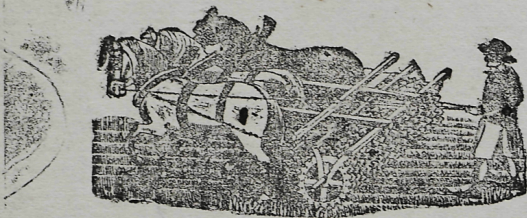


A NEW SONG PITY POOR LABOURER'S



E. Hodges (late Pitt's), wholesale toy and
Marble Warehouse 31, Dudley-street, Seven
Dials,

YOU sons of old England come list to my
rhymes.
And I'll sing unto you a short sketch of the times,
Concerning poor labourers you all must allow,
Who work all the day at the tail of the plough.

-CHORUS.

Pity poor labourers, pity poor labourers,
That are working for five or six shillings per week.

There's many poor labourers to work they will go
Ever hedging or ditching to plough or to sow,
And many poor fellows are used like a Turk,
They do not get paid for half a day's work.

And many poor labourers I'm sorry to say,
Are breaking of stones for eightpence a day,
Bread and water the fare of the labouring man,
While the rich they can live on the fat of the land

Some pity the farmers, but I tell you now,
Pity poor labourers that follow the plough,
Pity poor children half starving, and then
Divide every great farm into ten.

There are many young fellows you'll often hear
say,

For shooting a hare they are banished away,
To a county gaol or to some foreign shore,
And their wives and dear children are left to
deplere.

There's many a farmer that makes a fuss,
While the poor they are starving can scarce get a
crust,

Do away with their hounds and their hunters so
And give the poor labourers a little fair play.

Fair play is a stranger these many years past,
And pity's bunged up in an old oaken cask,
But the owners must lower the rent of the land,
And the farmer pay better the labouring man.

I'M SPRUCE YOUNG TIGER SAM

I'M quite my master's man—in fact my mistress
she declares (unawares
That always when I'm in her sight, she feels quite
With cravat white, and cockade too, she says I
really am,

So very fascinating, that she calls me Tiger Sam,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, I'm my master's man.

I'm slap up tiger Sam, I'm quite my master's man.

My master when he goes from home, he alway
tips me well, (mistress tell
Because his secrets all I know, and must not
The other day not long out he, when she just like

a lamb (me Tiger Sam
With look so soft, she sigh'd, and said, Come kiss
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Just like a statute struck was I, and she was with
my charms (bang into my arms,
She looked, then scream'd, and threw herself
Which brought in the chamber maid and all, who
said whatever can Tiger Sam,

The matter be? when, said she, oh, bless the
Ha, ha, &c

My mistress being indisposed her chamber she
kept when (and when
My master and the doctor came, I was sent for,
Such hurry bustle, think I, now in for it I am,

If mistress should again call out for slap up Tig
Sam! Ha, ha, &c.

Fatigued with being up all night, and then what
made it worse and nurse
Next morn I saw come down the stairs, the doctor
Nurse said her mistress had a son, said I, 'what
say you ma'am? (Tiger Sam

Said she, 'Not like your master, sir, but wery like
Ha, ha, &c.

Each time my master rings the bell, I slowly go
afraid (has betrayed
My thoughts are always that the nurse the secret
But still I eat and drink the best my maw and
pockets cram, (Tiger Sam,

And should I ever be found out, why I'll be
Ha, ha, &c.

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