

Sandman Joe.

Oh the other day as sand-man Joe, up Millom Hill was joying
His raw boned steed, scarce could go, but still the day kept sloping
His raw boned steed, scarce fit for the enow, sulk-stung to death-courts
While Gallows Joe his mouth he rub'd out, roaving in white sand. l.
Why hum you lilly, lilly, lilly, lilly, white sand. l.

Scarce saw he's got to see his own, 'twas up a neigb'ring alley,
When turning of his head about, Oh he spied his black girl Sally.
His brown hands his bubbies prodded, and roaving cried
Why hum you lilly, lilly, lilly, lilly, white sand. l.

Whom shall we go, said Joe to get some gin to warm us?
Why, blast ye to Saint Giles' Noun, Oh, it's there the gin wort hums
His brown hands &c

Oh then they went to play the game, the game, the game we will you all

While Gallows Joe he waded his horse, and roaving cried
Why, hum you, lilly-lilly-lilly-lilly-lilly-lilly-lilly
White sand. l.

This was the picture great shout of applause at the close.
The women, who sang it, managing the best ~~stanzas~~
two lines in a way that may easily be conceived.

Tom the Sinner at the Brinkled Bull

It was on Easter Monday, Spring time of the year
Mulling from the Town to Smith's did refrain
His eyes were light and clear, his legs were stanch and free
With a blue birds eye round his squint, and his garter below
his knees.
The tel, ide idde idde, I, tel, ni tel &c

The blades of the scow were a looking to turn out a young brindle bull
When him back, turn him back, was the tale of his tail they began
Till a kinning span blown from the garden independent chance
Crying, blast you why don't you box him, you'll ruin him a
bull without you any

When a bullock was selected for a hunt, a herd of turn him
back, turn him back, roaving, and whooping, though the fingers
placed upon the tongue, were always set up, and performed.

No. 10
Another on some Highway man.

With my pistols in my pocket and a cut-throat in my hand
So I rode up to the diligence and bid the bug - o - stand.
To me, Na out or, &c &c &c
As we rode on forthly commin, the owls were standing there.
Here comes, a bloody scamping blade why do look there.

His flash to the crop rods, and seven inches a stand.
Thorn sticking up to London bearing loaded pipes in hand.