

THE YORKSHIRE LAD IN LONDON.

When I left father and mother, sister and brother,
They all cried you'll surely be undone,
For resolved was I my fortune to try,
And just take a trip to London.
Cry'd my father when there, don't curse and swear,
As the Londoners do if they tease ye,
But your passion keep down as well as you can,
And say—Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

Lord father do you take me for a fool,
That was in Yorkshire born and bred, man;
I'm not to be done by the London chaps,
As long as I've eyes in my head, man;
And should they think for to go to contrive,
With their cunning and tricks to tease me,
I, as well as they, know how many beans make five,
If I don't then—Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

I went to the play—I went to the park—saw the King,
To see all the grand sights I were willing,
But when I came at night to count o'er my brass,
Egad, I found I'd took two bad shillings:
If the Yorkshire lads wur to know it says I,
Oh dear, how they would tease me,
But some kind friend shall have 'em again,
If they don't, why—Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

A fine lady came up, half drunk in the street,
Thinking for me to nicely trepan, sir,
For you sir, I being drest in all my best,
She called me a handsome young man, sir;
And sir, if along with me you'll go, says she,
I think as how I could so please ye,
So I went—and I gave her the two bad shillings,
If I didn't—Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

Then a stranger came up, says he, my dear friend,
I'm glad in London to meet you:
Don't you know me? says he—says I, very well,
Come to yon public house and I'll treat you;
So I called for the liquor—got half drunk,
When the chap he thought to ease me,
But I walked me away, left him the reckoning to pay,
If I didn't—Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

Then another chap called me on the other side,
Says he, look, I've found a gold ring, sir,
If you'll ten shillings give me, yours it shall be,
Oh! says I, 'tis a grand looking thing, sir;
But I tell you what, my sweet London chap,
Don't think of my money to ease me,
For a Yorkshire lad knows brass from gold,
If he don't, then Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

I was so tired of their tricks, says I, I'll go home,
While all's right, tight and comely;
For a rolling stone gathers no moss,
And home is home, if it's ever so homely.
But I made 'em remember, 'for I left town,
They thought how it did please me,
That the Yorkshire lad was not to be had,
If he was—Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.



TWO WENCHES AT ONCE.

Till I fell in love I was happy I vow,
Sowing or reaping, at harrow or plough,
Sunrise in the morning I was always springing,
And just like the lark I was always singing.

Cupid quite envious of my happy life,
Put into my head that I wanted a wife,
About love and such things completely a dunce,
Till I fell in love with two wenches at once.

The miller's young daughter she gave the first twist,
Her lips did look as if they longed to be kiss'd,
But while I gaz'd on her 'twixt love and surprise,
I was fairly struck dumb by her sister's black eyes.

Mary was as fair as an angel can be,
The eyes of sweet Betsy I never did see,
I tried all in vain my hot feelings to smother,
By looking at one and kissing the other.

When Betsy looked at me, or when Mary smil'd,
I felt of my senses completely beguil'd,
It was all of no use—I looked this or that way,
Like a donkey between two bundles of hay.

Things went on thus for five or six weeks,
And I never could muster up courage to speak,
When all of a sudden they both went to church,
And left me a bachelor quite in the lurch.

Come all you young fellows, if love gets into your
sconce,
Never go courting two wenches at once,
With one less you may work your way safe and sound
But between the two stools you will come to the ground.

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