

The Sunday TRADING RIOT.

Tune.—Villikins and his Dinah.

Marks, Printer, 206, Brick Lane, Spitalfield.

Oh, my friends have you heard of this terrible job,
About sunday trading and Grosvenor Bob,
If your're not I am going to tell you all pat
While you swallow pump handles and wollop the
cat

CHORUS

On sunday there was such a row and a lark,
You would laugh till you burst if you'd been in the
Park.

The ladies did squall and the dogs they did bark,
And the rolling pins rattled all over Hyde Park.
And there stood Lord Bob, and his Mary-le-bone
mate,

With a lump of peas pudding at Grosvenor gate.

There was tailors and dustmen and tradesmen a lot
Some sucking oranges, some ginger pop,
There was some in the grass and some up the trees
And ladies with trousers fringed up to their knees

Twenty thousand assembled on that glorious day,
From shoreditch, whitechapel, and ratcliff-highway
There was Nancy and Polly, suke, betty and Jane
And pretty Rebecca from Petticoat Lane.

The footman lay down and the butler sly looked,
The ladies maid had a go in at the cook,
The coachmen did grin and the housemaid did jab
And the kitchen maid swore she would harras Lord
Bob.

The ladies was frightened the horses stood still,
The folks cursed Lord Robert and his sunday bill,
And one dear old duchess was knocked off her
perch,

For she swallowed her bible while going to church

The trunchions did rattle, the people did run,
And oh dear how the peelers did laugh at the fun
Since the world first was made there was not such
a lark,

And they hung bobby's trading bill up in Hyde
Park.

Lord Robert was there and he run for his life,
He knocked down his daughter and wolloped his
wife,

He locked up the cupboard, his servants he led,
Without either dinner, or supper to bed.

That day it would been such a terrible job,
If they in the Park had caught Grosvenor Bob,
His new sunday trading bill soon he would find,
Pinned fast to the tail of his breeches behind,

CHORUS.

The New Sunday Trading Bill caused such a lack
And they hunted Lord Bobby all over Hyde Park.

BEN BOLT.

J. Marks, Printer, 206, Brick Lane,
Whitechapel.

Oh don't you remember sweet Alice Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with eyes azure brown,
How she wept with delight when you gave her a
smile,

And trembled with fear at your frown.
In the old church yard in the valley Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone,

They have fitted, &c.

Oh don't you remember the wood Ben Bolt,
Near the green sunny slope of the hill,
Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading
shade,

And kept time to the click of the mill,
The mill has gone o decay Ben Bolt,
And a quiet now reigns all around,
See the old rustic porch, with its roses so sweet,
Lies scattered all over the ground.

See the old, &c.

Oh, don't you remember the school Ben Bolt,
And the master so kind and so true,
And the sweet little nook, by the clear running
brook,

Where we gathered the flowers as they grew,
O'er the master's grave grows the grass Ben Bolt
And the clear running brook is now dry,
And of all our old friends, who were schoolmates
then,

There remains but you Ben, and I,
And of all, &c.

Shells of the Ocean.

ONE summer eve with pensive thought,
I wandered by the sea beat shore
Where oft in heedless infant sport,
I gathered shells in days before,
The splashing waves like music fell,
Responsive to my fancy wild,
A dream came o'er me like a spell,
I thought I was again a child.

I stooped upon the pebbly strand,
To cull the toys that round me lay,
But at 1 took them in my hand,
I threw them one by one away.
Oh, thus I said in every stage,
By toys our fancy are beguiled,
We gather shells from youth to age,
And then we leave them like a child.

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