No. 22

Sir John Fielding chief Magistrate at Bow Street was blind towds the latter end of his life.

A song ~~was one~~ which gave an accent of a thief, whom he predicted would be ~~hanged~~ transported finished thus

"~~Why you lie, you old blind B — r I'll be back by Christmas day.~~"

Say's he, Mr Flamgarvey's a fine fellow, your
Your just fit to go to sea.
Why you lie you old blind bug — r
I'l be back by Christmas day.

BRITISH MUSEUM

No. 23.

Sandman Joe

The Ballad says as sung at the Anacreontic Society — This was a soudty club held at the Crown and Anchor Navern in the Strand, by Gentlemen.

Oh, the other day, as Sandman Joe,
Up Holborn Hill was jogging,
His raw boned steed, it scarce could go,
But still the dog kept flogging.
His raw boned steed, scarce fit for the crows,
Just starved to death could scarce go.
Whilst gallows Joe his rump he rubb'd
And roaring cried, ~~Why heves you lilly~~ white sand. O. — Why heves, your lilly, lilly, lilly, lilly white sand. O.

2

Scarce far he'd gone to sell his sand
Twas near a neighbouring alley
When turning of his head about,
He spied his flash girl sally;
His raw boned steed, scarce fit for the Crows.
Could scarce stand, when he cried wo-o!
But to keep him up, his rump he rubb'd
and roaring cried, white sand. O. — Why &c

3

He star'd awhile, then turn'd his quid,
Why, blast you, Sall, I loves you!
And for to prove what I have said,
This night I'll soundly fuck you.
Why then says Sall, my heart at rest
If what you say you'll stand to;
His brawny hands, her bubbies prest
And roaring cried, white sand. O
Why heves, &c &c

4

Said Sall to Joe, where shall we go,
To get some gin to warm us?
Why blast you to St Giles' pound,
For there the gin won't harm us.
His raw boned steed &c —

5

When to St Giles's they had got,
They made themselves quite merry;
They fine times drain'd the quartern pot,
With glorious gin so cherry
His raw boned &c

6

O then they kiss'd, and then shook fist,
My dearest Joe I know you:
As sound a dog as ever piss'd
This night I'll doss with Joey.
Then away they went with hearts ~~so well~~ content,
To play the game you all know,
While Gallows Joe he wag'd his arse, and roaring cried —
white sand O. — Why ~~heves~~ heves your lilly lilly lilly — lil-ly, — li-l-ly white — sand — Oh!.

It was usually for a long time on saturday nights — sung in an open space at the Back of St Clement in the Strand ~~&~~ ~~&c~~ at the front an alehouse door called the Crooked Billet. by two women who used to sham dying away as they concluded the song — amidst roars of Laughter.