

Allowed to be *drunk* on the  
Premises.

AIR—"The Chummy's Society."

STRANGE laws will oft come into force,  
In London, you all will allow, sirs,  
So listen, and I will of course,  
Endeavour to shew you one now, sirs :  
For the Lords and the Commons oft crop,  
And send forth our acts full of blemishes,  
For instance, at every beer shop,  
Your "Allowed to be *drunk* on the premises."  
Tiddy fol lol, &c.

The keepers of gin shops look blue,  
In their temples they make a great deal of fuss :  
Saying, surely this never will do,  
For instead of a blessing it is a curse,  
The publicans pull a long face,  
And say that to hurt honest men, it is,  
To sell beer in such shops a disgrace  
While "Allowed to be *drunk* on the premises."  
Tiddy fol lol, &c.

Bill the scavenger, says he can't tell,  
Vy of laws there should be sich variety :  
He knows that it can't be so vell,  
For the general good of society,  
And Tom says that he doesn't care,  
But he can't think vot business to them it is,  
To pass sich an hact as that ere,  
"Allowed to be *drunk* on the premises."  
Tiddy fol lol, &c.

Sam Swipes to a house t'other day,  
Went to take some super brown stout, sirs ;  
But scarce had he moistened his clay,  
When the landlord he ordered him out, sirs :  
As you're drunk and have paid me your score,  
To see you turn'd out, it my business is,  
Why, says Sam, just look over your door,  
"I'm allowed to be *drunk* on your premises."  
Tiddy fol lol, &c.

Says Sam, vot's the use of that board  
That's stuck on your house just outside, sirs ;  
If I'm not to believe every word,  
And of course by its tenure abide, sirs ;  
Acts of Parliament are a disgrace,  
If they are not made without blemishes,  
Why it's as plain as the nose on your face,  
"Allowed to be *drunk* on the premises."  
Tiddy fol lol, &c.

The landlord in vain urg'd his plea,  
That Sam must turn out in the street, sir ;  
But Sam in the mean time made free,  
Determined on keeping his seat, sirs,  
Says Sam, you have nothing to fear,  
If I do any wrong tell me when it is,  
But no more pass such hacts as that ere,  
"Allowed to be *drunk* on the premises."  
Tiddy fol lol, &c.

BANKS OF THE  
BLUE MOSELLE.

When the glow-worm gilds the elfin bower,  
That clings round the ruin'd shrine,  
Where first we met, where first we lov'd,  
And I confess'd me thine ;  
'Tis there I fly to meet thee still,  
At sound of vesper bell ;  
In the starry light of the summer night,  
On the banks of the blue Moselle.

If the cares of life should shade my brow,  
Yes, yes, in our native bowers,  
My lute and harp might best accord,  
To tell of happier hours ;  
'Tis there I'd soothe thy grief to rest,  
Each sigh of sorrow quell :  
In the starry light of the summer night,  
On the banks of the blue Moselle.

Allowed to be *drunk* on the premises, *continued*

The other day now some merry old boys,  
To a decentish beer shop they went, sirs :  
But they soon made the devil's own noise,  
'Ere the half of their money was spent, sirs :  
The neighbours all kick'd up a row,  
Said what a shame to harbour such men it is,  
So landlord, pray turn them out now  
"And don't let them be *drunk* on the premises."  
Tiddy fol lol, &c.

The old women often get queer,  
The reason I suppose you all know, sirs ;  
And if not, it is pretty clear,  
The law don't compel them to go, sirs ;  
And if the good host should complain,  
Why very soon settled his business is,  
Come fill up this measure again,  
We're "allowed to be *drunk* on the premises."  
Tiddy fol lol, &c.

My song to conclusion I'll bring,  
By wishing no other laws plann'd, sirs :  
Nor ever be signed by our King,  
'Till the meaning we well understand, sirs :  
In passing an act like this here,  
Not a hap'orth of credit to them it is,  
For many I'm sorry to hear,  
Are often found "*drunk* on the premises."  
Tiddy fol lol, &c.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

[216]

