CRAMER'S

VOCAL GEMS.

No. 30.

12 COMIC SONGS.

CONTAINING-

THE CROSS OLD BACHELOR.
JOCK O' THE MILL.
POLLEE-WOLLEE-HAMA.
CHICKABOO
I'M LIVELY POMPEY JONES.
A NURSERY LEGEND.
I WOULD I WERE LORD MAYOR.
LORD LOVEL.
FANNY GREY.
BEN BATTLE.
THE CORK LEG.
GILES SUROGGINS' GHOST.

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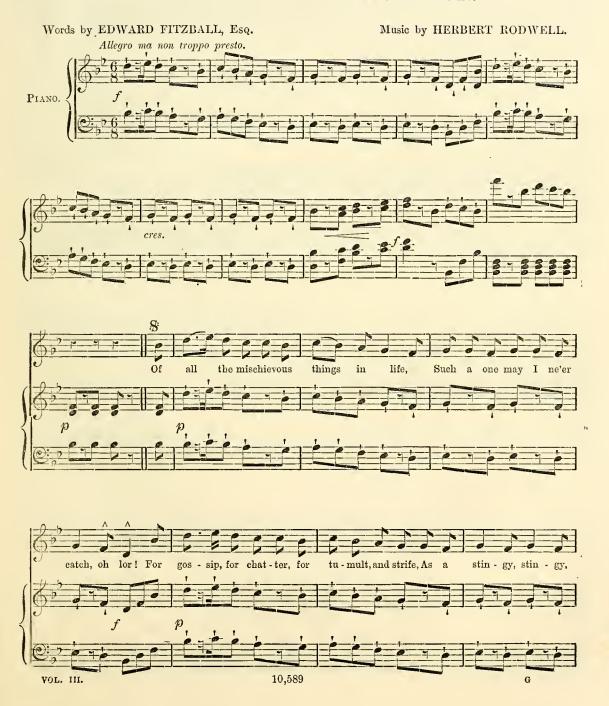
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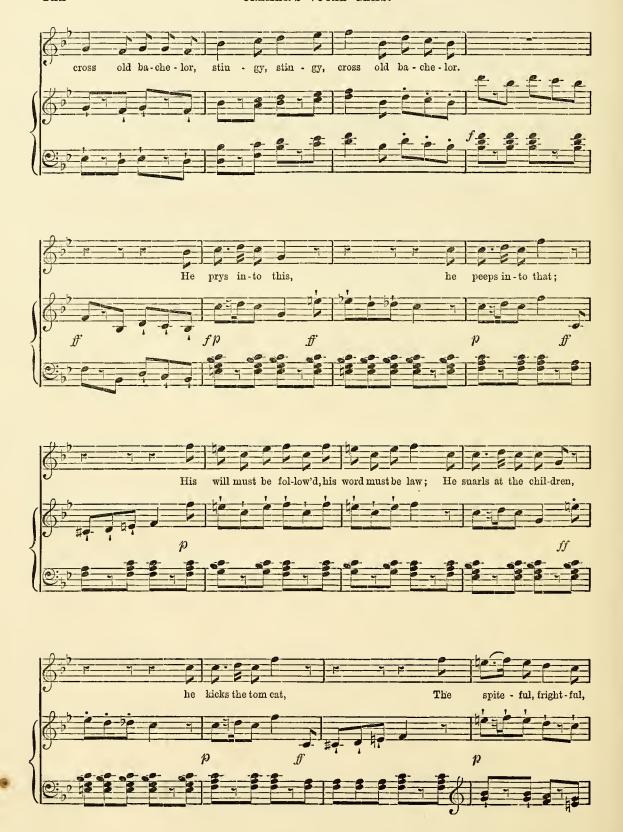
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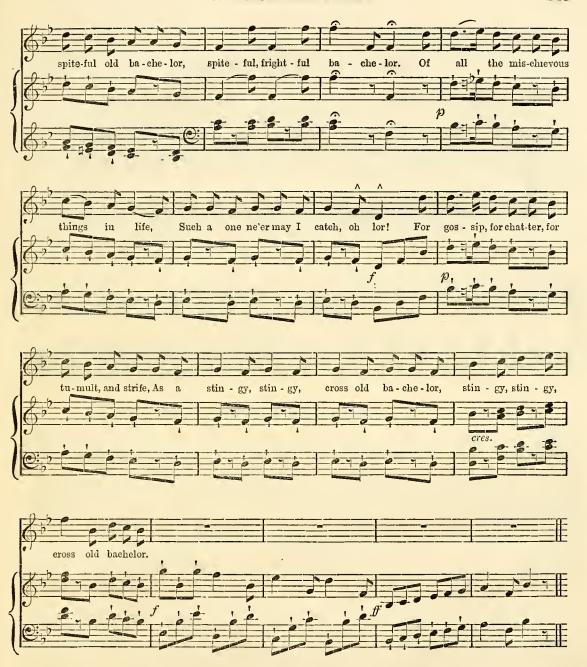
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COMIC SONGS.

THE CROSS OLD BACHELOR.







To nice young men who would early wed,
 Prates he of trouble for lack of gold,
 And calculates wedlock at so much per head,
 And swears that wives do nought but scold,
 The stingy, spiteful, cross old bachelor,
 If I had my way—but poor women have not—
 A scarecrow I'd make him, hung up in the straw,
 By all the old maids in the town to be shot,
 The spiteful, frightful, spiteful old bachelor.
 Of all the mischievous things in life,
 Such a one may I ne'er eatch, oh lor!
 For gossip, for chatter, for tumult and strife,
 As a stingy, stingy, cross old bachelor.

JOCK O' THE MILL.

Words by WILLIAM BROUGH.

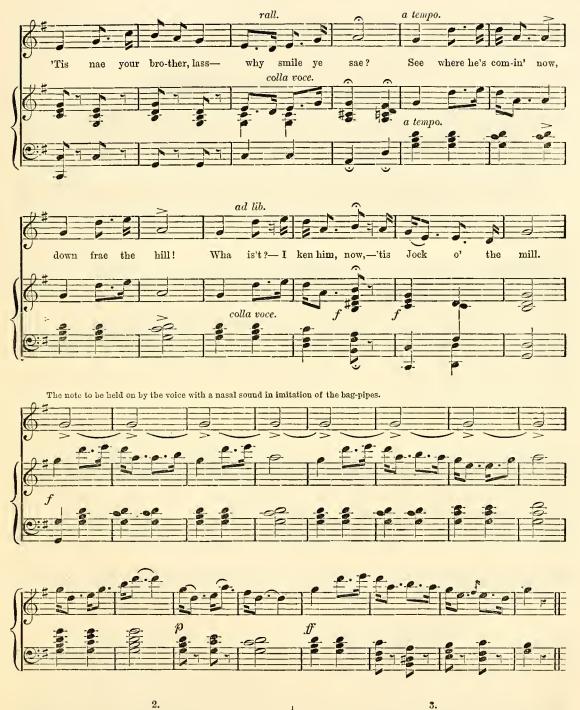
Music by T. GERMAN REED.









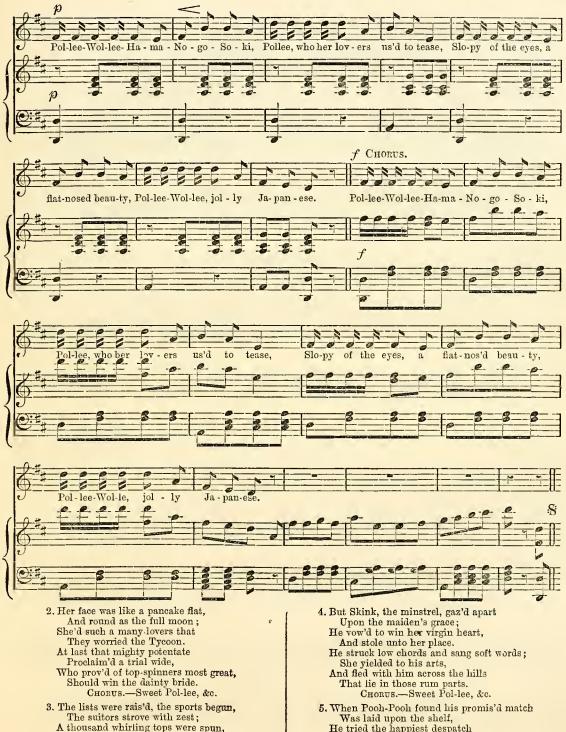


What brings him o'er the hill?—what brings him here? Corn ye have none to sell, lassie, I fear; 'Tis nae to market, lass, comes he this way. Ken ye his errand, lass?—why smile ye sae? See where he's comin' now, down frae the hill! What is't that brings ye here, Jock o' the mill?

What news frae o'er the hill?—what news d'ye bring? Lassie, why smile ye sae, seeing that ring?—'Tis nae wi' jewels, lass, brilliant and gay—Plain, simple, golden, lass—why smile ye sae? What is't he whispers now?—points o'er the hill—What! ye'll gae back wi' him?—wi' Jock o' the mill?

POLLEE - WOLLEE - HAMA.



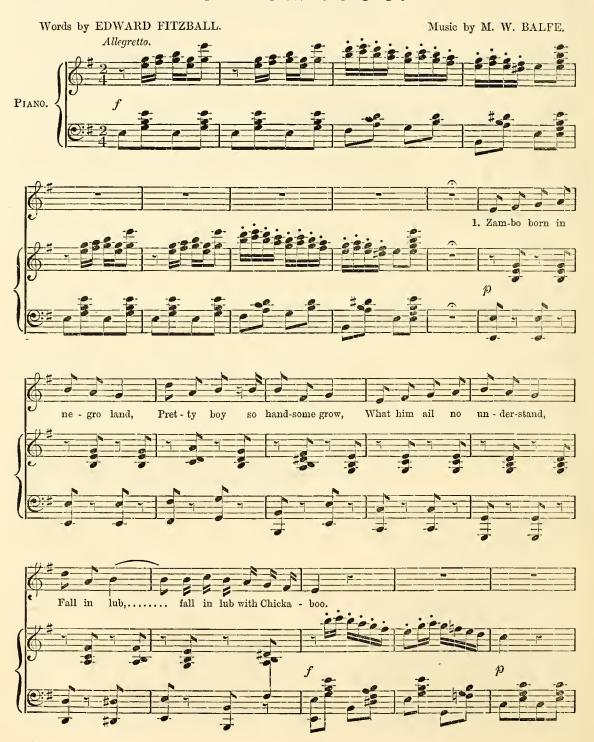


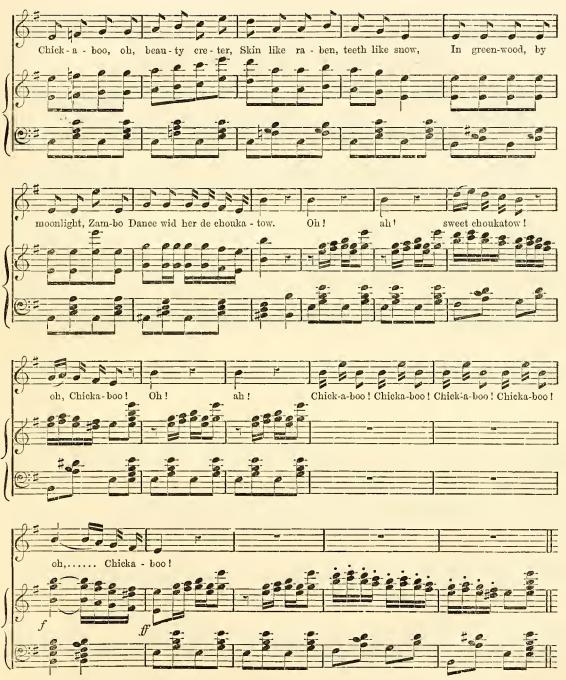
He tried the happiest despatch
Upon his noble self.
But failing solace thus to take,
He bungl'd with the knife, "Enough!" cried the Tycoon, "'twill do,
The pride of all Japan
I give unto the brown Pooh-Pooh, And only got a stomach-ache, Which lasted all his life. CHORUS .- Oh! Pol-lee, &c.

But Pooh-Pooh's whirl'd the best,

The great two-sworded man!" Chorus .- Sweet Pol-lee, &c.

CHICKABOO.

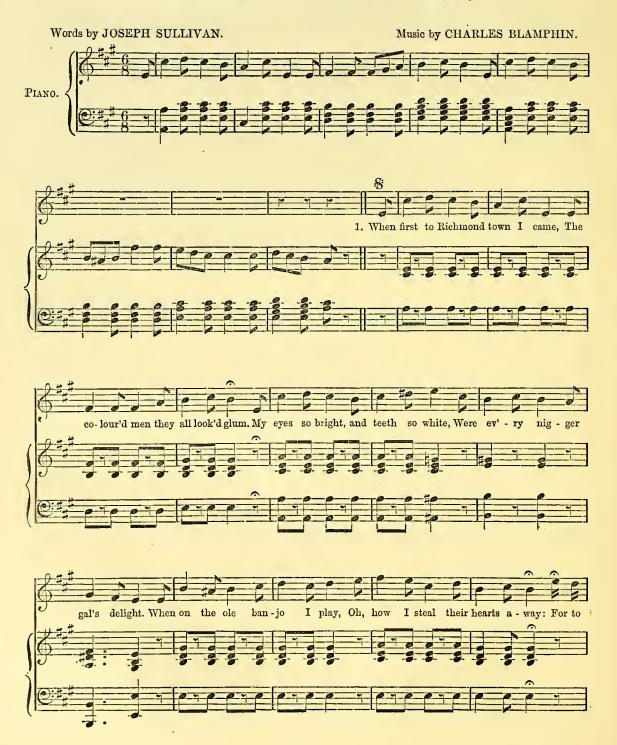


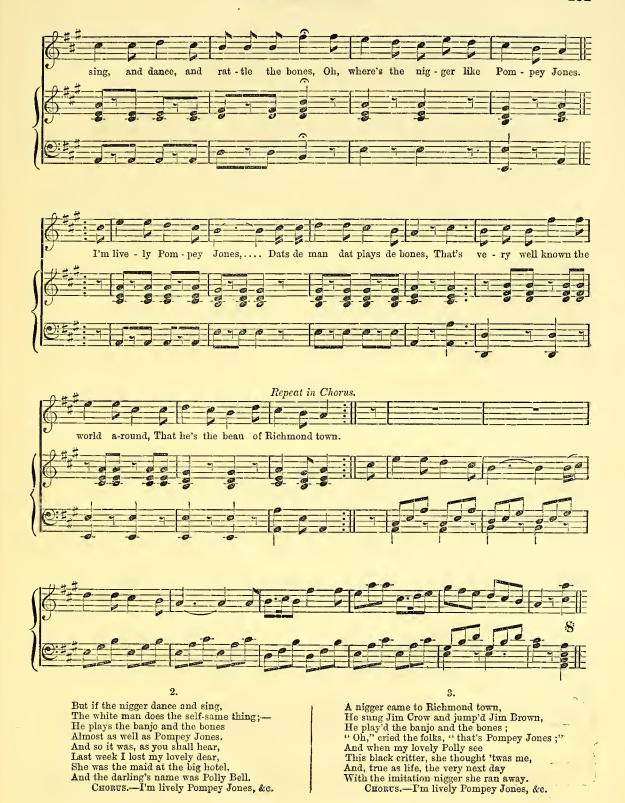


- Zambo wed, and soon appeary
 Little Zambo, tree, one, two;
 Like deir fader, berry handsome,
 One was leetle Chickaboo.

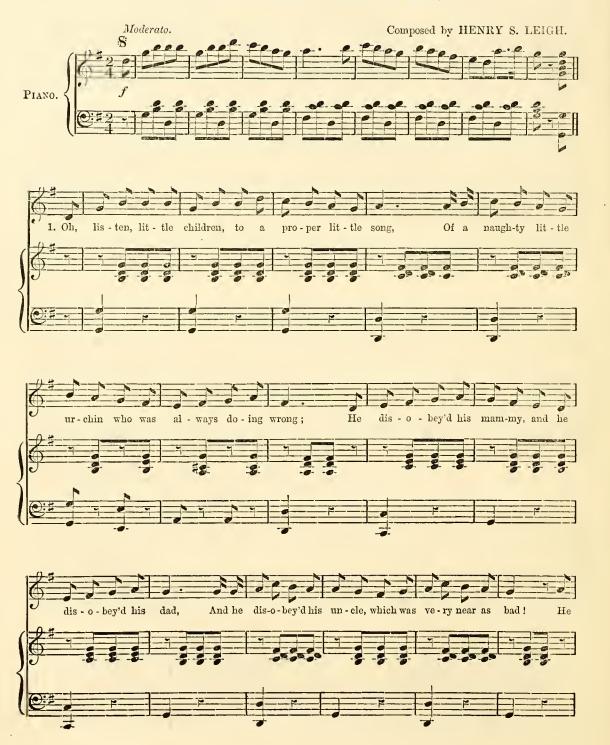
 In de cabin had you seen 'em,
 Ven at night plantation hoe,
 One 'bove toder, fader, moder,
 Dancing all de choukatow.
 Oh! ah! sweet choukatow! &c.
- 3. White man come wid big long gun,
 Zambo go shoot cockatoo,
 Pleas'd, him run home, find bad massa
 Run away vid Chickaboo.
 But if sad tear from him eye fall,
 Zambo for one drop drink two;
 And, wid bottle for him chum-chum,
 Dancy still de choukatow.
 Oh! ah! sweet choukatow! &c.

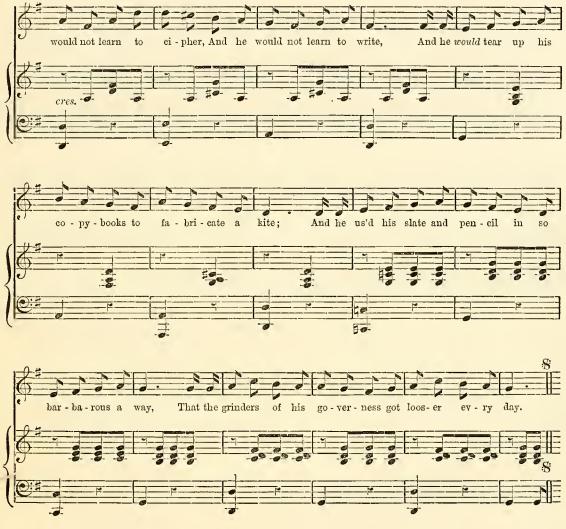
I'M LIVELY POMPEY JONES.





A NURSERY LEGEND.





2.

At last he grew so obstinate that no one could contrive To cure him of the theory that "two and two is five;" And when they taught him how to spell, he show'd his wicked whims

By mutilating "Pinnock," and mislaying "Watt's Hymns," Instead of all such pretty books (which must improve the

He cultivated reading of a most improper kind:
Directories and Almanacks he studied on the sly,
And gloated over "Bradshaw's Guide" when nobody
was by.

3.

With such a course of reading you can easily divine The condition of his morals at the age of eight or nine; His tone of conversation kept becoming worse and worse, Till it scandalized his governess and horrified his nurse. He quoted bits of "Bradshaw" that were quite unfit to hear,

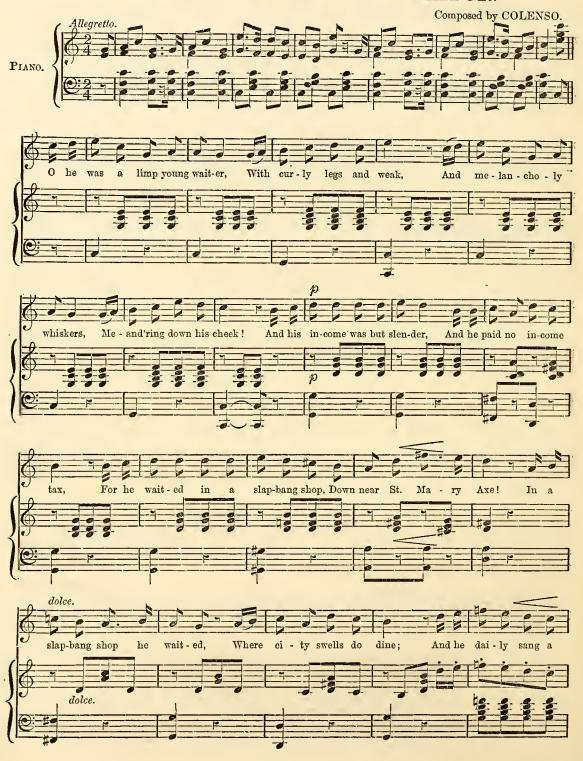
And recited scraps of almanack, no matter who was near; He spoke of Reigate Junction, and of trains both up and down.

And referr'd to men who call'd themselves Jones, Robinson, and Brown!

4.

But when this wicked boy grew up, he found the proverb true, That fate some day makes people pay for all the harm they do. He was cheated out of money by a man whose name was Brown, And got crippl'd in a railway smash while riding up to town. So, little boys and little girls, take warning while you can, And profit by the history of this unhappy man. Read "Dr. Watts" and "Pinnock," dears; and when you learn to spell Fight shy of guides, directories, and almanacks as well.

I WOULD I WERE LORD MAYOR.





2. He was such an earnest spirit,

That he pass'd his hofidays
In helping other waiters
To wait at the cafays!
'Twas in such loving labour,
Of which he was so fond,
That he first beheld his heart's young dream
At the shrine of Spicrs & Pond:
At Spiers & Pond's she waited,
In the gloomy Underground,
And from that sight his heart, once light,
This pensive by waden found: (In a consider.)

This pensive burden found:—(In a sepulchral key, appropriate to the tunnels of the Metropolitan Railway.)

"O I wish," &c.

3. He saw, and loved, and sickened;
Each day he thinner grew;
His very coat-tail buttons
His wasted frame shone through;
His choker hung upon him
Unlike a stiffeued tie;
The beef he served was often damp

The beef he served was often damp With tear-drops from his eye; His slippers shuffled loosely About his shrunken feet;

And if you asked him how he did,

He only would repeat—(With the siekening smile of inferior salubriosity)

"O! I wish," &c.

4. The City swells who loved him
Observed with growing care
That he took no more delight in
The daily bill of fare.
No more the Morning 'Tiser
With triumph he would spread;
No more would sound his cheerful call,—
"Two porks, two greens, one bread!"
And if you murmur'd, "Waiter,
How much have I to pay?"

No more the fee caused joy to he:

The sole remark he'd say—(Was, "Boiled mutton eightpence, turnips a penny, taters a penny, ale twopence, bread a penny, one and one; thank you, sir, but)

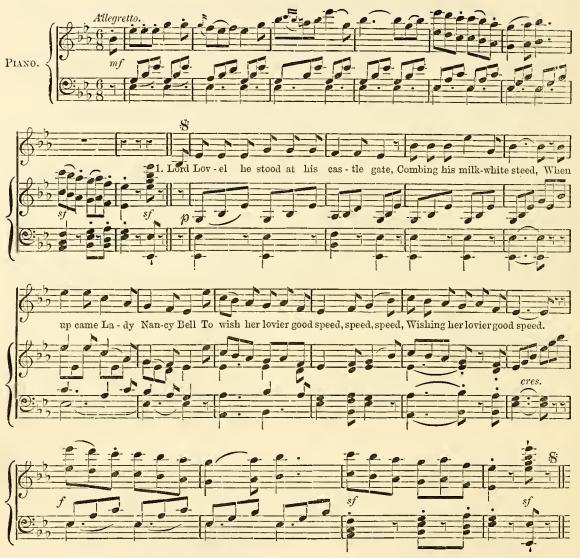
I wish," &c.

5. He loved, as Shakespeare hath it,
Not wisely, but too well;
For vain Mariar Ann did
Adore a City swell—
A clerk in the Post Office
Amid Saint Martin's damps,
Who had a mod'rate salary
Derived from postage stamps;
And when their faith they plighted,
All at the church of Bow,
No thought they gave on him whose stave
Thus testified his woe:—(In defiance of the very beadle that guarded the temple of felicitous connubiality)
"O! I wish," &c.

6. The slim-hair'd waiter waited
Within the slap-baug shop:
A new-wed couple entered
For broth and mutton-chop.
He gave one glance upon her,
He uttered not a cry,
But he stole down to the kitchen-fire,
With freuzy iu his eye,
And he tore away his choker
With madness staring stark,
And in the simmering broth he plunged,
With only this remark:—(gurglingly expressed)
"O! I wish," &c.

7. The couple ate their dinner,
Which other waiters brought;
Why other waiters served them
They never gave a thought.
They dined and they departed
With little doubts or fears;
But indigestiou troubled them
Through all the after years;
And in long hours of uightmare
They dreamt of that slap-bang,
And from their mucous membrane came
A still small voice that sang: (And this is what
the spirit of the deceased warbled about their
digestive physiology)—
"O! I wish," &c.

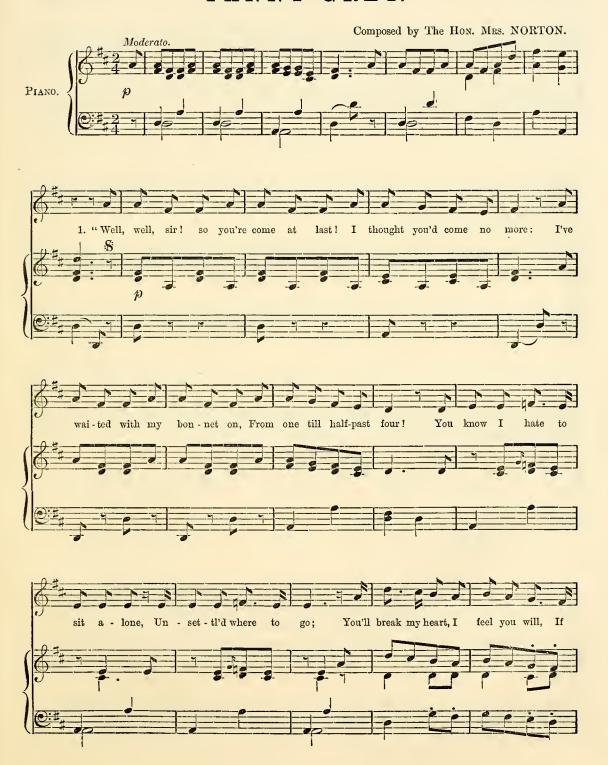
LORD LOVEL.

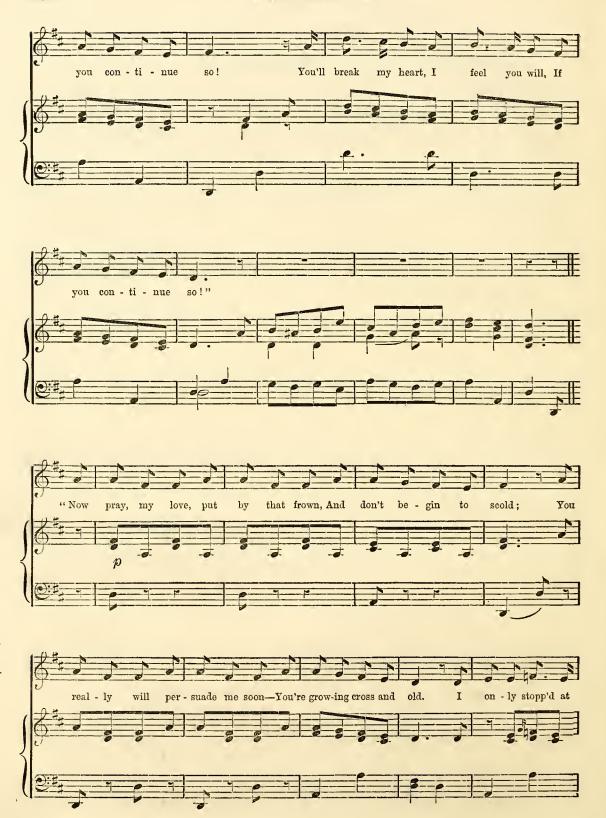


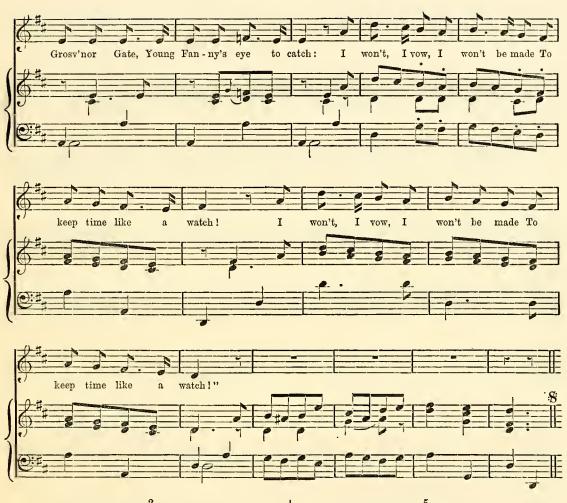
- 2. "Oh! where are you going, Lord Lovel," she said, "Oh! where are you going?" said she;
 - "I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell, Foreign countries for to see-e-e.
- 3. "When will you come back, Lord Lovel?" she said, "When will you be back?" said she;
 - "In a year or two, or three, or four, I'll come back to my Lady Nancee-e-e."
- 4. He had only been gone twelve months and a day, Foreign countries for to see,
- When languishing thoughts come into his head, Lady Nancy Bell he would go see-e-e.
- 5. So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed, Till he came to London town,
 - And there he heard Saint Pancridge bells, And the people all mourning around.
- 6. "Oh! what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said.
 - "Oh! what is the matter?" said he;
 "A Lord's Lady is dead!" the people all said, "And some call her Lady Nancee-e-e."

- 7. Then he order'd the grave to be open'd wide, And the shroud to be turned down,-
- And then he kiss'd her clay-cold lips, While the tears came trickling down.
- 8. Then he flung hisself down by the side of the corpse, With a shivering gulp and a guggle,
 - Gave two hops, three kicks, heav'd a sigh, blew his nose, Sung a song, and then died in the struggle!
- 9. Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day, Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
 - Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief, And Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.
- 10. Lady Nancy was laid in Saint Pancridge's church, Lord Lovel was laid in the choir,
 - And out of her buzzum there grew a red rose, And out of her lovier's a briar-iar-iar.
- 11. So they grew, and they grew to the church-steeple top, And they couldn't grow up no higher,
 - So they twin'd themselves in a true lover's knot, For all lovers true to admire.

FANNY GREY.







"It took you then, two hours to bow ?-

Two hours!—take off your hat;
I wish you'd bow that way to me,
And apropos of that.
I saw you making love to her—

(You see I know it all !)

I saw you making love to her At Lady Gossip's ball!"

3.

"Now really, Jane, your temper is So very odd to-day, You jealous—and of such a girl As little Fanny Grey! Make love to her! indeed, my dear,

You could see no such thing.

I sat a minute by her side

To see a turquoise ring!"

"I tell you that I saw it all, The whisp'ring and grimace, The flirting and coquetting,

In her little foolish face. Oh, Charles, I wonder that the earth

Don't open where you stand-By the heav'n that is above us both, I saw you kiss her hand!" 5.

"I did not, love, or if I did, Allowing that 'tis true;

When a pretty woman shows her rings, What can a poor man do?

My life, my soul, my darling Jane, I love but you alone;

I never thought of Fauny Grey-(How tiresome she's grown!)"

6.

"Put down your hat, don't take your stick, Now prithee, Charles, do stay; You never come to see me now, But you long to run away.

There was a time, there was a time, You never wished to go. What have I done, what have I done,

Dear Charles, to change you so?'

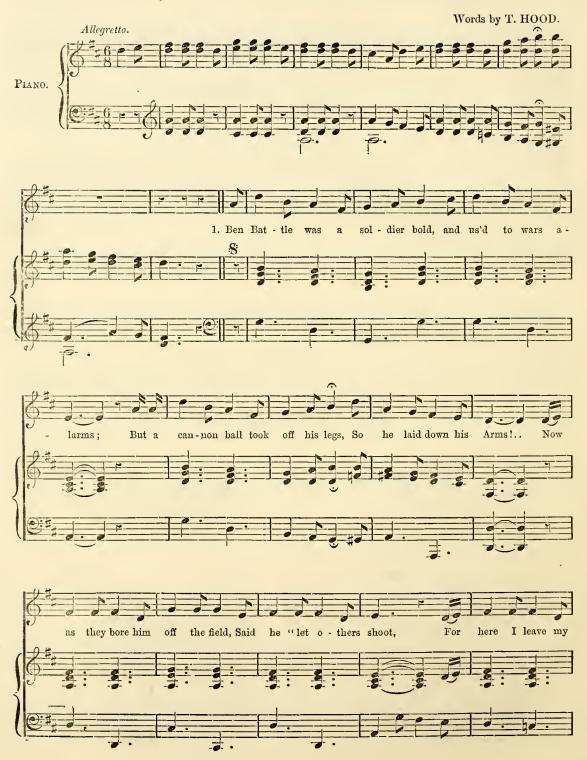
"Pooh, pooh, my love, I am not chang'd,-But dinner is at eight,

And my father's so particular, He never likes to wait."

"Good-bye! good-bye! you'll come again?"
"Yes; one of these fine days."

"He's turn'd the street, I knew he would, He's gone to Fanny Grey's.'

BEN BATTLE.







 2

The army surgeons made him limbs: Said he,—"They're only pegs: But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs!" Now Ben he lov'd a pretty maid, Her name was Nelly Gray; So he went to pay her his devours, When he'd devour'd his pay!

But when he call'd on Nelly Gray, She made him quite a scoff; And when she saw his wooden legs, Began to take them off!
"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray! Is this your love so warm? The love that loves a scarlet coat, Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I lov'd a soldier once, For he was blythe and brave; But I will never have a man With both legs in the grave! Before you had those timber toes, Your love I did allow, But then, you know, you stand upon Another footing now!"

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!

For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches!"
"Why then," said she, "yon've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms, And now you cannot wear your shoes Upon your feats of arms!"

6

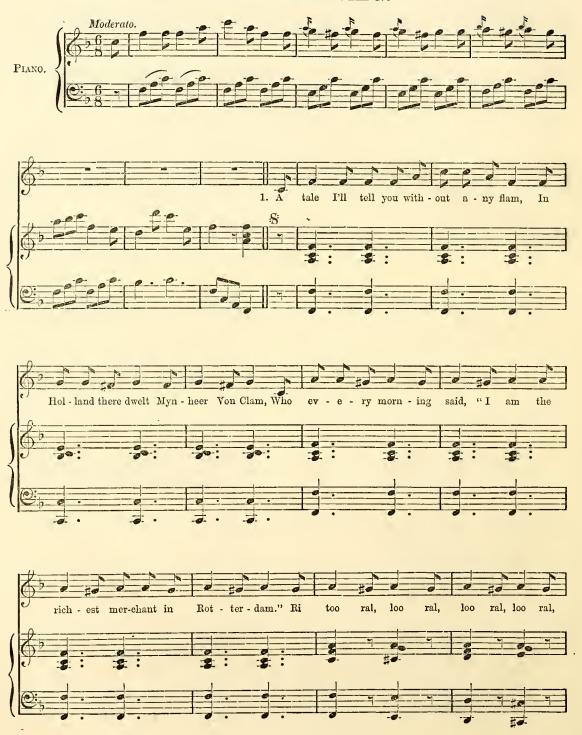
"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray! I know why you refuse: Though I've no feet—some other man Is standing in my shoes! I wish I ne'er had seen your face; But now a long farewell! For you will be my death :-You will not be my Nell!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray, His heart so heavy got, And life was such a burthen grown, It made him take a knot! So round his melancholy neck A rope he did entwine, And, for his second time in life, Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam, And then remov'd his pegs, And, as his legs were off,—of course, He soon was off his legs! And there he hung, till he was dead As any nail in town,—-For though distress had eut him up, It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse, To find out why he died, And they buried Ben in four cross roads, With a stake in his inside.

THE CORK LEG.





- One day he had stuff'd as full as an egg,
 When a poor relation came to beg;
 But he kick'd him out without broaching a keg,
 And in kicking him out he broke his own leg.
 Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.
- 3. A surgeon, the first in his vocation, Came and made a long oration; He wanted a limb for anatomization, So finish'd the job by amputation.

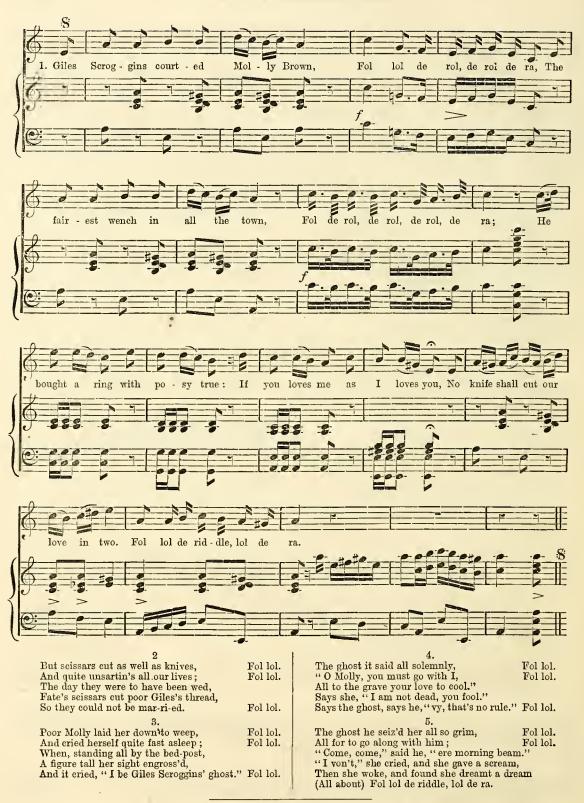
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

- 4. Said Mynheer, when he'd done his work,
 "By your knife I loose one fork,
 But upon crutches I'll never stalk,
 For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."
 Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.
- 5. An artist in Rotterdam, 'twould seem,
 Had made cork legs his study and theme;
 Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
 The works a compound of clock-work and steam.
 Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.
- 6. The leg was made, and fitted right, Inspection the artist did invite; The fine shape gave Mynheer delight, And he fix'd it on and screw'd it tight. Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.
- 7. He walk'd through squares, and past each shop,
 Of speed he went at the very top;
 Each step he took with a bound and a hop,
 Till he found his leg he couldn't stop.
 Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

- 8. Horror and fright were in his face, The neighbours thought he was running a race! He clung to a post to stay his pace, But the leg, remorseless, kept up the chase. Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.
- He call'd to some men with all his might,
 "Oh, stop me, or I'm murdered quite!"
 But though they heard him aid invite,
 He, in less thau a minute, was out of sight.
 Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.
- 10. He ran o'er hill, and dale, and plain, To ease his weary bones, he fain Did throw himself down, but all in vain,— The leg got up, and was off again. Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.
- 11. He walk'd of days and nights a score, Of Europe he had made a tour; He died,—but though he was no more, The leg walked on the same as before. Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.
- 12. In Holland sometimes he comes in sight, A skeleton on a cork leg tight; No cash did the artist's skill requite, He never was paid—and it sarv'd him right! Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.
- 13. My tale I've told both plain and free, Of the richest merchant that could be; Who never was buried, though dead, you see, And I have been singing his L E G. Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

GILES SCROGGINS' GHOST.





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