

# THE OWL.

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Tune, X, Y, Z.  
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**N**OW run away amang the snobs,  
An' stangies i' the Garth, man,  
An' hear about the greet black Owl,  
That's let on C—p—y's hearth, man—  
Of sic a breed, the Deil his sel,  
Its marraw canna' find in H—ll;  
It hops about wiv its slouch hat,  
Can worrie mice like wor Tom Cat—  
An' sic a yarkin blubber heed,  
It bangs X, Y, that famous steed,  
Or ony thing ye like, man,  
Fal, de ral, &c.

Oft frev its nest, in Cabbage Square,  
It flattered out at neets, man,  
'Mang sic a flock that neetly blare  
An' carry crooks an' leets, man—  
Then prowld wor streets in search o' prey,  
An' if a mouse but cross'd his way,  
He quickly had it by the nose,  
An' pawk'd it off to kuel its toes,  
Did Hoo! Hoo! wi' the blubber heed,  
That bangs X, Y, that famous steed—  
So, C—p—y, keep him tight, man.

To tell how C—p—y gat this burd,  
Aw wad be rather fash'd man—  
Some say that, of its own accord,  
It went to get *white wash'd*, man;  
So scrub him, C—p, with aw yor might,  
Just nobbit make the lubbart white—  
But if yor brushin' winna dee,  
There's W—l—r W—s—n, W—l—n tee,  
They'll scrub him as they did before,  
An' make the bowdy-kite to roar—  
If C—p—y keeps him tight, man.  
Fal de ral, &c.

St. Nich'las bells now sweetly ring,  
Your music's se bewitchin'—  
Ye lads in Neal's now louder sing,  
An' warble weel Hell's Kitchen—  
For yor awd friend is in the trap,  
Alang wi' his awn brother, C—p:  
Then shout hurra! agyen we're free,  
At neets to hev a canny spree;  
In gannin hyem, ne mair we'll dreed  
The lubbart wi' the chuckle heed—  
Mind, C—p—y, keep him tight, man.

—————  
Skipper Whipstaff, Poet Laureat of Gotham.

