

THE LAST FAREWELL TO POOR ST. GILES'S.



OH! here's a pretty go,
Bawls out old mother Miles,
They are going to send us all to pot,
And pull down all St. Giles's,
She begged they would not serve her so,
But favour they denied her,
What a slaughter there will be among,
The bugs, the fleas, and spiders.

CHORUS,

If stones and bricks & floors could speak,
They would lay down before ye,
Concerning famed St. Giles's tricks,
A very pretty story.

The Coach Yard says he will go to France,
Across the briny ocean,
And Buckeridge Street will take a dance
By steam to Nova Scotia;
George St., Maynard St., & Banbury St.
Will kick up such a shindy,
And with Church Lane & Lawrence Lane
Bolt off to the West Indies.

Old mother Flinn began to sing,
Boys, I don't care a farden,
They are going to pull down Drury Lane
Charles Street, and Short's Gardens;
Up and down and right around,
And all the Seven Dials,
The bugs and fleas of all degrees,
Are bawling poor St. Giles'.

St. Giles's, oh! this sad affair,
Most horribly doth shake her,
Nine old women ran down Buckeridge St.
Bawling, Paddy the baker.
The Hand & Crown, the Hare & Hounds,
The little courts a parcel,
The Robin Hood, the Rose and Crown,
Black Horse, and sweet Rat's Castle.

Since sweet Saint Giles's first was built,
There's many years gone 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 Grout 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 two-pence halfpenny,

Oh dear! oh dear! I feel so queer,
O! what can be the reason,
To kill Saint Giles's I declare,
Is worse than petty treason,
The chimneys 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 afraid,
You will be hung drawn and quartered
Poor Tommy Grout is up the spout,
And all his houses slaughtered.

