



FRONTISPIECE



Mark our Jovial Ragged Ring

Jolly Beggars

Gen 5 (2)

(OLIVER'S)
(Choice Selection)
(of)
(Comic Songs)



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COMIC SONGS.



Vocal and Rhetorical Imitations of Beggars and Ballad-Singers.

THERE's difference to be seen
'Twixt a beggar and a queen,
And the reason I'll tell you why ;
A queen cannot swagger,
And get drunk like a beggar ;
Nor be half so happy as I.

Why, how the d—l shou'd she, she must support
her own dignity, likewise other people's dignity ;
as for me, I please myself ; and as for my dignity,
like a many great men's, it's all—

Tol lol, &c.

Merry Proteus of old,
As by Ovid we're told,
Could vary his shape as he chose ;
'Tis proper that he,
My model should be,
When in charity's name I impose.

For you must know, good folks, I belong to the worshipful fraternity of beggars, and change shapes as often as a Player—I am arbidexter—deal in legerdemain—and as for my honesty, like an attorney's, it's all—

Tol lol, &c.

Then a sailor from the wars,
Cover'd over with scars,
In this I'm at home to a peg;
My knuckles I hold flat,
And t'other hand my hat,
And this way I holds up my leg.

Heavens bless you, my worthy masters; look down with an eye of pity upon a poor disabled seaman.

(*Sings.*) My starboard arm I lost in action soon,
And larboard gam, on the glorious first
of June.

Here, take this, my honest fellow, you're an honour to your country. To be sure I am, but, like many other honourable gentlemen, all my honour consists in

Tol lol, &c.

In another disguise,
Appear to want eyes,
But eyes very soon I can find;
Led by my little dog,
'Thro' the village I jog,
And no one suspects but I'm blind.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man—I'm stone blind—blind, blind—stone blind. Stop, let's hand him

over some rhino, the poor fellow's blind. Avas,
don't you see it's all my eye and—Tol lol, &c.

With a hump on my back,
People's charity I sack,
And from all, great and small, do I beg,
With a snuffle in my nose,
I their feelings discompose,
And this way contract up my leg.

Pity a poor unfortunate fellow, that has lost the
bridge of his nose by an accident. "What, you're
unfortunate, are you?" Yes, your honour. "Why,
you rascal, didn't I put you in Bridewell when I
was church-warden? There, take that, there's a
horse-whip for you." Why, you've got the whip-
hand of me to be sure; but as for your charity,
like most church-wardens, it's all—Tol lol, &c.

Then there's Dolly and I,
When our ballads we cry,
On a couple of stools take our stand,
The people all crowd,
While she hawls aloud,
And I takes my fiddle in hand.

Come, good customers, here's an entire new song,
call'd "I am a wild and a roving boy;" come,
play up—stop, let's rosin. "I am a wild and a
roving boy"—'Here, give us one.' Yes, Sir.
'Why, this is not the song you're singing, this is
Abraham Newland.' Why, then, you ought to
be content, I think, to get Abraham Newland for
a halfpenny; for without that, neither you, I, nor
a many other great men, could sing—Tol lol, &c.

The Jolly Beggars.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
Or wav'ring like the Baukie bird,
Bedim could Boreas' blast ;
When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
An' infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreugh drest ;
Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In pousie-Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies :
 Wi' quaffing an' laughing,
 They ranted an' they sang ;
 Wi' jumping an' thumping,
 The vera girdle rang.

First neist the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
An' knapsack a' in order ;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' Usquebae an' blankets warm,
She blinket on her soger ;
An' ay he gied the tozie drab
The tither skelpin kiss,

While she held up her greedy gab,
 Just like an amous dish.
 Ilk smack still, did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's whup,
 Then staggering an' swaggering
 He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

TUNE...Soldier's Joy.

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come ;
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the
 drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

My prentiship I past, where my leader breath'd his
 last,
 When the bloody dye was cast on the heights of
 Abram,
 I serv'd out my trade when the gallant game was
 play'd,
 And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb ;
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head
 me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

And now, tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and
 leg.
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,

I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my
callet,
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the win-
ter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home ;
When the 'tother bag I sell, and the 'tother bottle
tell,
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.
Lál de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended, an' the kebars sheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar ;
While frightened rattons backward leuk,
An' seek the benmost bore :
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out encore !
But up arose the martial chuck,
An' laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

TUNE...Soldier Laddie.

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men ;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a soger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;

His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my soger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church:
He ventur'd the *soul*, and I risked the *body*,
'Twas then I prov'd false to my soger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I asked no more but a soger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
'Till I met my old boy at Cunningham fair;
His *rags regimental* they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at my soger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup or a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass
steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my soger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor merry Andrew i' the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
They mind't na wha the chorus took,
Between themselves they were sae bisy.

At length wi' drink an' courting dizzy,
 He stoiter'd up an' made a face ;
 Then turn'd an' laid a smack on Grizzy,
 Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

TUNE...Auld Sir Symon.

+
 Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
 Sir Knave is a fool in a session ;
 He's there but a prentice I trow,
 But I am a fool by profession.

My Grannie she bought me a beuk,
 An' I held awa to the school ;
 I fear I my talent misteuk,
 But what will ye hae of a fool.

For drink I would venture my neck,
 A hizzie's the half of my craft ;
 But what could ye other expect,
 Of ane that's avowedly daft ?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,
 For civilly swearing an' quaffing ;
 I ance was abus'd i' the kirk,
 For towzling a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer ;
 There's ev'n, I'm tald i' the court,
 A *Tumbler* ca'd the *Premier*.

Observ'd ye yon *reverend* lad,
 Mak faces to tickle the mob ;

He rails at our mountebank squad,
It's *rivalship* just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry,
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

'Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
For mony a pursie she had hooked,
An' had in mony a well been ducked.
Her Dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie !
Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

TUNE...O an' ye were dead gudeman.

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lalland laws he held in scorn ;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman !
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman !
There's not a lad in a' the lan',
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
An' gude claymore down by his side,

The ladies hearts he did trepan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman,
 Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
 An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay ;
 For a Lalland face he feared nane,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
 But ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh ! they catch'd him at last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast ;
 My curse upon them every one,
 They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
 The pleasures that shall ne'er return ;
 No comfort but a hearty can,
 When I think on John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
 Wha us'd at trysts an' fairs to driddle,
 Her strappan limb an' gaucy middle
 (He reach'd nae higher,)
 Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
 An' blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, an' upward ee,
 He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
 Then in an Arioso key,

The wee Apollo,
 Set aff wi' *Allegretto* glee
 His giga solo.

AIR.

TUNE...Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
 An' go wi' me to be my dear,
 An' then your ev'ry care an' fear,
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
 An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
 The sweetest still to wife or maid,
 Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns an' weddings we'se be there,
 An' O! sae nicely's we will fare;
 We'll bouse about, till Daddie Care
 Sing whistle o'er the lave o't,
 I am, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
 An' sun oursells about the dyke,
 An' at our leisure, when we like,
 We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.
 I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
 An' while I kittle hair on thairms,

*Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms,
 May whistle owre the lave o't.
 I am, &c.*

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
 As weel as poor Gut-scraper ;
 He tak's the fiddler by the beard,
 An' draws a rusty rapier.—
 He swore by a' was swearing worth,
 To speet him like a plever,
 Unless he would, from that time forth,
 Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly ee, poor tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 An' pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face,
 An' sae the quarrel ended.
 But though his little heart did grieve,
 When round the tinker press'd her,
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
 When thus the Caird address'd her :

AIR.

TUNE...Clout the Caudron.

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
 A tinker is my station ;
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground,
 In this my occupation.
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
 In many a noble squadron ;
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
 To go and clout the caudron.
 I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
 Wi' a' his noise an' caprin',
 An' tak a share wi' those that bear
 The *budget* an' the *apron*.
 An' by that stowp ! my faith an' houe,
 An' by that dear Kilbaigie,
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie.
 An' by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd--th' unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk,
 Partly by love o'ercome sae sair,
 An' partly she was drunk.
 Sir Violino wi' an air,
 That show'd a man o' spunk,
 Wish'd *unison* between the pair,
 An' made the bottle clunk,
 To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft
 That play'd a dame a shavie,
 The fiddler rak'd her fore an' aft,
 Behint the chicken cavie.
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,
 Tho' limpin wi' the spavie,
 He hirpl'd up, an' lap like daft,
 An' shor'd them dainty Davie
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
 As ever Bacchus listed ;

Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had no wish but—to be glad,
 Nor want but—when he thirsted;
 He hated nought but—to be sad,
 An' this the muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.

TUNE...For a' that, an' a' that.

I am a bard of no regard,
 Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;
 But *Homer-like* the glowran byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' twice as muckle's a' that;
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
 I've *wife eneugh* for a' that.

I never drank the Muses stank,
 Castalia's burn, an' a' that;
 But there it streams, an' richly reams,
 My *Helicon* I ca' that.
 For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave, an' a' that;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that.
 For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that ;
 But for how lang the *flie may stang*,
 Let *inclination* law that.
 For a' that, &c.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, an' a' that ;
 But clear your decks, an' here's the *sex* !
 I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' twice as muckle's a' that ;
 My *dearest bluid*, to do them guid,
 They're welcome till't, for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—an' Nansie's wa's
 Shook wi' a thunder o' applause,
 Re-echo'd from each mouth ;
 They toom'd their pocks, an' pawn'd their duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
 To quench their lowan drouth.
 Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
 The poet did request,
 To lowse his pack an' wale a sang,
 A bal'ad o' the best.
 He, rising, rejoicing
 Between his twa Deborahs,
 Looks round him, an' found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE...Jolly mortals fill your glasses.

See the smoking bowl before us,
 Mark our jovial ragged ring!
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected;
Liberty's a glorious feast!
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?
 What is reputation's care?
 If we live a life of pleasure,
 'Tis no matter *how* or *where*.
 A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day;
 And at night, in barn or stable,
 Hug our doxies on the hay.
 A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage,
 Through the country lighter rove?
 Does the sober bed of marriage,
 Witness brighter scenes of love?
 A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
 We regard not how it goes;
 Let them cant about *decorum*,
 Who have characters to lose.
 A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets :

Here's to all the wand'ring train :

Here's our ragged *brats and callets* !

One and all cry out, Amen !

A fig, &c.

Seven Ages.

Our immortal poet's page
Tells us all the world's a stage,
And that men, with all their airs,
Are nothing more than players,
Each using skill and art,
In his turn to top his part,
All to fill up this farcical scene O ;
Enter here, exit there,
Stand in view, mind your cue ;
Heigh down, ho down, derry derry down,
All to fill up this farcical scene O.

First, the infant on the lap,
Muling, puling with his pap,
Like a chicken that we truss,
Is swaddled by its nurse,
Who, to please the poppet, tries,
Whilst it giggles and it cries,
All, &c.

Hush a bye, wipe an eye,
Suckee titty, that's a pretty,
Heigh down, &c.

Then the pretty babe of grace,
 With a shining morning face,
 With satchel on his back,
 To school, alas ! must pack,
 And like a snail he creeps,
 And for bloody Monday weeps,

All, &c.

Book mislaid, truant play'd,
 Rod in pickle, bum to tickle.

Heigh down, &c.

Then the lover next appears,
 Soused over head and ears,
 Like a lobster on the fire,
 Sighing ! ready to expire,
 And a deep hole in his heart,
 You may through it drive a cart,

All, &c.

Beauty spurns him, passion burns him,
 Like a wizzard, guts, and gizzard.

Heigh down, &c.

Then the soldier, ripe for plunder,
 Breathing slaughter, blood and thunder ;
 Lord ! at what a tale he runs,
 About drums, and swords, and guns ;
 And talks of streaming veins,
 Shatter'd limbs, and scatter'd brains,

All, &c.

What foes he thrash'd, cut, and slash'd,
 And here he popp'd 'em, there he dropp'd 'em.

Heigh down, &c.

Then the justice in his chair,
 With his broad and vacant stare,
 His wig of formal cut,
 And belly like a butt,

Well lin'd with turtle hash,
Callipee and callipash,

All, &c.

Pimp and cull, bawd and trull,
At his nod, go to quod.

Heigh down, &c.

Then the slipper'd pantaloon,
In life's dull afternoon,
Shrunk shank in youthful hose,
And spectacles on nose;
His voice, once big and round,
Now whistling in the sound,

All, &c.

Vigour spent, body bent,
Shaking noddle, widdle waddle.

Heigh down, &c.

Then at last, to end the play,
Second childhood leads the way,
When, like sheep that take the rot,
All our senses go to pot;

Then leath amongst us pops,
And so the curtain drops,

All, &c.

Then the coffin we move off in,
When the bell tolls the knell

Of high and low down into the cold ground;
Here's an end to the farcieal scene O.

My Grandmother's Eye-Water.

OF all sorts of drops drooping spirits to cure,
 A good drop of Comfort's the best, I am sure;
 Some take their drop open, and some take it sly,
 But the drop I like best is a drop in my eye.

Tol, lol, &c.

We all love a drop now and then, we do.

Your delicate ladies pretend, you know,
 As how they never get muzzy, or so;
 But they're all in their *cups* when the *tea* they touch,
 And they now and then get a cup too much.

Tol, lol, &c.

My granny, because I've bad eyes, gave me
 The genuine Eye-water; only see:

[Holds up a bottle or glass.]

But my hand shakes so, north, east, west, south,
 I never can get it beyond my mouth.

Tol, lol, &c.

I'm a very dry creature, the people say,
 Of course I must drink to moisten my clay;
 And when it's too moist, drink again, you know,
 For the more you drink, the drier you grow.

Tol, lol, &c.

Tailor's Dream.

A TAILOR who cabbag'd, as tailors will do,
 Not an inch from an ell, but a yard out of two ;
 Soho, boy, fair and softly !
 Awaking one night
 In a terrible fright,
 Felt conscience's oozings adown his face trickle,
 Lest his cabbage should turn out a terrible pickle ;
 For he dream'd such a dream as was ne'er dream'd
 before,
 And he vow'd and protested "he'd cabbage no more;"
 But his wife with a hint begg'd his mind to refresh,
 "What's bred in the bone won't come out of the
 flesh."
 And soho, &c.

He dream'd that he saw a great patch-work unroll
 From the skies, made of pieces of cabbage he'd stole ;
 Soho, &c.
 It reach'd to the ground,
 Broad as long, I'll be bound,
 And was made of all colours art ever invented ;
 So, conscience-struck, thus to his dear he lamented ;
 "I'll no more be a sinner and cabbage," cried he,
 "For fear that Old Nick, in the end, cabbage me."
 But his wife, &c.

"Whenever, wife, going to cabbage am I,
 "Of my dream to remind me be sure that you cry,
 "Soho, boy, fair and softly!"

She thus, as we hear, kept him honest a year,
 Nay, some folks say two, but at wonders they're
 spelling,

As we all know that stories lose nothing by telling;
 Of his courage Snip bragg'd, for temptation was
 strong,

While his wife replied with the fag-end of a song,
 By way of hint just, &c.

Of his honesty Snip to all boasted, with pride,
 While, in his sleeve laughing, old Belzebub cried,
 "Soho," &c.

At length a beau goes with cloth for new clothes;
 "Such a texture and colour I ne'er saw," so nimble
 Cried Snip, for egad he'd his eye on the thimble;
 Old Nick whisper'd "cabbage!" Snip answer'd, "I'll
 shew

"How boldly I'll baffle temptation—heigh ho!"
 While his wife humm'd her ditty, his, &c.

Snip cut and contriv'd, and severe was the strife
 Between nature and conscience, Old Nick and his
 wife;
 Soho, &c.

"Your dream, Snip," said she; "I remember,"
 cried he,

"The patch-work I saw, tho' no doubt meant a
 warner,

"To make square, wanted a yard at the corner;

"Then this colour I thro' the whole peice couldn't
 meet it,

"So I must, and I will, have a yard to complete it."

Says his wife, "wa'n't I right, Snip, your mind, &c.

The Little Soldier.

THO' I measure five feet and an inch very near,
They tell me I'm low for a smart Grenadier ;
For Light-bob, Battalion, for Officer, or Ranks,
That my size dos'n't answer from centre to flanks.
Tol, lol, lol, &c.

To make me a Drummer it seems their design,
Tho' my elbows are loose, it is'nt yet mine ;
To be hum'd, Sir, or drum'd, are affairs I don't like,
As my class is the 4th, can't I shoulder my pike.
Tol, lol, lol, &c.

Let me see when I'm wanted, a soldier in town,
From the silver-lac'd beau to the clod-pated clown,
That will venture his life, and more cheerfully sing,
In defence of the Nation, the Law, and the King.
Tol, lol, lol, &c.

Beware sluggish mortals, now in the back-ground,
Who in person or purse thro' our ranks can't be found ;
Shou'd a battle take place you'll be not worth a curse,
They will pocket your gold—then bestow you the
purse.

Tol, lol, lol, &c.

Let your hearts and your purses be open and free,
Assist a just cause, tho' not taller than me ;
While a symptom of danger to Britain appears,
Fight or die in its ranks, with our brave Volunteers.
Tol, lol, lol, &c.

Parody on the Vicar of Bray.

IN Charles the Second's merry days,
 For wanton frolics noted,
 A lover of cabals I was,
 With wines like Bacchus bloated.
 I preach'd unto my crowded pews,
 Wine was by God's command, sir.
 And damn'd was he who did refuse
 To drink while he could stand, sir.
 And this is law I will maintain
 Unto my dying day, sir:—
 That, whatsoever king shall reign,
 I'll drink a gallon a day, sir.

When James the sot assum'd the throne,
 He strove to stand alone, sir;
 But quickly got so drunk, that down
 He tumbled from the throne, sir,
 One morning—crop-sick, pale, and queer,
 By sitting up with gay men,—
 He reel'd to Rome, where priests severe
 Deny the cup to laymen.
 And this is law, &c.

Then Will, the tipling Dutchman, sav'd
 Our liberties from sinking;
 We crown'd him king of cups, and crav'd
 The privilege of thinking.

He drank your Holland's gin, 'tis said,
 And held predestination :
 Fool ! not to know the tipping trade
 Admits no trepidation !
 And this is law, &c.

When Brandy-Nan became our queen,
 'Twas all a drucken story ;
 I sat and drank from morn till e'en,
 And so was thought a Tory.
 Brim full of wine, all sober folks
 We damn'd and moderation ;
 And for right Nantz, we pawn'd to France
 Our dearest reputation.
 And this is law, I will maintain,
 For ever and for aye, sir :
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I'll drink a gallon a day, sir.

King George the First then fill'd the throne,
 And took the resolution
 To drink all sorts of liquors known,
 To save the Constitution.
 He drank success in rare old rum,
 Unto the State and Church, sir,
 Till with a dose of Brunswick mum,
 He dropp'd from off the perch, sir.
 And this is law, &c.

King George the Second then arose,
 A wise and valiant soul, sir ;
 He lov'd his people, beat his foes,
 And push'd about the bowl, sir.
 He drank his fill to Chatham Will,
 To heroes, for he chose 'em !

With us true Whigs he drank until
 He slept in Abram's bosom.
 And this is law, &c.

His present Majesty then came,
 Whom heaven long preserve, Sir !
 He glory'd in a Briton's name,
 And swore he'd never swerve, Sir ;
 Though evil counsellors may think
 His love from us to sever,
 Yet let us loyal Britons drink—
 King George the Third for ever !
 And this is law I will maintain,
 For ever and for aye, Sir :
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I'll drink both night and day, Sir.

Miss Bailey.

A CAPTAIN bold in Halifax,
 Who liv'd in country quarters,
 Seduc'd a maid that hang'd herself
 One morning in her garters ;
 His wicked conscience smited him,
 He lost his stomach daily ;
 He took to drinking ratafy,
 And thought upon Miss Bailey.
 O ! Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey, &c.

One night betimes he went to bed,
 For he had caught a fever,

Says he, "I am a handsome man,

"But I'm a gay deceiver:"

His candle, just at twelve o'clock,

Began to burn quite palely,

A ghost tript up to his bed-side,

And said, "Behold Miss Bailey!"

"Avaunt, Miss Bailey," then he cried,

"Thy face looks white and mealy!"

Says she, "O, cruel Captain Smith,

"You've us'd me ungentlely:

"The crowner's 'quest goes hard with me,

"For I have acted frailly,

"And Parson Briggs wont bury me,

"Altho' I'm dead Miss Bailey!"

"Poor ghost," says he, "since you and I

"Accounts must once for all close,

"I've got a one-pound note

"In my regimental small-clothes,

"'Twill bribe the sexton for your grave;"—

The ghost then vanish'd gaily,

Crying, "Heaven bless you, Captain Smith,—

"Remember poor Miss Bailey!"

Additional Verse.

Next morn, his man rapp'd at his door,—

"O, John," says he, "come dress me,

"Miss Bailey's got my one-pound note;"—

Cried John, "Good Heaven bless me!

"I shouldn't care if she had ta'en

"No more than all your riches,

"But with your one-pound note, i' faith,

"She's ta'en your leather breeches!"

❶! Miss Bailey, the wicked ghost, Miss Bailey.

A Parody on Miss Bailey.

A LADY fair in deep despair who pleas'd the beaus
in singing,
From off the tester of her bed one morning she was
swinging,
Her father's trusty servant-man, they call'd him
Darby Daly,
He seiz'd her by the slender waist, and cried---is
this Miss Bailey.
Oh, Miss Bailey, unfortunate, &c.

The poor maid in convulsions lay, all thought she
had departed,
When Darby with the bellows blew her windpipe
till she started ;
She sigh'd, and call'd for Captain Smith, the crea-
ture look'd quite palely,
While Darby roar'd---the wicked thief, he mur-
der'd poor Miss Bailey.

Then with a cudgel in his fist, ran to the Captain's
chamber,
Who thought it was another ghost, or some unwel-
come stranger,
When Darby made him humble so, he flourish'd his
Shelelah,
And by the neck he lugg'd him off to visit poor
Miss Bailey.

The Captain bold, had now arriv'd, says Darby,
 here I charge ye,
 Make up affairs without delay, I'm going for the
 clargy ;
 He then lock'd up bold Captain Smith, who own'd
 he'd acted frailly,
 And with a kiss, to reconcile, he greeted poor Miss
 Bailey.

Next Darby came with Parson Briggs, and begg'd
 the knot he'd tie, Sir,
 Saying, if you don't, upon my soul, the creature
 she will die, Sir ;
 The Captain took her by the hand---no couple
 look'd more gaily,
 While Darby roar'd aloud, Amen,---and married was
 Miss Bailey.

Oh, Miss Bailey, &c.

A Sup of good Whisky.

A sup of good whisky will make you glad,
 Too much of the creature will set you mad ;
 If you take it in reason 'twill make you wise,
 If you drink to excess it will close up your eyes ;
 Yet Father and Mother,
 And Sister and Brother,
 They all love a sup in their turn.

Some Preachers will tell you to drink is bad ;
 I think so too—if there's none to be had :

The Swadler will bid you drink none at all,
But while I can get it, a fig for them all.

Both Layman and Brother,
In spite of this pothor,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

Some Doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt your health,
And Justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth;
Physicians and Lawyers will both agree,
When your money's all gone, they can get no fee;

Yet Surgeon and Doctor,
And Lawyer and Proctor,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

If a soldier is drunk on his duty found,
He soon to the three-leg'd horse is bound,
In the face of his regiment oblig'd to strip,
A naggin will soften the nine-tail'd whip!

For Serjeant and Drummer,
And likewise his Honour,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks who arriv'd from the Porte Sublime,
All told us that drinking was held a great crime;
Yet after their dinner away they slunk,
And tippled their wine till they got quite drunk.

The Sultan and Crommet,
And even Mahomet,
They all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,
By yea, and by nay, 'tis a fault in the vain:
Yet some of the broad-brims will get to the stuff,
And tipple away till they've tippled enough;

For Stiff-rump and Steady,
And Solomon's Lady,
Would all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans will say they can drink the most,
 The French and Italians will also boast ;
 Hibernia's the country (for all their noise)
 Fo generous drinking and hearty boys ;
 There each jovial fellow
 Will drink till he's mellow,
 And take off his glass in his turn.

Tirry How.

Now we're on a merry key,
 Let's be hearty, blythe, an' free,
 An' spend this night wi' mirth an' glee,
 Wi' a tirry how, tirry dan dan.
 An' let us a' as ane unite,
 For to mak this a hearty night,
 An' banish a' envy an' spite,
 Frae 'mang this chosen few.
 But let's hae mirth, an' let's hae glee,
 Let us hae wit, an' let's be free,
 With a tirry how, an' a tirry how,
 Tirry hi, tirry ho, tirry dan dan.

I hope there's nane our scheme will bawk,
 By ony rotten filthy talk,
 But sensibly will sing an' crack,
 Wi' a tirry how, tirry dan dan.
 An' spare the ladies modest blush,
 Indecency we a' should crush,
 Or else this night's no worth a rush ;
 Ye may believe 'tis true.

But mirth an' wit wi' humour join;
 Let love an' friendship ay combine,
 Wi' a tirry how, a tirry how,
 Tirry hi, tirry ho, tirry dan dan.

There's nane here sic a barkin tyke,
 As against our scheme to strike,
 But what must own there's naething like
 A tirry how, tirry dan dan.
 For it maks the cares o' life gae down,
 It taks awa misfortune's frown,
 It a' our griefs in mirth does drown,
 An' happy maks us a'.
 It maks us canty, maks us cheery,
 Maks us friendly, maks us merry;
 A tirry how, a tirry how,
 Tirry hi, tirry ho, tirry dan dan.

Awa then wi' ill-natur'd spleen,
 Hae, tak a snuff, an' clear your een,
 Syne tak a glass, then foot it clean,
 To tirry how, tirry dan dan.
 I care na what the warld says,
 For I could sing in Tirry's praise,
 The maist feck o' a' my days,
 But I hae surg enow.
 May't be the business of our lives,
 To please our sweethearts an' our wives,
 Wi' a tirry how, a tirry how,
 Tirry hi, tirry ho, tirry dan dan.

The Jew Pedlar.

THO' late I vas a pedlar, my shop vas in my box,
 So sure as I'm a smouch, and my name is Mor-
 decai ;

In cheating of de vorld against whipping-post or
 stocks,

For I never stick for trifles, when dere's monies
 in de vay.

I cuts gold rings for copper gilt, and so I gets my
 bread,

With sealing-vax of brick-dust, and pencils without
 lead.

Vid my pick-pack, nick-nack, trick-track, jim-
 mack,

And sing, tink, ring chink, is de music still for me.

Suppose I do de business of a doctor or a priest,

And in vant of my assistance, a poor man sends
 for me ;

In doing of my business, I should mind myself at
 least,

If I spies a good fat piece of pork, and he could
 give no fee,

He'd think I wou'd refuse it ; but bless me, he's
 mistaken,

I cou'd sell it, if not eat it, and dat wou'd not
 save his bacon.

Vid my pick-pack, &c.

Suppose I vas a judge, or a justice of de peace,
 And venev'er prosecutor brings a thief before de
 bench,
 They must swear upon de thief, till dey all be
 black in face;
 If de prisoner bring good argument, a fig for
 evidence;
 But if that dog be pennyless, my vork I must go
 thro',
 As my conscience vould not let me rob de gal-
 lows of its due.
 Vid my pick-pack, &c.

Suppose I vas in Parliament, de scheme I vou'd
 propose;
 So sure as I'm a smouch and my name is Mordecai,
 I'd be like de little plow-boy, sell off my ayes and
 noes,
 For I never sticks for trifles, ven dere's monies
 in the vay;
 And before I vould stand out, vere dere's plenty
 of the pelf,
 If the devil vas de purchaser, by got I'd sell myself.



Murder in Irish.

WITHOUT the help of gammot, note, demi-semi-quaver,
crotchet, or minum,

Or any other sort of sounds that have no meaning in'em;
Without going round the bush, and round the bush,
playing at hide and go seek;

A man without any tune at all at all, may sing, ust as
well as he can speak.

Tiddy ti tol lol lay, tiddy ti tol lol lay,

Phillilu, drimandru,

Subbaboo, mushagrah.

When singing and speaking was such a sort of undertak-
ing as was executed according to nature,

He or she who attempted to execute either, was some-
thing like a rationable creature;

And your stage-players of old, to be sure we are told,
they could strut like a turkey or bustard;

But they knew no more about grinning and grunting,
and making faces at one another, than they did
about making of mustard.

The great Turk, in a pet, I mean Bajazet, when by
Tamerlane was taken in battle,

Like a bear, with head sore, blood and turf! how he'd
roar, while his chains did melodiously rattle;

And old Shylock the Jew, his long knife he drew,
to be sticking in the poor merchant's beef,

But devil a christian soul, but what said to him, in their
hearts, bad luck to you, you butch'ring old thief.

Then thick-lipp'd Othello, that sooty-fac'd fellow ; that
 choack'd his poor wife in her bed sir,
 Wou'd have made all the blood in your body run cold,
 and the hair almost stand on your head, sir ;
 And when crooked king Dick bid his kingdom for a
 horse, it's true upon my life, it's no fable,
 The devil a one in the whole place wou'd lend him a
 jackass, tho' they'd half a score in the stable.

Then Macbeth stuck the poor King in his sleep, with
 a pair of d—n French looking daggers ;
 Struck the folk with his guilt, and the blood that he
 spilt, like a horse when he's struck with the staggers.
 And Macheath sung, when he was going to be hung ;
 a man can die bolder by brandy ;
 And the ladies in the boxes, from the Duchess to the
 doxies, wou'd be saying, to be sure he's quite the
 tippy and the dandy.

Now to make an end of my Song, to be sure it's rather
 long, but then as to the words and the tune ;
 You're not only welcome as the flowers in May, but wel-
 come as the roses in June.
 Now don't take it in your noddle to say it is the twad-
 dle, nor let any of it put you in a passion ;
 Because, upon my conscience, a little bit of nonsense,
 now a days, is the very tippy and pink of the fashion.



The Yorkshire Concert,

OR MADAM FIG'S GALA.

I'ZE a Yorkshireman just come to town,
 And my coming to town was a gay day,
 For fortune has here set me down
 Waiting gentleman to a fine lady.
 My lady gives galas and routs,
 And her treats of the town are the talks here,
 But nothing I'ze seen hereabouts
 Equals one that were given in Yorkshire.
 Rum ti, &c.

Johnny Fig were a white and green grocer,
 In business as brisk as an eel, sir,
 None than John to his shop could stick closer,
 But his wife thought it quite ungenteel, sir;
 Her neighbours resolv'd to cut out,
 And astonish the rustic parishioners,
 She invited them all to a rout, sir,
 And ax'd all the village musicianers.
 Rum ti, &c.

The company met gay as larks, sir,
 Drawn forth all as fine as blown roses;
 The concert commenc'd with the clerk, sir,
 Who chanted the Vicar and Moses.

The barber sung Gallery of Wigs, sir,
 The gem'men all said 'twas the dandy :
 And the ladies encor'd Johnny Fig, sir,
 Who volunteer'd Drops of Brandy.
 Rum ti, &c.

The Baker he sung a good batch,
 While the Lawyer, for harmony willing,
 With the Bailiff he join'd in the catch,
 And the notes of the Butcher were killing ;
 The Wheelwright he put in his spoke,
 The Schoolmaster flogg'd on with furor,
 The Coalman he play'd the Black Joke,
 And the Fishwoman sung a Bravura.
 Rum ti, &c.

To strike the assembly with wonder,
 Madam Fig scream'd a song loud as Boreas,
 Soon awak'd farmer Thrasher's dog Thunder,
 Who jumping up join'd in the chorus ;
 While a jack-ass the melody marking,
 Chim'd in too, which made a wag say, sir,
 Attend to the Rector of Barking's
 Duet with the Vicar of Bray, sir.
 Rum ti, &c.

A brine tub half full of beef salted,
 Madam Fig had truck'd up for a seat, sir,
 Where the Taylor to sing was exalted,
 But the coovering crack'd under his feet, sir,
 Snip was sous'd in the brine, but soon rising,
 Bawl'd out, while they laugh'd at his grief, sir,
 Is't a matter so monstrous surprising,
 To see pickled cabbage with beef, sir?
 Rum ti, &c.

To a Ball then the Concert gave way,
 And for dancing no souls could be riper,
 So they struck up the Devil to Pay,
 While Johnny Fig paid for the piper.
 But the best thing com'd after the Ball;
 For to finish the whole with perfection,
 Madam Fig ax'd the gentlefolks all,
 To sup on a cold *collection*.
 Rum ti, &c.

John Bull was a Bumpkin.

JOHN Bull was a bumpkin born and bred,
 At a clodhopping village in Gloucestershire,
 And as for this world, or the world that's to come,
 For to puzzle his noddle 'twas never the near:
 For he never was known to set foot in a church,
 Till the day he took Dorothy there for a wife;
 And, says John, by the Lord, I was never before,
 In a place like a church all the days of my life.

For there I look'd up, and zeed nine or ten fellows,
 A zinging as loud as their lungs could clink;
 So, thinking that I was got into an alehouse,
 I look'd up and ax'd if they'd nothing to drink;
 When up came a man, and he pull'd off my hat,
 And he told me no drink was allow'd in the place:
 I thought that for zartin he must be the landlord,
 Or else I'd a fetch'd him a punch in the face.

Howsomdever I fancied 'twas never the near,
 For to kick up a dust and to frighten the bride,
 So I went further in for to look at the place,
 And the Lord what a comical zight I espy'd:

There were menfolks and womenfolks penn'd up
together,

Like so many wethers and ewes at a fair ;
Besides a long booby-hatch built up for holding
The whole corporation, just-asses and may'r.

Then up got a little man into a tub,
And he look'd just as tho'f he'd been roll'd in the
dirt,

For you could not suppose he could be very clean,
When he'd got nothing on but a long black shirt,
Except a little white slabbering-bib,
Tuck'd under his chin and just slit in two ;
To be perch'd in a tub and to have a black shirt,
I was puzzled to think what a plague he could do.

For a while he did turn up the whites of his eyes,
And for mercy upon us did heartily pray !
Another below him that sat in a chest,
Was mocking him every word he did say ;
And when he had fairly tired him out,
To the very last word—to do nothing by ha'ves,
I verily thought he was going to fight him,
For he stood up, and call'd for a couple of staves.

But the little man, tho'f he'd a black shirt on,
Whipp'd over another as white as a clout,
And then in a twink, with a twirl of his fist,
He set open the tub and he let himself out ;
Upon which he took hold of a poor little babe,
As tho'f he had neither got shame nor grace,
He dipped his finger into a trough,
And splash'd the cold water all over his face.

To be sure I thought 'twas a shameful thing,
To serve a poor babe such a woundy trick ;

For, tho'f he did squeal like a pig that is stuck,
 They'd mind him no more than a goosemun-chicky
 Odsbobs, and I thought if the maggot should bite,
 And they wanted to make but a child of a man,
 Who could tell but in turn such a baby as I,
 May be sous'd in the trough, like a sop in a pan.

So I took to my heels, and scamper'd away,
 Like a lusty fellow, for sure and sure,
 And swore, by my faith, if they ever catch'd I
 O' the in-a-door-side of a church any more,
 They should plump me up to the ears in a hog-trough,
 Just like a toast in a tankard then,
 And souse me and sop me, and sop me and souse me,
 A hundred times over and over again.

The Irish Haymaker.

AND did you not hear of an Irish haymaker,
 One Mr O'Rafferty—then it is me;
 And my daddy he was—yes he was a staymaker,
 And I am the whalebone he danc'd on his knee;
 And och, ever since with the girls I've been jigging,
 Who cry, but don't mean it—Pat, leave me alone;
 Then for whisky, I an't joy eternally swigging,
 By my soul, from my cradle I've suck'd it I own.

Then what d'ye think of an Irish haymaker,
 Och, an't he a devil the lasses to smack;
 With his dideroo bub, and his little shelaly,
 Sing up and down frisky, and fire away whack.

There's Judy Mac Brown, and I'll never forsake her,
 For faith we are tied, so we can't get away ;
 Then she sings like an owl, when the maggot does,
 take her,
 And growls, bites, and scratches, the long summer's
 day.
 Then her friend, as she calls him, one Teddy O'-
 Shafferty,
 To be sure she don't hug him as puss did the
 mouse,
 While he fondles and calls her his dear Mrs Rafferty;
 What a blessing to have such a friend in a house!
 Then what do you think, &c.

Then do what I will, wherever I'm walking,
 By my soul I am watch'd till I'm ne'er out of
 sight ;
 Nor the devil a word they believe when I'm talking,
 As if I was given to swear black is white.
 One day, to be sure, I look'd into the kitchen,
 And saw the pot boiling, but not for poor Pat,
 But for love, or for thieving, I'd always an itching,
 So I took out the mutton and popp'd in the cat.
 Now what do you think, &c.

Och, luck to sweet summer, the fields, and the
 lasses,
 For sure we don't frisk it up hill and down dale,
 And then the dull liquor so merrily passes,
 When we can't catch the pig for the grease on
 his tail.
 But the best joke of all, and it's joy's past expressing,
 E'en the thought of it now makes me burn with
 delight,
 Is Sheela's soft lips when I give her a blessing,
 And we roll in the hay on a sun-shiny night.
 Now what do you think, &c.

As to Lunnin, to manage like other folks scorning,
They sit down to breakfast when we go to sup ;
At midnight they dine, they sup in the morning,
And then go to bed at the time we get up.

Then so poor, but at that I'd no heart to make fun
on,

They could not afford any covering to buy ;
So shivering with cold, we the girls left in Lunnin,
&c.

And came back to the country, Feyther and I.
Feyther and I, &c.

But Lord, farmer's daughters be as bad as their
betters ;

For prudence and decency left in the lurch,
They paint faces and pictures, write stories and let-
ters,

And look like ghostes's stuck up in a church :
Instead of staying at home, shirts and table-clothes
darning,

Or pickling a cabbage, or making a pie,
The clowns are a-standing, as stunn'd at their learn-
ing :——&c.

Sad woives to the loiks of Feyther and I.
Feyther and I, &c.

So just as I didn't know what to be after,

Ods, wounds ! says Feyther, a neighbour of mine
Died a twelvemonth ago, left a sister and daughter ;
And they both can milk cows and make goose-
berry wine :

An' to see them we went, (this fell out on a Sunday)
Nor look'd shilly shally, or foolish, or shy :
So the licence were bought, and the very next Sun-
day——&c.

They were both of them married to Feyther and I,
Feyther and I, &c.

Bundle of Proverbs.

My name's Obadiah, a Quaker I am,—(hum !)
 In spirit a lion, in figure a lamb ;
 'Tis true I cant sing like the knaves of the town,—
 (hum !)

But I now and then chant out a stave of my own ;
 In Britain's praise,
 My voice I'll raise,
 May no foreign follies her sons ere bewitch!—(hum!)
If the blind lead the blind, both will fall in the ditch—
 (umph !)

The French in their pride talk of conquering, true,
 But 'tis one thing to say and another to do :
 Let them meet our brave tars and they'll quickly
 retire,

For I've heard that *burnt children dread sorely the fire.*
 They vaunting, roar,
 They'll soon come o'er,

And get us all under their claws in a trice ;
 But you know *noisy cats very seldom catch mice.*

I own they've done much by their fighting and burn-
 ing,

But *'tis a long lane that has never a turning !*
 They rail at our laws and religion, alas !
These should never throw stones whose got windows of
 glass.

 They proudly boast,
 Their conquering host,
 To humble old England shall soon be dispatch'd,
But some reckon their chickens before they are hatch'd.

In numbers they greatly exceed us 'tis clear,
But two prest men's not equal to one volunteer.

In vain are their strivings, mind not their alarms,
Sure they'll not find us all babes tho' we all be in arms ;

Yea, faith and troth,

I'm mov'd to wroth,

Friend, lend me thy weapon—and I for one,
 Will prove the old proverb *as sure as a gun.*

Now tho' I'm a Quaker, I don't quake for fear,
For a thousand hot words won't sour good beer :

If we firmly unite we may laugh at their tricks,
 Let us mind the old tale *of the bundle of sticks.*

In friendship's bands

Join hearts and hands,

Let the spirit of Englishmen move us all !

While the props are firm the old house cannot fall.

The Country Club.

Now we're all met here together,

In spite of wind or weather,

To moisten well our clay ;

Before we think of jogging

Let's take a chearful noggin,

Where's the waiter, ring away.

Where's the glees and the catches,

The tobacco-pipes and matches,

And plenty of brown stout ;

Yet the glasses, e'er we start 'em,

Let's proceed *secundum artem*,

Let the clerk all the names read out.

Spoken.—Gentlemen of the Quizzical Society, please to answer to your names—Farmer Scroggins; why I be here—Doctor Horseleach; here—Parson Paunch; here—Taylor Tit; here—(*So he goes on for about twenty*) at last—you're here, are you, all assembled? All, all, all, all.

So here's to you, Mr Wiggins,
Here's to you, Master Higgins,
So put the beer about, &c.

Come tell us what the news is,
Who wins and who loses,

Of the times what do people say?
Hard, hard, the landlord racks us,
Then we've such a load of taxes,

Indeed! well, and how goes hay?
Why, now, there's master Wiseman,
He tells the Exciseman

That the cause of all this pother and rout—
Order! order and sobriety,
Are the rules of this society,
Let the secretary read them out.

Spoken—Every member of this society, that spills his liquor in his neighbour's pocket, shall forfeit 2d.—Every member of this society that singes his neighbour's wig with his pipe, shall forfeit 2d.—Every member of this society that refuses to laugh at a joke, shall forfeit 2d.—Every member of this society who reproaches his neighbour with coming to distress by unavoidable misfortunes, shall forfeit 2d.—Mr President I move that this forfeit be a shilling; and I second the motion. Are you all agreed? I am unanimously—A noble resolution—D'ye think so.

Why, then, here's to you, Mr Higgins,
Here's to you, Mr Wiggins, &c.

And now the potent liquor,
 Not even spares the vicar,
 But to all their noddles mounts.
 While among this set of queerers,
 All talkers and no hearers,
 Each his favourite-tale recounts :
 The soldier talks of battle,
 The grazier sells his cattle,
 Conversation to provoke ;
 Till the juice of the barrel
 Begets some curious quarrel,
 Whilst the company's lost in smoke.

Spoken—Upon my soul, neighbour, I had no hand in the death of your wife ; it was all in the way of business. Nay, but Doctor, 'twere a cursed un-neighbourly thing of you, not that the woman were any sitch great things, but to put a-body to sitch an expence.—Why you don't tell me so ! kill'd fifteen with your own hand : Fifteen by my laurels ! D'ye hear that butcher ? Hear it, yes ; but I'll lay'n what he dares, he has not kill'd so many as I have by hundreds.—Powder my whiskers.—Come, come, gentlemen, says the bellows-maker, no breezes. Let me exhort you to temperance, says the parson.—Amen, says the Clerk.—That's right says the Undertaker, let us bury all animosities.—That's what I like, says the Fidler, I like to see harmony restored.—D'ye tho' ; you like to see harmony restored !

Why, then, here's to you Mr Wiggins,
 Here's to you, Mr Higgins,
 So put the beer about, &c.

The Friar.

A JOLLY fat friar lov'd liquor good store,
 And he had drunk stoutly at supper;
 He mounted his horse in the night at the door,
 And sat with his face to the crupper.
 "Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to re-
 morse,
 "Some thief, whom an halter will throttle—
 "Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
 "While I was engag'd with the bottle—
 "Which went gluggity, gluggity, plug."

The tail of this steed pointed south on the dale,
 'Twas the friar's road home, strait and level—
 But when spurr'd, a horse follows his nose, not his
 tail,
 So he scamper'd due north like the devil.
 "This new mode of docking," the fat friar said,
 "I perceive does not make a horse trot ill;
 "And 'tis cheap, for he never can eat off his head,
 "While I'm engag'd with the bottle."
 Which goes gluggity, &c.

The steed made a stop, in the pond he had got,
 He was rather for drinking than grazing;
 Quoth the friar, "'Tis strange headless horses
 should trot,
 "But to drink with their tales is amazing."

Turning round to find whence this phenomenon rose,
 In the pond fell this son of the bottle ;
 Quoth he, " The head's found, for I'm under his
 nose ;

" I wish I was over the bottle !"

Which goes gluggity, &c.

Blinking Barney.

I LISTED with old Blinking Barney,

A patriot loyal and stout,

Who being the clerk of Killarney,

One Sunday in church he bawl'd out:

" Good people, to-day, all *togidder*,

Since all minds volunteering *absorps*,

In the church-yard we'll meet to consider,

The best way of raising a *corps*."

Sing whack, and sing doraloo, &c.

From a wooden tomb-stone he harangued 'em,

" The French say they'll come, but not when,

When they do, as so often we've bang'd 'em,

The best way's to do it again.

For our Captain, there's Doctor M'Larish,

He'll soon bad enough make their case,

For since he first physic'd this parish,

He's kill'd ev'ry soul in the place.

Sing whack, &c.

" Come, enter then every son's mother,

For hanging back now were a crime ;

Your names I'll take down without bother,
 All together just one at a time.
 If you conquer, success to your capers,
 And if you are *kilt*, with what pride,
 You'll see your own names in the papers,
 And read how like soldiers you died!"

Sing whack, &c.

The red-headed Squire.

It happen'd one night, in a north-country inn,
 That a carrotty 'squire caus'd a terrible din,
 With his cropt curly pole, and his locks all so red ;
 For when lighted up stairs was this red-headed
 squire,
 A wag saw him going, and bellow'd out, fire !
 Such a cry, beyond doubt,
 Put the inn in a rout,
 Lords, parsons, and dollies, and riders rush'd out,
 And met in the passage, half drest, out of bed !

The first who came forth, much more frighten'd
 than hurt,
 Was a travelling Jew, in a mighty short shirt,
 With his box of sham jewelsh, on which he did
 doat ;
 But rather too hasty to save all his riches,
 He tripp'd up Moll Cook in John Boots' leather
 breeches ;

Then they Jew dropt his treasure,
 A taylor his measure,
 A Quaker roll'd over two ladies of pleasure,
 And a Member of Parliament knock'd down a vote.

The mistake being known, a pert limb of the law
 Cry'd, Gentlefolks all of this business I saw :

Many actions will lie---many notes, too, I took ;
 Here's a brute of a Quaker, his crime's somewhat
 rarish,

Has assaulted two ladies from Marybone parish ;

You've been scar'd out of bed,

By a squire whose pate's red,

While a squire's weakest part has been libell'd---his
 head,

And a Jew has unchristianly treated a Cook.

Dan the Waiter's Journey to London.

YOUR zarvant, good gentlefolks, how d'ye all do?

Dont'ee know me again that you stare at me so !

My old measter Brulgruddery he do keep the Red
 Cow,

I be Dan the head waiter, sure you all know me now.

Tol de rol.

But I've left the Red Cow---and betwixt you and I,

As I've nought else to do, I'll just tell you for
 why---

Says old measter to me, "What have you been a-
bout ;

You'd seduce my old lambkin, but I've now found
you out.

Tol de rol.

Stop measter, cried I, drive that out of your head,
For dame swote not to marry me, till you be dead.

Oh, oh, then says he, if you please Mister Dan,
To get a new measter, and I'll get a new man.

Tol de rol.

I know that I'm pratty, but I cannot help that,
And if old mistress thought so, why she knows
what's what ;

To handsome men ladies were never yet blind,
If I were born a great beauty, why that's no fault
of mine.

Tol de rol.

Next, Mr Deputy Bull for a footman me hir'd,
But of the old figman I were very soon tir'd,
For he call'd me John Lump—and employed me to
guard

A Quakering lady that he call'd his ward.

Tol de rol.

Since then I have liv'd with Matt Mushroom, Es-
quire,

But of him for my character don't you enquire,
For in Family Quarrels he'll have something to do,
But though he were Yorkshire, yet I were York
too.

Tol de rol.

To my employers I've ever been faithful and true,
I have pleas'd all my measters, nay my mistresses too;

And to young dashing spendthrifts I'd have it well
 known,
 I can, for a need, knock a bum-bailey down.
 Tol de rol.

Thus, gentlefolks all, I have told ye my case,
 And I'm cumm'd up to Lunnin to get a new place,
 Should any one here know who wants such a man,
 Pray speak a good ward in behalf of poor Dan.
 Tol de rol.

But 'tis chiefly your smiles I am anxious to gain,
 Your plaudits give pleasure, your censure gives
 pain,
 Believe honest Dan, what he tells ye is true,
 He's the happiest of men if he can but please you,
 Tol de rol.

The Irish Wedding.

SURE won't you hear
 What roaring cheer
 Was spread at Paddy's wedding, O,
 And how so gay,
 They spent the day,
 From the churching to the bedding, O:
 First, book in hand, came father Quipes,
 With the bride's dad-da, the baillie, O,
 While all the way to church the pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

Then there was Mat,
 And sturdy Pat,
 And merry Morgan Murphy, O ;
 And Murdock Maggs,
 And Tirlogh Skeggs,
 Maclochlan, and Dick Durfey, O.
 And then the girls, dress'd out in whites,
 Led on by Dad O'Reily, O,
 All jigging as the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

When Pat was ask'd
 Would his love last ?
 The chancel echo'd with laughter, O !
 Arrah fait, cried Pat,
 You may see dat,
 To the end of the world and after, O ;
 Then tenderly her hand he gripes,
 And kisses her genteelly, O,
 While all in tune the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

Now a roaring set
 At dinner are met,
 So frolicsome and so frisky, O,
 Potatoes galore,
 A skirraig, or more,
 And a flowing madder of whisky, O.
 To the bride's dear health round went the swipes,
 That her joy might be nightly and daily, O,
 And as they guttled, the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

And then at night,
 Oh ! what delight,
 To see them footing and prancing, O,

An opera, or ball,
 Were nothing at all,
 Compar'd to the style of their dancing, O;
 And then to see old father Quipes
 Beat time with his shelaly, O;
 While the chanter with his merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

And now the knot,
 So tipsy got,
 They'll go to sleep without rocking, O.
 So the bridemaids fair
 Now gravely prepare
 For throwing of the stocking, O;
 And round to be sure did not go the swipes,
 At the bride's expence so freely, O,
 While to wish them good night the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

The Curly-Headed Boy.

My father was a farmer, and father's son am I,
 And down in these parts I were born;
 When but a saucy urchin, not half a handful high,
 I tended the sheep night and morn.
 My dad and mammy spoil'd me, I was their only joy,
 And they call'd me their pretty little curly-headed boy.
 So I play'd and prank'd it prettily, for life was but a
 toy,
 To the very merry pretty little curly-headed boy.

But soon I shot up taller, ill weeds they grow apace,
 Then who were so likely as I?
 The ruddy glow of healthfulness stood laughing in
 my face,
 And I reckon I look'd pretty sly;
 For the village girls would titter and would cry with
 joy,
 See there goes the pretty little curly-headed boy.
 So I kiss'd and romp'd it prettily, for love was but a
 toy,
 To the very merry saucy little curly-headed boy.

Now dad and mam are dead and gone, the little
 farm's my own,
 But so stupid's a bachelor's life,
 Ize resolv'd for sure and sartain, Ize no longer live
 alone,
 So in that case mun get me a wife.
 Then the image of his dad I shall see, to crown my joy,
 On my knee another pretty little curly-headed boy.
 O, Ize nurse and teach prattily, while wife will cry
 wi' joy,
 How like his dad's the pretty little curly-headed boy.

Giles Scroggins.

GILES Scroggins courted Molly Brown,
 Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;
 The fairest wench in all the town,
 Fol deriddle lol, &c.
 He bought a ring with posie true,
 "If you loves I as I loves you,
 "No knife can cut our love in two."
 Fol deriddle lol, &c.

But scissars cut as well as knives,
Fol deriddle lol, &c.

And quite unsartin's all our lives,
Fol deriddle lol, &c.

The day they were to have been wed,
Fate's scissars cut poor Giles's thread,
So they could not be mar-ri-ed.

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,
Fol deriddle lol, &c.

And cried herself quite fast asleep,
Fol deriddle lol, &c.

When, standing all by the bed-post,
A figure tall her sight engross'd,

And it cried, I beez Giles Scroggins Ghost !

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

The Ghost it said all solemnly,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

O Molly, you must go with I !

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

All to the grave, your love to cool.—

She says, I am not dead, you fool !

Says the Ghost, says he, Vy that's no rule !—

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

The Ghost he seiz'd her all so grim,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

All for to go along with him,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

Come, come, said he, ere morning beam,—

I von't ! said she, and she scream'd a scream—

Then she woke and found she dream't a dream.

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

Judy O'Flannikin.

Oh, whack ! Cupid's a mannikin ;
 Smack on my back he hit me a polter ;
 Good lack ! Judy O'Flannikin ?
 Dear she loves neat Looney Mactwolter.
 Judy's my darling ; my kisses she suffers ;
 She's an heiress, that's clear,
 For her father sells beer ;
 He keeps the sign of the cow and the snuffers.
 She's so smart,
 From my heart
 I cannot bolt her :
 Oh, whack ! Judy O'Flannikin ;
 She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

Oh, hone ! good news I need a bit ;
 We'd correspond, but learning would choak her ;
 Mavrone ! I cannot read a bit,
 Judy can't tell a pen from a proker.
 Judy's so constant I'll never forsake her ;
 She's as true as the moon ;
 Only one afternoon
 I caught her asleep with a hump-back'd shoe-maker ;
 Oh, she's smart !
 From my heart
 I cannot bolt her :
 Oh, whack ! Judy O'Flannikin ;
 She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

Jeremy Scaite.

MAMA's left off bus'ness, and I've sunk the shop,
 So my old trade acquaintance I think I shall drop ;
 Sam Souchong the grocer, Billy Biscuit the baker,
 Tommy Tit the taylor, and Miss Stitch the mantua-
 maker,

Peter Puff the perfumer, Frank Felt the hatter,
 And Sally Score the bar-maid at the Pewter Platter,
 Miss Minnikin the milliner, the pride of city belles,
 And funny Joe Grimaldi, the clown of Sadler's Wells.
 Ti, tiddle, liddle, lol.

All the people direct '*Squire* to me when they write,
 And mama talks of having me made *Barrow-knight*;
 Sir Jeremy Scaite ! O, 'twill sound monstrous pretty,
 And I'll drive my *bar rousse*, dashing, splashing
 through the city :

I'm a high dog—for a frolic, I and a dozen,
 At the tavern, plump behind the fire popp'd the
 landlord's cousin ;
 The landlord cried out, Gentlemen, my cousin would
 you kill ?

Says I, O, *dem* your cousin, you can charge him in
 the bill.

Ti, tiddle, &c.

The Birth of Tom Jolly.

THE night when my hero, Tom Jolly was born,
Gay friends sat carousing till peep'd in the morn ;
The cellar thrown open, the house rang with joy,
And the toast oft went round—Long life to the boy !

Ere twelve years of age, Nature hung on Tom's sign,
Each play-thing he chose was a type of the vine ;
But his favorite toy, for which he would quarrel,
Was rosy-fac'd Bacchus bestriding a barrel.

With each musical sound his ear was struck soon,
But with one, which thro' life he thought most in tune,
'Twas that full note brought out by a skrew or a fork,
The sweet sound of the pop in drawing a cork.

As Tom could sketch figures, he deck'd, while at
school,
Every ceiling and wall with a ladle and bowl ;
And no doors for miles round was he able to pass,
Without drawing upon it a bottle and glass.

Tom rode a nice nag, which he taught to drink beer,
To enliven his pace and his spirits to cheer ;
Conceiving his horse, like himself, ought to feel
That a spur in the head is worth two in the heel.

In the chair always Tom paid the greatest devotion
To Bacchus, by keeping the bottle in motion ;
And a sky-light or heel-tap, he proudly would boast,
He never once suffered, when a bumper the toast.

But, alas! when Tom found that all flesh is grass,
 And Death's scythe near at hand, spite of bottle and
 glass,
 He will'd that his grave 'neath a church-spout should
 lay,
 That the clouds when uncork'd might moisten his
 clay.

Hosts of friends from all parts attended his bier,
 But with this consolation their sorrows to cheer,
 That tho' jolly Tom was cut off in his prime,
 He left plenty of heirs to drink down old time.

At the Dead of the Night.

At the dead of the night, when by whisky inspir'd,
 And pretty Katty Flannigan my bosom had fir'd,
 I tapped at her window, when thus she began,
 "Oh! what the devil are you at? begone you naugh-
 ty man."

I gave her look, as sly as a thief,
 Or when hungry I'd view a fine surloin of beef:
 "My heart is red hot," says I, "but cold is my skin,
 "So pretty Mrs Flannigan, oh, won't you let me in?"

She opening the door, I sat down by the fire,
 And soon was reliev'd from the wet, cold, and mire,
 And I pleased her so mightily, that, long e'er it was
 day,
 I stole poor Katty's tender heart, and so tripp'd away.

The Dutch Fish-Monger.

OF all what strive to live and thrive,
 And by cunning to over-reach man ;
 Whether trade ben dead, or trade ben alive,
 De best trade of all is a Diestman.
 World he fish vat he can get,
 But-all ben fish in the Diestman's net,
 - Ik ben liderlik, du bist liderlick, a lay te.

Mynheer can drink, for dronk by chance,
 Mynheer, by chance, can caper ;
 But ik never let mine vrow go dance,
 Till somebody pay de piper ;
 And if my croopen holt is hond,
 I croak mine pipe, and I nic for stond.
 Ik ben liderlick, &c.

We trade mit de Yonky, and deal mit de Scot,
 And cheaten de taen and de tother ;
 We cheaten de Jew, the better as dat,
 We cheaten one either 'nother ;
 And at Amsterdam, when we come dere,
 We shall cheaten the devil, and that's all fair.
 Ik ben liderlick, &c.

De strange mans comes for de fish, dat's nice,
 And looks as sharp as donder ;

Ik praise mine goods, and I tak mine price,
 And sell him stinking flounder ;
 Den he cry, tief man, ik say yaw !
 Mit mine hond to mine gelt, com' ca'.
 Ik ben liderlick, &c.

When Arthur first at Court began.

WHEN Arthur first at court began
 To wear long hanging sleeves,
 He entertained three waiting men,
 And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,
 The second was a Scot,
 The third he was a Welshman,
 And all were knaves I wot.

The Irishman lov'd Usquebaugh,
 The Scot lov'd ale call'd Blue Cap,
 The Welshman he lov'd toasted cheese,
 And made his mouth like a mouse-trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman,
 The Scot was drown'd in ale,
 The Welshman had like to've been choak'd by a
 mouse,
 But he pull'd her out by the tail.

The Wedding of Ballyporeen.

DESCEND ye chaste Nine to a true Irish Bard,
 You're old maids to be sure, but he sends you a
 card,
 To beg you'll assist a poor musical elf,
 With a Song ready made, he'll compose it himself,
 About maids, boys, a priest, and a wedding,
 With a croud you could scarce thrust your head in,
 A supper, good cheer, and a bedding,
 Which happen'd at Ballyporeen.

'Twas a fine summer's morn, about twelve in the
 day,
 All the birds fell to sing, all the asses to bray,
 When Patrick the bridegroom, and Oonagh the
 bride,
 In their best bibs and tuckers set off side by side :
 Oh ! the piper play'd first in the rear, sir,
 The maids blush'd, the bridesmen did swear, sir,
 Oh ! lord, how the spalpeens did stare,
 At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

They were soon tack'd together, and home did re-
 turn,
 To make merry the day at the sign of the churn,
 When the sat down together, a frolicsome troop,
 Oh, the banks of old Shannon near saw such a group !

There were turf-cutters, threshers, and tailors,
 With harpers, and pipers, and nailers,
 And pedlars, and smugglers, and sailors,
 Assembled at Ballyporeen.

There was Bryan Macdermot, and Shaugnessy's
 brat,
 With Terence, and Triscol, and platterfaced Patt,
 There was Norah Macormick, and Bryan O'Lynn,
 And the fat red-hair'd cook-maid who lives at the
 inn;
 There was Sheelah, and Larry the genius,
 With Patt's uncle, old Darby Dennis,
 Black Thady, and crooked Macgennis,
 Assembled at Ballyporeen.

Now the bridegroom sat down to make an oration,
 And he charm'd all their souls with his kind bo-
 theration,
 They were welcome, he said, and he swore, and he
 curs'd,
 They might eat till they swell'd, and might drink
 till they burst.
 The first christening I have, if I thrive, sirs,
 Here again I do hope you'll all drive, sirs,
 You'll be welcome, all dead or alive, sirs,
 To a christening at Ballyporeen.

Then the bride she got up to make a low bow,
 But she twitter'd and felt so---she could not tell
 how---
 She blush'd and she stammer'd---the few words she
 let fall,
 She whisper'd so low, that she bother'd them all---

But her mother cry'd, "What, are you dead, child"
 "Oh, for shame of you, hold up your head, child,
 "Tho' I'm sixty, I wish I was wed, child,
 "Oh, I'd rattle at Ballyporeen!"

Now they sat down to meat, Father Murphy said
 grace;
 Smoaking-hot were the dishes, and eager each face,
 The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters did
 play,
 And they elbow'd, and jostled, and wallop'd away;
 Rumps, chines, and fat sirloins did groan, sirs,
 Whole mountains of beef were cut down, sirs,
 They demolish'd all to the bare bone, sirs,
 At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was
 spoil'd,
 Potatoes dress'd both ways, both roasted and boil'd;
 Hogs' puddings, red herrings, the priest got the
 snipe;
 Culcannon, pies, dumplings, cods, cow-heels and
 tripe!
 Then they ate till they could eat no more, sirs,
 And the whisky came pouring *galore*, sirs,
 Oh, how Terry Macmanus did roar, sirs,
 Oh he bother'd all Ballyporeen.

Now the whisky went round, and the songsters did
 roar,
 Tim sung "Paddy O'Kelly", Nell sung "Molly
 astore;"
 'Till a motion was made that their songs they'd for-
 sake,
 And each lad take his sweetheart their trotters to
 shake;

Then the piper and couples advancing,
 Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a-prancing,
 Such piping, such figuring, and dancing,
 Was ne'er known at Ballyporeen.

Now to Patrick the bridegroom, and Oonagh the
 bride,
 Let the harp of old Ireland be sounded with pride,
 And to all the brave guests, young or old, grey or
 green,
 Drunk or sober, that jigged it at Ballyporeen.
 And when Cupid shall lend you his wherry,
 To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,
 I wish you may be half so merry,
 As we were at Ballyporeen.

Song of Wonders.

WHAT a wonderful age 'tis my lads,
 And what wonderful people live in it,
 We've wonderful mammys and dads,
 Fresh wonders arise every minute.
 We've wonderful ships in our navy,
 And wonderful soldiers and sailors;
 We've wonderful beef full of gravy,
 And wonderful cabbage for tailors.
 Tol lol, &c.

We've wonderful doctors call'd quacks,
 With wonderful puffs in the papers,
 Will tell you most wonderful facts,
 And cut you most wonderful capers.

With one little wonderful pill,
 They ev'ry disorder keep under,
 And if they can't cure they can kill,
 And pray where's the diff'rence, I wonder?

Take a peep at our wonderful ladies,
 They all look so wonderful pretty,
 Each wig now so wonderful made is,
 'Twill suit grey, auburn, or jetty.
 We've wonderful fine puppet-shows,
 With wonderful sights of beholders,
 We've wonderful boots for the beaux,
 And coats made with wonderful shoulders.

We had wonderful foes on the seas,
 Who kick'd up a wonderful riot,
 But we beat them with wonderful ease,
 And d—n 'em they wont remain quiet.
 In Egypt, (what wonderful works !)
 The French, with their great undertaker,
 Went to take the whole land from the Turks,
 But they could not take one single ACRE.

Now Boney, so wonderful clever,
 Will invade as sure as a gun,
 So let him ; he'll find that he never
 Experienc'd such wonderful fun :
 His scarecrows, he threatens, are ready,
 At Boulogne, at Calais, and Brest ;
 While our soldiers and sailors so steady,
 Cry, " Lord how we'll feather his nest."

But the wonderful wonder of all,
 And wonderful true they have found it,
 Is, that Britain, so wonderful small,
 Should awe the great nations around it,

Huzza ! for each soldier and tar,
 At fighting so wonderful clever,
 When we've finish'd this wonderful war,
 May we all shout, Wonderful Britons for ever !
 Tol lol, &c.

The Chapter of Kings.

THE Romans in England they once did sway,
 And the Saxons after them led the way,
 And they tugg'd with the Danes till an overthrow,
 They both of them got by the Norman beau ;
 Yet, barring all pother,
 The one and the other,
 Were all of them kings in their turn.

Little Willy the Conqueror long did reign,
 But Billy his son by an arrow was slain ;
 And Harry the First was a scholar bright,
 But Stephen was forc'd for his crown to fight.
 Yet barring, &c.

Second Harry Plantagenet's name did bear,
 And Cœur de Lion was his son and heir ;
 But Magna Charta we gain'd from John,
 Which Harry the Third put his seal upon.
 Yet barring, &c.

There was Teddy the First, like a tyger bold,
 But the Second by rebels was bought and sold,

And Teddy the Third was his subjects pride,
 Tho' his grandson Dicky was pop'd aside.
 Yet barring, &c.

There was Harry the Fourth a warlike wight,
 And Harry the Fifth like a cock would fight;
 Tho' Henry his son like a chick did pout,
 When Teddy his cousin had kick'd him out.
 Yet barring, &c.

Poor Teddy the Fifth he was kill'd in bed,
 By butchering Dick who was knock'd in the head;
 Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,
 And Harry the Eight was as fat as a pig.
 Yet barring, &c.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,
 Tho' Mary made fire and faggot blaze;
 But good Queen Bess was a glorious dame,
 And bonny King Jemmy from Scotland came.
 Yet barring, &c.

Poor Charley the First was a martyr made,
 But Charley his son was a comical blade;
 And Jemmy the Second, when hotly spurr'd,
 Run away, do ye see, from Willy the Third.
 Yet barring, &c.

Queen Ann was victorious by land and sea,
 And Georgey the First did with glory sway;
 And as Georgey the Second has long been dead,
 Long life to the Georgey we have in his stead,
 And may his son's sons
 To the end of the chapter,
 All come to be kings in their turn.

New Song.

I'm a Paddy you see by the sight of my trogue,
And my name's Master Roderick O'Macwhacfenugino :

I was born with no shirt in sweet Ballanahog,
And christened by Father O'Domini Jugino.

Now, upon my conscience, Master Roderick, you are a devilish queer fellow, and devil burn me but I see you are bent upon getting drunk to-night, but I'll take care of you.—*Chorus*, With my duderum, daderam, fuderum, faderam, St Patrick's day in the morning.

'The reverend father got wondrous frisky,
He liked holy water, but he mixt it with whisky;
And in past'ral ale gave me this ghostly warning,
If you're drunk over night, you'll be dry the next morning.

All this time my father's telling the story, I looked about me, and devil burn me but he's at my cupboard taking a swig at my bottle : Oh, says I, dear father, what are you about? Oh you hard-hearted christian, an't I the keeper of your conscience, and devil burn me but I take all the sin upon myself: and devil burn me, father, but you take all the whisky too upon yourself, &c.

With my duderum, &c.

Then he told me the list of his pedigree fait,
 Said his blood was as thick as the best lord in
 christendom;
 Says I, that accounts for your thick-headed pate;
 Then he told all his ancestors' names while I lis-
 ten'd him.

Now, upon my conscience, stop a bit, or I give
 you a toast, "Here's may the hard-hearted father
 never know what it is to have a child," &c.

He got them all but save the father poor elf,
 Cause the mother of him wont quite certain herself;
 And this from the father was all I could gather,
 He must be a wise child that knows his own father.

Devil burn me if I know what to say of it, for
 you know, and I know, and upon my soul every o-
 ther body knows, &c.

Joe and the Shew Folk.

I WAS call'd knowing Joe by the boys of our town,
 Old dad taught me wisely to know folk;
 Cod! I was so sharp, when they laughing came
 down,
 I ax't, how dost do? to the shew folk;
 I could chant a good stave, that I know'd 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 better nor following the plough,
To try with these youths to queer low folk;
Their measter I met; so I made my best bow,

Spoken.]—How do'st do, sir, says I—how do'st do,
sir, says he,—says I, I'se a mighty notion of turn-
ing actor mon—I be main lissom—and wrestles and
boxes very pratty—dances a good jig—and can
play the very devil!

Ax't a pleast, so join'd with the shew-folk.

This pleast that I got, I detarmin'd to keep,
But odzookers! they all were so drollish!
Kings, coblers, and tailors! a prince or a sweep!
And stared so at I—I look'd foolish!

Their daggers and swords, cod! they handled so
cute,

And their leadies were all so bewitching!
When I thought to be droll, I was almost struck
mute

As the bacon-rack that hangs in our kitchen;
They ax'd me to say, how the coach was at the door,
When were seated above and below folk;
Feggs! I was so shamefac'd, I flopp'd on the floor!

Spoken.]—A kind of sort of giddiness seiz'd me all
over! the candles danc'd the hays! t'were as
dimmish as a Scotch mist! I dropped down as a
shot!

And swounded away 'mong the shew-folk!

They laugh'd so, and jeer'd me, as never were seen;
All manner of fancies were playing!

One night I was sent for to wait on a Queen,
Spok.] I believe it were Queen Hamblet of Dunkirk,
(Not thinking the plan they were laying,)

My leady she died on a chair, next her spouse,
 While with pins me behind they were pricking!
 All at once I scream'd out! lent her grace such a
 douse,

That alive she was soon, 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 bye,

Spoken.]—From their steage, Cod! I never so much
 as once look'd behind me—tumbled over a barrel
 of thunder—knock'd down a hail-storm—spoilt a
 bran new moon—roll'd over the sea—and darted
 like lightning through the infernal regions;

And so took my leave of the shew-folk.

Jacob Gawkey's Ramble to Bath.

RECITATION.

DANG it! I be glad to zee ye all, I vow.
 What, don't ye know me?—I'd forgot my vow.
 Why, I be Jacob Gawkey—zure you can't well
 vail,
 To know me, when you see my vine pig's tail.

In Lunnnon town, I liv'd a zorry life,
 But some do love a deecal of noise and strife;
 It wouldn't do vor I—zoo down I come,
 And vor this good while past I've liv'd at whoame.
 I often laugh to think—I can't tell why.
 How pleas'd! how vrighten'd! and amaz'd was I

To zee the Lunnon folk!—'tween I and you.
They all do knaw—how many beans make two!

The day that I zet off—I met a mon,
A ax'd how I did, and sheak'd my hon;
A thought un desp'rate kind, and ax'd his name,
You been't Ralph Dumps? zaid I—zaid he, the
very same,

Atak'd exact leek! but var more zivil,
But that's not strange, I think I war the devil!
(Nay, doan't ye laugh, vor I ha heard volks zay
The devil's in Lunnon ev'ry night and day,)
I thought no harm, but while I gap'd about,
A vairy turn'd my pocket inside out!
Zoo off a war—and wi' all his mighty zense,
A got noa moor then dree or vower pence;
Noa, noa, thought I, my gentleman, I'll baulk ye,
Thou't rise betime to outwit Jacob Gawkey!
My vare egod war paid, and zoo vor vear,
I zaw'd my money in a bag in here,

[*Turning his knec, shews the under part.*

I didn't mind my loss not a single, not I, a single pin,
I though myzel well off, to zave my skin!
My skin!—nay, vather zays, 'twar all his vears,
They'd zend me back—without my head & ears!
At last, however, I got down and zafe,
'T is west o' this 'bout seven miles and a half;
It being an idle day, I thought I'd come;
To zee the zights of Bath, and then go home,
What here I zeed to you I'm going to zay,
Or if you please—I'll zing it in a zimple way.

SONG.—*Tune, Ally Croaker.*

Up and down, round about, all the streets I paraded,
And zeed beaux who didn't know their beauties war
vaded,

Their cuoates war zoo cut away,—breeches to ex-
pose, zur,
And heads zoo bevrizz'd—curdles cover'd half their
nose, zur,

Their cuoates war zoo, &c.

Then the ladies zoo dress—they do bury all their chin,
zur,
Zoo lac'd in the middle—to look taper and thin, zur,
While behind, hoops and all, they do need nothing
moor, zur,
But weight enow to balance what they carry here
avore, zur.

Behind hoops, &c.

How I laugh'd, O my zides, to zee zome ladies
walking,
Al about vast asleep! and what's more they were
talking;
But in a dream, I suppose, vor al round about their
heads, zur,
The curtains war drawn, just as tho' they war in bed;
zur.

In a dream, &c.

In the Crezzunt, 'tis as fine a place as ever I did zee,
zur,
The beaux shorten paces with the belles to a tee;
zur,
Niddle, noddle, to and fro—and to view each' that
passes,
For veer their eyes should wear out, they do stare
dro' looking glasses.

Niddle, noddle, &c.

But pretending short zight, zarves a good turn enow
too,

They can overlook those that they don't wish to bow
to,

And at beauties can squinny with their glasses cock'd
so close, zur,

Zometime you would think, they war hook'd nose
by nose, zur.

At beauties, &c.

In the pump room vull cramm'd—'tis a zight for to
zee, zur,

And stranger to tell, there all ranks do agree, zur,
Vor leek corks in a box, stuck upright cheek by
jowl, zur,

Push but one, and bob goes the bodies of the whole,
zur.

Leek corks, &c.

But what pleaz'd I maust, war to zee in fine wea-
ther,

Vine volk ride about in them things made o' leather ;
While two men wid long poles, all the world like a
bier, zur,

Trot along with the corpse—stuck on end in the air,
zur.

Two men, &c.

Now you'll hardly believe, but you may if it please
ye,

That I had got a ride in one—I thought twar zoo
easy,

Trot along they did go—I went bibbity bob, zur,
And now and then, bang 'gainst the zide went my
nob, zur.

Along they, &c.

But all at once they did stop—because they could
 not pass, zur,
 And pop! I could not help it, went my noddle dro
 the glass, zur,
 Then quite overzet—dro the casement they haul'd
 me,
 Dang it! I shall never vorget how they maul'd me!
 Quite overzet, &c.

Al about war such racketing, such rioting, and ring-
 ing,
 Such crying, and laughing, and vidling, and zinging,
 And at night—here and there zivil leadies zoo pretty!
 Do zay—How d'ye do, zur? whenever they do meet
 ye.
 At night, &c.

At last having zeed all the zights and fine places,
 Zhops, baths, rooms, parades, and a zight o' strange
 vaces,
 I thought I'd come here, tho' my tale made ye laugh,
 zurs,
 To tell ye this zight pleases I the best by half, zur's!
 I thought, &c.

Now don't ye, dread critics—zhew a spark of ill
 nature,
 My wish is to please—you may read in each fea-
 ture,
 O the pleasure of pleasing my wish shall be for ever,
 And you all to please—be my constant endeavor.
 The pleasure of pleasing, &c.

Shadrack the Jew.

WASN'T my father a Jarman Jew,
 Wasn't my moder a Flanderkin,
 In Poland I've broders and sisters a few,
 In Holland and Portugal plenty of kin.
 Un they all tould me this, if you'll be a good man,
 Live wherever you will, cheat all dat you can.

CHORUS.

Te ral le ral lal, Shadrack Binliderlic,
 Tit tal le ral lal, Shadrack the Jew.

So wit crying old cloaths, un old shoes, un old
 hats,

I pocket the stuff, un increases my stock ;
 Wit trinkets un vatches, I take in the flats,
 Cause we Jews always know pretty will vat's
 o'clock ;

Un all countries I trade, mitt so fair is my plan,
 That no difference I make, but cheat all I can,
 Te ral le ral lal, &c.

If you have any bad shillings I cuts them in two,
 But then if it wasn't for some clever tricks,
 I never could make that same business do,

So I always give one copper shilling for six ;
 If they say its a bad one, it alters my plan,
 Un I honestly give them a worse if I can.
 Te ral le ral lal, &c.

So I looks to myself, and of nothing I thinks,
 On nothing I care what the peoples may say :
 If they call me a rogue, vy I rattle my chink,
 If I cheat, I can't help it, because its my way :
 They say that Old Nick will have me and my pelf,
 But he shan't, 'cause a Jew'll sheat the Devil himself.
 Te ral le ral lal, &c.

Pat Holloway.

ARRAH, what a big nose had the bold Captain No-
 raghon,
 Pat Holloway he pull'd it—till he made him to roar
 again,
 Whack fal de diddle—shoot him through the mid-
 dle.
 Whack fal de diddle—Well-a-day,
 Whack fal de diddle—Captain thro' the middle.
 Och, shoot Paddy Holloway.

Both they chose me their seconds, and I gave my
 word to both,
 For seconds man to two men, is one man that's third
 to both.
 Whack fal de diddle, &c.

We a met by duck pond—cries bold Captain No-
 raghon,
 Pat Holloway I'll shoot you, you never shall snear
 again.
 Whack fal de diddle, &c.

The Captain miss'd Pat—for it was not a lucky shot,
 Pat Holloway fired next, and a very fine duck he
 shot.

Whack fal de diddle, &c.

Then I stepp'd in between 'em—'twas full time to
 take it up,

For a duel now is one shot a piece—and then make
 it up.

Whack fal de diddle—shot him thro' the middle,

Whack fal de diddle—Well-a-day,

Whack fal de diddle—shake each other's daddle,

And fast friends they walk'd away.

The Night before Larry was Stretch'd.

THE night before Larry was stretch'd,

The boys they all paid him a visit ;

And bit in their sacks too they fetch'd ;

They sweated their dads'till they riz it ;

For Larry was always the lad,

When a friend was condemn'd to the squeezer,

But he'd fence all the togs that he had,

To help a poor friend to the sneezer,

And moisten his gob 'fore he dy'd.

I'm sorry, now Larry, says I,

To see you in this situation ;

'Pon my conscience, my lad, I don't lie,

I'd rather it had been my own station ;

Och hone ! it's all over, says he,

For the neckcloth I'm forc'd to put on ;

And by this time to-morrow you'll see,
 Your Larry will be dead as mutton.
 Bekays why, my dear, my courage was good.

The boys they came crouding in fast,
 They drew all their stools around about him ;
 Six glims round his trap-case were plac'd,
 He couldn't be well wak'd without them.
 I ax'd if he was fit for to die,
 Without having first duly repented,
 Says Larry, that's all in my eye,
 It's only what gownsmen invented,
 To get a fat bit for themselves.

The cards being call'd for, they play'd,
 Till Larry found one of them cheated ;
 He made a smart stroke at his head,
 (The boy being easily heated),
 Oh ! by the holy, you teef,
 I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle :
 You cheat me because I'm in grief,
 But soon I'll demolish your noddle,
 And leave you your claret to drink.

Then in came the priest with his book,
 He spoke him so smooth and so civil ;
 Larry tip'd him a Kilmainham look,
 And pitch'd his big wig to the devil :
 Then stooping a little his head,
 To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
 And pitiful sighing, he said,
 Oh ! the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
 And choke my poor windpipe to death.

So moving these last words he spoke,
 We all vented our tears in a shower ;

For my part, I thought my heart broke,
 To see him cut down like a flower :
 On his travels we watch'd him next day ;
 Oh ! the hangman I thought I could kill him ;
 Nor one word poor Larry did say,
 Nor chang'd till he came to King William,
 Then, my dear, his colour turn'd white.

When he came to the nubling chit,
 He was tuck'd up so neat and so pretty ;
 The rumbler jogg'd off from his feet,
 And he died with his face to the city !
 He kick'd too—but that was all pride,
 For soon you might see 'twas all over ;
 Soon after the noose was untied,
 And at darkee we wak'd him in clover,
 And sent him to take a ground sweat.

Jack of All Trades.

I'm parish-clerk and sexton here ;
 My name is Caleb Quotem ;
 I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer ;
 In short, I am *Factotum*.
 I make a watch—I mend the pumps ;
 For plumber's work my neck is ;
 I physic sell—I cure the mumps ;
 I tomb-stones cut—I cut the rumps
 Of little school boy Jackies.
 Geography is my delight,
 Ballads—Epitaphs I write ;
 Almanacks I can indite ;
 Graves I dig, compact and tight.

At dusk by the fire, like a good jolly cock,
 When my day's work is done, and all over,
 I tipple, I smoke, and I wind up the clock,
 With my sweet Mrs Quotem, in clover.

With my aymen, gaymen,
 Rum Quotem,
 Factotum;
 Putty and lead;
 Stumps, mumps;
 Bumps, rumps;
 Morter he thumps;
 Signy-post daubery,
 Split-crow, or strawberry;
 Chimery, rhimery,
 Liquorish, stickerish,
 Chizzle tomb,
 Frizzle tomb,
 Going, a-going,
 Squils, pills.

Song inditing, epitaph writing,
 Steeple sound, corpse to ground;
 Windsor soap, physic the Pope;
 Home hop, shut up shop;

Punch-bowl crockery, wind-up clockery.

Many small articles make up a sum;
 I dabble in all—I'm merry, and rum;
 And 'tis heigho! for Caleb Quotem, O.

Sprig of Shelalagh.

I'm a comical fellow, I tell you no fib,
 And I come from the bogs of Killaley :
 You may see I'm the thing, by the cut of my jib,
 And they christened me Teddy O'Reilly.
 I ask'd dad for a fortune. He answered so smart,
 He'd got none for himself ; so none could he part.
 (*Spoken*)

And so d'ye see I began the world
 With an Irish estate—that's a true honest heart,
 And a snug little sprig of Shelalagh.

Dad's blessing along with me, off then I go :
 Success to the bogs of Killaley ;
 And *Erin go bragb* was the motto I chose,
 Like a sound-hearted Teddy O'Reilly.
 For if she did not flourish, what good could I do?
 Och, and then for her friends, I've a heart firm and true.
 (*Spoken*)

And as for her enemies, och, to be sure now, and
 I wouldn't give them a hand !
 Och, yes, but I would, and along with it too,
 A nate little sprig of Shelalagh.

Then I came to this town, where the world's all alive :
 Success to the bogs of Killaley ;
 And soon I learnt how many beans go to five.
 What a wonderful Teddy O'Reilley !

My pockets were empty, my heart full of glee :
Och, that was meat, drink, washing, lodging to me.

(Spoken)

And then the young vargins ! Och, to be sure, and
I didn't make a few conquestesses ; and the lau-
rels, my dear jewels, the laurels ; arrah, and is
it the laurels you're after meaning now ?
Och, the laurel that bangs all creation for me,
Is a tight little sprig of Shelalagh.

Ralph and Moses.

ISE zing you a whimsical lay,
'Bout a frolic that hap'd at our town,
How a Jew did our last market day
Take in a poor country clown.
He'd razors in plenty to zell,
Of their goodness he made great cormence ;
And, to make them go off glib and well,
Cried, " a dozen, zirs, for eighteen-pence."
Ri um ti idity a, &c.

" Od dang it !" cried Ralph, who stood byé,
" This vellow the razors must steal ;
But, efackins, that's nothing to I ;
Then they're made of the very best steel."
So insant, he lugg'd out his bag,
In order to purchase the lot ;
Then set off 'mongst his neighbours to brag
What a woundy great bargain he'd got.
Ri um ti idity a, &c.

Impatient their mettle to try,
 Ralph gallop'd away to his room,
 Where, because he'd no other brush bye,
 He lather'd himself with a broom.
 Then a razor he took from the rest :
 But his beard being bristly and black,
 His tool it would not stand the test,
 For the edge turn'd as blunt as the back.
 Ri um ti idity a, &c.

In a rage then he threw it aside,
 And grumbling took up another ;
 But when to his cheek t'was applied,
 It prov'd just as bad as its brother.
 He stamp't, and he swore, like one mad,
 And each razor he tried o'er and o'er,
 And mutter'd as how he was had,
 And dash'd the whole lot on the floor.
 Ri um ti idity a, &c.

" This Moses," cried Ralph, " is a cheat,
 But vor this he shall zartainly pay,
 As with him no doubt I shall meet,
 When to market Ise carry our hay."
 As he said, zo it prov'd in the end ;
 For no sooner the Jew met his zight,
 Then, enrag'd, he cried, " harkee, my friend,
 To throttle thee would be but right."
 Ri um ti idity a, &c.

The Jew star'd like one in a maze,
 And cried out, " vat ish it you're at ?"
 " How durst you sell razors like these ?"
 Roar'd out Ralph, " cheat, come answer me that."
 At this Moses 'gan for to rave,
 How it wa'n't using honesht folks well,

For the razors were not made to *shave*,
 'Pon his conscience, but only to *sell*.
 Ri um ti idity a, &c.

The mob, who the quarrel had heard,
 Agreed that the Jew was a cheat;
 And zeising old Smouch by the beard,
 Did him most unmerciful beat.
 Then they roll'd him in feathers and tar,
 And zet him up an horrible howl;
 When had you but seen un, Ise zwear,
 You'd a teaken un for a wild fowl.
 Ri um ti idity a, &c.

No sooner loose, than he run,
 Udzook's full as swift as the mail;
 While the butchers dogs join'd in vun,
 And followed un close at his tail.
 Now my tale Ise conclude with a wish,
 That those who to cheat the poor try, zirs,
 May meet with reception like this,
 Especially Monopolizers.
 Ri um ti idity a, &c.

The Ghosts; or Mrs Duffy and Mrs Cruckshanks.

In vonderful times like these here,
 Ven the French are agog for invasion,

And ev'ry true-bred volunteer
 Vil turn out if so be there's occasion ;
 Ven Bony himself can affright,
 And our corps are all day at their postes,
 It's hard to be scar'd in the night,
 And all by a parcel of ghostes.
 Sing fa la, &c.

You've heard how a few veeks ago,
 Von evening as pitch black and dark,
 A voman all viter than snow,
 Disappear'd to a man in the Park.
 He knew her for von that vas dead,
 And with fear tho' his senses might fail,
 Yet her being without ne'er a head,
 Is a proof he vas right in his tale.

Some said how this thing that appear'd
 Vas for sartain the ghost of his wife,
 Who of spirits vas never afear'd,
 Nor asham'd in the course of her life ;
 On her nose 'twas so easy to trace
 How oft the dear creature got snuffy,
 That nought but the vant of a face,
 From her husband disguis'd Mrs Duffy.

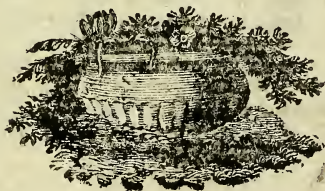
Mr Duffy vonce liv'd in the Tower,
 Vere he kiek'd up a number of pranks,
 And at that time did 'all in his power
 To beguile Mrs Kitty Cruckshanks.
 Madam Duffy this matter vell knew,
 But ere she for the rival made vay,
 Mrs Cruckshanks most likely died too,
 Because she vas buried von day.

As he knew he'd been wicked to both,
 And on guard must be in a few nights;

To go he vas devilish loath,
 For fear he should see both their sp'rites.
 At three, Mrs Duffy, 'tis said,
 Came again vithout pate like a noddy ;
 And at four Mrs Cruckshanks's head
 Came valking vith never a body.

Mrs Duffy, kind soul, for her part,
 Not a vord to her husband had flung,
 For she cou'dn't find in her heart,
 To talk vithout never a tongue.
 Mrs Cruckshanks observing her cropt,
 Regardless of any beholders,
 Give a skip, step, and jump, and so popt
 Her own head on Mrs D's shoulders.

Thus two making head against von,
 He thought it high time to be valking,
 And bolder than he might have run,
 Ven von voman for two vas a talking.
 Vith fear he was ready to drop,
 Vat they talk'd of he never yet told ;
 But he found even death cou'dn't stop
 A voman determin'd to scold.



The Beggar.

A BEGGAR I am, and of low degree,
 For I'm come of a begging family :
 I'm lame, but when in a fighting bout,
 I whip off my leg, and I fight it out ;
 In running I leave the beadle behind,
 And a lass I can see, tho' alas ! I am blind ;
 Thro' town and village I gaily jog,
 My music, the bell of my little dog.

I'm cloth'd in rags,
 I'm hung with bags,
 That 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,
 And a bottle to hold my boose.

It's now heaven bless you for your charity,
 And then push the can about, fol de rol de rec.

In begging a farthing, I'm poor and old,
 In spending a noble, I'm stout and bold ;
 When a brave full company I see,
 It's " my noble master, your charity ;"—
 But when a traveller I meet alone,
 " Stand and deliver, or I'll knock you down."
 All day for a wandering mumper I pass,
 All night—oh ! a barn, and buxom lass.

I'm cloth'd in rags, &c.

The Lawyer.

At Symond's Inn I sip my tea,
Then file a judgment or a plea;
Inrol a deed in special tail,
Tax the costs or puts in bail.

Speaks.] O, it's a clear case, Sir! the defendant's
a married woman, pleads her coverture; you'd
better not go on; your client will have all the
costs to pay. Will he? dem'me, if mine don't,
your's shall! that's all.

Sings.] With sham plea and misnomer;
Nil debet, nulla bona;
Declaration, Replication;
Fieri facias, Special capias;
Affidavit, devastavit;
Clausum fregit, Non elegit;
Non est factum, Nudum pactum;
Demoratur, Allocatur;
Ad satisfaciendum, Et respondendum.

Should a client ask advice,
There's six-and-eight-pence in a trice;
Or treat me to dinner,
I make him pay
For all I say,
So I'm sure to be the winner.

Speaks.] Sir, you've certainly merits; I'll speak to
Mr Stark, the plaintiff's attorney: pray, Sir, did
you knock my client's eye out? No, Sir; we

plead a justification to the assault; then, Sir, we must go to trial.

Sings.] With sham plea, &c

For plaintiff or defendant,
If but the fees we snack,
We never make an end on't,
Till the coat is off his back.

Speaks.] Lord, Sir, only a few extra costs, such as the master won't allow: poor devils of clients pay the piper. Rattling down in post-chaise to the assizes; hackney-coaches to Westminster-hall; my gig on a Sunday; counsel's fees, tavern-bills, and travelling expences.

Sings.] With sham plea, &c.

Paddy's Trip from Dublin.

'Twas business requir'd I'd from Dublin be straying,
I bargain'd the captain to sail pretty quick;
But just at the moment the anchor was weighing,
A spalpeen, he wanted to play me a trick.
Says he, Paddy go down stairs and fetch me some
beer now—

Say's I, by my shoul you're monstratious kind;
Then you'll sail away, and I'll look mighty queer
now,

When I come up and see myself all left behind.

A storm met the ship, and did so dodge her:

Says the captain, we'll sink, or be all cast away;

Thinks I, never mind, 'cause I'm only a lodger,
 And my life is insur'd, so the office must pay.
 But a taef who was sea-sick-kick'd up such a riot,
 Tho' he lay quite sea-sick and speechless. poor
 elf,
 Do you think that there's nobody dead but your-
 self?

Well, we got safe on shore every son of his mother,
 There I found an old friend, Mr Paddy Macgree;
 Och Dermot, says he, is it you or your brother?
 Says I,—I've a mighty great notion its me.
 Then I told him the bull we had made of our journey;
 But to bull-making, Irishmen always bear blame:
 Says he,—my good friend, tho' we've bulls in Hi-
 bernia,
 They've cuckolds in England, and that's all the
 same.

But, from all cuckoldom heaven preserve us,
 For John Bull and Paddy Bull's both man and
 wife,
 And every brave fellow who's kill'd in their service,
 Is sure of a pension the rest of his life.
 Then who, in defence of a pair of such hearties,
 'Till he'd no legs to stand on, would e'er run
 away,
 Then a fig for the war, and d—m Bonaparte,
 King George and the Union shall carry the day.

Murphy Delaney.

It was Murphy Delaney so funny and frisky,
 Reel'd into a shebeen to get his skin full ;
 And popp'd out again, pretty well lin'd with whis-
 key,

As fresh as a shamrock, and blind as a bull ;
 When a trifling accident happen'd our rover,
 Who took the quay side for the floor of his shed ;
 And the keel of a coal-barge he just tumbled over,
 And thought all the while he was going to bed.
 And sing phillilu, hubbubboo, whack, boderation,
 Ev'ry man in his humour, as Teague kiss'd the pig.

Some folks passing by, pull'd him out of the river,
 And got a horse-doctor his sickness to mend ;
 Who swore that poor Murph' was no longer a liver,
 But dead as a devil, and there was an end.

Then they sent for the coroner's jury to try him ;
 But Murph' not much liking this comical strife,
 Fell to twisting and turning the while they sat by
 him,

And came, when he found it convenient, to life.
 And sing phillilu, &c.

Says he to the jury—your worships, an't please ye,
 I don't think I'm dead yet, so what is it you
 do?—

Not dead ! says the foreman, you spalpeen be easy ;

Don't you ~~think~~ but the doctor knows better than you?—

Then they went on with the business some further,
And examin'd the doctor about his belief;
When they brought poor Delaney in guilty of murder,
And swore they wou'd hang him in spite of his teeth.
And sing phililu, &c.

Then Murphy laid hold of a clumsy shelala,
And laid on the doctor as sly as a post;
Who swore that it cou'dn't be Murphy Delaney,
But something alive, so it must be his ghost.
Then the jury began, joy, with fear to survey him,
(Whilst he like a devil about them did lay)
And sent straight out of hand for the clargy to lay him:
But Murph' laid the clargy, and then run away.
Singing phililu, &c.

The Old Commodore.

ODSBLOOD! what a time for a sailor to skulk
Under gingerbread hatches ashore;
What a d—n'd bad job, that his batter'd old hulk
Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more;
But the puppies as they pass,
Cocking up a squinting glass,

Thus run down the old Commodore ;
 That's the old Commodore,
 The rum old Commodore,
 The gouty old Commodore—He !
 Why the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd his hull about,
 That he'll never more be fit for sea.

Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,
 Not a tow-rope at hand, nor an oar ;
 I am left by my crew, and may I be flogg'd,
 But the doctor's a son of a whore !
 While I'm swallowing his slops,
 How nimble are his chops,
 Thus queering the old Commodore ;
 A bad case, Commodore,
 Can't say, Commodore,
 Mustn't flatter, Commodore,—says he,
 For the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd your hull about,
 That you'll never more be fit for sea.

What ! no more to be afloat ? blood and fury they
 lie !


I'm a seaman, and only three-score,
 And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
 Gadzooks ! let me not die ashore :
 As to death 'tis a joke,
 Sailors live in fire and smoke,
 So at least says an old Commodore,
 The rum old Commodore,
 The tough old Commodore,
 The fighting old Commodore,—He !
 Whom the devil nor the gout,
 Nor the French dogs to boot,
 Shall kill 'till they grapple him at sea.

The Barring of the Door.

IT fell upon the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then, O,
When our goodwife got puddings to make,
And she boil'd them in the pan, O :
The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the door, O ;
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
“Get up and bar the door, O !”
“My hand is in my husif scap,
“Goodman, as ye may see, O,
“An't should na be barr'd this hundred year—
“It's no be barr'd for me, O !”

They made paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O,
That the first that spoke the foremost word
Should rise and bar the door, O.
Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night, O,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle-light, O.

Now whither is this a rich man's house?
Or whither is it a poor, O ?
But never a word would ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door, O.



And first they ate the white puddings,
 And then they ate the black, O :
 Tho' muckle thought the goodwife to hersel',
 Yet ne'er a word she spake, O.

Then said the one unto the other,
 " Here, man, tak ye my knife, O,
 " Do ye tak off the auld man's beard,
 " And I'll kiss the goodwife, O.
 " But there's nae water in the house,
 " And what shall we do then, O ?"
 " What ails ye at the pudding broo,
 " That boils into the pan, O ?"

O, up then started the auld goodman,
 And an angry man was he, O,
 " Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
 " And scald me wi' pudding-broo, O !"
 Then up started our auld goodwife,
 Gied three skips on the floor, O ;
 " Goodman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
 " Get up and bar the door, O !"

What is a Woman like ?

A WOMAN is like to—but stay—
 What woman is like, who can say ?
 There's no living with or without one—
 Love bites like a fly,
 Now an ear, now an eye,
 Buz, buz, always buzzing about one.

When she's tender and kind,
 She is like to my mind,
 (And Fanny was so, I remember)
 She's like to—Oh dear!
 She's as good very near
 As a ripe melting peach in September.
 If she laugh, and she chat,
 Play, joke, and all that,
 And with smiles and good humour she met me,
 She is like a rich dish
 Of ven'son or fish,
 That cries from the table come eat me!
 But she'll plague you, and vex you,
 Distract and perplex you, and vex you,
 False-hearted, and ranging,
 Unsettled and changing,
 What then do you think she is like!
 Like a sand? like a rock?
 Like a wheel? like a clock?
 Aye, a clock that is always at strike.
 Her head's like the island folks tell on,
 Which nothing but monkeys can dwell on;
 Her heart's like a lemon—so nice
 She carves for each lover a slice;
 In truth she's to me,
 Like the wind, like the sea,
 Whose raging will hearken to no man;
 Like a mill, like a pill,
 Like a flail, like a whale,
 Like an ass, like a glass,
 Whose image is constant to no man;
 Like a flow'r, like a show'r,
 Like a fly, like a pie,
 Like a pea, like a flea,
 Like a thief, like—in brief,
 She's like nothing on earth but a woman!

The Tinker.

My daddy was a tinker's son,
 And I'm his boy, 'tis ten to one ;
 Here's pots to mend ! was still his cry,
 Here's pots to mend ! aloud bawl I.
 Have ye tin pots, kettles, or cans,
 Coppers to solder, or brass pans.
 Of wives my dad had near a score,
 And I have twice as many more :
 And what's as wonderful as true,
 My daddy was the lord (upon my soul he was) the
 Lord knows who ?
 Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
 For pot or can, oh ! I'm your man.

Once I in budget snug had got
 A barn-door capon, and what not.
 Here's pots to mend ! I cried along,
 Here's pots to mend ! was still my song.
 At village wake—oh ! curse his throat,
 The cock crow'd out so loud a note,
 The folk in clusters flock'd around,
 They seiz'd my budget, in it found
 The cock, a gammon, pease and beans,
 Besides a jolly tinker (yes by the Lord) a tinker's
 ways and means.

Tan ran tan, &c.

Like dad, when I to quarters come,
 For want of cash the folks I hum.

Here's kettles to mend : bring me some beer,
 The landlord cries, "you'll get none here !
 You tink'ring dog, your tricks I know,
 You'll get no beer, pay what you owe."
 In rage I squeeze him 'gainst the door,
 And with his back rub off the score.
 At his expence we drown all strife,
 For which I praise the landlord (could not do less
 than praise) the landlord's wife.
 Tan ran tan, &c.

Description of the Play of Pizarro.

FROM the county of Cork, you see I lately came ;
 The harvest to reap—Mr Doodey's my name ;
 I, my cousin Shaun Shaughnessy met t'other day,
 And says he, will you go to that thing call'd a play.
 With my loorel lol loo,

"Is't the play that you mean ? arrah Doodey you're
 right,
 For they treat the whole town with Pizarro to-night :
 Oh, says I, if I'm treated, the thing's neat and clean ;"
 But this treat as they call'd it cost me a thirteen.

The green thing drew up and a lady I spied,
 A man came to kiss her—she scornfully cried,
 "Get out you blackguard or I'll bother your gig,"
 Then in came Pizarro who growl'd like a pig.

In the ould gowry people's time, long---long ago,
 The Spaniards all walk'd to Peru you must know ;
 Says they, " you must give up your cash and your
 kays,"

But one Captain Rolla said " No, if you plaase."

Then Rolla a speech made about swords and guns,
 And he mov'd like a comet, amongst moons and suns ;
 Says he, " bate the Spaniards, or else you'll all starve,
 So his majesty here are you willing to sarve?"

Then what a confusion, a hubbub and holla !
 'Twas fire away Spaniards and leath'r away Rolla ;
 Poor Murphy Alonzo like a thief went to jail,
 But his neck is sav'd somehow, without giving bail.

Next Pizarro came in with a little garsoon,
 Who was handled by Rolla, as I wou'd a spoon ;
 But whilst he was making a bridge, smithereens !
 He was shot by a villain behind all the scenes.

Then he gave to its mother this sweet little child,
 And he next look'd about him as if he was wild ;
 " Take the boy, my dear cratur, 'tis my blood that is
 spilt,
 To save him, oh blood and 'ounds! see how I'm kilt."

Then Alonzo gave Paddy Pizarro a blow,
 That kill'd him as dead as ould Brien Boreau ;
 At last on a boord Rolla's body they take,
 And twenty nate virgins all join'd at his wake.

The Dustman.

As Joe, the Dustman, drove his noble team,
Blythe as the herald of the morn,
His daily draught the limpid stream,
For Joe to poverty was born,
He smack'd his whip, his darling pride,
And to the fore-horse gaily cry'd,
"Go along Bob."

This world, says Joe, is mighty queer,
Hard times———! I know it well!
All things are so monstracious dear!
Worse luck, I'm sure, for me and Nell!
Yet smack'd his whip, for that's his pride,
And to the fore-horse gaily cry'd,
"Go along Bob."

I thinks as how, says honest Joe,
The fault must lay among the great.
They jeer us little folks below,
God bless the King, I'll trust to fate!
Then smack'd his whip, 'twas all his pride,
And to the fore-horse gaily cry'd,
"Go along Bob."

Ah! did they know half what I feel,
I'm sure they'd pity me and Nell;

Unless their hearts are form'd of steel,
 If so, dy'e see, I wish them well.
 Joe smack'd his whip, his only pride,
 And to the fore-horse gaily cry'd,
 "Go along Bob."

But yet I think they might contrive
 By gentle means to ease our pain;
 And keep us simple folks alive,
 By curbing of the rogues in grain.
 Joe smack'd his whip, his only pride,
 And to the fore-horse gaily cry'd,
 "Go along Bob."

Contented then I'll bear my load,
 When death comes-- shake my empty purse,
 Our Parson says, for that's his code,
 In t'other world they'll fare the worse.
 Joe smack'd his whip, his only pride,
 And to the fore-horse gaily cry'd,
 "Go along Bob."

I were Yorkshire too.

By t'side of a brig, that stands over a brook,
 I was sent betimes to the school;
 I went wi' the stream as I study'd my book,
 And was thought to be no small fool.

I never yet bought a pig in a poke,
 For to give ould Nick his due,
 Tho' oft' I've dealt wi' Yorkshire folk,
 Yet I war Yorkshire too.

I war pretty well lik'd by each village maid,
 At races, at wake, or fair,
 For my father had addled a vast in trade,
 And I war his son to a hair.
 And seeing that I didn't want for brass,
 Poor girls came first to woo,
 But tho' I delight in a Yorkshire lass,
 Yet I war Yorkshire too.

To London, by father, I war sent,
 Genteeler manners to see,
 But fashion's so dear, I came back as I went,
 And so they made nothing o' me.
 My kind relations wou'd soon ha' found out,
 What was best wi' my money to do;
 Says I, my dear cousins, I thank ye for nout,
 But I'm not to be cozen'd by you.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed.

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
 Willie was a wabster gude,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;

He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour;
 Five rusty teeth, forbve a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
 A whiskin beard about her mou,
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
 Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's beam-shinn'd
 Ae limpin leg a hand breid shorter
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther;
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld badrans by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a washin;
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-wàter;
 Sic a wife, &c.

How this World is giving to Lying.

THE passing bell was heard to toll!
 John wail'd his loss with bitter cries;

The parson pray'd for Mary's soul,
 The sexton hid her from all eyes.
 And art thou gone,
 Cry'd wretched John;
 O dear, 'twill kill me—I am dying!
 Cry'd neighbour Sly,
 While standing by,
 "Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

The throng retir'd; John left alone,
 He meditated 'mongst the tombs,
 And spelt out on the mould'ring stones,
 What friends were gone to their long homes,
 "You're gone before,"
 Cry'd John, no more!
 "I shall come soon—I'm almost dying!"
 Cry'd neighbour Sly,
 Still standing by,
 "Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

Here lies the bones, Heaven's will be done!
 Of Farmer Slug;—reader, would'st know
 Who to his mem'ry rais'd this stone:—
 'Twas his disconsolate widow!
 Cry'd John, "Oh, ho,
 "To her I'll go;—
 "No doubt with grief the widow's dying!"
 Cry'd neighbour Sly,
 Still standing by,
 "Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

Their mutual grief was short and sweet!
 Scarcely the passing bell had ceas'd,
 When they were sped;—the funeral meat
 Was warm'd up for the marriage feast!
 They vow'd and swore,
 Now o'er and o'er,

They ne'er would part till both were dying!
 Cry'd neighbour Sly,
 Still standing by,
 "Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

Again to hear the passing bell,
 John now a sort of hank'ring feels;
 Again his help-mate brags how well
 She can trip up a husband's heels:
 Again to the tomb
 Each longs to come,
 Again with tears and sobs, and sighing,
 For neighbour Sly—
 Again to cry---
 "Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

The Muffin-Man.

WHILE your opera squallers fine verses are singing,
 Of heroes, and poets, and such like humguffins;
 While the world's running round like a mill in full
 sail,

I ne'er bother my head with what other folks ail;
 But careless and frisky my bell I keep ringing,
 And walk about merrily, crying my muffins.

Chorus.] Lily-white muffins, O rare crumpets, smok-
 ing hot Yorkshire cakes, hot loaves and charming
 cakes, one a penny, two a penny, Yorkshire
 cakes!

What matters to me, if great folks run a-gadding,
 For politics, fashion, or such botheration!
 Let them drink as they brew, while I merrily bake;
 For, tho' I sell muffins, I'm not such a cake,

For he was a buck, tho' he hadn't a wife
 And never saw Bond-street perhaps in his life.
 Yet barring, &c.

The Barons of old wore comical cloaths,
 And their shoes were turn'd up like a critical nose.
 Your Henrys and Edwards were famous for dress;
 But ale and beef-stakes were the fashion with Bess.
 Yet barring, &c.

In the days of King Charles you distinguish'd a prig,
 By the length of his cane, and the size of his wig.
 Cromwell's hats were all broad, and his head it was
 round,
 And his hair hung like candles, sixteen to the pound.
 Yet barring, &c.

The Tories wore wigs in the reign of Queen Ann,
 Now wigs suit the female, as well as the man;
 Few crops but in corn-fields you'd formerly meet;
 Now there's few in the fields, but enough in the
 street.
 Yet barring, &c.

However the fashions are subject to change,
 One fashion exists, if it didn't 'twere strange;
 'Twas always the fashion, each Englishman knows,
 To be true to his King, and to humble his foes.
 Yet barring, &c.

Now fashion's arriv'd at a wonderful height,
 For what's borish at noon, is quite stylish at night;
 So they bore ye with style, and they stile ye a bore,
 As perhaps you may me, if I sing any more.
 Yet barring, &c.

To let other fools' fancies e'er set me a-madding,
Or burthen my thoughts with the cares of the
nation.

Spoken.] What have I to do with politics? And as
for your parliament cakes, every body knows they
are bought and sold all over the nation. No, no,
it's enough for me to cry—Lily-white muffins, &c.

Let sailors and soldiers, contending for glory,
Delight in the rattle of drums and of trumpets ;
Undertakers get living by other folks dying ;
While actors make money by laughing or crying ;
Let lawyers with quizzes and quiddities bore ye :
It's nothing to me, while I'm crying my crum-
pets.

Spoken.] What do I care for lawyers? An't I a baker,
and Master of the Rolls myself? Droll enough
too, for a Master of the Rolls to be crying—Lily-
white muffins, &c.

The Chapter of Fashions.

FASHION was form'd when the world began,
And Adam, I'm told, was a very smart man ;
As for Eve, I shall say nothing more or less,
But that ladies of fashion, now copy her dress.
Yet barring all pother of this, that, or 'tother,
We all bow to fashion in turn.

The fashion next came to go hunting poor brutes,
And Nimrod invented the fashion of boots ;

Trotting along the Road.

GAFFER GRIST, Gaffer's Son, and his little Jack-ass,
Trotting along the road,
Thro' a gossiping straggling village must pass,
Before they could reach their abode.
Little Johnny rode Jacky, which old Gaffer led;
The villagers thought the boy monstrous ill-bred,
So they made honest Gaffer get up in his stead,
Trotting along the road.

They didn't go far, ere they heard people talk,
Trotting along the road,
As how it was stupid for either to walk,
Before they could reach their abode.
So they both rode; when, proud of his horse and
his pelf,
A farmer cries, "down! you will kill the poor elf:
"If you was an ass, would you like it yourself?"
Trotting along the road.

Next they carry'd the Jack-ass, who never said nay,
Trotting along the road;
But all changes endur'd, like the Vicar of Bray,
Before he could quit his abode;
Yet ev'n this wou'dn't please ev'ry ill-natur'd tyke,
And therefore this moral must forcibly strike,
We should manage our Jack-asses just as we like,
While trotting along the road.

The Tailor's Vindication.

A TAILOR I am, you may see,
But not for my trade will I blush, sir ;
For all are but tailors like me,
Which soon you shall find, do but hush, sir,
Wherever I turn round my eye,
I see signs of thread and of thimble ;
If you please now, the matter I'll try,
My work to complete none so nimble.
Needledum threadledum dee,
Needledum threadledum stradle de ;
Mankind are all tailors like me,
And of cabbage all equally gladdle be.

The sailor's hot press is in war,
The soldier French jackets will trim, sir,
The surgeon will stitch up your scars,
And the goaler too tight fits your limbs, sir.
The grocer for buttons sells figs ;
The serjeant oft measures recruits, sir ;
The parson for cabbage takes pigs ;
And the lawyer cuts out your new suits, sir.
Needledum, &c.

The dancer thus crosses his legs ;
The landlord, like us, has long bills, sir ;
The tinker your jobs often begs ;
While the quack he fine-draws you with pills, sir,
The butcher cuts out for the taste ;
Men milliners work at their needle ;

Gamblers whip round your pockets in haste ;
 Pleadors work at their suit if they're feed well.
 Needledum, &c.

Pawnbrokers take in all your clothes ;
 The baker for dead men is jobbing ;
 An exciseman he cabbaging goes ;
 And the drunkard sews up with hob-nobbing.
 The poet's fag end is his rhyme ;
 The doctor suits cures to his fees, sir ;
 The jockey oft runs against time ;
 While the boxer to beast you agrees, sir.
 Needledum, &c.

The painter makes clothes as you please ;
 Undertakers make all your surtouts, sir ;
 The cobbler's own shopboard's his knees ;
 Gardeners sew for cabbage and fruit, sir.
 The cook lines the body within ;
 The barber he fits to a hair, sir ;
 Players fag your kind favours to win,
 And sometimes they get a good share, sir.
 Needledum, &c.

Dickey Grog.

A CALEDONIAN tar am I,
 Return'd to take some pleasure ;
 On shore again, with Nell, I'll try
 To spend my little treasure :
 When young, I lightly us'd to trip
 Through moorland, brake, or bog, sir,

As dad design'd me for a ship,
He call'd me Dicky Grog, sir.

I fearless met each British foe,
From Greenland to Good Hope, sir ;
From Marmora to Mexico,
I strove with them to cope, sir.
My namesake cheer'd my mates and me ;
We always did them flog, sir ;
Our sole delight was to bravely fight,
Then conquer and drink grog, sir.

With Vincent we the Spaniards fought,
And made the Dons to run, sir ;
We fought the Dutch at Camperdown,
But found it sharper fun, sir :
We, at the Nile, the French did foil ;
They died, or swam like frogs, sir ;
Their tars we sav'd—their fleet secur'd,
Then cheerly drank our grog, sir.

The stubborn Dane we next subdu'd,
And broke their d—n'd coalition ;
The Swede and Russ for peace they sued,
We granted their petition.
'Bout ship we put, our coast to guard
From menacing French dogs, sir,
And laugh'd to see their vain bravade,
While we tipp'd off our grog, sir.

What glorious fun, to see them run,
Whene'er we hove in sight, sir ;
A-right, a-left, the surge did foam,
As we pursu'd their flight, sir :
Below, aloft, both fore and aft,
Each sailor stood agog, sir,

To make them prize—but, d—n their eyes,
They left us drinking grog, sir.

They found us firm, prepar'd so well
To meet their utmost boast, sir;
A peace they ask'd—and, strange to tell!
We gave back all they lost, sir.
Was e'er such valour thrown away?
Such victories lost in fog, sir?
The Gauls but flatter to betray,
And ruin Dicky Grog, sir.

But, hark! the trumpet's warlike sound,
Makes hills and dales to ring, sir,
Calls Britain's sons to rally round
The standard of their King, sir.
I go—adieu, my faithful Nell,
I go—to check this plund'rer;
The haughty Consul soon shall feel
The pow'r of British thunder!

My gallant comrades, arm with speed,
Repel the tyrant stranger;
Curs'd be the man who fears to bleed,
To save his home from danger,
For me—with Nelson, Smith, and Co.
I'll thro' the ocean jog, sir;
We'll flog this d—n'd marauding foe,
Then triumph o'er our grog, sir.

The Chapter of Volunteers.

OUR King, Lords, and Commons, have done all
they can,
Old England's brave fleet to effectually man ;
Their efforts to aid, I'll a plan now point out,
To guard well the coast, while they sail all about.
 'Tis barring all pother,
 Of one thing or t'other,
 To all volunteer in our turns.

Our regular doctors first send to the coast ;
They kill by prescription, 't has long been their
boast :
And if for Monsieur they're not quite enough,
Next send all the quacks—they can kill with a puff.
 Then barring all pother,
 Of one thing or t'other,
 Let's all volunteer in our turns.

We've surgeons enough, I am sure, if we need 'em ;
Let them once take up arms, and they'll cursedly
bleed 'em :
Our gallipot merchants will pound well their sides,
And as for our tanners, they'll leather their hides.
 So barring, &c.

The limbs of the law shall next march 'gainst the
foe ;
They're well us'd to drafting and filing, you know ;

The corps is respectable, valiant, and large;
 We've nothing to fear, if they shoot as they charge.
 Thus barring, &c.

Our grave undertakers would make them look grim;
 Our sailors, no doubt on't, their jackets would trim;
 The bakers would roll them about like a cake,
 And butchers would chop them down flat as a stake.
 So barring, &c.

Then let the proud boasters for Old England steer,
 They'll find in each Briton a brave volunteer;
 From the prince to the peasant, rouse, rouse, one
 and all,
 Then our Consols will rise, and the French Consuls
 fall.
 Thus barring, &c.

Monopoly.

MONOPOLY's now the grand rub,
 And from it less harm would ensue,
 If those who monopolize grub,
 Would monopolize appetites too.
 And monopoly's like to increase,
 For our *very* good friends, we know where,
 Have among 'em monopoliz'd peace,
 And left us to fight for our share.
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

The Turks they monopolize wives;
 And by some wicked folks it is said,

That's the reason why Turks all their lives
 Wears each a half-moon on his head ;
 And we know, though each married man here
 Finds *one* wife enough for his share,
 And beef's so confoundedly dear,
 There's cattle enough at Horn-Fair.

Yet candour might surely excuse
 Of monopolists some sorry elves ;
 For doctors would be of great use,
 If they'd take all their physic themselves.
 Of lawyers, why, much one can't say ;
 Their practice I would not condemn ;
 But some people think, by the way,
 Old Nick will monopolize them.

Monopoly thrives every way ;
 The assertion will stand by the test ;
 For *truth* always carries the day,
 And we all know the *naked truth's* best.
 That's the reason our ladies, forsooth,
 Captivate both the bashful and bluff ;
 For they're surely the semblance of *truth* ;
 And, ecod, they go naked enough.

May the rich ease the poor of their cares,
 'Twould the sweetest monopoly bring ;
 They'd gain all their hearts and their pray'rs,
 Like his honour, our father, the king !
 May Britons each other befriend ;
 For unity's England's best hope ;
 And may every monopolist's end
 Be join'd to the end of a rope !

Always Welcome.

AT each inn on the road I a welcome could find :
At the Fleece I'd my skin full of ale ;
The Two Jolly Brewers were quite to my mind ;
At the Dolphin I drank like a whale.
Tom Tun, at the Hogshead, sold pretty good stuff ;
They'd capital flip at the Boar ;
And when at the Angel I'd tippled enough,
I went to the Devil for more.

Then I'd always a sweetheart so snug at the bar ;
At the Rose I'd a Lily so straight :
Few planets could equal sweet Nan at the Star,
No eyes ever twinkled so bright.
I've had many a hug at the sign of the Bear ;
In the Sun courted morning and noon ;
And when night put an end to my happiness there,
I'd a sweet little girl in the Moon.

To sweethearts and ale I at length bid adieu,
Of wedlock to set up the sign ;
Hand in Hand the good woman I look for in you,
And the Horns I hope ne'er will be mine.
Once guard to the mail, I'm now guard to the fair ;
But tho' my commission's laid down,
Yet while the King's Arms I'm permitted to bear,
Like a Lion I'll fight for the Crown.

The Cries of London.

LIKE a lark in the morning, with early song,
 Comes the sweep with his sweet soot ho ;
 Next the cherry-cheek'd damsel comes tripping along,
 Do you want any milk, maids below ;
 Dust ho dust, goes the tinkling bell,
 While sharp in each corner they look ;
 Next the Jew with his bag and his clothes to sell,
 Clothes to sell—any clothes.

Speaks.] Hip halloa Moashes, says a wag, have you
 got any pork to-day ? Go along, you blackgar,
 says he, any shoes, hats, or old clothes—any bat
 shillings ?

Let none despise the merry merry cries
 Of famous London town.

Any pen-knives, or razors, or scissars to grind ;
 Any work for the cooper to-day ;
 Buy a bow-pot, Sir, it will please your mind ;
 Oh ! d—n it, stand out of the way.
 Muffins ho, crumpets ho, next ring in the ear ;
 Any brick-dust, come Neddy stand, woah ;
 Any lobsters, or Newcastle salmon, my dear ;
 Salmon, my dear, salmon, dear ;
 D'ye want any lily-white sand, ho.

Thus the various cries in harmony blend ;
 Come, here is your nice curds and whey ;

Here's the last dying speech, old chairs to mend,
 Choice fruit, or a bill of the play?
 Here's three for a shilling, fine mackarel ho,
 Any phials, or broken flint glass;
 Come break me, or make me, before I go,
 Before I go, before I go;
 Come here is my fine sparrow-grass.

Here's your fine long garters, two-pence a pair;
 Buy a mop, a rat-trap, or hair broom;
 Any saucepans, kettles, or pots to repair;
 Great news just arrived from Rome;
 Round and sound, two-pence a pound, nice cherries;
 New potatoes, or fine spring sallad;
 They're ten-pence a gallon, gooseberries,
 Gooseberries, gooseberries;
 Who buys a new love ballad.

Mally Lump and Mr Dumpling.

OH, Mally Lump! sure such an angel never I suppose was,
 Her eyes were full, her hair like wool, and ruby red her nose was;
 A beauty cast in a Dutch mould, great substance and small bone, sir,
 A positive noun substantive, she stoutly stood alone, sir.
 Oh Mally Lump, sir,
 Pratty Mally Lump, sir;
 Her eyes were full, her hair like wool,
 What a Mally Lump, sir!

On Valentine's day, the day birds meet, till death
or crim. con. part 'em,

She fell in love to please her eye, though it should
plague her heart, mem ;

'Twas with no military man, though he of a great
mind was ;

One leg he had, one piercing eye, one nose, and
two odd grinders.

Oh, Mally Lump, sir,

Pratty Mally Lump, sir ;

Such an eye this stranger had,

It pierc'd Mally Lump, sir.

He look'd, she leer'd, then, with a blush, half
beckoned unto her ;

They stepp'd, they stopp'd, she tripp'd, he hopp'd,
full amorous, to woo her ;

Then knelt, and swore her charms they were, the
charms of all the nation,

While she cried out, my dearest dear is the model
of creation.

Oh, sweet passion,

Love, tyrant passion !

I'm sartin sure their hearts so pure,

Were all o'er twitteration.

Miss Lump, so plump, he seem'd to please ; his
piercing eye she felt it,

And though round as a Cheshire cheese, her heart
like butter melted ;

They married were, and full of glee, each heart
light as a crumpling,

Till, in a broad-wheel'd waggon, she elop'd with
Mr Dumpling.

Oh, Mr Dumpling,

Bewitching Mr Dumpling ;

All hands agree, no deputy

Excell'd Deputy Dumpling.

A bad Bargain better as none.

I'm a Jew you may tell by my peard and my progue,
And somehow de folks have found out I'm a rogue :

Taral lal la.

It vou'd be a vonder if dat vashn't true,
Because I'm a lawyer so vell as a Jew :

Fal lal, &c.

Of the lawyer and oyster you reads in de book,
He gave back de shell, but de oyster he took ;
But all other lawyers at dat I excels,
I first eat de oyster and den tieve de shells.

I'm become a good man (*pointing to his money bags*)
by thus being deprav'd,

'Pon my conscience 'tis true, as I hope to be shav'd ;
But if conscience and peards were all equally small,
Ve lawyers vould never vant shaving at all.

Once a teif bring me stolen vare, vat vash my plan?
I a constable got, and gave charge of my man.
But to hang a poor wretch on my conscience intrudes ;
So to save de man's life I run off wid de goods.

Dey say dat de Devil will have me, dat's flat,
And I fear dat I'll make a bad bargain of dat :
But this thought in dat case to comfort I call,
A bad bargain's best as no bargain at all.

The Monopolizers.

MONOPOLY, Sirs, is the theme of my song :
 Yes, it is, by the Lord, as I'll prove ere 'tis long.
 Nay more, that mankind, both in high life and
 low,
 Make monopoly now, yes, indeed, all the go.
 Singing, fal lal, &c.

But what is the end that my song would make
 known,
 Shall soon, with permission, be easily shown ;
 For the beauty at court, and the Billingsgate beauty,
 To monopolize man, think it part of their duty.
 With their fal lal, &c.

There's the quacks too, and bailiffs ; for each, in
 their way,
 Have an eye to monopoly, that I must say.
 Then throw in a lawyer, to mix with the evil,
 And the junto's a dish only fit for the devil,
 And his fal lal, &c.

Then there's little Moses, whose money is lent,
 Which he does, to oblige you, at fifty per cent :
 And let a rich minor once get in his power,
 O Lord ! how the Jew would the Christian devour,
 With his fal lal, &c.

The miller and grazier too know how to cheat,
For the one takes your bread, and the other your
meat.

But may all forestalling soon end in a smother,
And the devil forestall both the one and the other !

Spoken.] At which every honest fellow will sing,
Fal, lal, &c.

The soldiers and sailors, monopolists too,
Shall each have a word, for a word is their due :
May their courage and valour our commerce increase,
And crown the whole world with the blessings of
peace !

Spoken.] Aye, and then who wouldn't sing,
Fal, lal, &c.

Let us all be unhappy.

WE bipeds made up of frail clay,
Alas ! are the children of sorrow ;
And tho' brisk and merry to-day,
We all may be wretched to-morrow ;
For sunshine's succeeded by rain,
Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
Let us all be unhappy together.
Let us all be unhappy together,
Let us all be unhappy together ;

For sunshine's succeeded by rain,
 Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
 Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
 Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant, the best blessing we know,
 Is a friend,—for true friendship's a treasure,
 And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
 Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure ;
 Thus friendship's a flimsy affair ;
 Thus riches and health are a bubble ;
 Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
 Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life,
 That on earth could be nearest to heaven,
 Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife,
 To whom truth and honour are given ;
 But honour and truth are so rare,
 And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
 That with all my respect for the fair,
 I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

It appears from these premisses plain,
 That wisdom is nothing but folly,
 That pleasure's a term that means pain,
 And that joy is your true melancholy.
 That all those who laugh ought to cry,
 That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving ;
 And that since we must all of us die,
 We should all be unhappy while living.

Scots Medley.

As I cam in by Calder fair,
And yont the Lappard Lee, man,
There was braw kissing there,
Come butt an' kiss wi' me, man :
There was Highland folk and Lawland folk,
Unco folk and kend folk,
Folk aboon folk i' the yard ;
There's nae folk like our ain folk.
Dirum dum, &c.

Hech, hey ! Bessy Bell,
Kilt your coat, Maggy,
Ye'se get a new gown,
Down the burn Davie.
The Earl o' Mar's bonie thing,
And muckle bookit wallet ;
Play the same tune o'er again,
And down the burn, for a' that.
Dirum dum, &c.

Gin ye had been whare I had been,
Ye wadna been sae wantin' ;

I got the lang girdin o't,
 An' I fell thro' the gantrin.
 O'er the hills an' far awa,
 My bonnie winsome Willie;
 Whare shall our guidman lye?
 The glied Earl o' Kelly.
 Dirum dum, &c.

Toddle butt, and toddle ben,
 Hey, Tam Brandy;
 Crack a louse on Maggy's wean,
 Little Cocky Bendy.
 Three sheep's skins,
 The barber an' his bason;
 The bonnie lass o' Patie's Mill,
 Wi' the free and accepted mason.
 Dirum dum, &c.

The Lady's Diary.

LECTUR'D by Pa and Ma, o'er night;
 Monday, at ten, quite vex'd and jealous;
 Resolv'd in future to be right,
 And never listen to the fellows.
 Stitch'd half a wristband; read the text;
 Receiv'd a note from Mrs Racket—
 I hate that woman! she sat next,
 All church-time, to sweet Captain Clackit.

Tuesday got scolded, did not care ;
 The toast was cold, 'twas past eleven :
 I dreamt the Captain through the air,
 On Cupid's wings, bore me to heaven.
 Pouted, and din'd ; dress'd, look'd divine ;
 Made an excuse, got Ma to back it.
 Went to the play. What joy was mine !
 Talk'd loud and laugh'd with Captain Clackit.

Wednesday came down, no lark so gay—
 The girl's quite alter'd ! said my mother.
 Cry'd dad, I recollect the day
 When, dearee, thou wert such another.
 Danc'd, drew a landscape, skimm'd a play ;
 In the paper read that Widow Flackit
 To Gretna Green had run away,
 The forward minx ! with Captain Clackit.

Thursday fell sick. Poor soul, she'll die !
 Five doctors came with lengthen'd faces :
 Each felt my pulse : Ah me ! cry'd I,
 Are these my promis'd loves and graces ?
 Friday grew worse. Cry'd Ma, in pain,
 Our day was fair ; heaven, do not black it.
 Where's your complaint, love !—In my brain.
 What shall I give you ?—Captain Clackit.

Early next morn, a nostrum came
 Worth all their cordials, balms, and spices ;
 A letter ; I had been to blame :
 The Captain's truth brought on a crisis :
 Sunday, for fear of more delays,
 Of a few clothes I made a packet ;
 And Monday morn stept in a chaise,
 And ran away with Captain Clackit.

The snug Little Island.

DADDY Neptune one day, to Freedom did say,
If ever I liv'd upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on, 'wou'd be little Britain,
Says Freedom, why that's my own island;
O what a snug little Island!
A right little, tight little Island!
All the globe round,
None can be found,
So happy as this little Island.

Julius Cæsar the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water—he could'nt come by land;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd
their backs on,
And all for the sake of our Island.
O what a snug little Island!
They'd have a touch at the Island!
Some were shot dead,
Some of them fled,
And some stay'd to live in the Island!

Then a very great war-man, call'd Billy the Norman,
Cried, d—n it, I never lik'd my land,
It would be much more handy to leave this Nor-
mandy,
And live on yon beautiful Island!

Says he, 'tis a snug little Island !
 Shan't us go to visit the Island ?—
 Hop, skip, and jump,
 There he was plump,
 And he kick'd up a dust in the Island.

But party deceit help'd the Normans to beat,
 Of traitors they manag'd to buy land,
 By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we ne'er should been lick'd,
 Had they stuck to the king of their Island.
 Poor Harold the king of the Island !
 He lost both his life and his Island !
 That's very true,
 What could he do ?
 Like a Briton he died for his Island.

The Spanish Armada set out to invade a',
 Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,
 They could'nt do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
 And take their full swing in the Island.
 Oh the poor Queen and the Island !
 The drones came to plunder the Island !
 But snug in the hive,
 The Queen was alive,
 And *buzz* was the word in the Island.

These proud puff'd up cakes, thought to make ducks
 and drakes
 Of our wealth ; but they scarcely could spy land,
 E'er our Drake had the luck to make their pride
 duck,
 And stoop to the lads of the Island.
 Huzza for the lads of the Island !
 The good wooden walls of the Island !
 Devil or Don,
 Let 'em come on,
 But how would they come off at the Island ?

Then Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept
tune,

In each saying this shall be my land,
Should the army of England, or all they could bring,
land,

We'd show 'em some play for the Island!

We'll fight for our right to the Island!

We'll give them enough of the Island;

Frenchmen should just

Bite at the dust,

But not a bit more of the Island.

Richard's Courtship.

As it fell out last new-year's day,

Well mounted on a dapple grey,

Richard he rode to Taunton Dean,

To woo the parson's daughter, Jean.

With his fal a didle dil, fal la didle dil,

Fal the dal, fal the dal, lal de dal la.

He having on his shoes and hose,

He straight put on his Sunday's cloaths;

And having a hat upon his head,

It was all with gauze and ribbons spread.

To sing fal, &c.

Thus he rode on, and in great state,

Until he came to the parson's gate,

Where he laid on so loud and fast,
That the people all amazed was,
To hear him knock, fal, &c.

Now a crafty servant let him in,
And Richard his story thus began ;
And as he strutted about the hall,
He straight for *mistress Jane* did call,
To come down stairs and sing fal, &c.

She came down stairs without delay,
Says she, " Richard what have you got to say ?"
Why, my *moather* sent me here to woo,
And I can *vancy* none but you,
For I hear you can sing fal, &c.

Now *mistress Jean*, she quick replied,
Happen should I to be your bride.
What living can ye bring me in,
As I can neither tow nor spin,
Nor sing fal, &c.

Why, I can *reap* and I can *zou*,
And I zometimes to the market go,
Wid Varmer Jobson's car and *ey*,
And I earn my zixpence every day,
And at night, I'll sing fal, &c.

Why, Richard man, you have miss'd your mark,
You seem to wander in the dark ;
Why man, sixpence a-day wou'd not buy us meat.
Odd rooks ! I've a *zack o' wheat* ;
And if you'll be married to me just now,
I'll feed you better than grandmither's *zou*,
And as I said, you shall have fal, &c.

Now his answers they did so delight,
 That the company laugh'd outright ;
 And Richard having no more to say,
 He mounted Dobbin and rode away,
 Back home to his mother to sing fal, &c.

The Wig.

WALK in, walk in, each beau and belle,
 Here wisdom, virtue, truth, we sell,
 Nay, think not I a falsehood tell—
 I deal not, sir, in railery—
 I deal in wigs, a curious ware,
 In which grey, red, black, brown, and fair,
 May suit their features to a hair,
 In this our gay wig gallery.
 When portly parsons claim their pig,
 Or guttling aldermen look big ;
 I do not say they are not wise,
 I only say, in vulgar eyes,
 The wisdom's in the wig.

See, in this jazey, what a twirl,
 'Twill suit a young or ancient girl,
 Sly Cupid's lurk in every curl,
 The ribbon Venus' zone is ;
 Rouse then, old men, throw by your staff,
 Regard not how your neighbours laugh,
 When but a guinea and a half
 Will make you an Adonis.

The wig's the thing, the wig,
 Be of the ton a natty sprig,
 The thing, the tippy, and the twig;
 Nor care who are the truly wise,
 For, after all, in vulgar eyes,
 The wisdom's in the wig.

Cries Verjuice, pointing at the play,
 Is that your wife intriguing, pray?
 Oh, no, my lovely's hairs are grey,
 That woman's hair is flaxen;
 Then say, who would not be a wife,
 To lead an unsuspected life,
 And cure all foul and jealous strife,
 By wearing of a caxon?

The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig,
 Then hey for fun, and rig, and gig,
 Who for dull mortals care a fig?
 'Tis useless to be truly wise,
 For, after all, in vulgar eyes,
 The wisdom's in the wig.

Thus arm'd, our lovers do not spare,
 As well a hedgehog or a bear,
 A Friezland hen, a Flanders' mare,
 Whate'er you wish will suit us;
 The lawyers flaw shall find a patch,
 A bob the knowing head shall thatch,
 The hen-peck'd husband wear a scratch,
 His wife, a monstrous Brutus.
 The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig,
 Who'd in the maws of caverns dig,
 Or Heliconia's potions swig,
 Or study to be truly wise,
 When, after all, in vulgar eyes,
 The wisdom's in the wig.

The Boys of the Island.

If th' French have a notion,
Of crossing the ocean,
 Their luck to be trying on dry land;
They may come if they like,
But we'll soon make 'em strike
 To the lads of the tight little Island.
 Huzza for the boys of the Island—
 The brave volunteers of the Island!
The fraternal embrace,
If foes want in this place,
 We'll present all the *arms* in the Island.

They say we keep shops
To vend broad cloths and slops,
 And of merchants they call us a sly land;
But though war is their trade,
What Briton's afraid
 To say he'll ne'er sell 'em the Island?
 They'll pay pretty dear for the Island;
 If fighting they want in the Island,
We'll shew 'em a sample,
Shall make an example,
 Of all who 'dare bid for the Island.

If met they should be,
 By the boys of the sea,
 I warrant they'll never come nigh land :
 If they do, those on land
 Will soon lend 'em a hand
 To foot it again from the Island.
 Huzza ! for the King of the Island !
 Shall our father be robb'd of his Island ?
 While his children can fight,
 They'll stand up for his right,
 And their own, to the tight little Island.

Anacreon.

ANACREON, they say, was a jolly old blade,
 A Grecian choice spirit, and a poet by trade ;
 Anacreon, they say, was a jolly old blade,
 A Grecian choice spirit, and a poet by trade.
 To Venus and Bacchus he tun'd up his lays ;
 For love and a bumper he sung all his days :
 For love and a bumper he sung all his days.

He laugh'd as he quaff'd still the juice of the vine,
 And though he was human, was look'd on divine ;
 At the feast of good humour he always was there,
 And his fancy and sonnets still banish'd dull care.

Good wine, boys, says he, is the liquor of Jove,
 'Tis our comfort below, and their nectar above :

Then while round the table the bumper we pass,
Let the toast be to Venus and each smiling lass.

Apollo may torment his catgut or wire,
Yet Bacchus and Beauty the theme must inspire,
Or else all his humming and strumming is vain,
The true joys of heaven he'd never obtain.

To love and be lov'd, how transporting the bliss,
While the heart-cheering glass gives a zest to each
kiss,
With Bacchus and Venus we'll ever combine,
For drinking and kissing are pleasures divine.

As sons of Anacreon then let us be gay,
With drinking and love pass the moments away ;
With wine and with beauty let's fill up the span,
For that's the best method, deny it who can.

The Parson and Quaker.

A JOLLY-FAC'D Parson once happen'd to pop
Into Symon Pure's plain-dealing every-day shop,
'To look out a hat that would just fit his nob,
But his rev'rence found that a most difficult job.
Derry down, &c.

He look'd, and he tried—still laying them down,
For he had found none yet big enough for his crown ;

At last he squeez'd on one—it fitted him pat ;
 “ Now,” says he, “ Mr Pure, what's the price of
 this hat ?”

Derry down, &c.

Symon turn'd round the hat 'fore his cream-colour'd
 face,

“ Four and ninepence,” said he, and a hum fill'd the
 space ;

“ Four and ninepence !” cried black coat, and turn'd
 the hat o'er,

“ By my God, I ne'er gave so much money before.”
 Derry down, &c.

The Quaker cried, “ Parson, thou'rt in a bad way,

“ We people ne'er swear but by good *yea* and *nay* ;

“ We never make mention of God's holy name :”

“ By God,” cried the Parson, “ then you're much
 to blame.”

Derry down, &c.

“ Umph,” said the Quaker, “ art sure this is true ?

“ If thou speakest next Sunday I'll come near thy
 pew ;

“ And if thou to the people wilt swear plain and
 flat,

“ By good *yea* and *nay*, why, I'll give thee the hat.”

Derry down, &c.

The Parson agreed, as for good Sunday next,
 And his Quakership went, just to hear this bad
 text ;

In the aisle's vacant centre he took up his place,

And star'd his fat Reverence full in the face.

Derry down, &c.

There he stood, like a post, without moving a limb,
 With his vinegar face, and his great broad hat brim;
 For the whole congregation O this was rare fun,
 For he ne'er stir'd one bone till the Parson begun.

Derry down, &c.

"By God," said the Parson, "we live and we
 move,

"By God we have feeling, and pleasure, and love;"
 The Quaker then hearing him speak it so pat,
 Cried out, "*By the God*, I have lost my good hat."

Derry down, &c.

Langolee.

WHEN I took my departure from Dublin's sweet town,
 And for England's own self thro' the seas I did
 plow,

For four-long days I was toss'd up and down, "

Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow;
 While afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip, sir,
 I clung, like a cat, a fast hold to keep, sir,
 Round about the big post that grows out of the ship,
 Sir;

Oh! I never thought more to sing Langolee.

Thus standing stock still all the while I was moving,
 Till Ireland's dear coast I saw clean out of sight;

Myself, the next day—a true Irishman proving,
 When leaving the ship, on the shore for to light.
 As the board they put out was too narrow to quarter,
 The first step I took I was in such a totter,
 That I jump'd upon land—to my neck up in water;
 Oh! there was no time to sing Langolee.

But as sharp cold and hunger I never yet knew more,
 And my stomach and bowels did grumble and growl,
 I thought the best way to get each in good humour,
 Was to take out the wrinkles of both, by my soul.
 So I went to a house where roast meat they provide,
 Sir,
 With a whirligig, which up the chimney I spy'd, Sir,
 Which grinds all their smoke into powder beside, Sir;
 'Tis true as I'm now singing Langolee.

Then I went to the landlord of all the stage-coaches,
 That set sail for London each night in the week,
 To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches,
 As a birth aboard one I was come for to seek :---
 But as for the inside, I'd not cash in my casket,
 Says I, with your leave, I make bold, Sir, to ask it,
 When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes
 the basket?

For there I can ride, and sing Langolee.

When making his mouth up, the basket, says he, Sir,
 Goes after the coach a full hour or two;
 Very well, Sir, says I, that's the thing then for me,
 Sir,

But the devil a word that he told me was true :
 For, though one went before and the other behind, Sir,
 They set off cheek-by-jowl, at the very same time,
 Sir,

So the same day at night I set out by moon-shine, Sir;
 All alone, by myself, singing Langolee.

O, long life to the moon for a brave noble creature,
That serves us with lamp light each night in the
dark ;

While the sun only shines in the day, which by nature,
Needs no light at all---as you all may remark ;

But as for the moon--by my shoul I'll be bound, Sir,
It would save the whole nation a great many pounds,
Sir,

To subscribe for to light him up all the year round,
Sir,

Or I'll never sing more about Langlee.

Captain Wattle.

DID you ever hear of Captain Wattle ?

He was all for love, and a little for the bottle,
We knew not, though pains we have ta'en to enquire,
If gunpowder he invented, or the Thames set on fire ;
If to him was the centre of gravity known,
The longitude, or the philosopher's stone ;
Or whether he studied from Bacon or Boyle,
Coppernicus, Locke, Katterfelto, or Hoyle ;
But this we have learnt, with great labour and pain,
That he lov'd Miss Roe, and she lov'd him again.

Than sweet Miss Roe none e'er look'd fiercer,
She had but one eye, but that was a piercer.
We know not, for certainty, her education,
If she wrote, mended stockings, or settled the nation ;

At cards, if she lik'd whist and swabbers, or voles,
 Or, at dinner, lov'd pig, or a steak on the coals;
 Whether most of the Sappho she was, or Thalestris,
 Or if dancing was taught her by Hopkins or Vestris;
 But for your satisfaction, this good news we obtain,
 That she lov'd Captain Wattle, and he lov'd her again.

When wedded, he became lord and master, depend
 on't;

He had but one leg, but he'd a foot at the end on't,
 Which, of government when she would fain hold the
 bridle,

He took special caution, should never lie idle:
 So, like most married folks, 'twas my plague, and
 my sweet little chicken,

And sometimes a-kissing, and sometimes a-kicking,
 Then for comfort a cordial she'd now and then try,
 Alternately piping or bunging her eye:

And these facts of this couple does the history con-
 tain,

When he kick'd Mrs Wattle, she kick'd him again.

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

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 alone.
 Derry down.

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 tun ;
 Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

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

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.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt
 him

For his skin, “like a lady's loose gown,” hung about
 him ;

He sent for a doctor ; and cry'd like a ninny,
 “I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's
 a guinea.”

The doctor look'd wise :—“a slow fever,” he said ;
 Prescrib'd sudorifics—and going to bed.

“Sudorifics in bed”—exclaim'd Will, “are humbugs ;
 “I've enough of them there without paying for drugs.”

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 months ago ?

“ Looke, landlord, I think,” argued Will with a
 grin,

“ That with honest intentions you first took me in ;

“ But from the first night—and to say it I’m bold—

“ I have been so damn’d hot that I’m sure I caught
 cold.”

Quoth the landlord—“ till now, I ne’er had a dis-
 pute ;

“ 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.”

“ 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 taking,

Who would’nt be crusty with half a years baking ?”

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 ;

“ For one man may die where another makes bread.”

The Tom Cat.

WELL, here I am to tell,
Because it is my fancy ;
I lov'd a pretty girl,
And some folks call'd her Nancy.
Nor Nance I thought lov'd me,
Or else I dreamt or read so,
And all because, d'ye see,
That somebody had said so.
La ral la ral la, &c.

'Twas but t'other night
I call'd a little mellow,
When out she popt the light,
And down stairs run a fellow.
Says I, " Pray, who's been here ?"
When she, who thought me boozy,
Cried, " Nobody, my dear,
Only Tom our pussy."
La ral la, &c.

" O curse that Tom !" says I,
" If he comes here a mousing,
My sweetest Nan, good bye ;
I hate such damn'd carousing."
" But we shall wed," says she,
" And every body cries so."
Says I, " That ne'er can be,
" Since every body lies so."
La ral la, &c.

So any body now

May take my charming Nancy ;
Because, d'ye see, as how

She does not suit my fancy.

That Tom, that damn'd Tom cat,

Should Nance in marriage catch me,
Strange things they might be at,

And now and then might scratch me.

La ral la, &c.

Origin of Old Batchelors.

DAME Nature one day, in a comical mood,
While mixing the mould to make man,
Was struck with a thought, as th' ingredients she
view'd,

To alter a little her plan ;

Her children she knew were much given to rove,

So temp'ring the clay with great art,

She sparingly threw in the soft seeds of love,

That usually spring round the heart ;

But she quickly repented, tho' too late, 'tis true,

For a fusty old bachelor stood forth to view.

Yes, an old bachelor,

A fusty old bachelor.

What's an old bachelor like ?

A tree without a branch,

A buck without a haunch,

A knife without a fork,

Bottle without a cork,

A key without a lock,

A wig without a block.

Thus you see, my good friends, what a whimsical
creature
Was form'd in a frolic by old Madam Nature.

The world ever since has been teaz'd with these
creatures,

Well known by their stiff formal strut,
Their dull downcast looks, crabbed vinegar features,
And dress of true bachelor cut ;
The bright blaze of beauty can't warm their cold clay,
Dislik'd by maid, widow, and wife,
In a kind of half stupor the days pass away,
Of these blanks in the lottery of life ;
Thus curtail'd of pleasure, a stranger to love,
The fusty old bachelor's destin'd to rove.

Yes, the old bachelor,
The fusty old bachelor.
What's an old bachelor like ?

A ship without a sail,
A cat without a tail,
Cellar without the wine-o, /
Purse without the rhino,
A watch without a chain,
A skull without a brain.

Thus you see, my good friends, what a whimsical
creature
Was form'd in a frolic by old Madam Nature.

Now mark, if the sexes in number agree,
As some queer philosophers think ;
(Full many a damsel's soft heart, I foresee,
At this part of my story will sink) :
As two wives at once men are not here allow'd,
Unless their suit parliament aids,
And as bachelors stupid our streets daily crowd,
It follows there must be old maids.

Thus we get from the smoke neatly into the smother,
For one evil treads fast on the heels of another.

O fye on all old bachelors,
All flinty-hearted bachelors.

What is an old bachelor like?

A bell without a clapper,

A door without a rapper,

A drum without a fife,

Butcher without a knife,

A sun without a moon,

A dish without a spoon.

Thus you see, my good friends, what a whimsical
creature

Was form'd in a frolic by old Madam Nature.

The Rush-Light.

SIR Solomon Simons, when he did wed,

Blush'd black as a crow, his fair lady did blush
light,

The clock struck twelve, they were both tuck'd in
bed,

In the chimney a rush light,

A little farthing rush-light,

Fal' lal lal la,

A little farthing rush-light.

Sir Solomon gave to his lady a nudge,

Cries he, Lady Simons, there's vastly too much
light;

Then, Sir Solomon, says she, to get up you can't
grudge,

And blow out the rush-light,
The little farthing rush-light,
Fal lal lal la,
The little farthing rush-light.

Sir Solomon, then, out of bed pops his toes,
And vastly he swore, and very much did curse
light,

And off to the chimney Sir Solomon he goes,
And he puff'd at the rush-light,
The little farthing rush-light,
Fal lal lal la,
The little farthing rush-light.

Lady Simons got out in her night-cap so neat,
And over the carpet my lady did brush light,
And there she found Sir Solomon in a heat,
Puffing at the rush-light :

Then she puff'd at the rush-light,
But neither of the two
Could blow out the rush-light.

Sir Solomon and lady, their breath quite gone,
Rang the bells in a rage, determin'd to crush light;
Half asleep in his shirt then up came John,
And he puff'd at the rush-light :

The little farthing rush-light,
But neither of the three
Could blow out the rush-light.

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
 Could blow out the rush-light.

The watchman, at last, went by, crying—one,
 Here, vatchmans, come up, than you we might
 on vorse light.
 Then up came the watchman—the bus'ness was done,
 For he turn'd down the rush-light,
 The little farthing rush-light ;
 Fal lal lal la,
 So he put out the rush-light.

Buy my Matches.

Buy my matches, good friends, I'm a funny old blade,
 Sal Sulphur's my name, lately set up in trade :
 I parade thro' the streets, sing old songs and new
 catches,
 And the end of my strain still is " Maids buy my
 matches."

Buy my matches—buy my matches.

My father, good folks, growing peevish and old,
 To enliven his days, made a match with a scold.
 He was captious as touchwood, would fight with
 old Scratch ;
 My mother was brimstone, so he met with his match.
 Buy, &c.

From their warmth, like a plant, I my growth must
derive ;

Our home was a hot-house, I could not but thrive.
But, grown up, I left mother and old dad in the
dark,

Like a piece of dry tinder, I was fir'd by a spark.

Buy, &c.

My blade was a gunner, who had serv'd in the wars ;
He was full of fine stories, debts, curses, and scars ;
With a volley of oaths all his foes would dispatch,
But this gun-powder spark found he met with his
match.

Buy, &c.

He began first with blustering, I return'd him a
peal,

So we gave stroke for stroke, like a flint and a steel.
But our sparks soon grew flames—all was riot and
rout,

Till my deary took sick, and his candle burnt out.

Buy, &c.

Thus born amidst fires, and inflammably rear'd,
When my turbulent love was ta'en from me, I fear'd
My poor spirits would cool, so to give them a cheer,
I set up a new trade—to make Matches—look here!

Buy, &c.

I have matches for girls, for young widows, old
maids ;

I have matches for housewives, sluts, gossips, and
jades.

The men too are match'd, young and old ones at
will ;

Fops, rascals, rogues, rakes, are all match'd by my
skill.

Buy, &c.

I ne'er in my life was at loss for a match,
 But my tricks and contrivance the job could dispatch.
 Yet to make out one match here exceeds all my
 pranks :

I've no match for your kindness but a basket of
 thanks.

Buy, &c. .

An old Scottish Song.

O FY, haste, Marg'ret ! woman, are ye in ?
 I nae sooner heard it, than fast I did rin,
 Down the gate to tell ye, I ran down the gate to
 tell ye,
 I ran down the gate to tell ye, we'll no be left our
 skin.

O gin ye heard it ! O dear, dear !
 There has nae been the like o't since Mar's year :
 For I'm a' panting, panting, panting,
 For I'm a' panting, find my heart here.

Fu' weel did I ken that a' was nae right,
 For I dreamt o' red an' green a' the last night ;
 Twa cats fighting, fighting, fighting,
 An' twa cats fighting ; I waken'd in a fright.

But ken ye gin our neighbour Elspit be in ?
 As fy gae an' tell her, an' see that ye rin ;

An' auld Robby Barber, auld Robby Barber,
An' auld Robby Barber, for we maun tell him.

O stay a wee, woman, an' tell it a' out.
They're bringing in black Popery, I fear an' I doubt,
An' a sad reformation, a sad reformation,
A sad reformation in a' the kirks about.

Muckle do they sae, an' mair may we fear;
The French an' the Spaniards are a' coming here :
An' we'll a' be murder'd, murder'd, murder'd,
An' we'll a' be murder'd, that's very clear.

But, for my part, I'm easy altho' they come the
morn,
I'll gie them anither turn, for a' the nicks that's on
my horn,
For I'll no yield it, yield it, yield it,
For I'll no yield it to ony man born.

Do ye no mind, just on this very floor,
When we ware a' reekit out to gang to Sherrie-muir,
Wi' stanes in our aprons, wi' stanes in our aprons,
Wi' stanes in our aprons, we did muckle dool, I'm
sure.

Eh! wow, Marg'ret, was nae yon a gun?
A tweel no, Elspit, it's me breaking win';
An' we're weel when we want it, want it, want it,
We're weel when we want it awa wi' little din.

The Intriguing Irishman.

THE first of my pranks was at little Ratsbane,
Where love, faith, like whisky, popt into my brain,
For Ally M'Cullock, a sweet little soul,
As tall and as straight as a shever-man's pole.

Och, she was a sweet creature, with a bloom on
her face like a Munster potatoe. I met her going
to market one morning, with a basket under one
of her arms. Where do you come from, my
dear? says I. From Clanterduffy, Sir, says she.
And what's your name, my dear? Ally M'Cul-
lock, Sir, says she. Och, what a soft beautiful
name.

To be sure then I told her a piece of my mind,
Till she left her old dad and the basket behind.

But soon I was dying for Molly M'Gree,
A sweet tender shoot, just come from Tralee;
O sweet Molly, says I, do ease my pain;
By St Patrick, says she, pray what do you mane.

Mane, says I, why to marry you, to be sure, my
dear. But do you tho'? says she. To be sure I
do; what do you think of me? Oh, there's no
resisting ye, says she. So we were to be married
the next day.

But, as the devil would have it, a thick fog
came on;

When I look'd for the church, oh, I found it
was gone.

Both morning and night she was always my plague,
Faith 'tis time then, says I, for to leave off intrigue;
So from Cork I set sail, in a d—d open boat,
With some cash in my pocket, two shirts, and a coat.

We sailed so plagued slow, that a big storm over-
took us. To be sure I didn't swallow a little of
the sea broth: but the worst of my misfortunes
was, when I landed, there was Molly M'Gree!
and she put into my arms a great ugly squalling
brat, with a head as big as a bushel of potatoes.
What's this? says I. 'Tis your own Teddy, says
she, and as like ye as two peas. Teddy be d—'d,
says I; take it away, woman; I tell ye I don't
know any thing at all of the matter.

Then, to end my intriguing, I went off to sea,
And bid a good morning to Molly M'Gree.

The Prophets.

IN the tenth book of Job, which I now mean to
quote,

At the third and fourth verses you'll find it thus
wrote:

Old Moses invited some prophets to dine,
And drink a few bottles of goosberry wine.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Then Moses was plac'd in the chair in a trice,
And Aaron, his crony, deputed his *vice*;

When the glass moving quick, and the wine being
strong,
Moses declar'd they should each sing a song.

They all look'd askew, which friend Moses soon
saw,

But what Moses said, why, you know, Sir, was law;
So he frankly declar'd, that should any decline,
He wou'd fine each defaulter a bumper of wine.

Then Aaron sung first, as *vice-president* shou'd,
And stated the law as at that time it stood,
When the thumb-stick he handled, and said, with a
nod,
They wou'd soon see their president drunk as a hog.

Then Elijah, Elisha, and old Ezekiah,
Begg'd leave to tell Moses it was their desire,
Since each man must sing, to obey his decree,
That, with his permission, they'd give him a glee :

GLEE—How merrily we live that prophets be,
Round the world we roam with pious glee,
Fortelling great events to a certainty.---*ad libitum*.

Little David, it seems, was the next of their choice,
For they very well knew he'd an excellent voice ;
But he vow'd he cou'd'nt sing—they swore it was a
thumper,
And poor little Davy was fin'd in a bumper.

Then Solomon rose, resplendent in glory,
And said he had much rather tell them a story ;
But the cry against that was a great deal too strong,
For they would have nothing but " Solomon's song."

SOLOMON'S SONG.—I've kiss'd and I've prattled with
 fifty fair maids,
 And chang'd them as oft do you see?
 But of all the fair damsels that danc'd on the green,
 Dear Sheba's the queen for me, &c.

Rear-Admiral Noah, whom much has been said of;
 And his jaunt on the water, which we have all read
 of;
 Not liking thin goosberry, call'd for a dram,
 And then gave 'em the song which he sung to young
 Ham.

NOAH'S SONG.—And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well-known object had in view;
 An abbey, tower, or harbour fort,
 Which e'er the flood old Noah knew;
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung.
 By the mark seven.

Then Ezekiel rose next, Sir, a very great smoker,
 But in lighting his pipe, burnt his nose with the
 poker.
 Being skilful in music, and proud of his voice,
 With exquisite fancy this song was his choice.

EZEKIEL'S SONG,—Of the Ancients, its speaking, my
 soul you'd be after.
 That they never got how came you so;
 Wou'd you seriously make the good folks die with
 laughter,
 To be sure the dogs tricks we don't know,
 With your smililu nonsense and all your queer boder,
 Since whisky's a liquor divine:

To be sure the old Ancients, as well as the Moderns,
 Did not love a sup of good wine.
 Did not, &c.

Next Habbakuk rose, for they took 'em in course,
 But Habbakuk's cold had made Habbakuk hoarse ;
 He declar'd he cou'dn't sing any more than the moon,
 But if Moses pleas'd he wou'd whistle a tune.—
" Lillabullero."

Jeremiah rose next, Sir, at Moses' desire,
 Whom wit, Sir, nor wine cou'd ever inspire ;
 And in strains which would suit the commemoration,
 He sung them a verse of his own Lamentation.

Then rose up little Jonah, who look'd like a jelly,
 For he was just come, Sir, out of the whale's belly,
 For three days and three nights he was left to de-
 spair,
 So he sang unto Moses what he suffer'd there.

JONAH'S SONG.—Cease rude Boreas, blustering
 railer,
 List ye Landsmen all to me ;
 Messmates hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea.

In the horrid belly pent, Sir,
 Think on what I suffer'd there ;
 Forc'd to keep a dismal Lent, Sir,
 And to breathe infectious air :

Nought but fish to feed upon, Sir,
 And compell'd to eat it raw ;
 For my hopes were almost gone, Sir,
 Ere I left the monster's jaw.

Then Sampson rose next, once in prowess so big,
But at that time friend Sampson had just got his
wig ;

He related the tale of his dire mishap,
How his wife shav'd his head, as he slept in her lap.

SAMPSON'S SONG.—Oh dear what can the matter be?
Oh dear what can the matter be?

Sampson has lost all his hair,
Oh that I e'er should have taken so sound a nap,
Oh that I e'er should have taken it in her lap,
Oh that I had but tied on my red night-cap,
That Sampson had ne'er lost his hair.

Oh dear what can the matter be?

Mercy on me, what can the matter be? &c.

ad libitum.

They next call'd on Job, as a song was his forte,
And they begg'd, as 'twas late, that his song might
be short :

So he sung Chevy Chase, to a dismal psalm tune,
Which the prophets all thought wou'd have lasted
till noon.

Now Moses it seems, Sir, who good hours kept,
Whilst they sat a singing, why he sat and slept ;
But wak'd by the noise, Sir, of calling *encore*,
He bid them get home for they should drink no more.

Well-bred Aaron it seems, Sir, at this took offence,
And swore want of good manners shew'd want of
sense ;

This caus'd a dispute, some reflections were cast,
But for decency's sake, we'll not mention what past.

Patrick O'Neil.

YE sons of Hibernia, who snug on dry land,
Round your sparkling turf-fire, with your whisky
in hand,

Drink *Kade mille falterah*—nor think on the boys,
That are fighting your battles, through tempest and
noise,

Attend to a ditty—'tis true, I declare ;
Such swimings, such sinkings, would make you
all stare ;

Such storms, squibs, and crackers, have whizz'd at
my tail,

Since the press-gang laid hold of poor Patrick O'Neal.

'Twas April the first, I set off like a fool,
From Kilkenny to Dublin to see Laurence Toole,
My mother's third cousin, who oft had wrote down,
To beg I'd come see how he flourish'd in town ;
But I scarce set my nose in that terrible place,
When I met with a spalpeen, who swore to my
face,

He beckon'd a press-gang—they came without fail,
And soon neck and heels carried Patrick O'Neal.

Then they scamper'd away, as they said, with a
prize ;

For they thought me a sailor run off in disguise ;

But a terrible blunder they made with their strife,
 For I ne'er saw the sea nor a ship in my life.
 Then away to a tender they bid me to steer,
 But of tenderness, devil a morsel was there !
 Tho' I roar'd and I strove—oh, it would not avail—
 In the cellar of the ship they crammed Patrick
 O'Neal.

Next morning from Dublin they sail'd with their
 prey ;

I was half-starv'd and sea-sick the rest of the way :
 Not a mile-stone I saw ; not a house, nor a bed ;
 All was water and sky, till we came to Spithead.
 Then they call'd out " all hands !"—hands and feet
 soon obey'd ;

Oh ! I wish'd myself home, cutting turf with a spade ;
 For the first sight I saw made my spirits to fail—
 'Twas a great swimming castle for Patrick O'Neal.

Now this terrible monster roll'd about on the tide,
 And a large row of teeth were stuck fast in his side.
 Then they bid me to mount, and desir'd I would
 keep

A fast hold with my trotters, for fear I should slip ;
 So I let go my hands, to hold fast by my toes,
 But the ship gave a roll—So away my head goes ;
 I plump'd down in the water, and splash'd like a
 whale ;

But with boat-hooks they fish'd up poor Patrick
 O'Neal.

Then midst shouts, jests, and laughter, they hoisted
 me in
 To this great wooden-world, full of riot and din.

What strings, and what pullies, what rags met my
eye,

And how large were the sheets that they hung out
to dry !

It seem'd Noah's ark full of different guests ;

Hogs, pedlars, sheep, sailors, and all other beasts.

Some drank bladders of gin, some pitchers of ale,

And they sung, curst, and laugh'd at poor Patrick
O'Neal.

Then a rough-mouth'd rascalion on deck did ad-
vance,

So hoarse, that he whistled, which made them all
prance ;

Up the cords some like monkeys run ; some, I de-
clare,

Like gibbets, or rope-dancers, hung in the air :

They clapp'd sticks in the capstern—as I afterwards
found—

Where a chap sat and fied, as they twisted him
round :

So the ship rais'd her anchor, spread her wings, and
set sail

With a freight of live lumber and Patrick O'Neal.

Now to go down below I express'd a great wish,

Where they live under water like so many fish ;

I was clapp'd in a mess with some more of the crew,

But they said 'twas Banyan-day, so gave me bur-
goo.

For a bed, they'd a sack, that swung high as my
chin,

They call'd it a hammock, and bid me get in ;

I laid hold. took a jump, but my footing was frail,

For it flung me clean over—poor Patrick O'Neal.

By some help I got in, where I rock'd all the night;
But when day broke, my rest broke, with terrible
fright.

"Up hammocks, down chests," was roar'd out from
each part,

"Here's a French ship in sight," up and down went
my heart.

To a gun I was station'd, they cried with an oath,
To pull off his breeches, unmuzzle his mouth;
They took off the apron that cover'd his tail,
And his leading-strings gave to poor Patrick O'Neal.

Then our thick window-shutters we pull'd up with
speed,

And we run out our bull-dogs of true British breed:
The captain cry'd England and Ireland, my boys—
When he mention'd old Ireland, my heart made a
noise.

Then the nose of our gun did the Frenchman defy;
They clapt fire on his back, and bid him let fly:
Such a crack!—made me jump, though I held by
the tail;

But the creature leap'd back, knock'd down Pat-
rick O'Neal.

Then we rattled away, by my soul, hob or nob,
Till the Frenchman gave up, as he thought, a bad
job.

Then to tie him behind, a large cord did they bring,
And we led him along, like a pig in a string.

Then away to Old England we brought the French
boy—

Oh, the sight of the land made me sea-sick with
joy!

So they made a fresh peace, when the war grew too
stale,

And set all hands adrift, with poor Patrick O'Neal

Now here on dry land a wet course I can steer,
 Nor the cat-head, the cat-block, nor boat-swain's
 cat fear;
 Whilst there's shot in the locker, I'll sing, I'll be
 bound,
 And Saturday-night shall last all the week round.
 Put should peace grow too sleepy, and war call a-
 main,
 By the piper of Leinster, I'll venture again!
 Make another dry voyage, bring you home a fresh
 tale,
 That you'll cry till you laugh at poor Patrick O'Neal.

A New Song.

I'm often ask'd by plodding souls,
 And men of vulgar tongue,
 What joy I take in draining bowls,
 And tippling all night long:
 Tho' used such cautious fools to scorn,
 For, once I'll not disdain,
 To tell them why I sit till morn,
 And fill my glass again.
 To tell them, &c.

'Tis by the light my bumpers give,
 Life's picture's mellow made,
 With warmer glow the colours live,
 And softer sinks the shade:

More bright the figures float in air,
 With every drop I drain,
 And that I think a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 And that I think, &c.

My muse, whene'er her wings are dry,
 No frolic flights will take,
 But o'er the bowl she'll dip and fly,
 Like swallows round a lake.
 Then if the nymph must have her share,
 Before she'll bless her swain,
 Why that I think a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 Why that I think, &c.

I've beat each haunt with game in view,
 Run every pleasure down,
 Drove fashion's airy circle through,
 And lived with all the town;
 To me there's nothing new or rare,
 Till wine deceives my brain,
 And that I think a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 And that I think, &c.

Now many a lad I lik'd is dead,
 And many a lass grown old;
 And as the lesson strikes my head,
 My weary heart grows cold.
 But wine a while holds off despair,
 Nay bids a hope remain,
 And that I think a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 And that I think, &c.

While vex'd and hipp'd at England's fate,
 In these convulsive days,
 I can't endure the ruin'd state
 My sober eye surveys.
 But through the bottle's dazzling glare,
 The gloom appears less plain,
 And that I think a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 And that I think, &c.

Nay more, as moves the circling glass,
 Can flesh and blood forbear,
 If pros'd by some dull reas'ning ass,
 Who treads the path of care :
 Or harder taxed, I'm doom'd to hear
 Some fribbling coxcomb's strain ;
 Why that I think a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 Why that I think, &c.

And don't we see love's fetters too,
 With different folds entwine ;
 While nought but death can some undo,
 Yet some give way to wine :
 For me, the lighter head I wear,
 The lighter hangs the chain,
 And that I think a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 And that I think, &c.

And now I'll tell, to end my song,
 At what I most repine,
 This cursed war, tho' right or wrong,
 Is war against all wine.
 Nay port, they say, will soon be rare,
 As juice of France or Spain,
 P

And that I'm sure's a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 And that I'm sure's a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.

The Farmer.

HERE's to each jolly fellow,
 That loves to be mellow,
 Attend unto me and sit easy ;
 For a bottle in quiet,
 My boys, let us try it,
 For dull thinking will make a man crazy :
 Whilst here I am king,
 Let us laugh, dance, and sing ;
 Let no mortal appear as a stranger ;
 But shew me the ass
 That refuses his glass,
 And I'll order him grass in a manger.
 Lal de lal, &c.

By reaping and mowing,
 By ploughing and sowing,
 Dull nature supplies me with plenty ;
 I've a plentiful board,
 And a cellar well stor'd,
 And my garden supplies me with dainties :
 I have land, I have bowers,
 I have fruits, I have flowers,
 And I'm here as Justice of Quorum ;

In my cabin's fair inn
 I've a bed for a frien',
 With a clean fire-side and a jorum.
 Lal de lal, &c.

Was it not for my seeding
 You would have poor feeding,
 For indeed you would soon starve without me;
 My mind is content
 When I pay my own rent,
 And I'm happy when friends are about me.
 Draw near to my table,
 Ye boys that are able,
 Let us hear no more words of complaining,
 For the ringing of glasses
 All music surpasses,
 I long to see bottles a draining.
 Lal de lal, &c.

Let the mighty and great
 Roll in splendor and state,
 For I envy no mortal, I swear it;
 For I eat my own ham,
 My own chicken, and lamb,
 And I shear my own sheep and I wear it;
 I have all things in season,
 Such as woodcock and pheasant,
 And the lark is my morning alarmer,
 So may each good fellow
 That loves to be mellow,
 Drink the plough and the good honest farmer.
 Lal de lal, &c.

The Chapter of Politicians.

My friends so good-humour'd I hope won't be vex'd,
If the Chapter of Politics furnish my text;
The times are all bustle, the folks all alive,
Politicians increase just like bees in a hive.

And barring all pother,
Of this, that, or t'other,
We're all politicians in turn.

The blacksmith he swallows the tailor's news,
And forges supplies, while old Dobbin he shoes;
He blows up the authors of Englishmen's wrongs,
And hopes we shall go at it hammer and tongs.

For barring, &c.

The flag of defiance the tailor lets loose,
And values a Frenchman no more than a goose;
He works for the army, and therefore he knows
We shall certainly stick in the skirts of our foes.

For barring, &c.

The barber exclaims, with true technical trope,
'That we're all in the suds, tho' he ventures to hope,
In dressing a foe that our powder may tell,
Do the job to a shaving, and lather him well.

For barring, &c.

The cobbler, good soul, says our all must soon end,
And be worn out at last, unless matters we mend;

The doctor conceives to despond there's no call,
 Let him physic our foes, and he'll soon kill 'em all.
 For barring, &c.

The exciseman says war will our spirits raise higher;
 The chandler exclaims, all the fat's in the fire;
 'Tis the lawyer's advice, if the French we must
 meet,
 To support the King's Bench by the help of the Fleet.
 For barring, &c.

Old Chissel the carpenter saw very plain,
 A deal of our work must be done o'er again;
 And should foes set a foot on our beech but one inch,
 He augurs they'll find heart of oak never flinch.
 For barring, &c.

Says the builder, what stories they raise with their
 tricks;
 Says the baker, those stories are built with French
 bricks;
 The landlord he swears he'll ne'er trust 'em again;
 The sexton looks grave, and the clerk says, Amen.
 For barring, &c.

The cheesemonger thinks these are *mighty* affairs;
 'Twill be diamond cut diamond, the glazier declares;
 The soldier and sailor don't like to say much,
 But brandish their cudgels, and long for a touch.
 For barring, &c.

In short, all the town have their con's and their pro's,
 And as each politician tells all that he knows;
 Of our foes I'll say this, if you won't take it ill,
 They ne'er thrash'd us yet, and I don't think they
 will.

For barring all pother
 Of this, that, and t'other,
 We always could bang 'em in turn,

Robinson Crusoe.

WHEN I was a lad, I had cause to be sad,
My grandmother I did lose O.
I'll bet you a cann, you have heard of the man,
His name it was Robinson Crusoe,
O Robinson Crusoe!
O Robinson Crusoe!
Tink a tink tang, tink a tink tang,
O poor Robinson Crusoe.

Perhaps you've read in a book, of a voyage he took,
And how the whirlwind blew so,
That the ship with a shock drove plump on a rock,
Near drowning poor Robinson Crusoe.
O poor Robinson, &c.

Poor soul! none but he remain'd on the sea,
Ah! fate, fate, how could yon do so?
Till ashore he was thrown on an island unknown;
O poor Robinson Crusoe.
O poor Robinson, &c.

He wanted to eat, and he sought for some meat,
But the cattle away from him flew so,
That, but for his gun, he'd been surely undone,
O! my poor Robinson Crusoe.
O poor Robinson, &c.

But he'd sav'd from aboard, an old gun and a sword,
And another odd matter or two, so

That by dint of his tbrift, he manag'd to shift ;
 Well done Robinson Crusoe.
 O Robinson, &c.

And he happen'd to save from the merciless wave,
 A poor parrot, I assure you, 'tis true, so
 That when he came home from a merciless roam,
 She cry'd out, poor Robinson Crusoe.
 O poor Robinson, &c.

He got all the wood that ever he could,
 And stuck it together with glue, so
 That he made him a hut, wherein he did put
 'The carcase of Robinson Crusoe.
 O Robinson, &c.

He us'd to wear a cap, and a coat with long knap,
 With a beard as long as a Jew, so
 That, by all that is civil! he look'd like a devil,
 More than poor Robinson Crusoe.
 O Robinson, &c.

And then his man Friday kept the hut neat and tidy,
 To be sure 'twas his business to do so,
 And, friendly together, less like servant than brother,
 Liv'd Friday and Robinson Crusoe.
 O Robinson, &c.

At last an English sail came near within hail,
 Then he took to his little canoe, so
 That on reaching the ship, they gave him a trip
 Back to the country of Robinson Crusoe.
 O Robinson, &c.

O for to be a Soldier again.

UPON the salt seas, with my edged sword,
 Where I have been fighting this many long day,
 Where cannons were roaring and bullets were flying,
 I was there all the while, but kept running away.
 And O for to be soldier again ;
 In peaceable times it will do little harm ;
 Then we will get victuals, and drink what we can,
 And a suit of red cloaths to keep our backs warm.

At the seige of Belleisle I was there all the while,
 The guns they did rattle, and raise such a smoke;
 I went up to a mill, that stood on a high hill,
 And I peep'd thro' a hole and I saw the town smoke.
 And 'O for to be a soldier, &c.'

The battle being ended, I straightway intended
 To go down among the dead that were slain ;
 I rifled their pockets, I took out their money,
 I drew forth my sword, and—I kill'd them again.
 And O for to be a soldier, &c.





A TAILOR who cabbag'd, as tailors will do	- 23
A captain bold in Halifax	- - - - - 28
A lady fair in deep despair	- - - - - 30
A sup of good whisky will make you glad	- - - - - 31
And did you not hear of an Irish haymaker	- - - - - 43
A jolly fat friar lov'd liquor good store	- - - - - 51
At the dead of the night	- - - - - 64
Arrah, what a big nose had the bold Captain	- - - - - 83
A beggar I am, and of low degree	- - - - - 94
At Symond's Inn I sip my tea	- - - - - 95
A woman is like to—but stay	- - - - - 102
As Joe, the Dustman, drove his noble team	- - - - - 107
A tailor I am, you may see	- - - - - 116
A Caledonian tar am I	- - - - - 117
At each inn on the road	- - - - - 123
As I cam in by Calder fair	- - - - - 131
As it fell out last new-year's day	- - - - - 136
Anacreon, they say, was a jolly old blade	- - - - - 141
A jolly-fac'd Parson once happen'd to pop	- - - - - 142
By t'side of a brig, that stands over a brook	- - - - - 108
Buy my matches, good friends	- - - - - 155

Descend ye chaste Nine to a true Irish Bard	- 67
Dang it! I be glad to zee ye all, I vow	- - 77
Daddy Neptune one day, to Freedom did say	134
Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle	- - 146
Dame Nature one day	- - - - - 151
From the county of Cork	- - - - - 105
Fashion was form'd when the world began	- 113
Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown	- - 59
Gaffer Grist, Gaffer's Son	- - - - - 115
Here's to each jolly fellow	- - - - - 172
In Charles the Second's merry days	- - - 26
I'ze a Yorkshireman just come to town	- - 39
John Bull was a bumpkin born and bred	- - 41
I listed with old Blinking Barney	- - - 52
It happen'd one night, in a north-country inn	53
I'm a Paddy you see by the sight of my trogue	74
I was call'd knowing Joe	- - - - - 75
I'm parish-clerk and sexton here	- - - 86
I'm a comical fellow, I tell you no fib	- - 88
I'ze sing you a whimsical lay	- - - - - 89
In vonderful times like these here	- - - 91
It was Murphy Delany so funny and frisky	- 98
It fell upon the Martinmas time	- - - - 101
I'm a Jew you may tell by my peard	- - 127
If the French have a notion	- - - - - 140

In the tenth book of Job - - - - -	160
I'm often ask'd by plodding souls - - - - -	169
Like a lark in the morning with early song	124
Lectur'd by Pa and Ma, o'er night - " - -	132
Mother were dead and sister were married -	45
My name's Obadiah, a Quaker I am - - - -	47
My father was a farmer - - - - -	58
Mama's left off bus'ness - - - - -	62
My daddy was a tinker's son - - - - -	104 ✕
Monopoly's now the grand rub - - - - -	121
Monopoly, Sirs, is the theme of my song -	128
My friends so good humoured - - - - -	174
Now we're on a merry key - - - - -	33
Now we're all met here together - - - - -	48
Our immortal poet's page - - - - -	19 ✕
Of all sorts of drops drooping spirits to cure -	22
Oh, whack ! Cupid's a mannakin - - - - -	61
Of all what strive to live and thrive - - - -	65
Obsblood ! what a time for a sailor to skulk -	99
Our King, Lords, and Commons - - - - -	120
Oh, Mally Lump ! sure such an angel - - -	125
O, fy, haste, Marg'ret - - - - -	157
Sure won't you hear - - - - -	56
Sir Solomon Simons - - - - -	153 ✕

There's difference to be seen	3
The Jolly Beggars. A Cantata	6
Tho' I measure five feet and an inch very near	25
Tho' late I was a pedlar	35
The night when my hero, Tom Jolly was born	63
The Romans in England they once did sway	72
The night before Larry was stretch'd	84
'Twas business required	96
The passing bell was heard to toll	110
The first of my pranks	159
Upon the salt seas, with my edged sword	178
Without the help of gammot	37
When Arthur first at court began	66
★ What a wonderful age 'tis my lads	70
Was'nt my father a Jarman Jew	82
Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed	109
★ While your opera squallers	112
We bipeds made up of frail clay	129
Walk in, walk in, each beau and belle	138
When I took my departure from Dublin's	144
Who has e'er been in London	147
Well, here I am to tell	150
When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad	176
Your zarvant, good gentlefolks	54
Ye sons of Hibernia, who snug on dry land	65