



WHAT WON'T MONEY DO.

Oh, this money, money, money,
 Pray what won't *this money* do?
 Why make some folks swear black's white,
 That's one thing money will do;
 And 'twill make blind folks see, sirs,
 And 'twill make lam' folks to walk,
 Yes and make dumb folks to speak, sirs,
 That never before could talk;
 And if that you are far from home,
 With the French, Dutch, Turk, or Greek,
 There's not a language in all the world
 But what sweet money can speak.

Oh this money, money, money,
 Pray what won't *this money* do,
 Why, make a girl at sixteen marry
 An old man at seventy-two.
 What, though he's grey as a badger,
 Do you think she cares for that,
 With a dandy wig, quite the gig,
 With his money she'll hide that;
 Now he thinks that his darling dear
 Loves him as dear as honey,
 So she does—ev'ry hair upon his wig,
 But all for the sake of his money.

How this money, money, money,
 Makes some folks to strut and bounce,
 And make some men courting go, to
 Five or six widows at once.
 If they hav'nt a tooth in their head,
 And got a hump on their back;
 Bandy leg'd, half blind, or with skin
 Just like an old toad's back;
 With nose as long as a hatchet,
 And almost touching her chin,
 Now the one that's got most money,
 That's the widow for him.

Then money at an election,
 Pray what won't *this money* do?
 Make Lords and Dukes with poor folks
 Shake hands, and cry, "how do you do?"
 If hands are as black as the Devil,
 They think them as clean as honey,
 They turn their coat—give 'em their vote
 All for sake of his money;
 But, when the election's o'er,
 You'll find what I tell you true,
 'Twill be seven years before he cries
 "My dear friend, how do you do."

Then this money with fighting men,
 For money what won't they do?

Trudge many miles o'er hedges and stiles,
 For to get beat black and blue;
 And if that their eyes are black, sir,
 Or their nose get split in two,
 Or if their ribs are crack'd, sir,
 They know well what for to do;
 To get salve for every sore,
 And make up for all their blows,
 For money they sell the battle right well
 And laugh at their friends and foes.

All you that have money, money,
 Now before your money's gone,
 Mind what I say—now don't forget,
 But take care of "number one."
 While that you've plenty of money
 You will always find a friend,
 But when its done—sure as a gun,
 This friendship is at an end;
 Now all this, I tell you is true,
 And pray don't think that I'm in fun
 But mind what I say—"don't forget
 "To take care of number one!"

THE CONQUERING SAILOR.

With a cutlass in his hand, and a pistol by his
 side.
 A sailor boards his enemy, to conquer or to die.
 His heart as a lion bold, he'll face his daring foe,
 For his king and his country's cause, his valour
 he will shew.

CHORUS.

While the thundering cannons roar,
 And the British flag doth fly,
 A sailor will for victory fight,
 Or in glory he will die.

Brave as our Nelson was, a sailor's fame must be,
 His duty he will do on board, amidst great storms
 at sea.

No fear he ever knew, his heart of British Oak,
 His flag he'll never strike, nor his spirit ever broke.

With joy he doth return, unto his native land,
 To Nancy he is joined, in wedlocks pleasing band,
 At Greenwich then safe moored, from rocks and
 shoals quite safe,

All in his Nancy's arms, free from both wind and
 wave.

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