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THE GLEN COLLECTION  
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-  
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,  
in memory of her brother, Major Lord  
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,  
killed in action in France in 1914.

*28th January 1927.*

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A COLLECTION

*Of the most favorite*

COMIC SONGS,

*SUNG AT THE*

*Theatres Royal*

*and*

*Public Meetings.*

*By*

*Messrs. Johnstone, Fawcett,  
Emery, Matthews, &c.*

Vol. 1.

Price 4<sup>s</sup>.

*London Printed for C. Wheatstone, 436, Strand.*



SPRIG OF SHILLELAH AND SHAMROCK SO GREEN

LIVELY

O Love is the Soul of a neat Irish-man, He

loves all the lovely loves all that he can, With his Sprig of Shil-

-lelah and Shamrock so green. His heart is good humourd'tis

honest and sound, No malice or hatred is there to be

found, He courts, and he marries, He drinks, and he

fights, For love all for love for in that he delights, With his



2

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donny brook Fair,  
 An Irish man all in his Glory is there,  
 With his Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green,  
 His Cloaths spic and span new without evr a speck;  
 A neat Barcelona ty'd round his nick neck,  
 He goes to a tent and he spends half a crown,  
 He meets with a friend and for love knocks him down.  
 With his Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green.

3

At Ev'ning returning as homewards he goes,  
 His heart soft with Whisky, his head soft with blows,  
 From a Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green,  
 He meets with his Shelah who blushing a smile,  
 Cries "get agone Pat" yet consents all the while,  
 To the Priest soon they go, and nine months after that,  
 A fine Baby cries "how d'ye do Father Pat",  
 With your Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green.

4

Bless the Country say I that gave Patrick his birth,  
 Bless the Land of the Oak and its neighbouring Ear,  
 Where grows the Shillelah and Shamrock so green,  
 May the Sons of the Thames the Tweed and the Shannon,  
 Drub the French who dare plant at our confines a Cannon,  
 United and happy at Loyaltys Shrine,  
 May the Rose and the Thistle long flourish and twine,  
 Round a Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green.

SMALILOU.

Sung by  
M<sup>r</sup> Johnstone

LIVELY

There was an Irish Lad who lov'd a cloyster'd Nun, And it

made him ve-ry sad, For what was to be done, He

thought it was a big shame, a most confounded Sin, That

she cou'd not get out at all, And he cou'd not get in:

Yet he went ev'ry day he cou'd do nothing more,

Yet he went ev'ry day to the Convent door, And he

sung sweetly, Sma-li-lou, Sma-li-lou, Sma-li-lou, And he

sung sweetly, Sma-li-lou, Grama-chree and Paddy Whack.

2

To catch a glimpse of her,  
 He play'd a thousand tricks,  
 The bolts he tried to stir,  
 And he gave the wall some kicks,  
 He stamp'd and rav'd and sigh'd and pray'd and many a time he swore,  
 The Devil burn the Iron bolts, the devil take the door,  
 Yet he went ev'ry day he made it a rule,  
 Yet he went ev'ry day and look'd like a fool.  
 Tho' he sung sweetly Smalilou &c:

3

One morn she left her Bed,  
 Because she cou'd not sleep,  
 And to the window sped,  
 To take a little peep,  
 And what did she do then, I am sure you'll think it right,  
 She bad the honest Lad good day, she bade the Nuns good night,  
 Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,  
 Then jump'd into his Arms, and so they ran away.  
 And they sung sweetly Smalilou &c:

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

Oh! the Boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring

blades, And if ever they meet with the nice little Maids, They'll

kiss them, and coax them, and spend their money free, And of

all Towns in Ireland Kilkenny for me, And of

1<sup>st</sup> Verse.

all Towns in Ireland Kilkenny for me. Fal de

2<sup>d</sup> 3<sup>d</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> v:



2

In the Town of Kilkenny, there runs a clear stream,  
 In the Town of Kilkenny, there lives a pretty dame,  
 Her lips are like roses, and her mouth much the same,  
 Like a dish of fresh strawberries, smother'd in cream

Fal de ral &c:

3

Her Eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large Coal,  
 Which thro' my poor bosom have burnt a big hole,  
 Her mind like its river, is mild clear and pure,  
 But her heart is more hard than it's marble Im sure.

Fal de ral &c:

4

Kilkenny's a pretty Town and shines where it stands,  
 And the more I think on it the more my heart warms,  
 If I was in Kilkenny I'd think I'm at home,  
 For its there I'd get Sweet-hearts but here I get none.

Fal de ral &c:

THE RUSH LIGHT.

MODERATO

Sir So-lo-mons Si-mons when he did wed, Blush'd

black as a Crow his fair La-dy did blush light, The

Clock, struck twelve they were both tuck'd in Bed, In the

Chimney a Rush light A lit-tle farthing, Rush-light

Fal lal lal lal la, A little farthing Rush-light

2

Sir Solomon gave his Lady a nudge,  
Cries he Lady Simons there's too much light,  
Then Sir Solomon says she to get up you can't grudge,  
And blow out the Rush light:  
A little Farthing Rush light,  
Fal lal lal lal la,  
A little Farthing Rush light.

Sir Solomon then out of bed pops his Toes,  
 And vastly he swore and very much did curse light,  
 And then to the Chimney Sir Solomon he goes,  
 And he puff'd at the Rush light;  
 The little Farthing Rush light,  
 Fal lal lal lal la,  
 The little Farthing Rush light.

## 4

Lady Simons got out in her night cap so neat,  
 And over the Carpet my Lady did brush light,  
 And there Sir Solomon she found in a heat,  
 Puffing at the Rush light;  
 Then she puff'd the Rush light,  
 But neither of them both,  
 Cou'd blow out the Rush light.

## 5

Sir Solomon and Lady their breath quite gone,  
 Rung the Bells in a rage determin'd to crush light,  
 Half a sleep in his shirt then up came John,  
 And puff'd at the Rush light;  
 The little Farthing Rush light,  
 But none of the family,  
 Cou'd blow out the Rush light.

## 6

Cook, Coachee, Men and Maids very near all in Buff,  
 Came and swore in their lives they never met with such light  
 And each of the family by turns had a Puff,  
 At the little Farthing Rush light;  
 The curst Farthing Rush light,  
 But none of the family,  
 Cou'd blow out the Rush light.

## 7

The Watch man at last went by crying One,  
 Here Watch mans come up then you we might on light vorse  
 Then up came the Watch man the buss'ness was done  
 For he turn'd down the Rush light;  
 The little Farthing Rush light,  
 Fal lal lal lal la.  
 So he put out the Rush light.



PADDY O DOODY'S DESCRIPTION of PIZARIO

BOLD

From the County of Monagon lately I came, For to

reap and to sow and O Doodys my name, My Cousin Shawn

Shagnessy I met t'other day, When says, He will you

go to the Crow street house Play, With my doo rala

loo doora la loo ra la doo ra la loo ra la

doo ra la loo *f*

2

I'st a Play that you mean, arra Doody your right,  
 For they treats the whole Town with Pizarro to night:  
 Och says I if I'm treated the things neat and clean,  
 But for all I could say Sirs I paid a thirteen.  
 With my doo ra la loo &c:

3

The green thing drew up and a Lady I spied,  
 A man came to court her, she scornfully cried,  
 Get out you blackguard, or I'll bother your gig,  
 Then in came Pizarro, who growld like a Pig.  
 With his doo ra la loo &c:

4

A speech Rolla made then about Swords and Guns,  
 And mov'd like a Comet, mongst Stars Moons and Suns;  
 If you dont beat the Spaniards by my soul you'll all starve  
 So his Majesty here are you will to sarve.  
 With your doo ra la loo &c: *ing*

5

Then what a confusion, hubbub and halloo,  
 'Twas fire away Spaniards, and leather away Peru;  
 Poor Murphy Alonzo like a thief went to Jail;  
 But his neck he sav'd somehow without giving bail.  
 With my doo ra la loo &c:

6

Then Pizarro came in with a little Gossoon,  
 That was handled by Rolla as I would a spoon;  
 But while he was making a bridge smithereens,  
 He was shot by a Villain behind all the Scenes.  
 With my doo ra la loo &c:

7

He then gave to the Mother the sweet little Child,  
 And look'd all around him as if he was wild;  
 Take the Child my dear creature its my blood thats spilt.  
 To save och Thunder and Owns, see how I am kilt.  
 With my doo ra la loo &c:

8

Then Alonzo gave Paddy Pizarro a blow,  
 That kilt him as dead as ould Brien Boiro;  
 Now Rolla's dead Body on a board they take,  
 And twenty neat Virgins all join at his wake.  
 With my doo ra la loo &c:



AN OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY.

MODERATO

How good & how kind of his

dear Majes-ty, In the midst of his matters so weigh-

--- ty, How good and how kind of his dear Majes-ty, In the

midst of his matters so weighty, To think of so lone-ly a

Creature as I, A poor Old Woman of Eigh-ty, of Eigh-ty, of



Eigh-ty, A poor A poor Old Woman of Eigh-ty.



2

John Smart is as likey a Lad as you'll see,  
 And he's one that will never say nay to ye,  
 Only think what a comfort he'll be of to me,  
 A poor Old Woman of Eighty.

3

Was the Smarts to come round me, and praise ev'ry charm,  
 Says I, I have nothing to say to ye,  
 I can get a young fellow to keep my back warm,  
 Tho' a poor Old Woman of Eighty.

4

Then fear not ye Lasses, who've long past your Youth,  
 You soon may get Lovers in plenty,  
 Only think of my Case, who have but one Tooth,  
 A poor Old Woman of Eighty.



PADDY M<sup>c</sup> SHANE'S Seven Ages.  
Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Johnstone.

ALLEGRO

If my own botheration dont alter my plan Ill sing seven

Lives of a tight Irishman Wrote by Old Billy Shakspeare of

Bally poreen, He said while a babe I lov'd Whiskey and Pap, That I

mewled and puk'd in my godin others Lap, She joilted me

hard just to hush my sweetroar, When I slip'd thro her fingers down

whack on the floor, What a squalling I made sure at Bally poreen.

2

ⓔ

When I grew up a Boy with nice shining face,  
 With my bag at my back, and a snail crawling pace,  
 Went to school at Old Thwackumg at Bally poreen,  
 His wig was so fusty his birch was my dread;  
 He learning beat out 'stead of into my head,  
 Master M<sup>c</sup> Shane says he you're a great dirty dolt,  
 You've got no more brains than a Monnaghan colt,  
 You're not fit for our College at Bally poreen.

3

When eighteen years of Age was teazed and perplex'd  
 To know what I should be, So a lover turned next,  
 And courted sweet Shelah of Bally poreen;  
 I thought I'd just take her to comfort my life,  
 Not knowing that she was already a wife,  
 She ask'd me just once that to see her I'd come,  
 When I found her ten Childern and Husband at home,  
 A great big whacking chairman of Bally poreen.

4

I next turned a Soldier, I did not like that,  
 So turned Servant and lived with the great Justice Pat,  
 A big dealer in P'ratees at Bally poreen;  
 With turtle and ven'son he lined his inside,  
 Ate so many fat capons that one day he died,  
 So great was my grief, that to keep spirits up,  
 Of some nice Wiskey cordial I took a big sup,  
 To my Master safe journey from Bally poreen.

5

Kicked and toss'd so about like a weather cock vane,  
 I packed up my alls and I went back again,  
 To my grand fathers cottage at Bally poreen;  
 I found him poor soul with no legs for his hose,  
 Could not see through the spectacles put on his nose,  
 With no teeth in his head so death cork'd up his chin,  
 He slipp'd out of his slippers and faith I slipp'd in,  
 And succeeded poor Dennis of Bally poreen.



THE VESTRY DINNER. Composed by Mr Reeves

MODERATO

Church warden I've been let me see very often, You know 'tis a

*p*

place of much trust, And its monstrous fatigues and its hardshipsto

soften, We eat aye and drink till we burst, we eat aye & drink till we

burst, We meets and we talks about how and concerning, As

*f* *p*

spokesman I'm always beginner, But ne-ver so pleas'd as to

*f* *p*

give out this warning, But never so pleas'd as to give out this warning Next

Mondays a Vestry Dinner, And none but an illfoul mouth'd fellow'd a

buse, A snug little Dinner, A snug little Dinner, and plenty of Booze.

2

At Jobs Parish-meetings, how oft I've attended,  
 And talk'd 'til I'd chatter'd my fill,  
 As how things were so bad, that they ought to be mended,  
 But first we all swallow'd our Jill;  
 For why 'talk's fatiguing, and moisture is wanting,  
 By all speakers, or else I'm no sinner.  
 And to make us more thirsty, to hear were all panting,  
 "Next Tuesdays a Vestry Dinner?"  
 And none &c:

3

When talking of Paupers, it so hurts ones feeling,  
 Indeed I'm not dealing a flam,  
 So preys on the narvous, you'll oft see us reeling,  
 Though nothing we've touch'd but a dram,  
 But 'ere we have settled about the relieving,  
 Each famish'd and half-starv'd poor sinner,  
 I cries in the midst of our sorrow and grieving,  
 "Next We'n'sdays a Vestry Dinner?"  
 And none &c:

4

Feasts on Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday follow,  
 On Business 'tis always we Dine.  
 Well-fed arguments, folks say, your starv'd talk beats holks  
 When moisten'd with tongue oiling wine.  
 Then who'd not be Warden, who breathes in his senses;  
 Fine picking he'll find on the bone!  
 Ev'ry week day I feast upon Parish expences,  
 And on Sunday I starve on my own.  
 And none &c:

117  
B

MURPHY DELANY.

Sung by  
M<sup>r</sup>. Johnstone

ALLEGRO

It was Murphy Delany so funny and frisky, Popp'd  
in a shebeen Shop to get his Skin full, And reel'd out a  
gain pretty well lin'd with Whiskey, So fresh as a Shamrock as  
blind as a Bull, But a trif-ling ac-ci-dent hap-pend our  
rover, Who took the Quayside for the floor of his Shed, And the  
Keel of a Coal Barge he just tumbled over, And thought all the

time he was going to Bed, And sing fil lal loo bub bu boo

whack botheration Ev'ry Man in his humour as Kate kissd the Pig

2

Some folks passing by, drew him out of the River,  
 And got a Horse Docter his sickness to mend,  
 Who swore that poor Pat was no longer a liver,  
 But dead as the Devil, and there was an end;  
 So they sent for the Coroner's Jury to try him,  
 But Pat not half liking the comical strife,  
 Fell to twisting and turning the while they sat by him  
 And came when he thought it convenient to life  
 Sing fillalloo &c: &c:

3

Says Pat to the Jury, your Worships an't please you,  
 I don't think I'm dead, so what is it you'd do.  
 Not dead said the Foreman, you Shalpeen be easy;  
 Do you think don't the Doctor know better than you,  
 So they they went on in the business further,  
 Examin'd the Doctor about his belief,  
 Then brought poor Delany in guilty of murder,  
 And swore they wou'd hang him in spite of his teeth.  
 Sing fillalloo &c: &c:

4

But Paddy clich'd hold of a clumsy Shilaly,  
 And laid on the Doctor, who stiff as a Post,  
 Still swore that it cou'd n't be Murphy Delany,  
 But was something alive, and so must be a Ghost,  
 The Jury began then with fear to survey him,  
 While he like the Devil about him did lay,  
 So they sent out of hand for a Clargy to lay him,  
 But Pat laid the Clargy and then ran away.  
 Sing fillalloo &c: &c:

# THE BOLD DRAGOON.

Sung by  
M<sup>r</sup>. Johnstone.

There was an ancient fair. O she lov'd a nate young

Man, And she could not throw sly looks at him but on-ly

thow her fan; With her winks and blinks this waddling

minx her quizzing glass her leer and side, O! she

lov'd a bold Dra-goon, With his long Sword, saddle,

Bridle, Whack row di. dow dow tal la la di ral di



## 2.

She had a rolling Eye its fellow it had none,  
 Would you know the reason why it was because she had but one;  
 With her winks and blinks this waddling minx.  
 She couldn't keep her one eye idle,  
 O! she leer'd at this Dragoon with his long sword saddle bridle.  
 Whack row di dow &c:

## 3

Now he was tall & slim, she squab and short was grown.  
 He look'd just like a mile in length she just like a mile stone;  
 With her winks and blinks this waddling minx.  
 Her quizzing glass her leer and side.  
 O! she sigh'd to this Dragoon bless your long sword saddle bridle.  
 Whack row di dow &c:

## 4

Soon he led unto the Church the beauteous Mrs Flinn,  
 Who a walnut could have crack'd tween her lovely nose & chin,  
 O then such winks in marriage links,  
 The four foot Bride from Church did sidle,  
 As the wife of this Dragoon with his long sword saddle bridle.  
 Whack row di dow &c:

## 5

A twelve month scarce had pass'd when he laid her under ground.  
 Soon he threw the onion from his eyes & touch'd 10-000 pound;  
 For her winks & blinks her money chinks,  
 He does not let her cash lie idle,  
 So long life to this Dragoon with his long sword saddle bridle.  
 Whack row di dow &c:



# WHEN I WAS A BOY, IN MY FATHERS MUD EDIFICE.

ALLEGRO

When I was a boy in my Fathers mud ediface, Tender and

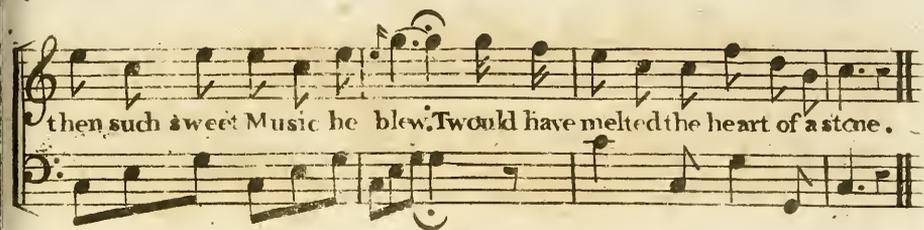
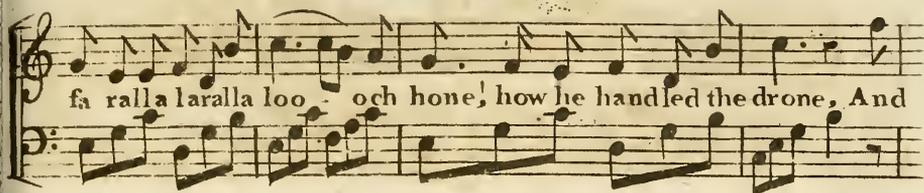
bare as a Pig in a sty, Out at the door as I look'd with a steady Hiz,

Who but Pat Murphy the Piper came by, Says Paddy but few play this

Music can you play, Says I I cant tell for I never did try; He told me that

he had a charm to make the Pipes prettily speak; Then squeeze a bag

under his arm, And sweetly they set up a squeak, With a



2

Your Pipe, says I, Paddy so neatly comes over me,  
 Naked I'll wander wherever it blows,  
 And if my Father should try to recover me,  
 Sure it won't be by describing my clothes,  
 The Music I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,  
 And leads me all over the world by the nose,  
 So I follow'd his Bag Pipe so sweet,  
 And sung as I leap'd like a frog,  
 Adieu to my family seat,  
 So pleasantly plac'd in a bog,  
 With my faralla laralla loo,  
 How sweetly he handled the drone,  
 And then such sweet Music he blew,  
 Twould have melted the heart of a stone.

3

Full five years I follow'd him nothing could sunder us,  
 Till he one morning had taken a sup,  
 And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us,  
 Souse to the bottom just like a blind pup,  
 I roard and I bawl'd out and lustily call'd out.  
 O Paddy my friend don't you mean to come up,  
 He was dead as a nail in a door.  
 Poor Paddy was laid on the shelf,  
 So I took up his Pipes on the shore,  
 And now I've set up for myself,  
 With my faralla laralla loo,  
 To be sure I have not got the knack,  
 To sing faralla laralla loo,  
 Ay and bubbaro didaroo whach.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Johnstone.

MODERATO

As beau-ti-ful

Kitty one morning was tripping. With a Pitcher of milk from the

Fair of Coleraine; When she saw me she stumbled the Pitcher it

tumbled, And all the sweet buttermilk water'd the plain.

Oh! what shall I do now'twas looking at you now. Sure

sure such a Pitcher I'll ne'er meet a gain, 'Twas the Pride of my

dairy, O! Barney M<sup>c</sup> Cleary You're sent as a plague to the

Girls of Coleraine.

2

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,

That such a misfortune, should give her such pain,

A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her,

She vow'd for such pleasure, she'd break it again:

'Twas Hay making season, I can't tell the reason,

Misfortune will never, come single 'tis plain,

For very soon after, poor Kitty's disaster,

The divel a Pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

All nature was blooming the birds sweetly tuning,  
 The fields & the meadows looked cheerfull & gay,  
 And Kitty tho' frighted was so much delighted  
 That down the green meadows she'd frequently stray.

I strove to appear but much wistful to please her to get for spilt milk was both foolish & vain  
 In love's pleasing honey I propp'd the meek hour, no longer the cooing the pitcher gave pain -



A TIGHT IRISH BOY.

Sung by  
Mr Johnstone

ALLEGRO

O when I was christen'd'twas

on a fair day, And my own loving Mother call'd me her dear

joy, And that I was so why she always would say, And

that I was so why she al-ways would say, I was a

Smiling beguiling dutiful beautiful rattling prattling O! bo-ther-  
 ad lib.,  
 -ration, a Tigh Irish Boy.

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system includes the lyrics 'Smiling beguiling dutiful beautiful rattling prattling O! bo-ther-' and 'ad lib.,'. The second system includes the lyrics '-ration, a Tigh Irish Boy.' The third system continues the melody without lyrics. The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

2

But when I grew up I was always in love,  
 Varietys pleasing and never can cloy,  
 So true to ten thousand I constantly prove,  
 So true to ten thousand I constantly prove;  
 O! I'm a sighing, dying, kneeling,  
 stealing, smiling, beguiling,  
 dutiful, beautiful, rattling, prattling,  
 O! botheration a Tigh Irish Boy.

3

For war love or drinking myself am the Lad,  
 O the wide world itself Id go near to destroy.  
 But a sup of the creature soon makes my heart glad,  
 But a sup of the creature soon makes my heart glad,  
 And then Im a laughing, quaffing, splashing;  
 dashing, sighing, dying, kneeling, stealing,  
 smiling beguiling dutiful beautiful,  
 O! botheration a Tigh Irish Boy.

ZEKIEL HOMESPUN'S TRIP TO TOWN  
AND  
PEEP AT TOM THUMB.

(Tune Paddy O'  
Doody Page 10)

Sung by M<sup>r</sup> EMERY at Covent Garden. &c:

I'ze a poor country lad as you see by my dress,  
That I'ze Yorkshire, mayhap you may pratty well guess,  
My neame's Zekiel Homespun, you all know me now,  
It is not the first time I have here made my bow  
Tol lol de rol, lol de rol, lol de rol lol.

2

To London I com'd upon bus'ness, d'ye see,  
But contriv'd to make pleasure and bus'ness agree,  
For when I gets back, wi' our chaps on the green,  
They'll be sure to be axing me what I ha' seen.

3

Now having in town but a short time to stay,  
Thinks I while the sun shines, I'd better make hay,  
So I ax'd what the play were: they told me, by gum,  
'Twas a very fine tragedy, call'd Tommy Thumb.

4

In Yorkshire, I'd oft heard our knowing ones say,  
That a very good moral was learn'd from a play,  
And that tragedy boasted of language so fine,  
So I thought that as how it might help me wi' mine.

5

Well, the curtain drew up, and the first to appear,  
Were two gentlemen, drest to be sure, mortal queer,  
Says one, "To the King this petition I'll shew,"  
Then the other to him answered, "Do, Doodle, do."

6

In next scene were the King and the Queen on their throne,  
To whom the petition was presently shewn,  
But King Arther, from Doodle, indignantly shrunk,  
'For,' says he, 'Tis our pleasure this day to get drunk.'

7

So thinks I to myself, an' that's what you're about,  
There's no bus'ness for me, to see the play out,  
To my own native parts I will quickly go down,  
I can learn to get drunk there, as well as in town.

8

So I'ze ta'en me a place at the George and Blue Boar,  
Where the coach will set off, in the morning at four,  
And as I must be up, long afore it is light,  
I hope you'll not keep me here, to late to night.

NOTHING IN LIFE.

20

ALLEGRO

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The time signature is 6/8. The melody in the treble staff begins with a series of eighth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

The second system continues the musical piece. The treble staff features a more complex melodic line with some sixteenth-note passages, while the bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

Oh! no-thing in Life can sad-den us,

While we have wine and good humour in Store, With

these and a lit-tle of Love to mad-den us,

Shew me the fool that could la-bour for more.

Come then bid Ganymede fill every bowl for us, fill them up

bumpers & drink as I call, I'm going to toast every

Nymph of my Soul to you, Aye, by my Soul I'm in love with them

all, Dear creatures. we can't live with out'em They're

*gva*

all that is sweet & seducing to man, Looking, sighing, a

bout & a-bout them, We deat on them die for them all that we can.



2

Here's to Phillis whose innocent bosom,  
 Is always agog for some novel desires,  
 To day to get Lovers, to morrow to loos'em,  
 Is all that the innocent Phillis requires;  
 Here's to the gay little Jessy who simpers,  
 So very good humour'd what ever is done,  
 She'll kiss you and that without whining, or wimpers,  
 And do what you please with you all out of fun.

Dear Creatures &c&c.

3

A bumpers to Fanny I know you will scorn her,  
 Because she's a prude and her nose is so curl'd,  
 But if you chatted with Fan in a corner,  
 You'd say she's the best little Girl in the world;  
 Another to Lyddy, still struggling with duty,  
 And asking her conscience still "whether she shou'd"  
 While her Eyes in the silent confession of beauty,  
 Say "only for something I certainly would"

Dear Creatures &c: &c:

4

Fill for Chloe bewitchingly simple,  
 Who angles for hearts without knowing her lure,  
 Still wounding around with a blush or a dimple,  
 Nor seeming to feel that she also could cure;  
 Here's pious Susan, the saint who alone Sir,  
 Could ever have made me religious outright,  
 For if I'd such a dear little saint of my own Sir,  
 I'd pray on my knees to her half the long Night.

Dear Creatures &c: &c:

00

THE BEGGAR.

Sung by  
Mr. Munden.

BOLD

A Beggar I am and of low de-gree, For I'm  
 come of a Beg-ging Fa-mi-ly, I'm lame but  
 when in a fight-ing bout, I whip off my Leg and I  
 fight it out, I fight it out, I fight it out, I  
 whip of my Leg and I fight it out, In running I leave the  
 Beadle behind, And a Lass I can see tho a lass I am blind, And a

Slow and Expressive A Tempo

Lass I can see, tho' alas. I am blind Thro' Town & Village as I gayly

Jog, My Music the Bell My Music the Bell of my little Dog of my

little Dog of my little Dog My Music the Bell of my little Dog I'm

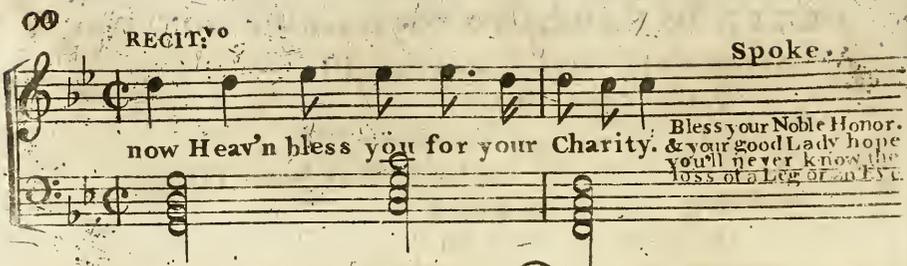
cloth'd in Rags I'm hung with Bags that a round me wags, I've a

Bag for my Salt, a Bag for my Malt, a Bag for the leg of a Goose, For my

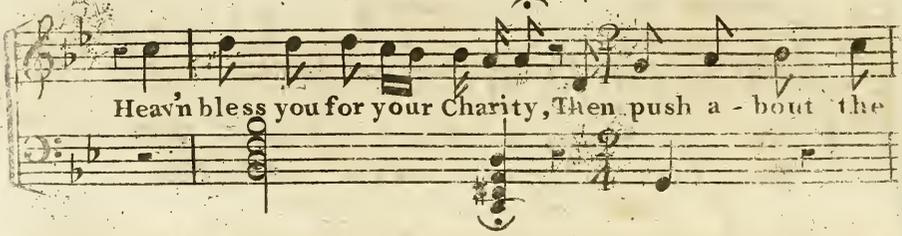
Oats a Bag, For my Groats a Bag & a Bottle to hold my Booze, It's

ad Lib:

RECIT<sup>vo</sup> Spoke.



now Heav'n bless you for your Charity. Bless your Noble Honor. & your good Lady hope you'll never know the loss of a Leg or an Eye.



Heav'n bless you for your Charity, Then push a - bout the



Cann, Fol de rol lde rol de rol de ree. Then push a - bout the



Cann, Fol de rol lol de rol de ro de ree.

2

In begging a Farthing Im poor and old,  
 In spending a Noble Im stout and hold,  
 When a brave full Company I see,  
 It's my noble Masters your Charity, your Cha<sup>ty</sup> your Cha<sup>ty</sup>  
 It's my noble Masters your Charity,  
 But when a Traveller I meet alone,  
 It's stand and deliver or Ill knock you down,  
 Stand and deliver or Ill knock you down,  
 All Day for a wandering Mumper I pass,  
 All Night, oh a Barn, all Night oh a Barn, and a Buxom Lass,  
 And a Buxom Lass, and a Buxom Lass,  
 All Night, oh a Barn, and a Buxom Lass.

PETER M<sup>c</sup> CAWLEY'S WIFE and the DOCTOR. 00

1  
A Little old Woman was taken Ill,  
Heigho! says Peter,

A Little old woman was taken Ill,  
So she sent for the Doctor to give her a Pill.  
With her roley poley,  
Ginger and jalap oh!  
Heigho! says Peter M<sup>c</sup> Cawley.

2  
The Doctor he came to feel her hand,  
Heigho! says Peter,  
The Doctor he came to feel her hand,  
When he found her so drunk she couldnt stand.  
With her gin bottle, wet trottle,  
Talk away mug away,  
Heigho! says Peter M<sup>c</sup> Cawley.

3  
Says the Doctor, says he I must open a vein,  
Heigho! says Peter,  
Says the Doctor, says he I must open a vein.  
When the little old woman said oh! fie for shame.  
With her rowley, powley,  
Hick up. and kick up,  
Heigho! says Peter M<sup>c</sup> Cawley.

4  
Says the Doctor, says he why then you're dead,  
Heigho! says Peter.  
Says the Doctor, says he why then you're dead.  
When she up with the gin keg & broke his head.  
With her rowley powley,  
Scratch em and fight,  
Heigho! says Peter M<sup>c</sup> Cawley.

5  
Oh! oh! says the Doctor is this your fun.  
Heigho. says Peter,  
Oh! oh! says the Doctor is this your fun,  
Then the Devil, may cure you and off he run.  
With his rowley powley.  
Gammon and physic oh.  
Heigho! says Peter M<sup>c</sup> Cawley.

JOHNNY FIG.

The Gala so fam'd of long story, Where Madam Fig gain'd

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 9/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

so much glory. Folks thought who had some understanding. It had

This system contains the second two staves of music. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. The lower staff provides the bass line. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

damag'd her poor upper story. Still the lovers of arts and of science A

This system contains the third two staves of music. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff provides the bass line. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

mazement she wish'd more to fit on. But I D'S refused a question. The

This system contains the fourth two staves of music. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff provides the bass line. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Devil a thought could she hit on. Ri tol lol de rol lol de rol

This system contains the fifth two staves of music. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff provides the bass line. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Ri tol lol de rol lol de rol. Ti tol lol de rol lol de rol.

This system contains the sixth two staves of music. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff provides the bass line. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

At length her good genius inspired me,  
 And Fanny she lent her assistance,  
 The picture she painted so fir'd her,  
 That nothing she thought could resist hence:  
 She made up her mind to proclaim it,  
 That Johnny their heir and darling,  
 The day of his wedding should name it,  
 With complish'd sweet Jessy Macfarling.  
 Ri tol &c.

3

Then the Bride Johnny led by the hand,  
 Who trembling held down her head Sir.  
 Tho her skin it so brownly were tannd.  
 Her blushes quite varnish'd it red Sir:  
 Then her Father who once kept a stall.  
 Madam Fig as her partner up calls.  
 And then came Sirs the Gentlefolks all.  
 Invited to be at the NIT SHALLS.  
 Ri tol &c.

4

Then the Vicar his spectacles took,  
 And read with an audible tone Sirs,  
 Humph—first chapter of this wondrous book,  
 Or read it or let it alone Sirs:  
 When straight finding the trick he'd been playd,  
 And casting a look at the Clerk Sirs,  
 Dang it he shy'd the book at his head.  
 And closed both his peepers in dark Sirs.

Spoken { Yes the Vicar thought that poor little tiptoe the  
 Clerk had play'd him the trick of putting the written  
 article in the book when it was done by Capt Crump,  
 who had a little bit of a private amour with the Lady  
 and wanted to amuse himself with Ri tol &c:

5

Madam Fig she scream'd out with affright,  
 And the Bride she swooned away Sir.  
 Johnny Fig, exerted his might,  
 To put a quick end to the fray Sir:  
 The poor Clerk squinted out from his eyes,  
 Declaring he knew nought about it,  
 But the Vicar, he swore 'twas d-d lies.  
 And would thrash the best that dare doubt it.  
 Ri tol &c:

6

The narration was settled and peace,  
 Her empire resuming instead Sir,  
 Soon good harmony gan to increase,  
 And sent 'em all reeling to bed Sirs:  
 But in three months from that madam saw,  
 An increace to family Joy Sir,  
 For her darling sweet daughter in law,  
 Brought forward a large thumping boy Sirs.

Spoken { And tho it was the exact image of Capt Crump  
 poor little Johnny was oblig'd to acknowledge it,  
 as his own, and as he tamely dandled it on his knee  
 and Sung Ri tol &c

## THE CORSICAN FAIRY.

Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Johannot

**BOLD.**

Come Britons be bold, For hes coming were told, Bona

parte to shew his va-ga-ry, For if he dont

greet ye, Hell kill you and eat you, Will this te-ri-ble Corsican

Fai-ry; Will this te-ri-ble Corsi-can Fai-ry.

2

That he comes for your good,  
 He wou'd have understood,  
 Tho perhaps you may think the contrary,  
 And tell him for why,  
 We've a King we'll stand by,  
 In despite of the Corsican Fairy.

3

Then our Freedom to bless,  
 He wou'd handcuff the Press,  
 Which he says is too daring and airy;  
 And to lessen his fury,  
 No Trial by Jury,  
 What d'ye think of this Corsican Fairy .

4

Tho' a tale they advance ,  
 We must bow down to France,  
 Let them do so we'll prove the contrary;  
 For our hearts must be broke,  
 Ere we bend to the Yoke,  
 Of the Tyrant Corsican Fairy .

5

Then what is the Tree ,  
 Which they boast of so free,  
 Why Liberty, no the contrary;  
 An't they slaves of the thing,  
 Now their Consular King,  
 Of the plundering Corsican Fairy .

6

Tho' he'd give you to know,  
 Of his honor and so,  
 Manifestos and deeds often vary;  
 Dont the blood of Toussaint,  
 All the promises stain,  
 Of the merciful Corsican Fairy .

7

Yet this Man with words full,  
 Wou'd fain frighten John Bull,  
 Didn't John tell him no the contrary;  
 For ere he here skips,  
 He must swallow our Ships,  
 Must this terrible Corsican Fairy .

8

Nay more heart and hand,  
 Will we join in a band,  
 And prove that true Britons right hearty;  
 More firmly will cling,  
 To our Country and King,  
 And laugh at the great Bonaparte .

WON'T YOU MARRY M<sup>r</sup> PUFF.

## 1

Come all ye pretty Maidens, and attend unto my Song,  
I am a Maid myself, but I don't mean to be one long,  
No longer I'll live single, for I been so long enough,  
So I'll go to barber Frizwigs, and I'll ask for Mister Puff.

Saying, won't you, won't you, won't you Marry. M<sup>r</sup> Puff.

## 2

Then if he will consent, O how happy I shall be,  
For when I'm M<sup>r</sup>s Puff, there will be none so gay as me,  
My wig he'll dress so pretty, and so spruce he'll make his own,  
That from a Lord, and Lady, we shall hardly be known.

O won't you &c:

## 3

O how the-folks will stare, when we go out to spend the day,  
How charming M<sup>r</sup>s Puff looks, they'll to one another say,  
Perfum'd with violet soap, and all such sweet delightful stuff,  
And a bag of powder shook, upon the head of M<sup>r</sup> Puff.

O won't you &c:

## 4

Then like a first rate Madam, I with lofty air will flounce,  
And if any dare offend me, I with consequence will bounce,  
And at every little thing amiss, I'll always tiff and huff,  
And toss my head and let em know, that I am M<sup>r</sup>s Puff.

O won't you &c:

( Sung to the Tune of a M<sup>r</sup> MUG Page )

THE WIG THE HAT AND THE CANE.

o

Sy:

By the side of a murmuring stream, An

elderly Gentleman sat, On the top of his head was his wig, and a

Sy:

top of his wig was his hat.

2

4

The Wind it blêw high and blew strong,  
As the elderly Gentleman sat,  
And bore from his Head in a trice,  
And plung'd in the River his Hat.

His breast it grew cold with despair,  
And full in his eye madness sat,  
So he flung in the River his Cane,  
To swim with his Wig and his Hat.

3

5

The Gentleman then took his Cane,  
Which lay by his side as he sat,  
And he dropt in the River his Wig,  
In attempting to get out his Hat.

Cool reflection at length came across,  
While this Elderly Gentleman sat,  
So he thought he would follow the Stream,  
And look for his Cane, Wig, and Hat.

6

His Head being thicker than common,  
O'er ballanced the rest of his fat,  
And in plumpt this Son of a Woman,  
To follow his Wig, Cane, and Hat.

THE IRISH FOOTMAN.

Sung By M<sup>r</sup>. Knight.

ALLEGRO.

Sy:

Im an I\_rish man born and they

christend me Pat, Sing far\_ri\_na\_na, sing far\_ri\_na\_nee, To be

sure and I havnt nine lives like a Cat, Sing far\_ri\_na\_na, sing

far\_ri\_na\_nee, Arrah Pat, you'll be saying, your tongue takes a swing, Nine

lives Fait of that now some proof you must bring, Why Ive Nine ways of

living, sure that's the same thing, With my Didderoo, Bodderoo, Farinane.

2

When I came first to England the hay for to make,  
Sing farinana &c:  
The Girls used to say, 'Arrah, Pat you're a rake,  
Sing farinana &c:  
I'd a touch at the hod, 'twas not to my wish;  
So to find something better to tell to my dish,  
I cried Oysters and Salmon, and other shell fish,  
With my didderoo &c:

3

Then I Strawberries cried in the summer so rare,  
Sing farinana &c:  
And next at the Parliament House I bawld 'chair,  
Sing farinana &c:  
I Rabbits cried next, but the trade was so dead,  
Turned Paviour, but little of that can be said,  
For the stones to poor Paddy were very hard bread,  
With my didderoo &c:

4

The I carried the knot, but in troth 'twouldnt do,  
Sing farinana &c:  
Now a Tight Lady's Footman, my last trade you view,  
Sing farinana &c:  
So ther's my nine lives, aye, and while he can tack,  
To the end of his song, a good nate Irish whack,  
Fait Paddy need n'eer want a trade to his back,  
With my didderoo &c:

## PUSH ALONG KEEP MOVING.

ALLEGRO

I am a Man of learning, and the Ladies say I'm pretty, A

School I kept for many years, In London's famous Ci - ty, The

Arts and Sci - en - ces I taught, Tho' somewhat fond of roving, For

this my MOTTO always was, To PUSH A LONG KEEP MOVING.

Speaks in different Voices.

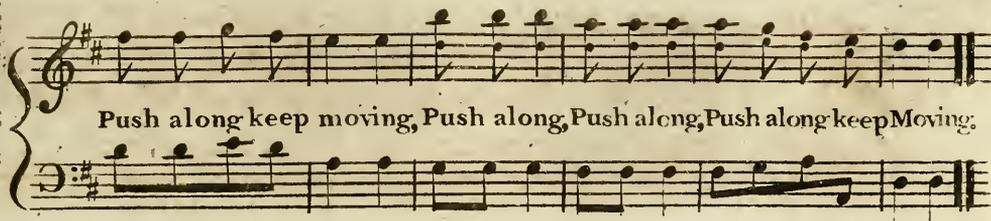
"How d'ye do old one, how d'ye do, want a lillie instruction in BANG UP. That don't come within the circle of the Sciences, explain

Ch! I only want to Gammon the Flats.

GAMMON THE FLATS. Now I have it, MUSIC This is the Science you want to learn! Do me the honour to become my Pupil, and I'll teach you to Gammon the Flats on the new Principle of

Bk 3

Push along, Push along,



## 2

A wife I had, and she was young, (Oh, think of wedlocks joys,  
 She wouldnt let me keep a school, because I whipp'd the boys,  
 Says she "a DOCTOR you shall be, your talents thus improving,  
 And all your patients by your drugs, shall PUSH ALONG KEEP MOVING.

(Speaks)

I want some 'at for my wifes infernal parts, She ha gotten the Gri —"  
 Oh, fie, Im ashamed of you. Your wifes complaint is inwardly. Yes she ha  
 gotten a pean in her head "very well carry her this box of Pills she must  
 take fifteen of 'em three times a day, for seven days, they are to make her  
 PUSH ALONG &c;

## 3

My Doctors shop I soon gave up, as ev'ry body's cry,  
 Was "pray dont take that fellows stuff, for if you do you'll die."  
 I set up BAKER in a trice, but wasnt long in proving,  
 A Bakers shop would never do, TO PUSH ALONG KEEP MOVING.

(Speaks)

"If you please will you trust me a Loaf, "Cant give credit, That is not  
 the way to PUSH ALONG &c;

## 4

In vain I try'd to get my bread, by making bread for others,  
 Because I let it go on tick, to little childrens mothers;  
 A Chandlers shop at last I took, my wife was very loving,  
 Because it made both her and I, TO PUSH ALONG KEEP MOVING.

(Speaks)

"I want a farthings worth of Salt" Cant make less than a halfporth  
 "well I must have that" Got any paper. Cant sell a halfporth of  
 Salt and give paper too, "I say old Bumble head, give us a penorth  
 of Bread and a halfporth of small Beer, "Here, here, vy what a rum  
 gill you are, tip us a penorth of that there Cheese, that lays in the  
 vindow, Come come none of your rum fun, Stow your whid and look  
 sharp, for I wants to PUSH ALONG KEEP MOVING.

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE.

A comely young lad liv'd, a few years ago, In a

street in the City of Seville, Who took by the

nostrils full many a beaux, And soon brought their chins to a

level. But alas tho he lather'd each don who appear'd, So

quick that he gain'd mighty favor, A Donzella one morn as he

took off a Beard, As she pass'd took the heart of this Shaver.

2

But alas, tho' he lather'd each don who appear'd  
So quick, that he gain'd mighty favour,  
A Donzella, one morn, as he took off a beard,  
As she pass'd, took the heart of this shaver.

3

The hidalgos he left in his shop all alone,  
And follow'd the maid to an arbour,  
Tho' he fear'd that he never should call her his hone,  
For she barbarous seem'd to the Barber.

4

By his whiskers he swore his life hung on a hair,  
That nought from his breast could e razor;  
That his plight was so bad, he was quite in despair,  
And, in short, he contriv'd to amaze her.

5

Says he, "Im not poor, Ive one penny to shave,  
And Ive two pence to bleed for the vapours;  
To draw out a tooth it is three pence I crave,  
And charge nothing for reading the papers.

6

And a kiss he adventur'd as thus he did speak,  
But was check'd by a terrible bristle  
"Tho' a flower call'd a rose," says he, "blooms on your cheek,  
On your chin blooms a weed call'd a thistle.

7

So no longer object all objections I'll stop,  
If you wed me, consider the saving;  
For each morning, before that I open my shop,  
I'll give you for nothing a shaving."

8

His reasons convinc'd her, and gain'd her consent,  
Refusal so well had he parried  
And when she was shav'd to a convent they went,  
And when they got there they was married.

9

But the honeymoon o'er, and his love on the slope,  
She perceiv'd how he'd plann'd to entrap her;  
For each morning he now forgot razor and soap  
And only remember'd to strap her.

10

And thus he consol'd her "Your fate you must bear,  
Since nature so bountiful gave it,  
Had she sent you a beard she'd not meant you to wear,  
She'd have sent you a zazor to shave it.

47  
9

THE WILD IRISH BOY.

Sung By M<sup>r</sup>. Emery.

The musical score consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system includes the word 'Sy:' in the piano part. The second system includes the word 'chree' in the piano part. The third system includes the word 'chree' in the piano part. The fourth system includes the word 'chree' in the piano part. The fifth system includes the word 'Sy:' in the piano part and a triplet of eighth notes in the vocal line.

Young Paddy indeed is not polish'd or mild, Then let us not laugh at his Bulls or his Blunders,  
 But his soul is as free as his country is wild, His broad native brogue or his ignorant wonders,  
 And tho' unacquainted with fashion or dress, And do not by ridicule ever destroy,  
 His heart ever melts at the sound of distress, The honest content of a Wild Irish Boy,  
 For sometimes he mournfully sings Grama. For sometimes he mournfully sings Grama<sup>chree</sup>,  
 Or whistles more chearfully sweet Langolee, Or whistles more chearfully sweet Langolee.

## KNOWING JOE AND THE SHEW FOLK.

Sung By M<sup>r</sup>. Emery.

ALLEGRO.

I was calld Kowing Joe by the Poys of our Town, Old Dad taught me wisely to

know Folk, Cod, I was so Sharp when they laughing came down, I

axt how dost do to the Shew Folk, I axt how dost do to the Shew Folk.

I could Chaunt a good Stave that I

know very well, no Boy of my Age could talk louder, Crack a

Joke, tip the Wink, or a droll story tell, of my cleverness too, none were

Prouder, So thinks I 'its bet- ter nor following Plough, to

try with these Youths to queer low Folk, Their Measter I met and I

(Speaking.)

How do you do Sir, says I, Ive  
 a mighty notion of turning Actor  
 made him a Bow Man Im main lissome Boxes Wrestles ax't a  
 and Cudgels very pretty, Dances a  
 good Jig and can play the very Devil  
 Then I

place, and so joind with the Shew Folk, axt a place and so Joind with the

Shew Folk.

The place that I'd got, I <sup>2</sup>detain'd to keep,

But, odzookers, they all were so drollish,

Kings, Coblers, and Taylors, a Prince ora Sweep,

And jaaw'd so at I, I look'd foolish.

Their daggers & swords, cod they handled so

And their Leadies were all so bewitching;

When I thought to be droll, I was always struck

As the bacon rack hangs in our kitchen;

They ax'd me to say, how the coach was at

When were seated above and below folk;

Feggs, I was so sheam fac'd I floop'd on the

(Spoken)

A kind of a sort of giddiness, seiz'd me

all over, the candles daunc'd the hays,

'twere as dimmish as a Scotch mist,

I dropp'd down dead as a shot.

And swounded away mong the Shew Folk,

The ylaugh'd so, and jeer'd me as never wur seen.

All manner of fancies were playing;

One night I was sent for to wait on a quean,

I believes it was Queen Hamlet of Dunkirk (Spoken)

(Not thinken the plan they were laying.)

My leady she died on a chair next herspouse,

While with pins me behind they were pricking.

All at once I scream'd out, lenth'er grace such a

That alive she was spoon aye, and kicking.

The people all laugh'd at, and hooted poor I.

And the comical dogs did me so joke.

That I made but one step, without bidding good

(Spoken)

From their steag, cod I neversomuch as once

looked behind me, tumbled over a barrel of

thunder knock'd down a hail storm roll'd

over the sea, darted like lightning through the infarnal regions.

And, so, took my leave of the Shew Folk.

## DICK BUCKRAM AND THE ENSIGN.

Sung by M.<sup>r</sup>. Reese.

LIVELY.

Sy:

In peace a youth the

sto...ry goes, Fal lal lal la fal de ral lal la, De...

...light...ed with a Soldiers cloaths, Fal deralderalde ral de ral de

ral lal la, An. En...sign strutted on pa...rades, Fal

lal lal lal lal de ral lal la, And con- - querd troops of

Vil- lage maidz, Fal de ral de ral de ral de ral de ral lal la.

2

But when the war broke out he sent, Fal lal &c:  
 To the Taylor of his Regiment, Fal lal:  
 Oh Taylor say what shall I do, Fal lal:  
 To save my heart from being shot thro', Fal lal:

3

Dick Buckram he did love a joke, Fal lal:  
 And thus to Ensign slyly spoke, Fal lal:  
 And Iron Plate I'll put he cries, Fal lal:  
 To Guard the Place where your heart lies, Fal lal:

4

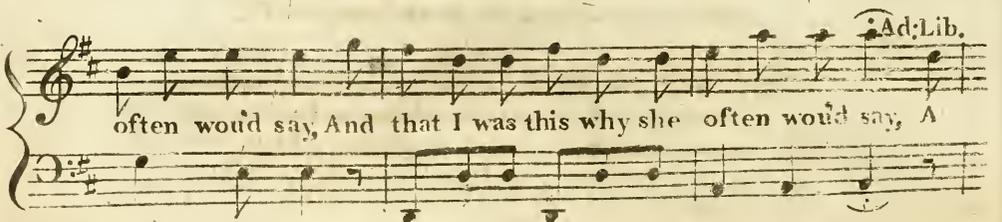
The cloathes came home the Ensign swore, Fal lal:  
 And search'd the waiscoat oer and oer, Fal lal:  
 No Breast Plate saw but found it soon, Fal lal:  
 Sew'd tight behind his Pantaloons, Fal lal:

5

You do mistake the heart lies here, Fal lal:  
 No not cried whipstitch when you fear, Fal lal:  
 For then in Battle wisdom teaches, Fal lal:  
 A Coward's Heart is in his breeches, Fal lal:

THE TIGHT IRISH BOY. Sung By M<sup>r</sup>. Johnstone.

ALLEGRO.



gay-ful, play-ful, prattling, tattling, du-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful,

looking sweet, loving neat, Oh! Boderation a tight I-rish- Boy.

2

Arrah! when I grew up I grew always in Love,  
 Variety's pleasing and never can cloy,  
 So true to ten thousand, I'd constantly prove,  
 A Sighing, dying, complying, pressing,  
 Ad Lib. caressing, distressing, adoring, imploring,  
 encoring, die away, sigh away, looking  
 sweet, loving neat.  
 Oh Boderation a tight Irish Boy.

3

At War Love or Drinking myself am the Lad,  
 Who the wide world itself would go near to destroy,  
 For a Cup of the Creature soon makes my heart glad,  
 Then I'm a Laughing, quaffing, smoaking, joking,  
 swearing, tearing, runical, comical, sightable, fightable,  
 Ad Lib. sing away, ding away, roll about, troll about, looking,  
 sweet loving neat die away sigh away dash away  
 thrash away, flash away, smash away,  
 Oh Boderation a tight Irish Boy.

THE LIFE OF A FROLICKSOME FELLOW.

POMPOSO.

In London my life is a ring of delight, in frolicks I keep up the

Day and the Night, I snooze at the hummums till twelve perhaps later, I

rattle the Bell, and I roar up the Waiter, your Honor says he, and he

tips me a leg, he brings me my Tea, but I swallow an Egg, for

Tea in a Morning's a slop I renounce, so I down with a glass of the

right Cherry bounce, with Swearing, tearing, ranting, jaunting,



slashing, smashing, smacking, cracking, rumbling, tumbling,

laughing, quaffing, smoaking, joaking, swagging, staggering. So thoughtless so

knowing so green and so mellow this this is the life of a frolicksome Fellow.

2

My Phaetn I mount, and the Plebs they all stare,  
 I handle my reins, and my elbows I square,  
 My Ponies so plump, and as white as a lilly,  
 Thro' Pall Mall I spank it and up Picadilly:  
 'Till losing a wheel, egad down I come smack,  
 So at Knightsbridge I throw myself into a Hack,  
 At Tattersals, fling a leg over my Nag,  
 Thus visit for Dinner, then dress in a Bag.

With Swearing &c:

3

I roll round the Garden, and call at the Rose,  
 And then at both Play houses pop in my nose,  
 I lounge in the lobby, laugh, swear, slide and swagger,  
 Talk loud take my money, and out again stagger:  
 I meet at the Shakespear, a good natur'd Soul,  
 Then down to our Club at S<sup>t</sup>. James's I roll,  
 The Joys of the night, are a Thousand at play,  
 And thus at the finish begin the next Day.

With Swearing &c:



THE ANTIQUITY OF BULLS.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

ALLEGRO.

Sy:

When talk - ing of Bulls on - ly

mention our Forefathers, faith and I'll bet the long odds, You'll

find from authority learning of yore gathers were in a straight line from the

Gods. For Ju - pi - ters self when Eu - ro - pa he courted, wid

love in disarmment quite full, Och, be - fore her the form of a

He Calf he sported, and pray was not that like a Bull, Wid your

whack fal de ral Honey Bull makers love for gra they are all the De.

scendants of Jove.

2

Then wid Laeda, sweet soul, aye in full feather dress'd, Sir,  
 The swan look'd a goose to the full,  
 And stupidly made a big bird of a beast, Sir,  
 And pray was not that like a Bull:  
 When talking &c:

3

Then, again, when Jove Hercules got, that strong elf, Sir,  
 He Amphitruon told to his scull,  
 Och, my jewel, Im you therefore you're not yourself, Sir,  
 And arrah that sounds like a Bull.  
 When talking &c:

4

More I know, but forget, so your glasses be filling,  
 To flinch from the joke Paddy scorns,  
 But 'til to be tied up in wedlock Im willing,  
 Och! fait all my Bulls will want horns.  
 When talking &c:

## HOW TO BE MARRIED.

Sung By M<sup>r</sup> Johnstone.

Sy:

A Wedding's a wedding the u\_ni-verse over From

Pekin to London, from Turkey to Dover, And married folks are the same where ever they're

born, From the Cape of good Hope, Till you double Cape Horn, And sing

ba\_li\_na\_mo\_na o...ra, ba\_li\_na\_mo\_na O...ra,

ba\_li\_na\_mo\_na o...ra, A good merry wedding for



2  
 When a King means to wed, why he does it by proxy,  
 And sends over a Lord to espouse his fair doxy;  
 When a Commoner marries, the bridegroom, poor elf,  
 Is oblidged to go thro' all the busness himself.

And sing &c:

3  
 In Owyhee, they say, there's a stick broke in two,  
 If you look in Cook's voyage, you'll find it is true;  
 In England they never break sticks, it is said,  
 But married folks very often break each others heads.

And sing &c:

4  
 A soldier and lassie jump over a sword,  
 A sailor and girl oft take each others word,  
 A Jew may espouse with his aunts and his cousins,  
 And Turks buy their wives, like our chickens, by dozens,

And sing &c:

5  
 At a wedding in Ireland they're wondrous frisky,  
 With black eyes, bloody noses, punch, claret, and whisky,  
 In Scotland, they've haggies, hotch potch, and sheep's head,  
 And in Holland they smoke till they're all put to bed.

And sing &c:

6  
 By whatever forms we are linkd to each other,  
 May husband and wife live like sister and brother:  
 Be Ireland and England united for ever,  
 Like folks that are married, to seperate never.

And sing &c:

THE TAYLOR'S JOURNEY TO HEAVEN.

Sung by  
M<sup>r</sup>. Emery.

ALLEGRO

Sy:

A Tay - lor who had a most ter - ma - gant

Wife, Got rid of his plague as he thought with his Life, By

leaving his rib be - hind, By leaving his rib be -

- hind. His spirit releasd from its lod - ging of

Clay, On a Goose mounted upwards with speed flew a-way, And

ran a swift race a swift race with the wind, And ran a swift race with the

Sy:  
Wind.

2

As soon as he reach'd the blue vault of the Skies,  
He knock'd at the Gate and for Entrance he tries,  
But first of all sent in his name.  
He was ask'd if in Purgat'ry yet he had been,  
I was married he said, You may then Enter in,  
For Penance and Wedlock's the same.

3

He had scarce took his seat when a voice which he knew,  
Thunder'd out M<sup>r</sup> Snip I am here before you,  
O horror 'twas Judy his mate.  
Who had dy'd in a rage the very same night,  
That his spirit on Goose back had taken its flight,  
And had enter'd before him the Gate.

4

Snip trembled all over with fear and surprize,  
Then starting up quick to the portal he flies,  
And exclaim'd as he sail'd thro' the Air.  
This cannot be heav'n I'm wrong I suppose,  
For where my Wife dwells is no place of repose,  
No Paradise cannot be there.

THE LAND OF POTATOES.

*MODERATO.*

O had I in the clear, But five hundred a year, 'Tis my self would not fear, Tho' not

added one Farthing tot, Faith if such was my lot, Little Ireland's the spot where I'd

build a sung Cot, With a bit of a gar den tot: As for

Italy's dales, With their Alps and high vales, Where with fine squalling gales their Sig-

noras so treat us O, Id neer into them come, Nor a broad ever roan, But en-

-joy my sweet home in the Land of Potatoes O! Hos-pi-ta-li-ty,

All reality, No formality, There you ever see, The free and easy Would

so amaze ye, You'd think us all crazy, For dull we ne- ver be.

2

If my friend honest Jack,  
 Would but take a small hack,  
 So just get on his back,  
 And of joy ride o'er full to us;  
 He throughout the whole year,  
 Then should have the best cheer,  
 For faith, no one so dear,  
 As our brother John Bull to us:  
 And we'd teach him, when there,  
 Both to blunder and swear,  
 And our brogue with him share,  
 Which both genteel and neat is O;  
 And we'd make him so drink,  
 By Saint Patrick I think,  
 That he'd ne'er wish to shrink,  
 From the Land of Potatoes O.  
 Hospitality &c:

3

Tho I frankly agree,  
 I should more happy be,  
 If some Heavenly she,  
 From Old England would favor me;  
 For no spot on Earth,  
 Can more merit bring forth,  
 If with beauty and worth,  
 You embellish'd would have her be,  
 Good breeding good nature,  
 You find in each feature,  
 That nought you have to teach her,  
 So sweet and compleat she's O;  
 Then if fate would but send,  
 Unto me such a Friend,  
 What a life would I spend,  
 In the Land of Potatoes O.  
 Hospitality &c:

## BILLY TAYLOR.

ALLEGRO.

Bil-ly Tay-lor was a brisk young Fellow, full of fun and

full of Glee, and his mind he did dis-co-ver, to a La-dy

## CHORUS.

fair and free. Tol de loll loll loll loll loll doll doll.

Fol de loll loll loll loll loll loll doll. loll loll loll loll doll doll

loll loll loll loll loll loll loll doll doll doll loll loll doll.

2

Four and twenty brisk young Fellows,  
 Drest they were in rich array,  
 And they took poor Billy Taylor,  
 Whom they press'd and sent to sea.  
 Fol ledle &c:

3  
And his true Love follow'd after,  
Under the name of Richard Car,  
Her lilly white hands were bedaub'd all over,  
With the nasty pitch and tar.  
Fol ledle &c:

4  
Now behold the first engagement,  
Bold she fought among the rest,  
Till the wind did blow her jacket open,  
And discover'd her lilly white Breast.  
Fol ledle &c:

5  
When that the Captain came for to view it,  
Says he "what a wind has brought you here"  
"Sir I become to seek my true Love"  
'Whom you press'd, I lov'd so dear.'  
Fol ledle &c:

6  
If you become to seek your true Love,  
Telt to me his name I pray,  
"Sir his name is Billy Taylor;"  
Whom you press'd and sent to sea.  
Fol ledle &c:

7  
If his name is Billy Taylor,  
He is both cruel and severe,  
For rise up early in the morning,  
And you'll see him with his Lady fair.  
Fol ledle &c:

8  
With that she rose up early next morning,  
Early by the break of Day,  
And there she saw bold Billy Taylor,  
Dancing with his Lady Gay.  
Fol ledle &c:

9  
With that she call'd for Sword and Pistol,  
Which did come at her command,  
And there she shot bold Billy Taylor,  
With his true Love in his hand.  
Fol ledle &c:

10  
When that the Captain came for to know it,  
He very much applauded her for what she had done,  
And immediately made her the first Lieutenant,  
Of the glorious Thunder Bomb.  
Fol ledle &c:

67  
89

# THE GHOST OF A SCRAGG OF MUTTON.

Sung By M<sup>r</sup>. Reese.

A Scholar one time, tho I cant tell you when, Nor can I tell where

too, just now; And he learnt why I cant tell you what aye, and then, He

liv'd O, I cant tell you how: He lodg'd by an Inn, in the

street Im not right, And the sign it dont matter a button, But this

Inn it was haunted, at twelve evry night, By the Ghost of a grim Scrag of

Mutton.

## 2

The landlord was in a most terrible fright,  
 He'd no peace by night or by day;  
 So he sent for this mirror of learning so bright,  
 To see if the Ghost he could lay.  
 Says the scholar, "I can, for at magic I dash,  
 Nor e'en for Old Nick care a button;  
 So don't be in a stew, for I'll settle the hash,  
 Of this Ghost of a grim Scrag of Mutton.  
 O la fal de ral &c:

## 3

He made a great fire, and he put on the pot,  
 Then claps in the turnips, the parsley, and leeks,  
 The clock it struck twelve when the water was hot,  
 And the hinge of the casement loud creaks.  
 The moment was awful, a terrible job,  
 When, with a long neck, like a glutton,  
 And a grin monstrous ghastly, poppd in the queer nob,  
 Of this Ghost of a grim Scrag of Mutton.  
 O la fal de ral &c:

## 4

Says the scholar, "You're welcome, some mutton I want,  
 For my broth, ere the pot it boils faster;  
 So prythee come in," said the mutton, "I shant,  
 For I'm certainly meat for your master."  
 Then the scholar he caught up a fork in great wrath,  
 Stuck it under his rib like a glutton,  
 Sou'nd him into the boiler and finish'd his broth,  
 With the Ghost of the grim Scrag of Mutton.  
 O la fal de ral &c:

## 5

The story thus finish'd, the moral shant lag:  
 Tho' the landlord had such a faint heart,  
 Not the only one he who's been scard by a scrag,  
 For a scrag's but a small Bony-part.  
 So the Emperor Scrag in fear Europe has got,  
 Tho' John Bull don't mind him a button;  
 For Johnny's the scholar who'll send him to pot,  
 Like the Ghost of a grim Scrag of Mutton.  
 O la fal de ral &c:

LITTLE SINNINGS IN LOVE.

Sung By M. Johnstone.

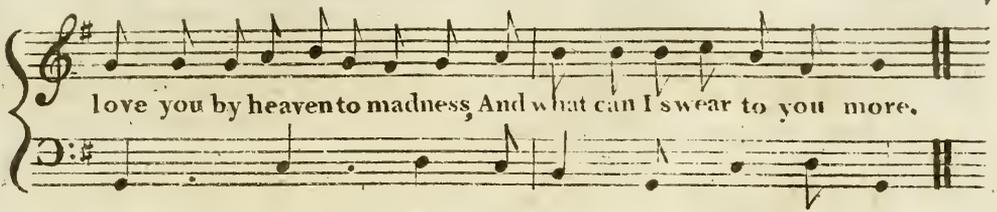
A way with this pouting & sadness, sweet Girl will you never give o'er, I

love you by heaven to madness, and what can I swear to you more, be -

lieve not the old Womens fable, that oaths are as short as a kiss, I'll

love you as long as I'm able, and swear for no longer than this, then a -

A way with this pouting and sadness, Sweet Girl will you never give o'er, I



2

Come waste not the time with professions,  
 For not to be blest when we can,  
 Is one of the darkest transgressions,  
 That happen'twixt Woman and Man.  
 Pretty Moralist why thus beginning,  
 My innocent warmth to reprove,  
 Heaven knows that I never lov'd sinning,  
 Except little sinnings in love.  
 Then away &c:

3

If swearing however will do it,  
 Come bring me the Calender pray,  
 I vow by that lip—I'll go thro' it,  
 And not miss a Saint by the way.  
 The Angels shall help me to wheedle,  
 I'll swear upon every one,  
 That e'er danç'd on the point of a needle,  
 Or rode on the beam of the sun.  
 Then away &c:

4

Oh! why shou'd Platonic controul love,  
 Enchain an emotion so free,  
 Your Soul, (tho' a very sweet Soul,) love  
 Will nêr be sufficient for me,  
 If you think by this coldness and scorning,  
 To seem more angelic and bright,  
 Be an Angel my Love in the morning,  
 But oh! be a Woman to night.  
 Then away &c:

71  
 ee  
 DICKY DAY THE CRUEL COBLER  
 OR THE DOWNFALL OF MISS NANCY WIGGINS.

Oh! Ponder well, ye fickle loyers,  
 Listen to this tale of woe;  
 It hap'pend within a certain city,  
 To a damsel that was all the go.

2 Tiddlelolde ra.

One Dicky Day, a stout young fellow,  
 His calling was a cobbler bold;  
 He sought the hand of Nancy Wiggins,  
 All for the lucre of her gold.

3

She had a many sweethearts far and near;  
 Some was high and some was low;  
 For her figure was like the popular tree,  
 And bosom white as the falling snow.

4

Sweet Nancy's love, amongst all admirers,  
 The cobbler ardently did beg;  
 It took some pains, no doubt, to win her,  
 For Dick he wore a wooden leg.

5

Alas! he turn'd a vile deceiver,  
 When he had won her heart outright;  
 Says he, "My lovely, I'll go a walking,  
 "While the moon does shine so bright."

6

With that he goes to the side of a river,  
 All with his true love by his side;  
 Then the devil told him not to have her,  
 And down he plung'd her in the tide.

7

"Oh, Dick," cried the sinking widgein,  
 Her screams would make a savage weep;  
 But cruel Dick did hop away so,  
 And left his Nancy in the deep.

8

Her lilly white shift was floating upward,  
 So, like a guardian angel's hand,  
 It caught the eye of a gallant sailor,  
 And quickly brought her safe to land.

Bk 3

Now, where was Dicky gone nopp'ing,  
 To see another lady gay;  
 He's bought her ribbons with Nancy's money,  
 O the cruel Dicky Day.

10

But mind the scheme of Nancy Wiggins,  
 She dress'd herself in white array,  
 Says she, "I'll frighten this vicked cobbler,  
 "For attempting to put my life away."

11

She axed for a spit and lanthorn,  
 Which did come most speedily;  
 Then away she vent unto the lodging,  
 Where Dicky and his girl did lie.

12

Three knocks she gave most mightily,  
 Just as the watch was crying one;  
 She knock'd so hard the door flew open,  
 Dick stared, and cried, "Be gone, be gone."

13

She then walk'd up to his bed curtains,  
 And solemnly her hand did wave,  
 Then sung, "Behold the sprite of Nancy,  
 "Vandering from her vaterly grave."

14

Dick swore he heeded not sprites nor ghos.  
 "I'll cure ye, madam, of them there airs;  
 Then seized his wooden leg with vengeance,  
 And sent her headlong down the stairs.

15

The noise alarm'd a neighbouring tailor,  
 Who instantly jump'd out of bed,  
 And with a rush light did discover,  
 The unfortunate Miss Wiggins dead.

16

So loyers all, while ye are pairing,  
 Let this a mollancholly varning be;  
 Lest, like Dicky Day, ye take an airing,  
 For he was hang'd upon a tree.

Tiddlelolde ra.

POOR PADDY O BLARNEY.

1

72  
⊕  
Tune Page 34

Sure never a lad lov'd like Paddy O' Blarney,  
Whose heart was pierc'd through by sweet Sally Delarney;  
Och, she was a lass of the first kind of breeding,  
And ne'er spake a word all the time she was feeding;  
Something odd too it is, and perhaps you may think,  
She had just the same way when she happen'd to drink.  
Och the devil may bliss the bright eyes of Delarney,  
For piercing the heart of poor Paddy O' Blarney.

2

'Twas by day light one night, as she happen'd to pass,  
As I fast asleep lay awake on the grass,  
She look'd like an Angel, I thought to my sorrow,  
So I pull'd off my cap to bid her good morrow;  
When she bade me farewell, without saying a word,  
Which made both my cheeks look as red as a curd.  
Och, the devil may thank you, said I Sall Delarney,  
You have cut in three halves the poor heart of O' Blarney.

3

I told her for grunTERS I'd got a good sty,  
And a field of potatoes, far off, just hard by,  
But if to church she won't willingly go,  
To answer me yes, she need only say no;  
So against both our wills faith I gain'd her consent,  
And wrangling from morning to night, live content,  
Surely now I must love my sweet Sally Delarney,  
Who first broke, then mended, the heart of O' Blarney.

73



# O WHACK'S JOURNEY TO PARIS.

Sung by  
M<sup>r</sup> Johnstone.

ALLEGRO

You may talk of a Brogue, and of Ireland sweet Nation Of

Bulls and of Howls and Palaver commeca but mon dieu it's no more to the

French boderation than Vin de Bourdeaux liketo sweet Usquebaugh. If I

go back again blood and ouns, how Ill wriggle and conge and caper and

make the Folks stare, And instead of Potatoes how Shelagh will giggle, When I

cries Mamselle hand me that sweet Pommede terre, With their petit chanson Cai

ra Ca i ra Malbrook Miermington and their Dansvotre lit By the powr they're all

nonsense and bodder, Agrah, to our Diddero Bubbero, whack, Lango lee.

2

Oh, Mon jolly tight Shelagh, ah, how could I scorn her,  
 When I loved her so dearly, ma foi, Hubbaboo.  
 And go round the Globe, ay, from corner to corner,  
 For Soup Maigre, La Dance, and for Frogs and Virtu.  
 And then to forsake Magnifique Tipperaro,  
 For pavre Versailles, and its Capering throng;  
 And eat Fricassees only fit for a Fairy,  
 Instead of substantial Roast Beef de Mutton.  
 With their Petit Chansons &c:

3

Oh, I kiss'd a Grisette, who hallo'd out ma fi done,  
 And yet I consold her all Night and all Day,  
 To be sure and I was not her Sweet Irish Cupidon,  
 Her pettit mignon, and mi lor Anglois.  
 But when she found out Sans six Sous was poor Whack, Sir,  
 It 'twas allez, miserable diable John Bull;  
 So I e'en gave this blarneying Frenchified Cat Sir,  
 Of good wholesome Shullilah, a compleat Stomack full.  
 With their Petit Chansons &c:

75

THE LOVE SICK FROG.



A Frog he would a wooing go.

heigh ho said Row-ly. A Frog he would a wooing go.

whether his Mother would let him or no With a Row ly Pow ly

Gammon and Spinage O heigh said Anthony Row-ly.

2  
 Off he set with his Opera Hat,  
 Heigh ho &c,  
 On the road he met with a Rat,  
 With a Rowly Powly  
 Gammon and Spinage O &c

3  
 They soon arriv'd at Mouses hall,  
 Heigh ho &c:  
 They gave a loud tap and they  
 - gave a loud call.  
 With a Rowly Powly &c:

4

ay M<sup>r</sup>s Mouse are you within,  
Heigh ho &c:  
es. kind Sis I'm sitting to spin,  
With a Rowly &c.

5

ome M<sup>r</sup>s Mouse now give us some beer,  
Heigh ho &c.  
hat Froggy and I may have some cheer,  
With a Rowly &c.

6

ay M<sup>r</sup>s Mouse will you give us a song,  
Heigh ho &c:  
et the subject be somethinging thats not very long,  
With a Rowly &c.

7

o indeed M<sup>r</sup>s Mouse replied the Frog,  
Heigh ho &c:  
old has made me as hoarse as a hog,  
With a Rowly &c.

8

nce you have caught cold M<sup>r</sup> Frog, Mousy said,  
Heigh how &c:  
sing you a Song that I have just made,  
With a Rowly &c.

9

they were in glee and a merry making,  
Heigh ho &c:  
Cat and her Kittens came tumbling in,  
With a Rowly &c.

10

ne Cat she seized the Rat by Crown,  
Heigh ho &c:  
ne Kittens they pull'd the little Mouse down,  
With a Rowly &c.

11

his put M<sup>r</sup> Frog in a terrible fright,  
Heigh ho &c:  
e took up his Hat and he wish'd them good night,  
With a Rowly &c.

12

Froggy was crossing it over a brook,  
Heigh ho &c:  
lilly white Duck came and gobbled him up,  
With a Rowly &c.

13

o here is an end to one two and three,  
Heigh ho &c:  
ne Rat the Mouse and little Froggy,  
With a Rowly &c.

LUNNUN IS THE DEVIL.

First system of musical notation, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The time signature is 3/4 and the key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble staff is a lively, syncopated tune.

Second system of musical notation with lyrics: "When at home with Dad, We never had no fun, Sirs, Which made me".

Third system of musical notation with lyrics: "so mad, I swore away I'd run, Sirs, I pack'd up cloathes so smart, Rib'".

Fourth system of musical notation with lyrics: "stockings waistcoats pretty, With money and light heart, Tript".

Fifth system of musical notation with lyrics: "off for Lundun Ci-ty, Ta ra la ra la, ra la ra la di."

Soon as I got there ,  
I run about quite silly,  
At all the shows to stare ,  
In a place call'd Piccadilly,

2

Oh! such charming sight ,  
Birds in cages thrive, Sirs,  
Coaches, Fiddles, Fights,  
And Crocodiles alive Sirs .

Ta ra la &c:

Believe me now good folk,  
 (To lie I am not willing)  
 I see'd without a Joke  
 All Dublin for a shilling;  
 A Man comid by the door,  
 Who call'd me awkward dunce, Sirs,  
 And said he paid no more,  
 To see the world at once, Sirs.   Tara la &c

4

Then to the Strand I sped,  
 And there my eyes did feast Sirs.  
 To see a Man in red.  
 Exhibit the wild beasts Sirs:  
 Saying "Gentlefolk walk in.  
 We've Apes, and Monkeys plenty."  
 Says I "for one within  
 Without - Ill shew twenty:"   Tara la &c

5

I went one day to spy,  
 The "Gentry in Hyde Park Sirs:  
 A Girl push'd rudely by.  
 To whom I did remark, Sirs;  
 "Tho your face be might fair,  
 "I've seen a Bear more civil"  
 "Then so little cloaths you wear"  
 Oh! Lunnon is the Devil.   Tara la &c

6

To th Playhouse then I goes,  
 Where I see'd merry faces,  
 And in the lower rows,  
 Were Servants keeping places;  
 But Players I found soon,  
 They manage things quite funny,  
 For there they'd Honey Moon,  
 Before they'd Matrimony.   Tara la &c

7

Now having pass'd my time,  
 In seeing all I could Sirs;  
 Ill e'en give up my rhyme,  
 If you think fit and good, Sirs;  
 And shou'd my Ditty please,  
 The posies of this Garden;  
 To me'twill be Hearts Ease,  
 If not - I ask your pardon.   Tara la &c

# SUCH A BEAUTY I DID GROW.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time and consists of seven systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The piano part begins with a 'Sym' (Symphony) marking. The lyrics are: 'When I was a little Boy, some twenty years ago, I was the pride of Mammys heart, She made me quite a show, Such a Beauty I did grow, did grow, did grow, Such a Beauty I did grow.' The score concludes with a final piano flourish marked 'h'.

Sym

When I was a little Boy, some

twenty years ago, I was the pride of Mammys heart, Sh

made me quite a show, Such a Beauty I did

grow, did grow, did grow, Such a Beauty I did grow.

Sym

h

2

Right hair I had with goggle Eyes with such a roguish leer,  
Broad flat nose turn'd up, beside a mouth from Ear to Ear.

And a Beauty I did grow &c:

3

Mother prais'd my little charms, and when she did me fill,  
She shoud spoil my mouth with spoons, she fed me with a quill.

And a Beauty I did grow &c:

4

When I came to riper years, and shoud have studied books,  
I sat out at the kitchen door, a watching of the rooks,

And a Beauty I did grow &c:

5

Elevated were my thoughts, no wonder I look'd wise,  
When my sweet mouth was always open, catching of the flies.

And a Beauty I did grow &c:

6

When I went to take the summer air, sometimes I us'd to go,  
The children screaming run away, and cry'd a Bug abo.

And a Beauty I did grow &c:

7

When I mountebank a Candidate, I beat them all dead hollow,  
And thrice I won the gold lac'd hat, by grinning through a collar.

Such a Beauty I did grow &c:

8

Now Ladies if you're mit in Love, I pray do not disguise,  
I commend me to a handsome wife that in her pretty eyes:

For a Beauty I may go, may go, may go, may go, &c:

81

# THE GREAT BOOBY.

99

My Feyther put me

to the School, All for to learn my book, But I were always

such a fool, I'd seldom in it look, For seven long years as

I have been told, And now I tell to thee. I

neer could say my A,B,C, Like a Great Boo-by.

2

Now I wou'd go to Lunnun Town,  
 And bide at School no more,  
 Nor be bang'd by Measter so,  
 And made to cry and roar;  
 So without more ado I went up to Town,  
 Fine Fashions there to see,  
 Where they call'd me a Fool and a Country Clown,  
 And a Great Booby.

3

Now I would cross the water Boat Sirs,  
 As you shall understand,  
 Bnt I tumbled out of the Boat Sirs,  
 Before I reach'd the land;  
 The waterman took me in again,  
 And thus he said to me,  
 It is not thy fortune to be drown'd,  
 You Great Booby.

4

Now of all the sights that I have seen,  
 Tho' many I delight in,  
 To go and see the Circus Sirs,  
 To me was most inviting:  
 For the Music did play and the Ladies did sing,  
 Which so delighted me.  
 I thought I was going to Heaven in a string  
 Like a Great Booby.

5

To frighten me the other day,  
 They said the French were coming,  
 But tho I be a simple Clown,  
 I know they were but humming:  
 In defence of our right like Lyons well fight,  
 For Britons will be free,  
 And he who does fear Bounaparte will come here,  
 Is a Great Booby.

6

The best of sights that I have seen,  
 Which now concludes my story,  
 Is those smiling faces which,  
 I now see here before me:  
 So if you are pleas'd my mind is eas'd,  
 -And I shall be happy d'ye see,  
 And every year I'll come and sing here,  
 Like a Great Booby.

GILES SCROGGIN'S GHOST.

MODERATO

Sym

Giles

Scroggins courted Molly Brown, Fol lol de rol de rol de

ra, The fairest wench in all the Town, Fol derol de rol de rol de

He bought a ring with po-sy true, If you loves me as

*sv. alto*

I love you, No. knife shall cut our love in two



2

But scissars cut as well as knives. Fol lol &c:  
 And quite unsartins all our lives. Fol lol &c:  
 The day they were to have been wed.  
 Fates scissars cut poor Giles thread.  
 So they could not be Married.

Fol lol &amp;c:

3

Poor Molly laid her down to weep. Fol lol &c:  
 And cried herself quite fast asleep. Fol lol &c:  
 When standing all by the bed post.  
 A figure tall her sight engross'd  
 And it cried I be Giles Scroggins Ghost.

Fol lol &amp;c:

4

The Ghost it said all solemnly. Fol lol &c  
 O Molly you must go with I. Fol lol &c  
 All to the grave your love to cool.  
 Says she I am not dead you fool.  
 Says the Ghost says he vy thats no rule.

Fol lol &amp;c:

5

The Ghost he seiz'd her all so grim. Fol lol &c:  
 All for to go along with him. Fol lol &c:  
 Come come said he ere morning beam.  
 I vont she cried and she gave a scream.  
 Then she woke and found she'd dreamt a dream.  
 (All about) Fol lol de riddle lol de ra.

MR. MUG.

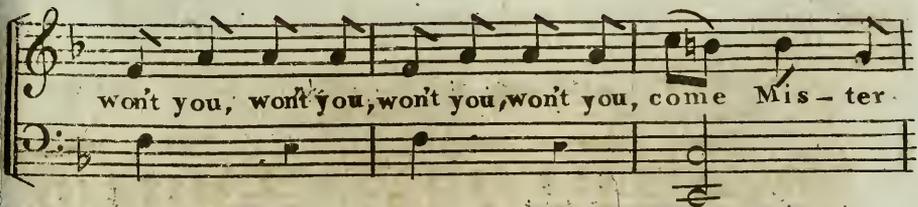
By Trade I am a Turner And Mug it is my

Name, To buy a lot of I - vo - ry To Af - ri - ca I

came, I met a tradeing Black a moor A wool - ly old hum

bug, He coard me up his land and made a Slave of Mister Mug

Crying wont you, wont you, wont you, wont you, come Mister Mug.



wont you, wont you, wont you, wont you, come Mis-ter.



Mug. Sym.



2

My Skin is lily white and my colour here is new,

So the first Man that they sold me to  
he thump'd me black and blue: }

The Priest who bought me from him in a tender hearted tone,

Said come from that great blackguards house  
and walk into my own, }

Crying wont you, wont you, &c:

3

Good lack! but to behold the vicissitudes of fate,

In his black Mandingo Majesty's white Minister of State:  
For hours in my lobby my Petitioners shall stay,

And wish me at the Devil when I hold my levee day.

Crying wont you, wont you, &c:

87

MISTER SIMPKINS.

ALLEGRO

Mister Simpkins liv'd at Leeds, and he had a wife be-

-- sides, Who as she wore the Breeches would

often wish to ride, She ask'd him for a horse, and he

yield-ed to her folly, Say-ing I'm all-ways

mol-li-fied by you my dearest mol-ly. ral de

ral de ral de ral de ral de ral de ral de ral

This horse he had six legs, and I will prove it true,  
 He lifted up his fore legs, yet still he stood on two;  
 Down tumbld M<sup>r</sup>s Simkin her frighted Spouse averr'd,  
 My lambs as dead as mutton, for she does not say a word.

3

He would not run for help for Simpkins then says he,  
 If she returns to life, why then she'll return to me,  
 I wish to love my wife and 'tis pretty well allow'd, shrou'd,  
 One loves not deeree half so well as when shes in her.

4

He popp'd her in the Coffin and hade them nail it fast,  
 In funeral array to the Parish Church they pass'd,  
 Says Simpkin, To the church yard I'll follow at my leisure,  
 For why my friends should I, of labour make a pleasure.

5

At night a resurrection man, resolv'd a corpse to raise,  
 With his pick axe, op'd the coffin, and at the fair did gaze;  
 The noise awak'd the Lady, What in heav'n's name says she,  
 Are you with that axe, about. why ax about says he.

6

Come pray be quick and die ma'am, I have no time to spare,  
 If I do now, I'll be curs'd exclaim'd the angry fair;  
 Don't you see I'm not. why I cannot say you be,  
 But if buried folks will live, why Resurrectionmen must die.

7

Away she ran, he after her, and to the stable hied,  
 There she saw her spouse, caressing that horse by which she  
 When in came neighbour Horner, and said I'll buy that beast,  
 If you think he'll do for my wife, as he did for the decaasd.

8

I thank you Sir, says Simpkins, but cannot take your self,  
 Nor sell a nag that promises such service to myself;  
 For tho' he kill'd my first wife, I do not feel much vex'd,  
 And as I mean to wed again, shall keep him for my next.

9

You dog, cried M<sup>r</sup>s Simkin, as she seiz'd him by the hair,  
 Disown your lawful wife, now you villain, if you dare,  
 I'm neither dead nor bury'd, and you must not marry two,  
 Tho' you bury'd me alive, I shall live to bury you.

10

Then turning round his head, M<sup>r</sup> Simkin, cried good lack,  
 Behold the resurrection man, now waiting with his sack,  
 When he ask'd what he wanted, Such a man and wife he said,  
 Can never live together, so I'm waiting for the dead.

11

The digger look'd so grave, and his hints so well in season,  
 Tho' told by me in rhyme, brought the loving pair to reason,  
 Then Simpkin kiss'd his wife, I'm yours till death he cried,  
 So when my dearest life, will you take another ride.

89

THE BOTTLE.

MODERATO

What e'er squeamish lovers may say, A Mistress I've

found to my mind, I enjoy her by Night and by

Day, Yet she grows still more lovely and kind. Sy

Of her beauties I never am cloy'd Tho I

constantly stick by her side, Nor despise her because she's en-

-joy'd, By a legion of lovers be- side. Sy

Fortho' thousands may broach her, may broach her

*Allegro*  
may broach her, By Jove I shall feel neither envy nor spleen, Nor

Jealous can prove of the Mistress I love For a Bottle a

*Chorus*  
Bottle a Bottles the Mistress I mean, Nor Jealous can

prove of the Mistress I love For a Bottle a Bottle a

Bottles the Mistress I mean.

2

Should I try to discribe all her merit,  
 With her praises I ne'er should have done,  
 She's brimful of sweetness and spirit,  
 And sparkles with freedom and fun;  
 Her statue's Majestic and tall,  
 And taper her bosom and waist,  
 Her neck long, her mouth round and small,  
 And her lips how delicious to taste.

For tho &amp;c:

3

You may grasp her with ease by the middle,  
 To be open'd how vast her delight,  
 And yet her whole Sex is a riddle,  
 You never can stop her too tight;  
 When your finger you once introduce,  
 To her circle and magical power,  
 Pop away from within flies the juice,  
 And your senses are drown'd in the shower.

For tho &amp;c:

4

But the sweetest of raptures that flow,  
 From the bountiful Charmer I prize,  
 Is sure when her head is laid low,  
 And her bottoms turn'd up to the skies;  
 Stand to her and fear not to win her,  
 Shell never prove peevish or coy,  
 And the farther and deeper you're in her,  
 The fuller she'll fill you with Joy.

For tho &amp;c:

5

Thus naked and clasp'd in my Arms,  
 With her my sweet moments I'd spend,  
 And revel the more on her charms,  
 When I share her delights with a Friend;  
 To Divinity, Physic, or Law,  
 Her favours I never shall grudge,  
 Tho' each night she may make a faux pas,  
 With the Bishop the Doctor or Judge.

For tho &amp;c:

THE GLASS.

60

92

An Answer to the BOTTLE and Sung to the same Air.

The Bottles a very good thing,  
And so's its companion the Glass,  
They're true to both Subject and King,  
And make our lives merrily pass;  
In friendship they go hand in hand,  
They comfort the Poor man and King,  
Jack drinks till he hardly can stand,  
Then reeling cries ist not the thing.

2

The Statesman, without them can't scheme,  
The Bishop, without them can't preach,  
They fill Mortal's heads full of whim,  
And coax us to drink like a Leach,  
And when by their aid, we're inspir'd,  
We prattle, laugh, toy, court, and kiss,  
With raptures of Love we are fir'd,  
And taste the perfection of Bliss.

3

Some people, they sometimes drives mad,  
But for that, I shall not them refuse,  
Better conduct they ought to have had,  
And not made an immoderate use,  
The great Patagonian, and Shrim,  
And beings of every class,  
The Lawyer, the Poet, and Pimp,  
Delight in a Bottle, and Glass.

4

So now to conclude this new Glee,  
Let us fill up a large flowing Bowl,  
And drink till we hardly can see,  
To every true loyal Soul,  
To our Neighbours, Relations, and Friends,  
United pray let us all be,  
May our Enemies ne'er gain their ends,  
But Old England be happy and Free.

93 60 OH SAY BONNY LASS WILL YOU LIE IN A GARRET.

He

Miss Tippet Oh say will you lie in a Garrat, And live with a

MODERATO

Taylor on Cabbage & Carrots, As the season advances & Cucumbers

plen-ty, With me will you think you en-joy eve-ry dain-ty.

2  
She Oh! Yes M<sup>r</sup>. Snip I will lie in a Garrat,  
And live with a Taylor on Cabbage and Carrot,  
As the season advances and Cucumbers plenty,  
With me will you think you enjoy every dainty.

3  
He And you like your Neighbours, sometimes may be boasting,  
That fine at the fire, a Goose is a roasting,  
For dear Dolly Tippet, I never will fail her,  
If she is but kind to M<sup>r</sup>. Snip her own Taylor.

4  
She And while you sit cross legg'd, I'll trim up a Bonnet,  
A Hat, or a Cloak, love, and think no more on it,  
And Cabbage like you I will certainly Snip it,  
From the Silk, that I have for a Cloak, or a Tippet.

5  
DUETTO

She Ch! Yes M<sup>r</sup>. Snip, I will lie in a Garrat,  
He And live with a Taylor on Cabbage and Carrot,  
She As the season advances and Cucumbers plenty,  
Both With me will you think you enjoy every dainty.

PADDY'S RAMBLE THROUGH LONDON. 60

( Sung to the Tune in Page 10 )

1

My Name's Paddy Whack I came up to this town,  
To see all the wonders of famous renown,  
And I'll quickly describe 'em when once I've began,  
In as few short brief words, as I possibly can.

Fol de rol &c: 2

I went to the Tower, to see the sights there,  
When my eyes look'd about 'em, beginning to stare;  
'Before you go farther the beef eater cried  
You must have a conductor to act as your guide

Fol de rol &c: 3

Do you take me says I for a cripple that begs,  
That you think I can't walk with the use of my legs,  
Says he I dont care, if you can or cannot,  
For stir but six yards — and you die on this spot.

Fol de rol &c: 4

By St. Patrick says I but I'd show you a trick,  
If you hadnt that pike at the end of your stick;  
But since with your bother, you make such a rout,  
And won't let me in, Ill make free to go out.

Fol de rol &c: 5

For the sake of diversion, I went to the Play,  
But the devil a word cou'd I hear them all say;  
For with bawling out 'Silence' they ma'ie such a row,  
That I soon took French leave, without making a bow.

Fol de rol &c: 6

To the Opera I went, where so badly they speak,  
I cou'd learn just as much from the Pigs as they squeak;  
For tho' with loud singing, they stun'd every head,  
I cou'dnt tell one single word that they said.

Fol de rol &c: 7

So the last thing I saw, was the first in my mind,  
The Invisible Girl! a fine sight for the blind;  
For tho' its Invisible, yet it appears,  
That if you're not deaf, you may see with your ears.

Fol de rol &c: 8

Now I've finish'd my tale, perhaps you'll think that I've done  
But there you're mistaken as sure as a gun;  
Like a Parson help'd out with a troublesome cough,  
My grand botheration is how to leave off.

Fol de rol &c: 9

Yet let alone Paddy to bring it about,  
I'm tird my own self, so are you without doubt;  
I've finish'd my tale, as I told you before,  
And nothing shall force me to say any more.

Fol de rol &c:

FIDDLE DUM DEE.

Sung by Mr. Reeses.

ALLEGRO

There is an old man, And do all he can. An old man he

ever will be. There is an old man, And

do all he can, An old man he e-ver will be. For he's

lame and he's blind, And he's out of his mind, For he's lame, And he's

SLOW

blind, And he's out of his mind, And he's out he's out of he's

ALLEGRO

mind. And he's Mad with the Fiddle dum dee.

Mad with the Fiddle dum dee. He's Mad.

Mad, Mad, Mad, He's Mad with the

Fiddle dum dee, He's Mad with the Fiddle dum dee.

- ♫ There is an Old-Maid.  
And much I'm afraid.  
An Old Maid she ever will be: ♪
- ♫ For she's wrinkled and Old.  
And a terrible scold. ♪  
And Mad with the Fiddle dum dee.
- ♫ But this palsied pair. ♪  
Being full of despair.  
United in Wedlock-would be: ♪
- ♫ For quoth the Old Man.  
Be cold as we can. ♪  
Were Mad with the Fiddle dum dee.

The Old Man was sly.  
The Old Maid was shy.  
But they thought they should both well agree:  
Says he crown my bliss.  
Sweet Maid give a kiss.  
For I'm Mad with the Fiddle dum dee.

THE MULBERRY TREE.

(Collins)

Viol. Solo

The sweet bri-ar grows in the

metty greenwood. Where the musk rose dif fuses his perfume so

free, But the blight often seizes both blossom and bud, While the

mildew flies o ver the Mulberry Tree.



2

In the Nursery rear'd, like the young tender Vine,  
Mankind of all orders, and ev'ry degree,  
First crawl on the ground, then spring up like the Pine,  
And some branch and bear fruit like the Mulberry Tree.

3

To the fair Tree of knowledgesome twine like a twig,  
While some sappy sprouts with its fruit disagree,  
For which we from Birch now and then pluck a sprig,  
Which is not quite so sweet as the Mulberry Tree.

4

The vast Tree of Life we all eagerly climb,  
And impatiently pant at its high top to be,  
Though Nine out of Ten, are lopp'd of in their prime,  
And they drop like dead leaves from the Mulberry Tree.

5

Some live by the leaf and some live by the bough, vice bow  
As the Song or the Dance their vocation may be,  
And some live and thrive though we know no more how,  
Than the dew that flies over the Mulberry Tree.

6

But like weeping willows we hang down the head,  
When poor wither'd Elders we're destin'd to be,  
And we're minded no more than mere logs when we're dead,  
Or the dew that flies over the Mulberry Tree.

7

Yet like Lignum Vitæ we Hearts of Oak wear,  
Or the Cedar that keeps from the cankerworm free,  
While the Vine Juice we drain to dissolve ev'ry care,  
Like the dew that flies over the Mulberry Tree.

FLY AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

Sym

As I was walking forth one

morning in the Spring, A conversation I chanc'd for to

meet, 'Twas an odd and uncommon thing, Bear a bob Fal

lol lol de riddle lol de rol, Bear a bobsingfol de rol de

ra. Sym

Detailed description: The image shows a page of a musical score for the song 'Fly and the Grasshopper'. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written between the staves. The first system is an instrumental introduction marked 'Sym'. The second system begins the vocal line with the lyrics 'As I was walking forth one'. The third system continues the lyrics: 'morning in the Spring, A conversation I chanc'd for to'. The fourth system continues: 'meet, 'Twas an odd and uncommon thing, Bear a bob Fal'. The fifth system continues: 'lol lol de riddle lol de rol, Bear a bobsingfol de rol de'. The sixth system is an instrumental ending marked 'ra. Sym'.

This conversation I heard,  
 On which you may rely,  
 'Twas between a Fly and a Grasshopper,  
 Concerning their Family.

Bear a Bob: &c:

3

Says the Fly to the Grasshopper,  
 I come of a Noble kin,  
 For 'tis very well known to all the world,  
 My Father he drinks with the King.

Bear a Bob: &c:

4

Says the Grasshopper to the Fly,  
 Why you may take my word,  
 For let your Father be what he may,  
 Your Mother she sprung from a —

Bear a Bob: &c:

5

Says the Fly to the Grasshopper,  
 You're a hopping lyeing Dog,  
 For let my Mother be what she may,  
 Your Father he hops like a Frog.

Bear a Bob: &c:

6

Says the Grasshopper to the Fly,  
 If you say any such things,  
 I'll take a hop immediately,  
 And I'll cut off your legs and wings.

Bear a Bob: &c:

7

Says the Fly to the Grasshopper,  
 Why you may do your worst,  
 But before you cut off my legs and wings,  
 Why you must catch me first.

Bear a Bob: &c:

8

Then the Grasshopper he did hop,  
 Aye he did hop apace,  
 But the Fly he took unto his wings,  
 And bid the Grasshopper kiss his —

Bear a Bob: &c:

9

And now for to conclude,  
 What I have just begun,  
 Why peace and quietness is the best,  
 When all things are said and done.

Bear a Bob: &c:

101  
66 COUNTRY—LIFE. 1

(Tune Derry Down)

In London I never knew what to be at,  
Enraptur'd with this and transported with that,  
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan;  
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

Derry down &c:

2  
But the country, Lord bless us, sets all matters right,  
So calm and composing from morning to night:  
Oh! it settles the stomach when nothing is seen,  
But an ass on common, a goose on a green.

Derry down.

3  
In London, how easy we visit and meet.  
Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are our treat;  
Our morning's a round of good humour delight,  
And we rattle in comfort and pleasure all night.

Derry down.

4  
In the country how pleasant our visits to make,  
Thro' ten miles of mud for formality's sake,  
With the coachman in drink and the moon in a fog,  
And no thought in our head but a ditch or a bog.

Derry down.

5  
In London if folks all together are put,  
A Bore may be roasted a Quiz may be cut,  
'In the country your friends would feel angry and sore,  
'Till an old maid a Quiz, or a parson, a Bore'.

Derry down.

6  
In the country you're nail'd like a pale in your park,  
To some stick of a neighbour cram'd into the ark,  
Or if you are sick, or in fits tumble down,  
You reach death, ere the doctor can reach you from town.

Derry down.

7  
I've heard that how love in a cottage is sweet,  
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet,  
I know nothing of that for alas, I'm a swain,  
Who requires (I own it) more links to my chain.

Derry down.

8  
Your jays, and your magpies, may chatter on trees,  
And whisper soft nonsense in groves if they please,  
But a house is much more to my mind than a tree,  
And for groves oh! a fine grove of chimnies for me.

Derry down.

9  
'But what tho' you appetites in a weak state,  
'A pound at a time they push on your plate,  
'Tis true as to health you've no cause to complain,  
'For they'll drink it, God bless 'em again and again

Derry down.

10  
Then in town let me live and in town let me die,  
For in truth I can't relish the country—not I,  
If I must have a villa in London to dwell,  
Oh! give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall

Derry down.



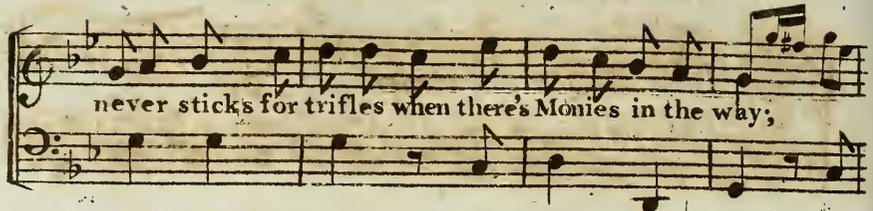
THE DOCTRINE of an ISRAELITE.

ALLEGRO

once was but a Pedlar and my Shop was in my Box, So

sure as I'm a Smoush and my Name is Morde-cai, And I

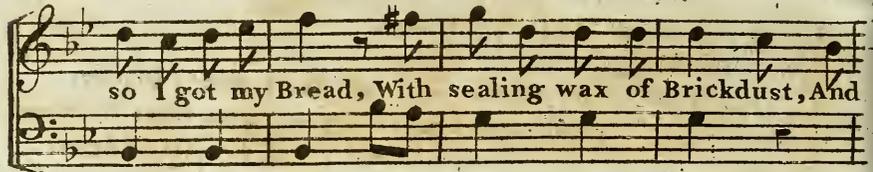
cheated all the world in spite of whipping post, or stocks, For I



never sticks for trifles when there's Monies in the way;



I had good gold rings of Copperglass, And



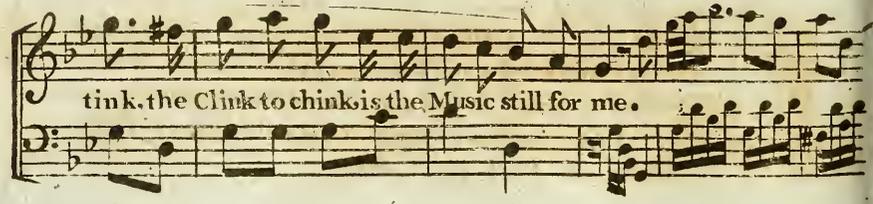
so I got my Bread, With sealing wax of Brickdust, And



Pencils without Lead, In my pick pack, nick nack, tick tack,



Gim crack, twing twang, twink lum Dee, And sing Ting ring,



tink, the Clink to chink is the Music still for me.



2

To make up goods the cheaper some people steal the stuff,  
And by selling of good bargains they never want for Trade,  
But I cou'd always find the way to sell them cheap enough,  
As you know 'tis quite as easy for to steal them ready made,  
And though I'm not a Christians, I should think it very great Sin,  
When a Stranger comes across me, if I wou'd not take him in.

With my Pick pack &c:

3

Or suppose I do the business of a Docter or a Priest,  
And in want of my assistance a poor Man sent for me,  
As in doing of my duty I wou'd mind myself at least,  
If I spy a good fat piece of Pork and he cou'd give no fee;  
He may think I wou'd refuse it, bless my Soul he is mistaken,  
I cou'd sell it, if not eat it, so that wou'd not save his Bacon.

With my Pick pack &c:

4

Or if I was a Judge, or a Justice of the Peace,  
Whenever Prosecutors brings a Thief before the bench,  
If they swear upon the Book till they all was black in the face,  
Let the Prisoner use good arguments—a fig for evidence;  
But if the Rogue was penniless, my work I wou'd go through,  
As my Conscience wou'd not let me rob the Gallows of its due.

With my Pick pack &c:

5

Or suppose I was in Parliament the scheme I wou'd propose,  
So sure as I'm a smoush, and my name is Mordecai,  
Wou'd be like the little Ploughboy to sell my Ayes, and Noes,  
For I never sticks for trifles when theres Monies in the way;  
And before I wou'd stand out, where theres plenty or the pelf,  
If the D-vl was Purchaser by G-d Id sell myself.

With my Pick pack &c:

WHEN THE FANCY STIRRING BOWL.

Written by Capt. Morris.

LIVELY

When the fancy stirring Bowl, Wakes its world of Pleasure,

Glowing Visions gild my Soul, And lifes an endless, Treasure.

Mem'ry decks my wasted heart, Fresh with gay de - sire,

Rays divine my senses dart, And kindling hopes inspire, Then

who'd be grave when wine can save; The heaviest Soul from sinking And



magic grapes give Angel shapes, To ev'ry Girl were drinking, Then

Chos

who'd be grave when Wine can save, The heaviest Souls from sinking; And

magic grapes, give Angel shapes, To ev'ry Girl we're drinking.

2

4

Here sweet benignity and Love,  
 Shed their softness round me,  
 Gather'd ills of life remove,  
 And leave me as they found me;  
 Tho' my head may swim yet true,  
 Still to natures feeling,  
 Peace and beauty swim there too,  
 And rock me as I'm reeling.

heart;  
 When time assuag'd my heated —  
 The grey-beard blind and simpl  
 Forgot to cool one little part,  
 Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple;  
 That sparks enough of beauty's type,  
 To warm an honest fellow,  
 And tho' it touch'd me not when ripe  
 It melts me still when mellow.

Then who'd &c:

Then who'd &c:

3

5

On youth's soft pillow tender truth,  
 Her pensive lesson taught me,  
 Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,  
 And wisdom wak'd and caught me;  
 A bargain then with love I knock'd,  
 To hold the pleasing Gipsy,  
 When wise to keep my bosom lock'd  
 But turn the key when tipsey.

Life's a voyage we all declare,  
 With scarce a port to hid in,  
 It may perhaps to pride or care,  
 That's not the Sea I ride in;  
 Here floats my Soul, till fancy's eye,  
 Her realms of bliss discover,  
 Bright worlds that fair in prospect  
 To him that's half seas over.

Then who'd &c:

Then who'd &c:

THERE WAS A LITTLE WOMAN Sung by  
M<sup>r</sup> Fawcett.

*Allegro Moderato*

Sym. There

was a little Woman as I've heard tell, Fal de ral lal

lal lal de dee, She went to the Market, her Eggs for to sell,

Fal de ral lal lal lal de dee, She went to the Market, all

on a Market day, Fal lal dee ral lal lal lal de dee, And

oo

She fell a sleep all on the high way Fal de ral lal

lal lal de dee.

2

There came by a Pedler, whose Name it was Stout, Fal deral  
 And he cut her Pettycoats all round about, Fal & c:  
 He cut her Pettycoats, up to her knees, Fal & c:  
 Till this poor little Womans knees began for to freeze Fal & c:

3

When this little Woman, began for to awake, Fal & c:  
 She began to shiver, and she began to shake, Fal & c:  
 She began to shake, and she began to cry, Fal & c:  
 Lord ha' mercy on I, this can't be I, Fal & c:

4

If I, be I, as I, suppose I be, Fal & c  
 I've got a little dog at home, and he knows me, Fal & c:  
 If I, be I, he'll wag his little tail, Fal & c:  
 But if it be not I, he will bark and rail, Fal & c:

5

Home went this little Woman, all in the dark, Fal & c:  
 Up starts the little dog, and began fo bark, Fal & c:  
 He began to bark, and she began to cry, Fal & c:  
 Lord ha' mercy on I, this none of I. Fal & c:

## BUNG YOUR EYE.

1  
As a Jolly Exciseman was walking the Street,  
A buxom young lass he chanc'd for to meet;  
And as he drew near her, She says will you buy,  
Pray what do you sell, She says, Bung your Eye.  
Derry Down Down Down Derry Down.

2  
But now to be serious what have you got there,  
'Tis honest Ginnava, I vow and declare:  
At the Custom House Officers, I look very shy,  
And to give it a nick name its call'd Bung your Eye.  
Derry Down &c:

3  
And if you're a gentleman as you appear,  
To leave my Ginnava I need not to fear;  
'Till I speak to a customer that's just past by,  
I will leave you in charge of my Bung your Eye.  
Derry Down &c:

4  
Now mark my good friends what I'm going to mention,  
To look in her basket it was my intention;  
But in two or three minutes a young child did cry,  
Then up in my arms I took young "Bung your Eye."  
Derry Down &c:

5  
Then I took the child home without more delay,  
And to have it christen'd I hasted away;  
Says the Parson I'll christen your child by and by,  
Pray what is its name I says Bung your Eye.  
Derry Down &c:

6  
Bung your Eye! (says the Parson) why that's an odd name,  
Why yes sir it is, and an odd way it came;  
For I thought all the people as I did pass by,  
Would think me the father of young "Bung your Eye."  
Derry Down &c:

7  
Now all you Excisemen that walketh the street,  
Beware of those Girls if you chance them to meet;  
With their honest Ginnava, they look very shy,  
And they'll soon make you a father, of young Bung your Eye.  
Derry Down &c:

110

# LISTON'S BEAUTIFUL MAID.

## A POPULAR BURLESQUE PARODY.

On Braham's Beautiful Maid to the same Tune introduced and sung by  
M<sup>r</sup>. Liston with laughable applause in the Burlesque Dramatic Roman-  
called ( The Quadrupede of Quedlinburgh or the Rovers of Weimar )  
at the Theatre Royal Haymarket Season 1811.

1

A Fisherman once told me, his Soals were too dear,  
So I fix'd on a beautiful maid,  
For Salmon and Shrimps, 'twas the wrong time of year,  
Then I took home my beautiful maid.  
Here! Cook! dress my beautiful maid!  
Don't spoil it, but let it be well done.  
And I'll dine on my beautiful maid.

2

An ugly black Cat, observ'd where my'tit bit was laid,  
Fix'd her eyes on the prize, my beautiful maid,  
And the long whisker'd thief, when the Cook turn'd her back.  
Ban away with my beautiful maid!  
Yes she claw'd up my beautiful maid,  
Yes she swore at my beautiful maid,  
O! pussey you hussey, oh! what have you done!  
You've eat up my beautiful maid.

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# NO MORE IN WOMAN'S EYE MY HEART.

## A BURLESQUE PARODY ON, NO MORE BY

### SORROW CHAS'D MY HEART.

Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Pyne with universal applause in the Operatic Drama  
called (Quadrupeds, or the Managers Last Kick) at the English Opera  
Lyceum Theatre. Strand. for the first time. July 18<sup>th</sup> 1811.

1

No more in woman's eye, my heart,  
Like toasted cheese shall fry,  
As firm as rock in ev'ry part,  
'Tis flint and so am I.

2

So in our streets the hunted Cow,  
Turns round and spoils the fun,  
All Smithfield echoes to the row,  
By turns the rabble run.  
No more in woman's eye, &c.

## THE OVEN.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

Who has e'er been in London that overgrown place, Has seen  
Lodgings to let stare him full in the face, Some are good and let  
dearly, while some 'tis well known, Are so dear and so bad they are  
best let a lone, Derry down down down der-ry Down.

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is in 6/8 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff of each system.

2

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,  
Hired Lodgings, that took single Gentlemen only,  
But Will was so fat, he appear'd like a ton;  
Or like two single Gentlemen roll'd into one.

Derry Down &amp;c.,

3

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated,  
But all the night long, he felt fever'd and heated,  
And tho' heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep;  
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.

Derry Down &amp;c.,

Next night 'twas the same, and the next and the next,  
He perspir'd like an Ox he was nervous and vex'd,  
Week pass'd after week, till by weekly succession;  
His weakly condition, was past all expression.

Derry Down &c:

In six months, his acquaintance began for to doubt him,  
For his skin, like a Lady's loose gown hung about him,  
He sent for a Doctor, and cried like a ninny;  
I have lost many pounds, make me well theres a guinea.

Derry Down &c:

The Doctor look'd wise, a slow fever he said,  
Prescrib'd Suderoficks, and going to bed,  
Suderoficks in bed, exclaim'd Will are humbugs!  
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs.

Derry Down &c:

Will kick'd out the Doctor, but when ill indeed,  
E'en dismissing the Doctor, don't always succeed,  
So calling his host, he said Sir do you know.  
I'm the fat single Gentleman six month ago.

Derry Down &c:

Look e Landlord I think, argued Will with a grin,  
That with honest intention, you first took me in,  
But from the first night, and to say it I'm bold,  
That I've been so damn'd hot, I have sure got a cold.

Derry Down &c:

Quoth the Landlord, till now I ne'er had a dispute,  
I've let Lodgings ten years: I'm a Baker to boot;  
In airing your sheets Sir, my Wife is no sloven.  
And your bed is immediately over my Oven.

Derry Down &c:

The Oven. says Will Says the Host why this passion,  
In that excellent bed, died three people of Fashion  
Why so crusty good Sir. Zounds, cries Will in a taker,  
Who would not be crusty, with half a years baking.

Derry Down &c:

Will paid for his rooms, cried the Host with a sneer,  
Well I see you've been going away, half a year,  
Friend we can't well agree, yet no quarrel Will said,  
But I'd rather not perish, while you make your bed.

Derry Down &c:

What changes have been since I went to Bengal,  
 My sweetheart has grown so confoundedly tall;  
 'Twere a perjury to marry a monster I told her,  
 So I promis'd a fit that reach'd up to my shoulder,  
 Derry down, &c.

I left Boney fighting on sea and on dry land,  
 His motive it was to get hold of an island;  
 But now I'm come back, I look quite agast,  
 For egad he's got old of an island at last,  
 Derry down, &c.

I next went to Ingey, where Wellington shone,  
 I thought he there stood a hero alone;  
 But he too is changed, for in Europe I hear,  
 He has conquer'd twice more than in Ingey, O dear,  
 Derry down, &c.

In ev'ry street there's a new sort of shop,  
 At the Old Bailey now there's a new sort of drop;  
 A new set of robbers is now to be found,  
 Who has others hang'd for them and get forty pound,  
 Derry down, &c.

The world's to be burnt very soon they declare,  
 No wonder when gas-lights set fire to the air,  
 The clouds too are tapp'd for a dropsical case,  
 And the sun has broke out with black spots in its face,  
 Derry down, &c.

Our oars and our sails are exploded and gone,  
 By the steam of hot water the boat is push'd on;  
 But Englishmen no longer fond of warfare and slaughter  
 Have invented this scheme to be still in hot water,  
 Derry down, &c.

On the first day of April we made fools of folks,  
 That day was considered the day of all jokes,  
 But that day is chang'd, as now it appears,  
 For the Dey of all jokes is the Dey of Algiers,  
 Derry down, &c.

Little Tokely in changing takes wond'rous delight,  
 For he a strange character plays every night,  
 But still to one character he means to be true,  
 It's gratitude, thanks, and devotion to you,  
 Derry down, &c.

THE SOHO BAZAAR.

Ladies in furs, and Gemmen in spurs!  
 Who lollop and lounge about all day:  
 The Bazaar in Soho is completely the go—  
 Walk into the shop of Grimaldi!

Come from afar, here's the Bazaar!—  
 But if you won't deal with us, stay where you are!

Here's rouge to give grace to an old woman's face,  
 Trowers of check for a sailor;

Here's a cold ice, if you pay for it twice,  
 And here's a hot goose for a tailor!

Soho Bazaar, come from afar!  
 Sing ri fal de riddle, and tal de ral la!

Here's a cock'd hat, for an opera flat—  
 Here's a broad brim for a Quaker;

Here's a white wig for a Chancery prig,  
 And here's a light weight for a baker!

Soho Bazaar, &c.  
 A fring'd parasol, or a toad-in-the-hole,  
 A box of japan to hold backy;

Here's a relief for a widow in grief—  
 A quartern of Hodges's jacky!

Soho Bazaar, &c.  
 Here, long enough, is a Lottery puff!  
 (I was half drunk when it caught me),

It promis'd, my eyes! what a capital prize!  
 And here's all the rhinocit brought me!

[*strewing his empty pockets.*]  
 Soho Bazaar, &c.

“Put it down to the bill,” is the fountain of ill!  
 This has the shop-keepers undone;  
 Bazaars never trust—so down with your dust,  
 And help us to diddle all London!

World's Wonders

The World's Seven Wonders, every child doth know,  
 Fal de ral, &c.

They're very well to read of, but I'm prepared to show  
 If for wonders you seek, to London you must go,  
 With a heigho!—  
 I'll prove it so. Fal de ral, &c.

King Solomon's Temple had pillars made of brass,  
 Fal de ral, &c.  
 But surely our Temples of Lawyers surpass,  
 For there's brass enough there to prove Solomon an ass,  
 With a heigho!—  
 Quid pro quo. Fal de ral, &c.

The Antipodes who dwell the other side the ball,  
 Fal de ral, &c.

Wear their heads below—but Saint Stephen's, on a call,  
 Can shew you many a great man without any head at all  
 With a heigho!—  
 Is it Aye or no? Fal de ral, &c.

The Medicane Venus of beauty was the queen,  
 Fal de ral, &c.

But our Venuses of London excel her in mien,  
 With their *alabaster* skins—and there's plenty to be seen  
 With a heigho!—  
 What a pretty show! Fal de ral, &c.

The Nile may o'erflow, and its muddy banks may drown  
 Fal de ral, &c.

But our honour, our faith, our commercial renown,  
 Will hold firm the Bank of famous London town,  
 With a heigho!  
 Henry Hase and Co. Fal de ral, &c.

Your fine ancient heroes, the javelin they hurl'd,  
 Fal de ral, &c.

But our Tars, and our Soldiers, our flag being unfurl'd,  
 Made Europe confess them—the WONDERS OF THE  
 WORLD!  
 With a Heigho!—  
 I'll be d—d but 'tis so. Fal de ral, &c.

I WAS born once at home, when my mother was out  
In her reck'ning, an accident brought it about.  
As for family honours and such kind of fun,  
'Thoug' some boast of forefathers, yet I had but one.  
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Our cottage was fill'd, though 'twas not very big,  
With poultry and pictures, three chairs, and a pig;  
Our dog was call'd Dennis; our cow, Paddy Whack;  
But till christen'd, I had'n't a name to my back.  
Derry down, &c.

When I came to be christen'd, my poor mother saw,  
On my face our dog Dennis was setting his paw.  
What's his name, says the priest? down, Dennis,  
says she;  
So Dennis Bruilgruddery they christen'd me.  
Derry down, &c.

I grew up, I got married, and left in the lurch,  
For my wife died before I cou'd get her to church;  
I with her was too late; with my second too soon,  
For she brought me a son in the first honey-moon.  
Derry down, &c.

I was vex'd; and says I, not to make a great fuss,  
Three months the priest reck'ns since he coupled us,  
That's right reck'ning, says she, for 'tis three months  
by mine,  
And three by your own, which together make nine.  
Derry down, &c.

To bury this lady came next in my head,  
For no other cause but because she was dead;  
So married once more, (I suppose you guess who)  
The beautiful crater that keeps the Red Cow.  
Derry down, &c.

My lambkin she scolds, when the brandy I sup,  
Till some husbands would foolishly tuck themselves  
up;  
But though in a noose I am fast with a wife,  
Yet, thank Fortune, I never was bang'd in my life.  
Derry down, &c.

But away with complaint, for myself ne'er intends  
To grieve, while my house holds such bushels of  
friends;  
So my fortune I'll pocket, whatever it be,  
And cry, 'Ladies and gentlemen, thank ye for me.'  
Derry down, &c.

### THE LAND OF SWEET ERIN.

OH, the land of sweet Erin's the land of delight;  
For the women can love, and the men can all fight.  
We have hearts for the girls, and we've arms for our  
foes;  
And they both are triumphant, as all the world knows.  
If they talk of politeness, we beat them at that;  
For when Monsieur came a-courting, a rival to Pat,  
He cried, my dear jewel, you're quite at a stand,  
So pray take a foot, just to lend you a hand.

Then let us be frisky,  
And tiddle the whiskey:

Long life to the land of sweet liberty's joys,  
No country whatever  
Has power to sever  
The Shamrock, the Rose, and the Thistle, my boys.

They talk how they live, why 'tis blarney and stuff;  
For a man when he's hungry can eat fast enough:  
Is not teaching a live man to live all my eye?  
Let them come over here and we'll teach them to die.  
Their frogs and *soup-maigre* are nothing but froth,  
To our beef and potatoes and Scotch barley broth.  
Then what country for living as Erin so fit,  
Hospitality's home, and the birth-place of wit.  
Then let us be frisky, &c.

They may talk of their wonders as long as they please,  
By Saint Patrick, their swans are all nothing but  
geese:

They say they can fight, but 'tis all they can say,  
For as soon as we charge, they as soon run away.  
Then, oh, may the land that grows out of the sea  
Flourish long in prosperity, happy and free;  
For England, and Ireland, and Scotland can prove  
They outshine them in courage and beauty and love.  
Then let us be frisky, &c.

A COBLER I am, and my name is Dick Awl;  
I'm a bit of a beast, for I live in a stall!  
With an ugly old wife, and a tortoise-shell cat;  
I mends boots and shoes, with a rat, a tat, tat.  
Tol de rol.

This morning, at breakfast on bacon and spinnage,  
Says I to my wife, 'I'm going to Greenwich.'  
Says she, 'Dicky Awl, aye, and I will go too.'  
Says I, 'Mrs Awl, I'll be d—— if you do.'  
Tol de rol.

One word bred another—a shocking mishap!  
She gave me the lie, and I gave her the strap.  
To tarry at home, then, I thought it a sin,  
So I soon bolted out, but I bolted her in.  
Tol de rol.

To Greenwich, by water, I merrily sped,  
And saw them all rolling it heels over head.  
The sun was so bright, and so high the wind blew,  
I spied——what I don't wish to mention to you.  
Tol de rol.

But when I got home, (it is true on my life,)  
Bill Button, the tailor, was off with my wife:  
Tho' old Mrs Awl has no fancy to bolts,  
She has but one tooth, but that tooth is a colt's.  
Tol de rol.

Ah! Sally, my love, 'twas a very bad plan,  
To cut me, and chuse the ninth part of a man.  
She thought, in eloping, so cunning and trickey,  
With poor Dicky Awl it would soon be all Dickey.  
Tol de rol.

If Bill and my rib should get into a fray,  
We may sell her by auction the next market day;  
If nobody bids for the sweet pretty elf,  
Knock her down, my dear Billy, and keep her your-  
self.  
Tol de rol.

