

# The Jenny Lind Mania;

or, the Swedish nightingale arrived at last.



**O**H! is there not a pretty fuss  
In London all around,  
About the Swedish nightingale,  
The talk of all the town,  
Each square and street as through you  
pass,  
Aloud with praises ring,  
About this pretty singing bird,  
The famous Jenny Lind.

CHORUS.

For she turns each heart, and turns each  
head,  
Of those who hear her sing,  
And she is turning all her notes to gold,  
Is famous Jenny Lind.

All singers she outshines,  
None can with her come nigh,  
And some declare that she must be  
An angel from the sky;  
She sings so sweet, and sings so loud,  
As I've heard people say,  
You might hear her from the Haymarket  
As far as Botany Bay.

As to a liquor shop you go  
To drink your wine or gin,  
The landlord begs that you will taste  
His famous Jenny Lind;  
And I heard a dustman t'other day,  
As he his bell did ring,

Instead of bawling out, "dust O!"  
Call'd out for Jenny Lind.

P — A — and our loving Queen,  
Had such a precious row  
Because he at the Opera House  
To Jenny Lind did bow;  
She beat him round and round the house.  
All with the rolling pin,  
Till he said, my dear. I will not look,  
Or wink at Jenny Lind.

Now every thing is Jenny Lind  
That comes out now each day,  
There is Jenny Lind shawls and bonnets  
too,

For those who cash can pay;  
Jenny Lind's coats and waistcoats,  
Shirts, whiskers too, and stocks,  
Jenny Lind's gowns and petticoats,  
And bustles such a lot

If to a butcher's shop you go  
To buy a joint of meat,  
It's buy, oh! buy my Jenny Lind,  
She's tender and she's sweet;  
And the greasy little butcher's boys,  
Sing with a knowing grin,  
Eightpence a pound, this splendid leg,  
It is fit for Jenny Lind.

The gents smoke nought but Jenny Lind  
For so they name cigars,  
And shopboys they to come out slap,  
Smoke Jenny Lind by halves;  
And ladies who a shopping go,  
To the mercer's will drop in,  
And ask for a yard and a half of silk,  
Cut off of Jenny Lind.

Now to conclude and end my song,  
For I think it is almost time,  
Success to the little singing bird,  
The subject of my rhymes;  
I have seen some wonders in my time,  
And singing birds some scores,  
I never knew a singing bird,  
Wear petticoats before.

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