

Easter Monday - Monday was the great Market day for Cattle
in Smithfield

Top - *Altogether*

Blue Bird's eye - a silk handkerchief of a particular pattern.

Squire - *Wood* - squire because of the horizon oaks,

Gaiter below his knees - It was a fashion with Eastern men - Coal-heavers

Drover and many others to wear breeches very short at the knee

they were always left unbuttoned and the string with which they

should be tied, hung down - under the knees the stockings were

usually fastened with a broad red worn tea garter. This mode

was considered very "homing"

Blowen - *Whitiate* - *Blades* - idle foolish fellows

Sea - to hit.

Back & stop - attitudes - of the dog when facing the Bull

His - leg -

With a tatter - state a watch -

Ding'd - ding is to throw - as you do suddenly -

Wal - companion.

Cull - the man she had picked up

Long - knowing - in this case found out.

Ward - seized - what fellows could be misunderstood.

Had - ~~at~~ for another word used for sexual connection.

Moss - where -

Drumlike picking pockets - *Drumlike* a pick pocket.

Left - she's robbery - she's lifting.

Ward the hoof - walks

Beaver Caster - *Beaver* hat - hair could beaver hats come some by women

Madrum - *Wandona* handkerchief.

Quaver wedges - long quartern - pointed shoes

Bot - fight - Mon.

With a cross - Chest.

Poroads - Cards

Club - *Legua*.

Tom the Drover or the Brindled Bull

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It was on Easter Monday, spring time of the year,
Molling Tom the Drover to Smithfield did repair;
His legs were tight and clever, his dog was staunch and free,
With a blue birds eye round his Squire, and his gaiter below his knees.

The blades of the Town were a caution to turn ~~and~~ a young Brindled Bull
Turn him back, turn him back was the token, at his tail they began for to pull
When a knowing young blowen from the garden happened by chance to come by
Crying, blast you why bait you her Tom, you'll never turn a Bull without
you try.

Tom sold his quid, broke the full, when the Bull gave the dog such a toff,
Go, you length my dear jewel for to wind him, to him a Bull he's never as a life
Drive to fair he's a dog well reared, back, and stop with the best in the field;
And till done in his horns pines so clever till he makes the young Brindled
Bull do yield

Jal Squimay to the night, nosh a tatter, and bring'd it to her pal so soon.
Her Cull being keen, he bow'd her before she got out of the room.
When a row was kick'd up in a minute, a bottle at his head she had stow,
Crying, blast you eyes you bugger, and damn them she bawled him down.

Suck' Way, she's a savvy blowen, and can pad with any Matt in the Town,
At the Hornuckle, or the left some so clever, till she pads the hoof up and down;
Till she pads the hoof up and down, and with a beaver casto she goes,
With an India man about her ogress, and he queer wedges down to her toes.

You a lad that can get with the quaver, pick a calf with pal for a mouse,
Thrust a Cuck, ~~Walt~~ a Bull, Bliff a Widgeon, ~~Walt~~ a Sparrow, ~~Dance~~ a cast jump
At the boards I can palm with the quaver, slip on ice and a dice or a tray,
It was I bang'd the blades in the hollow, so come, all you jolly dogs come away.

Come away to the sign of the Paper where Molling the Brindled Bull see,
Shall tell you a good rolling hornpipe, for she's one that's staunch and free
Shall give you a quart of the rummer, if you'll give her plenty of beer,
Come away to the sign of the Paper, where were all black, and free of the Club.

I think one verse is omitted -