

What do you think of
LIVERPOOL POLL.

Well here I am again you see,
 Fat and saucy, bold and free,
Liverpool Poll.
 I conquered all so help my bob,
 And bolted nicely out of quod.

CHORUS.
 Like a Briton I have gained the day, tol, lol
 Then drink success to Liverpool Poll.

Oh! won't I have a jovial game,
 All up and down New Gravel Lane,
Fire and smoke.

Since I am discharged the bells shall ring
 The fiddle shall dance and I will sing.

Flare up you jolly sailors all,
 I went to quod for nothing at all,
Jigglem jum.

I conquered the jury and gained the day,
 Here's Wapping and Ratcliff Highway.

If me to offend any one begins,
 I will up with my foot and tickle his shins
'Till I make him laugh.

To frighten poor Poll it is no use,
 The Bear for ever and Paddy's goose.

To the Royal Billy I like to steer,
 For a glass of gin and a pint of beer,
Fake away.

At Newgate I played the jury a rig,
 And frightened the judge till he swallowed
his wig.

Like a Briton I at the bar did stand,
 Cause somebody said I kicked a man,
It's all my eye.

The jury stared and gaped about,
 And Liverpool Poll came toddling out.

Come banish sorrow and drown all pain,
 No more they'll catch me there again,
I gained the day

So you females be as jolly as bricks,
 And never have nothing to do with kicks,
 Liberty is sweet my boys huzza,
 And Liverpool Poll has gained the day.

He Married Two Wives.

What a lark there as lately been says Will
 About an old man at Notting Hill,
Starch and blue.

He married one wife and made a bother,
 And then so foolish married another,
 You Notting Hill husbands jolly and kind
 Don't you think one wife is enough at a time

Now this old man so jolly and rough,
 Said one good wife was not enough,

To lather the clothes.
 So he married a laundress able to work,
 To keep him and wash his stockings and
shirt.

You would laugh to see his lordship rub,
 And pull away at the washing tub,

Soda and soap.
 He washed all night and ironed all day,
 One wife at home and another away.

He hung the petticoats up so high,
 And put the flounces out to dry,

Linen and shawls.
 But his absent wife did roam about
 Until she found the funny cove out.

Starch and soda, soap and lines,
 I think one wife enough at a time,

Or it ought to be.
 And it would have been better for that
old man,

If he had never had more than one.

Now this old covey against his will,
 Must have his washing at Notting Hill,

Blue bags and starch.
 You Notting Hill ladies mind your lives,
 And pity the man who married two wives.

And if this job he does get through,
 May he dye his breeches in starch and blue

One at a time.
 There is never a man in the world that's
tough,

But what can find one wife enough,
 To keep two wives is devilish queer,
 Don't you think it is and the bread so dear

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