

# Beware of Rows

AT

## NOTTINGHILL.

Now all you blades round Notting-hill,  
pray don't commit a fault,  
That is I mean beware how you, your neigh-  
bours do assault, (light until dark,  
Conduct yourself upright & just, from day-  
Or you you may pay down fifteen pounds,  
like all the little sparks.

Chorus—Beware of larks or like the sparks, right  
sore against your will, (at Notting-hill,  
Fifteen bright pounds you will pay down, for a row

Those buxom sparks now only mark, for a  
row how sad to tell, (Clerkenwell,  
Went what a treat the other week, to visit  
And there a jolly row ensued, the chairman  
he look'd round, (up 15 pounds,  
And ordered mark the lot of sparks, to tip

There dwells one Mr. D---, now speak the  
truth I will. (Notting-hill,  
Well known & much respected, in High-st.  
He allways acts upright and just, cares not  
for any man, (other peoples land.  
But the sparks said he was trespassing, on

The sparks so bright began to fight, & mo-  
mently let fly, (and hit him in the eye,  
They strove to break their neighbours nose  
Four to one oh, what a match ashamed !  
am to tell, (at Clerkenwell,  
At length through it there did ensue, a trial

To pay the debt the sparks did sweat, one  
tumbled in the dirt, (sold his shirt,  
One sold his hat one sold his coat another  
They altogether run a race, the Hippodrome  
all round, (pay the fifteen pound.  
And shov'd their breeches up the spout, to

Now all you men mark what I pen, & keep  
your fingers still, (of Notting-hill,  
Beware of larks & all the sparks, & think  
For if your neighbours you insult, who at  
Notting-hill does dwell, (at Clerkenwell  
You may pay down 15 bright pound some day

John Morgan,

PHAIR, Jun., Printer 22, Peter St., Cow Cross.

# AN ELEGY

On H. R. H. the  
Duke of Sussex.

He is gone, Augustus Frederick is gone,  
Britannia weeps for her darling son,  
He was beloved by the rich and poor,  
But now alas he is no more.

CHORUS.

Our loss is great and thousands do deplore,  
For the Duke of Sussex who is now no more.

In January he was born we see,  
In seventeen hundred and seventy-three,  
Sevnty years he was by England beloved  
And we hope he reigns in heaven above.

70 years this world he travelled through,  
And proved a briton staunch and true.  
All institutions he did support,  
The poor man's company he did resort.

All Kensington for him does grieve,  
This world he was compelled to leave,  
He was a parent good and kind,  
And protected injured Caroline.

A husband kind a father dear,  
For him oft drops a silent tear,  
By those whom he has left behind,  
He was a prince brave, good and kind.

An accepted mason he was free,  
Beloved by every degree,  
An enemy to tyranical laws,  
And the grand secret now he knows.

The twenty-first of April that fatal day,  
He paid the debt we all must pay,  
He is servants called but was so weak,  
To bid farewell but could not speak.

He view'd them all by his bedside,  
Gave one last look and then he died,  
Long time he suffer'd grief and pain,  
But not one moment did complain.

A solemn silence will be seen,  
While journeying to Kensal Green,  
Within his silent tomb to lay,  
Till summoned on the Judgement day.

Chorus—All Kensington his loss deplore,  
And Royal Sussex is no more.

J. PHAIR, Jun. Printer, 22, Peter St. Cow Cross, Smithfield.