

SUNDAY CLOSING BILL.

LITTLE FAT GREY MAN.



E. HODGES Printer, Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse, 26, Grafton Street, Soho Where upwards of a 100,000 Songs are constantly on sale.

THERE was never such times you may see very plain,
 Since Adam and Eve dwelt in Petticoat Lane,
 When Sunday & Monday folks did as they like,
 But now recollect after Saturday night,
 Till St. Monday morning the wind must not blow,
 The pig must not grunt & the cock must not crow
 The cat must not mew and the dog must not bark
 And young men and maids must not kiss in the dark.

CHORUS.

This New Sunday Trading Bill, mark what I say
 Will knock some old maids in the family way.
 If you eat, drink, or whistle, be punish'd you will
 You may read the contents in the New Sunday Bill.

The ducks must not quack, and the bird must not sing,

You must not be out, nor you must not be in;
 Old ladies, old ladies, mind what you're at!
 You'll be fined if you give any meat to your cats.
 If men open their shops, they'll be fined forty bob
 And if they don't pay it a fortnight in quod.

That's the first time, and then, for the second you will,

Have five pounds to pay, or a month on the mill.

The bakers must not take a pudding or pie,
 Or they'll get a hot donovan slap in their eye:

If your wife is in labour for the midwife you run,
 You'll be fined 7 pounds, if she happens to come;

For the New Sunday Act is by women pack'd tight
 No child must be born after Saturday night,
 No matter how serious or dreadful the shock,
 Put it off until Monday at eleven o'clock.

The goose must not hiss & the fish must not swim
 You must not lay your hand on your wife's rolling pin.

You must not eat toast and you must not drink tea
 You must not drink gin, or well punish'd you'll be
 You must not lie down, nor you must not go out,
 You must not wash your face or a child's dirty clout,

You must all go to chapel, so buxom and keen,
 To sing Rule Britannia and God save the Queen

After nine in the morning, no barber must shave,
 No hair must be curl'd, and no bed must be made
 You must not eat apples or brandy balls hot,
 You must not sell herrings or taste ginger pop.
 And if a maid's garter should fall on the ground,
 If she dares pick it up, they will fine her a pound
 If a woman is known for to lace up her stays,
 She'll be sent to pick oakum for twenty-one days.

Oh, crikey, oh dear, what is people to do?
 All the long day of Sunday we'll have to get thro'
 Without eating or drinking, or going to sleep,
 You'll be fined if you dare in a gin-shop to peep.
 I wish all the fools who the thing did propose,
 Had the New Sunday Trading Bill tied to their

nose,

A pump in their mouth and they'd find it no joke
 With the door of St. Paul's stuck bang in their throat.

CHORUS.

To starve us on Sunday they are going to try.
 I suppose something else they will put on a brie & brie
 To crush down the poor man, and keep them forlorn,

Don't you think that Old England wants a reform

LITTLE FAT GREY MAN.

There is a little man dress'd all in grey
 He lives in the City, & he's always gay,
 He's round as an apple plump as a pear
 He has not a shilling, he has not a care.
 Yet he laughs and he sings, ha! ha! ha!
 What a merry, little, fat, grey man.

He drinks without counting the number
 of glasses, (lasses,
 He sings merry songs and flirts with the
 He has debts, he has duns; when the bar-
 lifts draws near, (ear,
 He shuts up his door, & he shuts up his
 Yet he laughs and he sings, &c.

If the rain thro' the roof his garret floor
 wets. (forgets;
 In his bed, snoring snugly, the rain he
 In bleak, cold November, when it hails
 and snows,

If the fire goes out his fingers he blows,
 And he laughs, and he sings, &c.



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