

Darbee & his Dizzy

TUNE—*Vilkins and his Dinah.*



TIS of a great sportsman, in London did dwell,
Who had a pet jockey, an Israelite swell,
His name was Ben Dizzy as I have been told,
With plenty of brass, and some silver and gold.

Tu ral i tu ral, Ben Dizzy, my boy,
You're Darbee's delight, and the Carlton Club's
joy;
You're on the high horse, in the old Tory way,
But how long you'll be there I don't like to say.

A. Ben Dizzy was a walking the garden one day,
Old Darbee came to him and thus to him did say,
That obstinate brute, Johnny Bull, as you know,
Is playing such pranks—go and quiet him, oh!

Tu ral i tu ral, &c.

Spoken—Now comes the confaberation of Benjamin

So please you my Lord, I've not made up my mind,
And to put on the curb, why, I don't feel inclined,
It isn't no go, and the spur's of no use,
If you goad him much more why he'll kick like the
deuce.

Chorus—By the society for the prevention of cruelty
to animals.

Ki tu ral i tu ral, &c.

Go, go, boldest Dizzy, that sportsman replied,
There's no other jockey like you can ride;
You can show him some hay, but don't loosen the rein
Till he's safely tied up in the stable again.

Tu ral i tu ral, &c.

As Johnny was pacing the back garden round,
A searching for grub as was wholesome and sound,
He twigged Master Ben, and what sore did him rile
With a new Reform Bill, in the old Tory style

Tu ral i tu ral.

He kicked his old corpus a thousand times o'er,
Resolved he should not jockey him any more;
And spying old Darbee, rushed at him so brave,
That Darbee and Dizzy both lie in one grave.

Tu ral i tu ral.

Now all you great statesmen be warned by their fate
Or you'll find your mistake, and repent when too late
And all you bold jockies, mind what tricks you tries

on
John Bull, who abhors and detests 'em like pison.

Tu ral i tu ral.

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