

# THE DEVIL AND LITTLE MIKE.

OH! 'twas on a dusky eve,  
When I was low and poor,  
My story you may believe,  
The Devil he came to my door.  
He had in his hand a large hook,  
His eyes did sparkle bright,  
Says he to my sister Suke,  
I want your brother Mike.  
To my whack, fallal, &c.

I knew his voice in a minute,  
I'd heard it times before,  
Then as sprightly as a linnet,  
I flew behind the door.  
His eyes like fire did look,  
He gave a most terrible groan,  
Says I to my sister Suke,  
'Suke tell him I'm not at home.'

The Devil he flew in a pet,  
And swore he would come in,  
Says my big sister Bet,  
Then I'll whack you out again.  
He into the house took flight,  
Lord how he stamped and swore,  
When he caught poor little Mike  
A sitting behind the door.

The old woman jump'd off the chair,  
And broke his head with a broom,  
The Devil then out of fear,  
With sulphur fill'd the room.  
'Twas on a washing night,  
When the water was boiling hot,  
She gave it him left and right,  
And bundled him into the pot.

My little sister Peg,  
She had a mighty knack,  
With her father's wooden leg,  
She broke the Devil's back.  
Then he call'd out for his pal,  
As loud as he could shout,  
While me and my sister Sal,  
Oh, we wack'd the Devil out.

Next day the Devil died,  
What glorious news to hear,  
Mark what did him betide,  
He was buried at Bartlemy fair.  
And now since we've nothing to dread,  
Let your glasses sparkle bright,  
For since the Devil's dead,  
We can all do just as we like.



## THE YOUNG WAGGONER.

As I was driving my waggon along,  
The trees in full bloom, and the birds in full  
song,  
I spied a fair maid as she walked to and fro,  
But kept a driving my waggon jee woo,

CHORUS.—Well done Robin,  
Driving your waggon,  
And I kept a driving  
My waggon, jee woo.

This maid she overtook me, she walked by my side  
The roads they were dirty, I asked her to ride,  
I took her up gently, she lay at her ease,  
And I'll ride beside ye, O yes if you please.  
Well done Robin.

My first horse I whipt, he tinkled his bell,  
Such music, such music, no tongue can excel,  
I got her by the middle, and silence gave sound,  
I think says young Molly, your waggon goes  
round.  
Well done Robin.

My reins are in pieces, my harness not right,  
But you'll lend me your hand, love, to put them  
all right,  
She gave her hand freely to a hearty good swain,  
And I fell to driving my waggon again.  
Well done Robin.

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