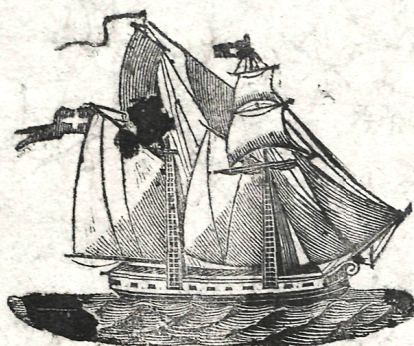


# Launch of the Boscawen, 84 GUNS.

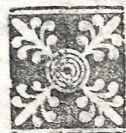
From Woolwich Dock Yard, Wednesday, April 3rd 1844



**W**HAT a fuss and a riot  
Sure no one is quiet,  
All roads out to London folks running in flocks  
In all the approaches  
Swells coming in coaches,  
To see the Boscawen ride off the stocks,  
And from Wapping Old stairs  
Came doxies in pairs.  
And from Ratcliff highway some sailors too  
Blind Dick the Fiddler (staunch  
And Jeremy Diddler,  
Come rolling to Woolwich to see the ship  
Launched.

## CHORUS.

Oh such pushing and driving  
For all was contriving,  
To see the Boscawen launch'd in the  
Thames.  
From Greenwich and Deptford,  
Jonny Russell from Bedford,  
Being out of a birth came down for a lark,  
Bobby Peel and D— Nosey,  
In a cab came so cosey,  
With Lucy Long and Jim Crow who they  
met in the Park,  
But on to keep jogging  
They their knacker kept floggin,  
And run foul of a post and capsized in the  
Tho all got a ducking (docks  
They still kept their pluck in  
To see the Boscawen slide off the stocks.  
See the vessels with streamers.  
And all sort of steamers,



The like never was seen on old Father  
Folks seemed in a quiver (Thames,  
On all parts of the river.  
As if going to have some curious games,  
Said one I've a notion  
All the world is in motion,  
See that old man there with his jolly paunch  
There's Robert the dustman,  
And Jarvey the Bussman,  
Come lushy to Woolwich to see the ship  
launch.

From Billingsgate market,  
Some fish sags did lark it,  
To Woolwich by steam in the watermans  
boat,  
One eyed pig and Sally,  
And Kate from the alley,  
Determined to see the Boscawen afloat,  
And out to Whitechapel,  
With nuts cakes and apple,  
Come Billy goloose who has had some hard  
knocks,  
With Teddy the Filer,  
And his little smilrr  
To see the Boscawen launched off of the  
atocks

Sure no one was dreamers  
there'd be such loaded steamers,  
'Twas smoke steam and splashing the river  
along,  
No wherry was tolling  
For the billows wae rolling  
Like the sea was in motion there was such  
a throrg,  
And to finish my ditty  
I'll try to be witty  
And a toast I'll propose in the Boscawen  
hame,  
May the sailors that man her  
Ne'er be short of a tanner,  
To well drub our foes on the watery main.



Paul, Printer, Seven Dials.

