

JENNY LIND and POET B.



TUNE—"LUCY LONG"

E. Hodges, (FROM PITTS)
Wholesale Toy & Marble warehouse, 31,
Dudley Street, 7 Dials,

Oh, what a precious uproar,
In the Opera world there be,
About this charming Nightingale,
Just come from Germany,
So as novelty you're fond of
Altho' I'm short of wind,
In the tune of Lucy Long—
I'm sing of famous Jenny Lind.

CHORUS.

So take your time Miss Jenny,
Oh, take your time Miss Lind,
You're only to raise your voice,
John Bull, will raise the wind.

Oh, Jenny she's a wonder,
Every where she goes,
She's got a voice enchanting,
And a Swedish turned-up nose,
Her's pleasing meel, and a oddity,
With melting eyes of blue,
And a note of molli & sweetness
To melt I'll blame too.

So take your time &c.

The poet Bunn of Drury,
The moment he got wind,
Away he flew to Sweden,
To cage sweet Jenny Lind,
Like little boy's catch sparrows,
Bunn thought he could not fail
So he took a bag of golden eggs,
To sprinkle on her tail.

After Jenny sign'd the paper,
She repented what she'd done,
And said she must have been a cake,
To be tempted by A, Bunn,
The english tongue she must declare,
It was such awkward stuff,
And we find 'mongst our darling dames
That one tongue's quite enough.

Says Alfred in the public eye,
My name you shan't degrade,
So birds that can and wont sing
Why in course they must be made,
This put Miss Jenny's pipe out,
Says Bunn your tricks I see,
Altho' you are a Nightingale,
You shan't play larkswain me.

The Poet said he'd break the law,
No chance away he'd throw,
Says Jenny if you think I'll come,
You'll find it is no go!
When a bird-catcher named "Lizamy"
With independence big,
Pounced down upon the Nightingale,
And with her hop'd the twig!

"When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
I think it's time says B—
In such a moment I but ask,
That you'll remember me!"
So I'll even take the title,
Miss Jenny, at a push,
I now see, one bird in the hand
Is worth two in the bush.

So now shut, here at present,
Miss Jenny says for once
Altho' he tries the "pleasant"
He's a wasp, but cross the hand
It's very certain, Jenny,
"Will golden eggs you want,
And though a Nightingale she sings
A Gold finch shall retain"

So take your time &c.



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