

The St. Pancras PRIGGING OVERSEERS.



There was a naughty man,
 And if you search through the land,
 A bigger rogue you couldnt find sir,
 He had some sons and daughters,
 And he used to starve the paupers,
 And deprive them of their skillegalee.
 So they've caught Mr. B. — O dear,
 And the people says he feels rather queer,
 He will think it rather cruel, when he sips
 The water gruel,
 Master B. — the prigging Overseer.
 Billy B. — he cut away,
 With the money lack-a-day,
 The policeman soon after him did stoer,
 They collard him so fine,
 Popped him in a Cinoline,
 Oh, was not he stunning Overseer,
 Fow this miser B. —
 You all must allow,
 Was a very wicked subject, O-dear,
 Could it be just we axes,
 For to collar all the taxes,
 Like the prigging St. Pancras Overseer
 He waddles like a duck,
 He'll be glad to draw a truck,
 Or else go breaking stones it appears,
 Besides he must fight coakum,
 When he's tearing up the oakum,
 What a treat for a prigging Overseer,

When they caught mister B. —
 He couldnt get away,
 Justice was determinep him to find
 In running through the ditches,
 In a pair of workhouse breeches,
 And the paupers all pelting him behind.

Poor B. . . must bewail,
 They have put him into jail
 Where he'll neither get hot dumplings or beer
 But he'll have to clean the muck,
 Draw about the parish truck,
 Mister B. — the prigging Overseer,

It was a dreadful job,
 The parish for to rob,
 And run away disgraceful, O dear,
 They will learn him Old Dau Tucker,
 Give him daving stones for supper,
 Master B. the prigging Overseer.

And when they brought him back
 They his knuckles well did nip,
 Soon the pretty blacksmith's daughter did
 appear
 Old men began a singing,
 While the women stood a grinning
 They called him the prigging Overseer.

On the mill they'll make him dance
 And no more he'll have a chance
 Since he acted like a rouge and a sinner
 To feed his sons and daughters.
 By showing of the papers
 And robbing poor people of their dinners.

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