail'd o'er
My heart you have enchant'd this night on the banks of Dunmore

Kind sir, we're not of one persuasion, the truth I'll tell indeed,
For I'm one of the daughters of Granua, and rul'd by the Catholic
creed;

'The scripture I often peruse it, and God I have took for my guide
Until that you turn a Roman you'll never get me for a bride.

Fair creature, I ask you one question, explain it to me if you can,
The bible is the guide of our religion, how can you prove that
I'm wrong?

Now if you confute me with scripture, my parents I will disown,
With you I'll become a true member, living up to the church of
Rome.

Kind sir, it's an easy matter, I'll prove to you that you're wrong
Transubstantion we believe, you'll find in the book of St. John;
And if that you wish to go further, sure God made Peter his own,
The keys of his treasure he gave him, to govern the church old
church of Rome

In hopes I'll have a blessing this night from the heavens above,
Controversy we'll fairly abolish, and join in the arms of love;
Your grand explanation has won me, my dear, I'll not you disown
With you become a true member, and live up to the old
church of Rome.

So now to conclude and finish, in wedlock this couple were join'd
And since he has turn'd a roman, he feels quite contented in mind
His fortune he got from his father, in riches & great earthly store
And purchased a cot by the Shannon, that river which runs
through Dunmore.

Harrison, Printer, Lambeth,



1846