

# GEO. LEYBOURNE'S UP THE MONUMENT

Some like to spend their leisure time,  
At Margate or at Rome,  
Some ruralize in Shadwell,  
And some rusticate at home.  
But when I have a week to spare,  
I'll tell you how it's spent,  
I take my sweetheart on my arm,  
And see the monument.

Chorus.

Up in the monument, touching the sky,  
Up in the monument, ever so high,  
Up in the monument a jolly day is spent,  
The cheapest place for courting is the monument.

We clamber up and reach the top,  
Where seats are always placed,  
And if I'm so disposed, I put  
My arm around her waist;  
It's ten to one there's no one there,  
To spoil the sentiment,  
And so we have it to ourselves,  
Up in the monument.

We fancy we are by the sea,  
And gaze on Billingsgate,  
Where periwinkles proudly strut,  
And eels do predominate;  
We see the wilds of Hackney Marsh,  
And Timbuctoo in Kent,  
And see what they've for dinner,  
From off the monument.

There we look down on every one,  
From off our Isle of sky,  
We cannot spend much money there,  
Because there's nought to buy;  
There dissipation never dwells,  
All's mild and innocent,  
I mean to spend my honeymoon,  
Upon the monument.

Come all who play upon the flute,  
And go to bed at nine,  
Come Country Cousins meek and good,  
To this retreat of mine;  
You'll find it is no fleeting joy,  
When you've made the ascent,  
It's mad intoxicating bliss,  
That blessed monument.



GEORGE LEYBOURNES

## ARTFUL JOE.

W. S. FORTEY, General Steam Printer & Publisher,  
2 & 3, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials, London.

Oh! my Father was the owner of a baked potatoe can  
My dear old darling Mammy was a charwoman,  
My sister spliced a merchant wot goes about with coke,  
My brother was the celebrated Chickaleary Bloke.  
But here you sees a party wot knows his little book,  
Altho' he hasn't travelled quite so far as Captain Cook,  
You can take your Alfred David that's straight enough  
you know,  
You'll have a job to find a yob like Artful Joe.

I can do a little shuffle with a thimble and a pea,

Chorus.

I'm up to every fakement, whatever it may be,  
I'm known about the country wherever I may go,  
You can't put the topper on to Artful Joe.

When I was only ten years old, I've heard my mother  
say,  
When I was quite a baby, I'd such a taking way,  
And when I was only twelve year old, a queer com-  
plaint I had,  
They called it kleptomaniis, and I had it very bad.  
The old folks tried their best, this ere complaint to  
cure,  
But no, 'twas all in vain, break out 'twas certain sure,  
But picking oakum cured me, lor, I didn't feel the  
same,  
So I turned my pretty talents to a different sort of  
game.

I can do a little, &c.

I can't stand those guns wot does the priggish line,  
A man wot isn't honest, he's not a pal-o'-mine,  
For I once went on a visit to that crib at Holloway,  
I didn't like the treatment, so found it didn't pay;  
So now I goes to races, I'm known at all the fairs,  
I does the country Yokels before they is awares,  
The fakement with the three cards bring the mopesses  
about,  
My Coveys, I find honesty the best of games wot's out.  
I can do a little, &c.

