

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

This world is a comical place,
So you'll find it from one end to the other
All classes of persons thro' life
Can daily find fault with each other;
Some will tattle and gossip about
And fill every person with dizziness,
What an excellent world it would be,
If people would mind their own business.
And they'd find enough for to do!
Mrs. Jenkins you know very well,
She lives over the way at the corner,
Her husband I'm sorry to say,
Has lately turn'd an informer;
She often walks out of a night,
A drunkard, they tell me, she too is,
Folks would find plenty to do,
If they would but mind their own business,
Did you see Mrs. Bubble and Squeak
Walk out with her young daughter Sally
She has got a new bonnet and shawl
And a fine handsome gown on the tally!
Such a bustle, oh! dear, she has got,
Why, eat up with pride, now I'm sure she is
Some can always see other folks faults,
But they never can mind their own business.
Mrs. Cheat'em, in our two pair,
They tell me to leave, she got warning;
For the landlord can't find her at home,
When he comes round on Monday Morning
She owes about four weeks' rent,
A shocking bad principle, too, she is;
But, ho, la! I don't like to say much,
I wish people would mind their own business
At number nine over the way,
Don't you know Mr. Bodkin the tailor?
Mrs. Knownought saw his daughter Jane
Walking down the highway with a sailor,
Pray don't you tell any one else,
Or, else, it may cause such a wizziness,
We should all find enough for to do,
If we all would but mind our own business.
Mrs. Straddle is just gone along;
Don't you think she's a queer sort of creature
She owes tenpence for chandler's-shop score,
Besides eightpence to the baker.
And she can drink gin like a fish
Which oft fills her head with dizziness;
But, you know that is nothing to me
For I always mind my own business.
Mrs. Thingembob, what do you think?
You know Mrs. and Miss Carbuncle,
Last night took the pillows and sheets,
Their flat irons and gowns to their uncle;
I think, now between you and me,
It can be nothing more than laziness,
I wish you would take my advice:—
Lock at home, and mind your own business.

NUMBER ONE.

IT'S very hard!— and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And witness this that every Miss,
But me has got 'a beau.
For Love goes calling up and down
But here he seems to shun;
I'm sure he has been ask'd enough,
To call at number one!

CHORUS.

Now all young maids take my advice
And listen to my song,
And if a sweetheart you should want
Don't live at number one!

I'm sick of all the double knocks,
That came to number four!
At number three I often see
A lover at the door—
And one in blue at number two,
Calls daily like a dun,
It's very hard they come so near,
And not to number one!

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane,
Without a bit of blind.
But I go on the balcony,
Which she has never done,
Yet arts that thrive at number five,
Don't take at number one!

I am not old! I am not plain,
Nor awkward in my gait—
I am not crooked like the bride,
That went from number eight.
I'm sure white satin made her look,
As brown as any bun;
But even beauty has no chance,
I think, at number one!

At number six they say Miss Rees,
Has slain a score of hearts,
And Cupid for her sake has been
Quite prodigal of darts.
The Imp they show with banded bow
I wish he had a gun,
But if he had he'd never deign
To shoot with number one!

It's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row!
And her's a ballad-singer come,
To aggravate my woe!
O take away your foolish song,
And tones enough to stun;
There is nae luck about the hazen,
I know at number one.

