

No. 28. Toddy Blink and Bandy Jack.

On Sunday morning early we went to different chapels,
My pal upon his benked hince the labris yacks he grapples;
"Lord grant that we may keep this law", and while she's upward looking,
My pal so ready with his paw, her wastel chain is unhooking.
Hoh lol de riddle de — &c.

2
He dings it to his nearest pal, to brush directly after,
The pretty, educated lad, sent, rasps the newest caster;
Then plaid him in the nearest pew long side of further gray locks,
He brings the yellow bag to view the tooth pick case & snuff box —
Hoh lol — &c.

3
Now some had lost their pretty rings, and some had lost their lockets,
No rob in Church, Lord what a sin, once Jane I've lost my pockets;
Now girl she'd hardly speke the word when Susan came out bowling,
Say she we lost my black silk cloak, and several yards of muslin.
Hoh lol — &c.

4
Now Toddy Blink and Bandy Jack, they laid their heads together,
If they could see the old coter in black, they'd give them mighty pleasure;
He'd blast the congregation round and throng, the crowd was puffing
When Toddy drew aside his gown and Bandy speke to the Name.
Hoh lol — &c.

5
They work'd the church of what would seem, which much alarm'd the people
For fear they should stone coter ^{them} and brush away with the people.
Hoh lol.

* There was an exhibition at the time of a man who eat stones.