

OLD MAN! YOU'LL BURST YOUR BOILER.



There is something new starts every day
You never can be undone,
All through the country every day,
Particularly so in London.
Nature's tongue goes brisk along,
Though many strive to spoil her,
It's funny now to hear folks bawl,
Old man you'll burst your boiler.

CHORUS.

If I had a wife who was fond of strife,
I would not wish to spoil her,
But make her holloa day and night,
Old man you'll burst your boiler!

The Q — — to A — — said one day,
Do wrong indeed we munna,
We will take a trip to Germany.
To pass away the summer;
And leave Brittannia while we're gone.
I hope they will not spoil her,
And day and night tax her so tight,
To make her burst her boiler!

As old John Bull walked out one day,
So buxom and so mellow,
I heard some certain people say,
He was a stupid fellow;
He did his vessel so neglect,
That some would try to spoil her,
Then they holloaed at the poor old chap,
Old man you'll burst your boiler!

There is funny doings every day,
With the butcher and the baker,
The grocer and the dog's meat man,
The snob and linendraper;

If they have a daughter young and fair,
They will dress her out and spoiler.
And before she's twenty years of age,
Perhaps she'll burst her boiler!

I met a lady in the Strand,
Tell you the plain truth I will, sir,
She had a bustle on her r—
As big as Mutton Hill, sir;
She told me I must speak genteel
For fear that I should spoil her,
He led me in a dirty court,
And holloaed burst your boiler!

With another lass I got in tow,
The looked as blue as tinder,
The led me up three pair of stairs,
And throwed me out of window;
The swore that I had stole her clothes
And that I tried to spoil her,
And then kept bawling, off she goes,
Old man you'll burst your boiler.

I went to quod with little Bob,
And danced the mill so cosey,
And when I got my liberty,
I met a chap called Nosey;
He said the Q — — was very kind,
But many strove to spoil her,,
Then he gave me such a kick behind,
And holloaed burst your boiler!

Now I'll go home so help my bob,
Since I'm completely undone,
I will tell my mother I've been to quod,
And all the rigs of London;
And if my wife will not do right,
I will take a stick and oil her,
First tie her up behind the door,
And then I'll burst her boiler!

CHORUS.

Lady England is a funny slut,
And many strive to spoil her,
With don't lodge here, and put it up,
Old chap you'll burst your boiler!



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