



POP HIM INTO The Lady and Sailor. LIMBO.

Our Queen woke up the other night, and
filled the room with laughter,
She sang aloud in sweet delight, how pet-
ticoats is master,
The married women rule the roast, most
excellent by jingo,
Give him six long months in quod, and
pop him into limbo.
Now if a man offends his wife, he must
pay twenty pounds by jingo,
Or else for six long months they'll pop
him into limbo.
Wop him with the rolling piu, and whack
him with the ladle,
Pop your husband in the eye, and smash
him with the table;
His must not fight or dare to strike, or he
will be a croker.
Wop him with the bellows well, and pop
him with the poker.
A woman went the other day, to the
Court-house so neat sir,
And there she told the magistrate her
husband did her beat sir,
The magistrate calld him a brute, and said
he would repent him,
Before he'd done, so off like fun for six
long months he sent him.
All married men must use their wives so
lovingly and tender,
Or on their head, mark what is said, pop
goes the fender,
He must not even dare to look cross at his
wife, by jingo,
Or so help my bob six months in quod, he
pop goes in to limbo.
Every married man must be both upright
and eat fast,
Take his wife hot rolls and tea to her bed-
side for breakfast,
Wash her shift and stockings too, and lace
her stays by jingo,
Or else in jail he must bewail—pop him
into limbo.
He must buy lollipops and gin, and never
dare be snarling,
He must not use no other words, than
ducky, dear, and darling,
Pop goes the pots and pans—the law will
give him stingo,
Pop goes the spiteful man, for six long
months and limbo.
Women you have gained the day, and tri-
umph'd o'er each noodle,
Stick a feather in your cap, and whistle
Yankee doodle!
Polly put the kettle on and make a cup of
stingo.
Anp if your husband says a word, than
pop him into limbo.
This glorious act, it is a fact, is stunning
says Moll Dawcey,
All married women may flare up and be
tremendous saucy,
Their husbands must nyt dare to strike or
give them any lingo,
Or so help my bob, six months to quod
they'll pop him into limbo.
Pop goes the prison van which gave the
fellow stingo,
Pop goes the wicked man for six long
months in limbo.

There was a rich merchant in London did dwell,
He had one fair daughter none could her excel,
Rich lords came to court her she slighted them all,
And she fancied the sailor both proper and tall.

Till at length it was discovered by one of the men,
To see a young sailor of late coming,
Hold, hold, says her father it soon will them part,
And if they prove loyal it is not from my heart.

He called down his daughter with an angry frown,
Could you not get better matches of fame & renown
Could you not get better matches your arms to embrace
Than to wed with a sailor your friends to disgrace.

Dear honoured father your pardon I crave,
There is none in this world but a sailor I will have,
That sailor is willing the lad I adore, (roar.
And indeed I will go with him where loud cannons

Dear daughter I will never with you part,
Since it is a young sailor that has won your heart,
Cnme do it in private and talk not of me,
And when it is all over we'll kindly agree.

As those couple was walking down by the church
door,

A press gang they met them about half a score,
They took him a prisoner and marched him away—
And instead of great mirth it was a sorrowful day.

The lady dressed up in a suit of men's clothes,
And straight to the captain she instantly goes,
She yet as a sailor it fell to her lot,
For to lie in her lover's hammock.

As the lady and sailor was crossing the deep,
Says the lady to the sailor you sigh in your sleep,
I once had a sweetheart the sailor did say,
And by her cruel father I was sent away.

I am an astranger reared to my pen,
Astrologing books I pursue now and then,
Come tell me your age I'll cast up your lot,
To know if you gain the fair lady or not.

He told her his age and the day of his birth,
She says you were born for great joy and mirth,
You shall have your sweetheart in spite of them all,
And here is your Ellen just at your call.

This couple got married among the ships crew,
You may say the young lady proved loyal and true,
They now are safely landed on Columbia's fair shore
And a fig for her father he'll never see her more.