

The Tight Little Island,
When the hollow
D R U M,

AND

There was an Old Woman
In our Town.



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The Tight Little Island.

Daddy Neptune, one day,
To Freedom did say,
If ever I live upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on,
Would be little Britain—
Says Freedom, Why that's my own Island!
Oh, what a snug little island,
A right little, tight little island;
Search 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 couldn't come by land,
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon,
Their home turn'd their backs on,
And all for the sake of our island.
Oh, what a snug little island,
They'd all have a touch at the island,
Some were shot dead—some of them fled,
And some staid to live on the island.

Then a very great war-man,
Call'd Billy the Norman,
Cried, Hang it, I never lik'd my land,

It would be more handy,
 To leave this Normandy,
 And live on yon beautiful island.
 Says he, 'Tis a snug little island,
 Shan't we go visit the island,
 Hop, skip, and jump—there he was plump,
 And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

Yet party deceit,
 Help'd the Normans to beat,
 Of traitors they manag'd to buy land,
 By Dane, Saxon, or Pict,
 We ne'er had been lick'd,
 Had they stuck to the King of the Island.
 Poor Harold, the King of the Island,
 He lost both his life and the island,
 That's very true—what could he do,
 Like a Briton he died for the island.

Then the Spanish Armada,
 Sent out to invade a',
 Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land;
 They couldn't do less,
 Than tuck up Queen Bess,
 And take their full swig in the island,
 Oh, the poor Queen of the Island,
 The drones came to plunder the island,
 But sung in her hive—the Queen was alive,
 And buz 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
 Ere 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,
 Monsieur or Don—let them come on,
 But how would they come off at the
 island.

I dont wonder much,
 That the French and the Dutch
 Have since been oft tempted to try land,
 And I wonder much less,
 They have met no success,
 For why should we give up our island.
 Oh 'tis a wonderful island,
 All of them long for the island,
 Hold a bit there—let them take fire and air,
 But we'll keep the sea and the island.

Then since Freedom and Neptune,
 Have hitherto kept tune,
 In each saying, This shall be my land,
 Should the army of England,
 And all they could bring land,
 We'd shew them some play for the island.
 We'd fight for our right to the island.

We'd give them enough of the island,
 Frenchmen should just—bite at the dust,
 But not a bit more of the island.

When the hollow drum, &c.

When the hollow drum has beat to bed ;
 When the little fifer hangs his head ;
 Still and mute,
 The Moorish flute,
 And nodding guards watch wearily ;
 Then will we,
 From prison free,
 March out by moon-light cheerily.

When the Moorish cymbals clash by day ;
 When the brazen trumpet's shrilly bray ;
 The slave, in vain,
 May then complain,
 Of tyranny and knavery.
 Would he know,
 His time to go,
 And slily slip from slavery.—

'Tis when the hollow drum has beat to bed ;
 When the little fifer hangs his head ;
 Still and mute,
 The Moorish flute,
 And nodding guards watch wearily ;

Oh! then must he,
 From prison free,
 March out by moon-light cheerily.

There was an old woman.

There was an old woman in our town,
 In our town did dwell,
 She lov'd her husband dearly,
 But another man twice as well.

She went unto the Doctor's,
 To see what she could find,
 To see if she could get any thing,
 To drive her husband blind.
 Sing whack, fal lal &c.

It's you must get some marrow-bones,
 And make him suck them all,
 Your husband then will grow so blind,
 He can't see you at all.
 Sing whack, &c.

O then she got some marrow-bones
 And made him suck them all,
 The old man then he grew so blind,
 He could not see at all.
 Sing whack, &c.

I'm tired of my life,
And wearied of my wife,
It's I will go and drown myself,
But you must push me in.
Sing whack, &c.

If you're tired of your life,
And wearied of your wife,
If you will go and drown yourself,
I'll soon push you in.
Sing whack, &c.

Then hand in hand together
Till he came to the river brim,
The old man says, I'll drown myself,
But you must push me in.
Sing whack, &c.

The old woman she took a long run
For to push the old man in,
The old man then he slipt to one side,
And the old b—h went tumbling in.
Sing whack, &c.

So loudly she did hallo,
And so loudly she did bawl,
The old man says, I am so blind
I can't see you at all.
Sing whack, &c

O then she did swim,
Till she came to the brim,
And the old man got a long stick,
And push'd her farther in.
Sing whack, &c.

It's now my song is ended,
And I can sing no more,
Was he not a curious old man,
And she a callous old w—e.
Sing whack, &c.

FINIS.