

THE ROW ABOUT THE SOVEREIGNS.

TUNE—Yankey Doodle.

NOW if you will attention give,
 one moment to my ditty,
 I will tell you what a row there is
 In country town and city ;
 From east to west, and north to south,
 you will hear all classes blubbering
 And saying, is not it a shame,
 to cheat us with thn sovereigns.

CHORUS

The old and young the rich and poor,
 in every part are bothering,
 O what a piece of work there is
 about the wicked soyereigns.

I know a man who went with his
 week's wages right to range it,
 He took a sovereign seven miles,
 And then he could not change it,
 It is a gallows shame he cried,
 I've got into a fine mess,
 He was forced to let the sovereign go,
 for seventeen and nine-pence.

An old lady to her grocers went,
 her name was Mrs Brofey,
 And bought an half an ounce of tea,
 and a quarter of a pound of coffee,
 There was such a row all up and down,
 scolding, sweating to and bothering,
 She had but eight and two pence change,
 out of her half sovereign.

Some say the sovereigns has been drilled,
 at least they have so been puffing,
 They are light in weight as I will state,
 and nearly good for nothing,
 Some say they have been hacked about,
 to cause such previous shindy,
 The George is gone to new South wales,
 and the dragon out to India.



A cobbler said he was informed
 by his brother's fortieth cousin, (Wales,
 You could buy the sovereigns down in
 for nineteen pence a dozen
 He went to buy three balls of wax,
 with a sovereign he went slap home,
 And because the sovereign was not weight,
 he beat him up on the lapstone.

The people say to be took in
 they are not very willing,
 Some wont fetch but seventeen,
 and others eighteen shillings;
 An old maid did out to market go,
 and a sovereign she did handle,
 She got sixteen shillings, an ounce of snuff,
 and a long three farthing candle.

All von that has got gold in store,
 and don't want any bothering,
 Hire a little donkey cart,
 and pack up all your sovereigns,
 Take them into Petticoat Lane
 then you won't be mistaken,
 And lay them out on pickled eels,
 boiled eggs, fried fish and bacon.

There never was since Adam's time
 such a peice of work and bothering,
 And all about the nasty little
 good for nothing sovereigns.
 As I went over Lonbon Bridge,
 I saw a barber blubbering,
 He jump'd into the river Thames
 crying oh, the short weight sovereigns.



Paul, Printer, 18, Great St. Andrew
 Street, seven Dials,



1859