



The Blooming Goddess. or Country Girl.

The sun was just rising one fine Monday morning,
The birds from the bushes so sweetly did sing,
When the lads and the lasses were merrily moving
To yonder large village their work to begin.
I espied a fair damsel much brighter than Venus,
Her cheeks were like roses none could her excell,
Her skin like the lilly that grows in the valley,
This blooming young goddess, the country girl.

I stepped up to this beautiful creature,
She cast upon me a proud look of disdain,
Stand back sir she cried and do not insult me,
Tho' poor I am, poverty's no sin,
I said do not scorn me, I ne'er will harm thee,
But one favour grant me pray where do you dwell,
With tears she replied and was going to leave me—
I am but a hard working country girl.

I stood all amazed, while on her I gazed,
Such modest behaviour ne'er before did I see,
I said my sweet charmer my souls great alarmer,
If with me you go a lady you shall be,
She said sir, temptations are used in all nations,
Go marry a lady and you will do well,
For I am a poor orphan no friend or relation,
And am but a hard working country girl.

I stood in a flutter knew not what was the matter,
For cupid so slyly my heart had trepaned
Dear maid then I cried if you'll not be my bride,
I'll wander for ever in some foreign land.
What pleasure's in treasure when love it is wanting,
Your beauty upon me has now cast a spell,
I'll marry you speedy and make you a lady,
If you will be mine my dear country girl.

She gave her consent the license went,
The bell they did merrily echoe and ring,
To church then we went and as we were returning
The bridesmen and maidens so sweetly did sing
This lovely young couple lives together,
She blesses the hour she saw her swain,
This country girl is made a rich lady,
And married a squire of honour and fam

A NEW SONG ON 18s. A-WEEK.

A man and his wife in ——— Street, on Sunday morning last
They had a fray, good lack a day, as by the door I passed,
Come tell me Maggie now said he, and gave her such a clout,
The way, or how, come tell me now, my wages is laid out.

CHORUS.

Seven you see in family, to feed and find in clothes,
And Johnny dear you wish to hear, how 18s. goes.

There's 2s. 6d. every week I pay to Mistress Barrett,
For a nasty cellar underground, and bed-room in the garret,
On Monday morning sixpence, for a pound of mutton chops
And three halfpence to a servant maid to carry down the slops

There's twopence-halfpenny for coals, a quarter every day,
And a shilling for coffee, but the d—l a drop of tay,
There's twopence halfpenny goes for soap, if I must tell oh
crickey,
A farthings worth of starch and blue, to stiffen your d—key.

There's one and ninepence goes for flour, according to retail
Though you may laugh the better half of it was India meal,
A penny every week to you, to go and read the news,
And a halfpenny for blacking, for to clean the childrens
shoes.

There's potatoes for your dinner, every Sunday must be found
That' five pence more upon the score, near hand a penny a
pound,
A shilling for a sheeps head and pluck, I laid it on the shelf,
And you bid me eat the horns while you eat the meat yourself.

There is twopence to the burial club, which every week I
gave,
That one or the other I may stick you in the grave,
There is three halfpence for a petticoat I bought it second hand
A halfpenny thread and needles, and a farthings worth of
sand.

There's a penny for salt and pepper and two pence for mut-
ton pies,
Thre farthings for a beefsteak, with a pair of rolling eyes,
There's twopence halfpenny for a broom, to sweep away the
dirt,
And a halfpenny worth of calico to mend your Sunday shirt.

There is fourpence for pickled cabbage and a halfpenny for a
plate,
A shilling for a bustle for your eldest daughter Kate,
A farthing for a halfpenny lace to tighten up her stays,
And a pennyworth of poison for to kill the bugs and fleas.

There's fivepence halfpenny for candles and well you know
the same,
And sixpence halfpenny for sugar but the d—l a drop of
cream,
The children's schooling sixpence more you know it is no
joke,
And twopence in the market for the chamber pot you broke.