

THE
MELODIST;
A NEW
SONG BOOK.

Being a Rare and Choice Collection of the
MOST CELEBRATED NEW SONGS:

NAMELY,

Faithless Sally Brown	John Appleby
Deil tek them that cares	The Deil's awa' wi' the
Love in a Mash, Tab	Exciseman
Home! Sweet Home!	Bonnie Lesley
Whistle o'er the Lave o't	Darby Kelly
Fairfa' the Lasses, O	Jack's the Lad
Scots, come o'er the Border	Bound 'Prentice to a
We've ay been provided for	Waterman
Allister Mac Allister	The Wolf
Adventures of Jemmy	Tortoiseshell Tom Cat
Green	The Flowers of the Forest

Printed by J. Marshall,

In the Old Flesh-Market, Newcastle;

Where may also be had, a large and interesting Collection
of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.

Faithless Sally Brown.

YOUNG Ben, he was a nice young man,
A Carpenter by trade ;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a Lady's maid.
But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a prefs-gang crew,
And Sally she did *faint away*,
Whilst Ben he was *brought to*.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a faint,
That tho' she did seem in a *fit*,
'Twas nothing but a *feint*.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
"He'll be as good as me ;
"For when your *Swain* is in our *Boat*,
"A *Boat-swain* he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She 'rous'd, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone? and is he gone?"
She cried and wept outright :
"Then I will to the water-side,
"And *see* him *out of sight*."

A waterman came up to her,
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
"Eye-water in the sea."

“ Alas ! they’ve taken my *Beau Ben*,
 “ To sail with old *Benbow* ;”
 And her woe began to run afresh,
 As if she had said “ *Gee-woo* .”

Says he, “ They’ve only taken him
 “ To the *Tender ship*, you see :”

“ *The Tender !*” cried poor *Sally Brown*,
 “ What a *hard-ship* that must be !”

“ Oh would I were a *Mermaid* now,
 “ For then I’d follow him :”

“ But oh I’m not a *fish-woman*,
 “ And so I cannot *swim* .”

“ Alas ! I was not born beneath
 “ The *virgin* and the *scales* ;

“ So I must curse my cruel stars,
 “ And walk about in *Wales* .”

Now *Ben* had sail’d to many a place,
 That’s *underneath the world* ;

But in two years the ship came home,
 And all the sails were furl’d.

But when he call’d on *Sally Brown*,
 To see how she went on,

He found she’d got another *Ben*,
 Whose christian name was *John*.

“ Oh, *Sally Brown* ! oh, *Sally Brown* !
 “ How could you serve me so ?

“ I’ve met with many a *breeze* before,
 “ But never such a *blow* .”

Then pond'ring o'er his 'bacco box,
 He heav'd a heavy sigh,
 And then began to *eye* his *pipe*,
 And then to *pipe* his *eye*.
 And then he tried to sing 'All's well!'
 But could not, tho' he tried;
 His *head* was *turn'd*, and so he chew'd
 His *pigtail* till he died.

His *death*, which happen'd in his *birth*,
 At forty odd befell:—

They went and *told* the *Sexton*, and
 The *Sexton* *toll'd* the *bell*.

Now Sal his funeral did attend
 With fearful anxious look,
 She waited in the cold church-yard
 Till the parson *shut* his *book*.

The De'il tek them that cares!

MY mudder was teakin her nuin's rest,
 My fadder was out at the hay,
 When Ned Carnaughan com bounciu in,
 And luik'd as he'd gotten a flay.

'O, Sib!' says he, 'I's duin wi' te:—
 'Nay, what, thou blushes and stares!—
 'I feed thee last neet wi' bow-hough'd Peat,
 'And de'il tek them that cares!'

Says I to Ned, to Ned says I,

'What's a' this fufs about?
 'I's feer he's a reet lish country lad,
 'And tou's just a parfet lout.

‘ But whea were liggin i’ Barney’s croft,
 ‘ And lakin like twea hares ?
 ‘ And whea kifs’d Suke frae lug to lug ?
 ‘ Wey, the de’il tek them that cares !’

Says Ned, says he, ‘ The thimmel gi’e me,
 ‘ I brong thee frae Branton fair ;
 ‘ And gi’e back the broach & true-love knot,
 ‘ And lock o’ my awn reed hair ;
 ‘ And pay me the tuppence I wan frae thee
 ‘ Ae neet at pops and pairs ;
 ‘ Then e’en tek on wi’ whea thou likes—
 ‘ The de’il tek them that cares !’

The broach and thimmel I flang at his feace,
 The true-love knot i’ the fire :

Says I, ‘ Tou’s nobbit a hawflin bworn—
 ‘ Fash me nae mair, I desire.

‘ Here, tek thy tuppence, a reape to buy,
 ‘ And gi’e thyfel nae mair airs ;
 ‘ But hing as hee as Gilderoy—
 ‘ The de’il tek them that cares !’

Love in a Mash Tub.

ONE morn, whilst I was brewing,
 My thoughts each thought pursuing,
 First Malt and Hops, next Molly Pops—
 Thinks I, I’ll go a wooing.

Indeed I will,
 O yes, I will,
 Sing Tol, lol, lol, tol, lol, &c.

Chance in my brewhouse brought her—
 Dame Pops, I love your daughter;
 I'm full inclin'd to tell my mind,
 And cut my longing shorter,

Indeed I do,

O yes, I do.

Toll, lol, lol, &c.

She said, Refrain your twitters,
 If your mind is not with hers,
 Like the beer will be your dear,
 She sometimes smacks of bitters.

Indeed she does,

O yes, she does.

Toll, lol, &c.

My daughter's fair to view, fir,
 But she may mischief brew, fir:
 Few csn vie with her black eye,
 But yours may be so too, fir.

Indeed it may,

O yes, it may.

Toll, lol, &c.

My Molly dear now came in,
 While love my heart inflaming—
 Her mother said, The lad's afraid
 His passion you'll be blaming.

I am sure you will,

O yes, you will.

Toll, lol, &c.

Cried Moll, "You stupid *rash tup*,
Do you think I'd marry such a *scrub!*
Your hop's defist,"—and, with her fist,
She thump'd me in the *Mash Tub!*

Indeed she did,
O Lord, she did!
Sing, Toll, lol, &c.

Home! Sweet Home!

'MID pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere—

Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain!
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them, with that peace of mind, dearer than
all!—

Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

Whistle o'er the Lave o't.

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—*pier nae mair*—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Bonnie Meg was nature's child—
 Wiser men than me's beguil'd;
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love, and how we 'gree,
 I carena by how few may see;
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
 I could write—but Meg maun see't—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Fairfa' the Lassies, O.

Tune—"Green grow the Rashes"

Fairfa' the lassies, O,
 Fairfa' the lassies, O,
 And dool and care be still his share,
 Wha doesna lo'e the lassies, O.

PALE poverty and grinning care,
 How lang will ye harass us, O.
 Yet light's the load we hae to bear,
 If lessen'd by the lassies, O.

Fairfa' the lassies, &c.

The rich may sneer as they gae by,
 Or scornfully may pass us, O.
 Their better lot let's ne'er envy,
 But live and love the lassies, O,
 Fairfa' the lassies, &c.

Why should we ever sigh for wealth?

Sic thoughts should never fash us, O.

A fig for pelf when blest wi' health,

Content and bonny lasses, O.

Fairfa' the lasses, &c.

The ancient bards to show their skill,

Plac'd Muses on Parnassus, O :

But let them fable as they will,

My Muses are the lasses, O.

Fairfa' the lasses, &c.

The drunkard cries, The joys o' wine

A' ither mirth surpassees, O ;

But he ne'er kent the blifs divine,

That I hae wi' the lasses, O.

Fairfa' the lasses, &c.

When I am wi' the chosen few,

The time fu' quickly pass'es, O ;

But days are hours, and less, I trow,

When I am wi' the lasses, O.

Fairfa' the lasses, &c.

When joys abound, then let a round

Of overflowing glass'es, O,

Gae brisk about, and clean drink out,

The toast be—' Bonny lasses,' O.

Fairfa' the lasses, O,

Fairfa' the lasses, O,

And dool and care be still his share,

Wha winna toast the lasses, O.

Scots come o'er the Border.

MARCH! march! Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order;
March! march! Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the blue bonnets are bound for the Border.

Many a banner spread,
Flutters above your head,

Many a crest that is famous in story:

Mount, and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,

Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,

Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;

Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,

Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.

Trumpets are founding,

War-steeds are bounding,

Stand to your arms then, and march in good order:

England shall many a day

Tell of the bloody fray,

When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

We've ay been provided for.

SIT ye down here, my cronies, and gi'e me your
crack,

Let the win' tak' the care o' this life on its back;

Our hearts to despondency we ne'er will submit,

For we've ay been provided for, and sae will we yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,

Since he has not the soul to enjoy it himself;

Since the bounty of Providence is new ev'ry day,

As we journey thro' life let us live by the way.

Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard of nappy good ale,
 For to comfort our hearts and enliven the tale ;
 We'll ay be provided for the langer we sit,
 For we've drank thegither mony a time, and sae will
 we yet. And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,
 Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through ;
 Our seed time and harvest we ever will get,
 For we've lippen'd ay to Providence, and sae will
 we yet. And sae will we yet, &c.

Long live the king and happy may he be,
 And success to his forces by land and by sea :
 His enemies to triumph we ne'er will permit,
 Britons ay hae been victorious, and sae will they yet.
 And sae will they yet, &c.

Let the glafs keep its course, and go merrily roun',
 For the sun has to rise, tho' the moon has gane down ;
 Till the house be rinnin' round about, 'tis time enough
 to flit,
 When we fall we ay got up again, and sae will we yet
 And sae will we yet, &c.

Allister Mac Allister

O Allister Mac Allister !
 Your chanter sets us a' astir ;
 Then to your bags, and blaw wi' bir,—
 We'll dance the Highland fling, O.

Now Allister has screw'd his pipes,
 And thrang as bumbees frae their bykes,
 The lads and lasses lowp the dykes,
 And gather on the green, O.
 O Allister Mac Allister, &c.

The miller, Nab, was sidging fain,
To dance the Highland fling, his lane;
He lap as high as Elspie's wame,—

The like was never seen, O.

O Allister Mac Allister, &c.

As round about the ring he thuds,
And cracks his thumbs, and shakes his duds,
The meal flew frae his tail in cluds,
And blinded a' their een, O.

O Allister Mac Allister, &c.

Next rackle-handed, smitty Jock,
A' blacken'd ower wi' cooth and smoke,
Wi' shucklin, bleir-ey'd Bess did yoke,
That slaverin' gobbit queen, O.

O Allister Mac Allister, &c.

He shook his doublet in the wund,
His feet like hammers struck the grund,
The very mouldewarts were stunn'd,
Nor kenn'd what it could mean, O.

O Allister Mac Allister, &c.

Now wanton Willy was nae blate,
For he gat haud o' winsome Kate :—
Come here, quo' he, I'll show the gait
To dance the Highland fling, O.

O Allister Mac Allister, &c.

The Highland fling he danc'd wi' glee,
And, as if he were gaun to flee,
Keekt, beekt, and bobb'd sae bonnilie,
And tript it light and clean, O.

O Allister Mac Allister, &c.

Now Allister has done his best,—
 And weary houghs are wantin' rest,—
 Beside they fair wi' drought were strest,
 Wi' dancin' fae, I ween, O.

O Allister Mac Allister, &c.

I trow the gantries gat a lift,
 And round the liquor flew like drift,
 And Allister, that very night,
 Could scarcely stand his lane, O.

O Allister Mac Allister, &c.

The Adventures of Jemmy Green.

As sung by Mr HOLLAND, in Tom and Jerry,
 at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle.

MY name is Jemmy Green, of Tooley-street
 well known,
 And had peculiar talents ere I could run alone;
 But when I grew up bigger, so fagacious were my looks
 Pa put me in his counting-house, to take care of his
 books;
 Crying Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, my trust
 do not abuse,
 But Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, mind your P's
 and Q's.
 So away I went to work, all morning, noon and night,
 That the warehouse it became my amusement and
 delight :
 My Pa was quite enchanted, gave me money every
 And indulged me on a Sunday with a ride upon the
 water.
 Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, mind now what I say
 Then Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, you shall have
 your pay.

Now gaining such attraction was resolved to cut a dash
 Von day I ask'd my Pa to give me forty pounds in
 cash:

He gave it me, but for what use, to guess was at a loss;
 I'm going, Pa, to Tatterfel's, to buy myself a Norse.
 Says he, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, you shall
 have your whim,

But Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, don't let them
 take you in.

I went and bought a Nunter, *sich* a won to clear a gate,
 And not an Norse could beat him, he could go at *sich*
 a rate:

Quite delighted with my bargain, to mount him then
 I goes,

Ven a Yorkshire chap, to make a lark, chuck'd me
 bang upon my nose;

Crying Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, I'm sure
 ye've hurt the stones,

Poor Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, has nearly
 broke his bones.

My clothes all mud, my nose all blood, such a figure
 to be seen!

The folks cried out, as I pass'd by, "Oh, look at
 Jemmy Green!"

My Pa, who knows what is an Norse, said, You're
 taken in, I fegs!

His knees are broke, he's but von eye, and goes upon
 three legs. [Green!

Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, foolish Jemmy
 No Orses buy, else you and I will fall out, Jemmy
 Green.

My visage was disfigured—I've reason to rejoice,
 Altho' my bones we're sadly hurt, I hav'nt lost my
 voice.

The ladies who are judges, may say it's not the case,
 But, bless 'em! they'll not mind the voice, if they
 look upon my face.

For Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, his like is no
where seen,

O, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy ! pretty Jemmy
Green !

For my singing here among you, Mr Olland is the
cause, [applause ;

And as I've done my best to please, I hopes for your
And the next time Tom and Jerry in Newcastle's to be
seen,

Its likely at the Treading mill you'll see poor Jemmy
Green ; [And then he'll be singing]

“ And we're a' treading, tread, tread, treading,

“ And we're a' treading, at the Treading Mill.”

John Appleby.

JOHN Appleby was a man's name,
And he liv'd near the sign of the *kettle* ;
His wife was call'd Joan Quiet,

Because she could scold but a little.

John to the alehouse would go,

Joan to the tavern would run ;

John would get drunk with the women,

And Joan would get drunk with the men,

Sing tol de rol, &c.

John would spend his own twopence,

And Joan would spend her groat,

Joan would pawn her best jacket,

And John would pawn his best coat :

John set the porridge-pot by,

Joan set the brass kettle to sell ;

The money came readily in,

And they merrily spent it in ale.

Tol de rol, &c.

'Thou art a base huffey!' says John,
 'For felling my pewter and brass:.'
 'And thou art a cuckold!' says Joan,
 'For thy ears are as long as an afs!'
 'If you give me another cross word,
 Thy back, jade!' says John, 'I will bang:.'
 'You are a coward!' cries she,
 'And ought for a scarecrow to hang.'
 Tol de rol, &c.

John he was no great eater,
 And Joan she was no glutton,
 And for to tickle their maws,
 They bought them a shoulder of mutton.
 John, in an angry mood,
 Took the mutton in his hand,
 And out of the window he threw it,
 But Joan she was at a stand.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Joan she was at a stand,
 But of it she made no matter,
 Immediately took in her hand,
 And after it threw the platter.
 An old woman coming by,
 And seeing the mutton lay,
 Catch'd up the platter and mutton,
 And with them she ran away.
 Tol de rol, &c.

The neighbours came running in,
 And thinking to end the quarrel;
 But before they had half done,
 They left ne'er a drop in the barrel:

They bang'd the barrel about,
 Pull'd out the spiggot too:
 We'll all get drunk to night,
 For what have we else to do?
 Tol de rol, &c.

The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.

THE Deil cam fiddling thro' the town,
 And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman;
 And ilka wife cry'd, 'Auld Mahoun,
 We wish you luck o' the prize man.

We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
 We'll dance and sing and rejoice, man;
 And mony thanks to the muckle black Deil,
 That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

There's threefome reels and fourfome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
 Was—the Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.
 We'll mak our maut, &c."

Bonnie Lesley.

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley
 As she gaed o'er the border?
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever;
 For nature made her what she is,
 And never made anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee;
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee;
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
 Thou art like themselves fae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie!
 That we may brag, we hae a las
 There's nane again fae bonnie.

Darby Kelly.

MY grandsire beat the drum so neat,
 His name was Darby Kelly, O;
 No lad so true at rattattoo,
 At roll-call or reveille, O.
 When Marlbro's name first rais'd his fame,
 My grandy beat the point of war,
 At Blenheim he, at Ramillie,
 Made ears to tingle near and far;
 For with his wrist he'd such a twist,
 The girls would leer you don't know how,
 They laugh'd, and cried, and sigh'd, and
 died,
 To hear him beat the row-dow-dow.

A son he had, which was my dad,
 As tight a lad as any, O,
 You e'er would know, tho' you should go
 From Chester to Kilkenny, O.

When great Wolf died, his country's pride,
 To arms my dapper father beat,
 Each dale and hill remembers still,
 How loud, how long, how strong, how neat.
 With each drum-stick he had the trick,
 The girls would leer you don't know how,
 Their eyes would glisten, their ears would
 listen,
 To hear him beat the row-dow-dow.

Yet ere I wed, ne'er be it said,
 But what the foe I dare to meet,
 With Wellington, old Erin's son,
 To help to make them beat retreat.
 King Arthur once, or I'm a dunce,
 Was call'd the hero of his age;
 But what was he to him we see—
 The Arthur of the modern page.
 For by the pow'rs, from Lisbon's tow'rs,
 Their trophies bore to grace his brow,
 And made them prance from Spain to France,
 With his English, Irish row-dow-dow.

Jack's the Lad.

O UR ship's a-port, so here I be
 With a heart as light as cork, d'ye see,
 'Pon larboard quarter Poll is jigging,
 Dress'd in all her Sunday rigging;

Wench and fiddle always make a failor glad,
 Old Nipperkin, the landlord, keeps the grog afloat,
 And kindly is the liquor handed down each throat;
 For if ever feilor took delight in
 Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,
 Damme! I'll be bound to say that Jack's the lad.
 With my tol de rol, de rol, &c.

Cheerly, my hearts! ye know Jack Spry,
 So full of romps and rigs that I—
 D'ye hear the merry fiddle going?
 Blood! it sets me off a toeing—
 That's he, Catgut—Collegehornpipe; brisk old dad!
 Now for a reel—Sir David Hunter Blair—that's
 Scotch;

Or Langolee; or any thing but French or Dutch:
 For if ever fellow took delight in
 Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,
 Damme! I'll be bound to say that Jack's the lad.
 With my tol de rol, &c.

My locker's rich!—the devil a mite;
 Why, here's a pretty rig.—Yes, I'm right,
 An old friend, like a blubbering ninny,
 Look'd distress'd like—got my guinea:
 Can't help sniv'ling somehow when I see folk sad.
 But howfomever, should I've luck to fall once more
 Longside a Mounseer, homeward bound, he'll pay the
 For if ever fellow took delight in [score.
 Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,
 Damme! I'll be bold to say that Jack's the lad.
 With my tol de rol, &c.

Huzza! a gun—the signal's made,
 All hands on board—the anchor's weigh'd.
 Lord! how the girls by scores are flying!
 Fore and aft, all sobbing, crying,
 Thoughts of parting makes 'em all run roaring mad;
 But honour bids her gallant sons to glory go,
 So off again we scud, to lick the sauey foe.

For if ever fellow took delight in
 Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,
 Damme! I'll be bold to say that Jack's the lad.
 With my tol de rol, &c.

Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman.

BOUND 'prentice to a waterman, I learn'd a bit
 to row,

But, bless your heart, I always was so gay,
 That to treat a little water-nymph that took my heart
 in tow,

I runn'd myself in debt a bit, and then I runn'd
 away. Singing, ri tol, fol de rol, yo ho, &c.

'Board a man of war I enter'd next, and larn'd to
 quaff good flip,

And far from home we scudded on so gay;
 I ran my rigs, but lik'd so well my captain, crew, and
 ship,

That, run what will, why d—damme, if I ever run
 With Drake I've sail'd the world all round, and larn'd
 a bit to fight,

But somehow I a prisoner was ta'en; [light,
 So, when the Mousfer jailor to my dungeon shew'd a
 I blinded both his peepers, and then ran away again

I've ran a many risks in life, on ocean and on shore,

But always, like a Briton, got the day; [more,
 And fighting in old England's cause, will run as many

But, let me face ten thousand foes, will never run
 away.

The Wolf

AT the peaceful midnight hour,
 Every sense and every pow'r
 Fetter'd lies in downy sleep;
 Then our careful watch we keep,

While the wolf, in nightly prowl,
Bays the moon with hideous howl.

Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance;
Females shriek, but no assistance;
Silence! or you meet your fate:
Your keys, your jewels, cash and plate:
Locks, bolts, and bars, soon fly afunder,
Then to rifle, rob, and plunder!

The Tortoiseshell Tom Cat.

OH! what a story the papers have been telling us,
About a little animal of mighty price;
And who ever thought but an auctioneer of selling us,
For near three hundred yellow boys, a trap for mice.
Of its beauties and its qualities no doubt he told them
fine tales, [nine tails:
But for me I should just us soon have bought a cat of
I wouldn't give for all the cats in christendom so vast
a fee, [tastrophe.
Not to save 'em from the catacombs, or Cataline's ca-
Kate of Russia, Katterfelto's cat, and Catalini,
Are ev'ry one
By Tom outdone,
As you shall hear.

We'll suppose Mr *Cat's-Eye* the auctioneer, with his catalogue
in one hand, and a hammer like a catapulta in the other—
mounted in the rostrum, at the great room in Cateaton-street.

“Hem! Leds and Gemmen! Cats are of two distinctions,
Thomas and Tabby; this is of the former breed and the only
instance in which I have seen beauty monopolized in a male.
Look' at him, ladies; what a magnificent mouser! meek, tho'
masculine. The curious concatenation of colour in that Cat
calls categorically for your best bidding. Place a proper price
upon your Puffey;—consult your *feline* bosoms and bid me
knock him down.”

Ladies and Gentlemen! a going, going, going!
Any sum for Tommy Tortoiseshell you can't think dear.

Next I should tell ye, the company around him,
 Who emulously bid as if they all were wild;
 Tom thought 'em mad—while the King of Kittens
 crown'd him,

And kiss'd, caress'd, & dandled him, just like a child.
 Lady Letty Longwaist and Mrs. Martha Griskin;
 Prim Polly Puffeylove, Miss Scratch, & Biddy Twiskin,
 Solemn Sally Solus, who to no man yes had ever said,
 Killing Kitty Crookedlegs, and neat Miss Nelly Ne-
 verwed,

Crowding, squeezing, nodding, bidding, each for Puff
 so eager,

Have Tom they would,

By all that's good,

As you shall hear.

Irish Lady. Och the dear creature! how beautiful he looks
 when he shuts his eyes! beautiful indeed! He'd even lure the
 mice to look at him.

Auctioneer. Forty-five guineas in twenty places.

Different Ladies. Sixty-five! seventy! eighty! ninety!

Auctioneer. Go on, Ladies! nobody bid more? it's enough to
 make a Cat swear to think he should go for so little. If the
 Countess of Catamatan were here she'd outbid ye all. Miss
 Grimalkin, you are a connoisseur in Cats, what shall I say?
 'Ninety-five guineas, sir.' Thank you, Miss,—'Mem, it does
 not signify, you may bid as you will, he shall be mine, if I bid
 all day—one hundred and twenty, sir!' Thank ye, lady Letty.
 Take a long last languishing look, Ladies.—What a wonder!
 the only tortoiseshell Tom the world ever witnessed! see how
 he twists his tail, and washes his whiskers!—Tom! Tom! Tom!
 (Cat mews) How musically and divinely he mews, Ladies!—
 'One hundred and seventy guineas, sir!' Thank ye, Miss Tabby,
 you'll not be made a Cat's-paw of, depend on it—(Ladies
 laugh)—*Auctioneer.* I'm glad to hear you laugh, Ladies—I see
 how the Cat jumps now! Tommy's going.

Ladies and Gentlemen! a going, going, going!
 Any sum for Tommy Tortoiseshell you can't think dear

Now louder and warmer the competition growing,

Politeness nearly banish'd in the grand fracas—

Two hundred! two hundred and thirty three! a going.

Gone!—never Cat of talons met with such eclaw?

Nay, nine or ten fine gentlemen were in the fashion
caught as well

As ladies, in their bidding for this purring piece of
tortoise-shell.

The buyer bore him off in triumph, after all the fun
done,

And bells rang as if Whittington had been Lord
Mayor of London—

Mice and rats hung up their hats, for joy that cats so
scarce were,

And mouse-trap makers rais'd their price, full cent.
per cent. I swear, sir.

The Flowers of the Forest.

I'VE seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
Sweet was its blessing, and kind its caressing;
But now it is fled—and it's fled far away.

I've seen the Forest adorned the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay,
Sae bonnie was their blooming, their scent the air
perfuming.

But now they are withered, and weded away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempests storming before break of day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in the sunny
beams,

Grow drumly and dark as he roll'd on his way.

O fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting?

O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day!

Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae mair your
frowns can fear me,

For the Flowers of the Forest are withered away.

FINIS.

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