B. Volume. I.

141

Manners. Morals.

Grosness.

Specimens of Songs Sung about the Streets of London.

Volume. 1. B.

N.° 2 Songs within memory 143

Introduction

Specimens of Songs and parts of Songs, (from memory) sung about the streets within my recollection. and without molestation.

Every one of the songs mentioned might be bought of the Men who sold ballads in the streets against the walls, each song for a halfpenny.

The Bishop of London in 1750 in his Letter to the Clergy and People of London and Westminster on the late Earthquakes says. "The Infamous and obscene songs and ballads that are openly sung in our public streets, to the great uneasiness of all modest virtuous persons who are passing by; to the great corruption and dishonour of our servants and children and to the total discouragement of virtue among the common people in general."

Ladys Mag. May - 1750 - p. 194.

The Songs that are defective were all known to me when I was an apprentice boy - but forgotten past recollection. Those made perfect have been so made from the recollection of old fellows whom I have known

Songs.

The following songs and specimens of songs, are all of them from, ballads, bawled ~~and~~ about the streets, and hung ~~and~~ against the walls. It will seem incredible ~~that~~ such songs should be allowed but it was so. There is ~~not~~ one of them. ~~that~~ I have not myself heard sung in the streets, as well as at Chair Clubs, Coch & Hen Clubs & Free & Easy's. every one of them ~~were~~ recollected by Mr Pique*, and most of them by Mr Hayward*, and some lines or passages have been added by ~~them~~ these persons. It must not be supposed ~~that~~ they were sung only in the places which I have mentioned, they were sung in all parts of the town. There were probably a hundred ballad singers then, for one now.

The ~~cause~~ causes of their being discontinued to be sung are various among them, a more active Police. The ~~Loyal~~ Association against republicans and levellers also contributed to this end, John Reeves and his associates, together with the magistrates, extinguished them. The association printed a large number of what they called ~~Patriotic~~ Loyal songs, and gave them to the ballad singers; if any one was found singing any bad loyal songs, he or she was carried before a magistrate who admonished and dismissed him or her, ~~and~~ they were then told they might have loyal songs for nothing, and ~~that~~ they would not be molested while singing them. Thus the bawdy songs; and those in praise of thieving and getting drunk. were pushed out of existence. These loyal songs were succeeded by Dibdins Sea Songs, ~~so that~~ and the old blackguard songs were in a few years unknown to the youths

* Mr. Pique is a Lawyer & Gilder of Musician in Greek Street Soho
* Mr. Hayward is an Attorney – living in Tooks Court

of the rising generation, ~~and~~ thus the taste for these subsided

I have no doubt at all ballad singers more now to be ~~that~~ if left at liberty, ~~to do so~~

~~sing~~ ~~they please~~ by the police, to sing these songs that ~~that~~ the people in the streets would

them. Such songs as ~~some~~ even 35 years

not permit the singing of ~~such songs as thirty years ago~~

ago produced ~~applause~~ would now cause the singer to be rolled in the mud.

~~not with~~ applause ~~and the singer with encouragement~~.

Not one of these songs even the most infamous was at all objected to, ~~since I can remember and I was in the habit~~ to stop in the markets, to hear them sung, and used to purchase them. This was the case even with Morgan Rattler.

Another cause of their ~~suppression~~ disregardance was the proceedings of the Society for the suppression of Vice.

Specimens of Songs and fragments of Songs from memory. Songs sung about the Streets. 1 146

No 1. 1

Jack Chance

On Newgate steps Jack Chance was found
And bred up near St Giles's Pound,
My story's true, deny it, who can,
By nancy, leering, Billingsgate Nan.
Her bosom heav'd with, artful joy
When first she beheld the lovely boy,
When home the prize she straight did bring,
And they all allow'd he was just the thing.
just the thing, just the thing. and they
all allow'd he was just the thing.

2

At twelve years old as we are told,
The youth was sturdy, stout and bold,
He'd learn'd to curse, to swear, and fight,
And every thing but read and write,
His dabble clean he'd slip betwixt
In a crowd he'd unpick, a cloak unnoticed
And what he got he home would bring
And they all allowed he was just the thing.

3

But when he grew to mans estate,
His mind did run upon something great
To pad the hoof he scorn'd to tramp
So he hired a prigg and he went on the scamp.
To strut in the park it was all his pride
With a flaming whore stuck by his side
At Clubs he all flash songs would sing
And they all allowed he was just the thing.

He stood the patter but that's no matter.
He gammon'd the twelves ~~from~~ and he workedout the water
Nill · A pardon he got from his gracious ~~King~~ King
When ~~that~~ swaggering Jack he was just the thing.

5

6

With Blue ~~Cockade~~ Cockade proclaim'd for war
With bludgeon ~~stout~~ or Iron bar*
No head a mob he never would fail
At getting a Mass House or Burning a Gaol
But a victim he fell to his country's laws
And died at last in religious cause
No Pitcher made the blade to swing
And when tuck'd up he was, just the thing.
just the thing, just the thing
and when tuck'd up he was just the thing.

This song was made after the execution of the Rioters in 1780. and was sung about the streets with great applause.

* Gangs of Ruffians with Iron bars in their hands went from house to house demanding money, and no one ventured to refuse giving.

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No. 2.

Bowl away.

This was the title (I believe) of a song which I remember was sung by ~~a~~ two women at the end of Swan Yard opposite Somerset House in the Strand, every evening. They had two or three others also which were sung in rotation. There was always a considerable crowd of fools idlers, and pickpockets to hear them. There were many such groups in different parts of London and in proportion to the velocity of the songs and the flash manner of singing, the applause the singers received.

I can recollect only a line or two

My smock's above my knee she did say, she did say
My smock's above my knee she did say.
My smock's above my knee, and you may plainly see
You may have a smack at me, Bowl away, Bowl away

Bowl Away. A Guinea to a Groat I will lay
A Guinea to a Groat I will lay.
A Guinea to a Groat you'll not know
With any Pretty Girl in Town Bowl away Bowl away.

No. 3.

Another began thus.

Come Blowsy its past four o Clock
It time to repair to the Dog and Duck
And if with a call you choose to meet
Bowl him down to Catherine Street
Tol de riddle lol. Ri tol ra
Ri tol, iddle iddle, ri tol, ra.

No. 4

Another

The Girls of True Blue

I cannot remember more than a line
But a equally in infuriating either of the others.

No. 5

Two women used to sing a song opposite a public house the sign of the Crooked Billet, at the Back of St Clements Church in the Strand. it was an open space, between Holywell Street and Wych Street.

The song was a description of a married man who had a lecturous wife, it described his being a hale fellow reduced by her to a skeleton. I can only remember the two last lines.

"And for which I am sure shi'll go to Hell
For she makes me fuck her in church time."

I remember these words in consequence of the shout which was always set up as the song closed with them.

No. 6.

Ok. rare Turpin Hero, was a great favourit.
Yet Turpin was hanged at York in

No. 7.

A Commitation on the fate of Jack Shan commonly called 16 string jack was also a favorite. Jack was it seems a great Buck in his way, and the first who wore strings to the knees of his breches, he was a notorious thief, as was also Miss Broach his companion, Shadrach Wells and other men and women, used to go to Bagnigge Wells of a Sunday afternoon, to see Miss Broach and Jack Shan. The song was popular notwithstand Jack had been hanged many years before

The Song begins thus

Farewell ye rocks, farewell ye plains,
No more Miss Broach will on you reign,
Your sighs and tears are all in vain.
We must but never shall meet again.

2

I wish I was a country girl.
My Cows to milk & my lands to till
And love I'd never took in hand
I'd never parted with Jack Shan.

N°. 8.

Young Morgan *

1

Young Morgan was a rattling blade
He had of better courage.
Much Gold he got on the highway
Which made him daily flourish.
Grand Bagnios was his lodings then
Among the flashy lasses.
He soon became a gentleman
And left of driving Asses.

* I am not certain that this is the title, am unmindful only the first verse.

N°. 9.

There was another favourite song in praise of a Highwayman of which I remember only two lines.

"My horse and I did like lightning fly
When we heard the sound of coachee.

Another.

"As from the rich I rob, and it to the poor give."

Sandman Joe.

1

Oh the other day as sand-man 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, half stunk to death scarce could go
While Gallows Joe his rumps he rub'd and, roaring cried white sand. O.
Why hum you lilly, lilly, lilly, lilly, white sand. O.

2

Scarce saw he's got to sell his sand, down up a neighbouring alley.
When thinking of his beer about, Oh, he spied his Sarah girl Sally.
His brawny hands her bubbies prest'd, and roaring cried
Why hunce your lilly, lilly, lilly, lilly white sand. O.

3

Where shall we go, said Sal to Joe to get some gin to warm us?
Why, Blast ye to Saint Giles's Pound, Oh, its there the Gin wont harm us
His brawny hands &c

4

Oh then they went to play the game, the game, ~~the~~ so will you all hum
— —
While Gallows Joe he wagd his Arse, and roaring ~~cried~~ cried
Why. hunce. your. lil-ly- lil-ly- lil-ly- lil-ly- lil-ly-lil-ly
White-sand-O.

This used to picture great shouts of applause at the close.
The woman, who ~~sung~~ sung it, managing the last ~~[illegible]~~
two lines in a way that may easily be conceived.

Tom the Drover or the Brindled Bull

149

1.

It was on Easter Monday, Spring time of the year
Rolling from the Drove to Smithfield did repair
His Togs were tight and clean his dogs were staunch and free
With a blue Birds eye round his squeeze, and his garters below his knees.

Ri tol, ~~ide~~ iddle iddee I, tol ri tol &c

2.

The Blades of the Town were a hooking to turn out a young brindle bull
Turn him back, turn him back,* was the token at his tail they began to pull
Till a knowing Jam blown from the Garden half an hour by charm
to come by
Crying, blast you why don't you box him, you'll never turn a bull without you fly

3.

* When a bullock was selected for a bait, a short of time him back, turn him back, roaring and whistling through the fingers plaid upon the tongue, were always set up, and performed.

No. 10

Another on some Highwayman.

With my pops in my pocket and a cudgel in my hand
So I rode up to the ~~diligent~~ Diligence and bid the Bug — n stand.
To me. Naral ru, &c &c. &c.

As we rode on Finchley common, the owls were standing there.
Here comes, a bloody scamping blade only to look there.

His flash to the cross roads and never makes a stand.
Throw Finchley up to London bearing loaded pops in hand.

Another.

N° 11

Ye ocanpo, ye frads, ye divers, and all upon the lay,
In Nothill Fields Gay chuck walkt, like lambs ye sport and play.
Rattling up your Dorbies, I am bitter & your cull.
Zoon Jigger dub bar home and your welcome do Mull Dole
with my dow re row de dow. &c &c

At your insurance office, the Flash, you'r taken in.
The game you plaid my kiddies, you always came to win
The time you lost, the chance the number up you break
With your assurance policy, I'd not insure your neck
with my — &c &c

N°. 12.

A very popular song was an account of a man picking up a woman ~~and~~ going home with her, being rob'd strip'd &c — I do not recollect the beginning.

Near to Temple Bar, I met a madam
She was drest so fine.
She, asked me, to go with her,
To drink a glass or two of wine —
Up an alley we did sally —
Merrily in a Bun did Bundle,
Then we had a pleasant time.

Then follows a description of the place &c
and then the catastrophe,

But in the morning when I woke
Oh, what a scene of misery shown.
The Dory gone and left me naked,
Muzzled off with all my clothes.
Then I called, roared and bawled –
Wrapped the ragged Blanket round me
In this plight then home I goes.

. . . . . .

She Bored she, Hch'd, likewise she rob'd me
Nought to make a poor swear.
Young men take warning, night and morning,
Lest after me you go a Mollying
Your the same sad fate may share.

No. 13.

Another was a Description of two poor ~~whores~~ whores who had seen better days. It begins thus /

Near to Temple Bar, liv'd two trading women
Jane, and Madam Cur, Dress'd in silver trimmings.
Those who who used to serve, roaring sons of Thunder
Now they trudge the streets there forced for to hawk under.

2

Madam she keeps Jenny for a working woman.
The remainder forgotten. Madam laments then
fallen state, says. Gallants of the court came to us in Coaches

Mouth like squirrs dirt ~~on~~
And as sound as roaches –
Treating us with wine
For a little billing.
When we trudge the streets
We'r glad of half a shilling.

Winter is a coming, we must feed on Sprats
&c &c

No. 14

One which was made to the honour of some notorious thief, had these words, all I now remember.

"I furnish'd all my rooms, every one, every one.
I furnish'd all my rooms, every one.
I furnish'd all my rooms with, mufs, brushes, and hair brooms
Wash balls, and sweet Perfumes; them I stole, them I stole.

I sailed up Holborn Hill in a cart, in a cart.
I sailed up Holborn Hill in a cart
I sailed up Holborn Hill, at St Giles's drunk my fill
And at Tyburn made my will, in a cart, in a cart.

No. 18.

Thomas Hood and Dan

No. 15

Morgan Rattler

This song was sung in Clare Market, and at the Ribbon End of Block Market. I have long since forgotten the Words

No. 16

A hole to put your Robin in.

One night as I came from the place
I met a fair maid by the way
~~Her a pleasant countenance and a double chin~~
She had rosy cheeks and a dimpled chin
And a hole to put your Robin in

A bed and blanket I have got,
A stool, a kettle and a pot
Besides a charming pretty thing
A hole to put your Robin in.

~~Mark O Collaka.~~

No. 17

Mille and Thunnibird

A pretty maid she to the miller wud go
Many a soul so wantonly,
A pretty maid she, to the miller wud go
Whether her mother would let her or no
She says she 'ill have my corn ground small an' all free

. . . . . .

When the miller he laid her against the mill hopper
He pulled up her clothes, and he put in the stopper Many a soul &c The Miller he laid he &c
She says she 'ill have my corn grind &c

The miller he laid her against the mill sack
While the stones went click a te clack. Many a soul &c The Miller he laid &c
She says she, &c

No. 18.

Bonny Kate and Dany

A lovin couple met one day, Bonny Kate and Dany
~~Bonny Kate and Dany~~ A lovin couple met one day both together to spread and play
And for to pass the time away he showed her little Dany.
He took her to his father Barn Bonny Kate and Dany
He took her to his father Barn then he pulled out his long
And it was as long — as this my arm.
And he called it little Dany.
He took to the rivers side Bonny Kate and Dany
He took her to the rivers side and there he laid her leg wide so
And on her belly he did ride,
And he whipt it in little Dany.
He took her — to several places —

When forty weeks were come and gone bonny Kate and Dany
When forty weeks were come and gone — &c

She was delivered of a son and she called it little Dany.

dest the song — amenan roan of Langrow.

N° 19.

The Rolling Kiddy O

"A Youth comes up to town "to learn our modern fashions
To London town no better place to teach one from the country
~~A Greenhorn~~ A Greenhorn and his progress is
described
"He learns to fight gets drunk a quarrel & begin
bawdy kens
and goes with the Gardes (~~[illegible]~~ lad to every night
~~[illegible] incredible~~
Chorus
And this is the way to be a rolling kiddy. O.
The Blowens all admire him and say he is the
Nifty. O.

N° 20

One printing out many of the inconveniences
of working and the dislike people have to work & the
advantages of Priming
The chorus was

Then who would work and not go a thieving
Then who would work & not go a thieving.

1

A kiddy boy from Broad St Giles no better than a mad Caste.
Tho' he could mimic in the fields, a neddy Goat, or Dogs bark.
He prig'd a little curly rogue his name was pretty Jumpey
And from a house an upper dog than went in search of Donkey

Bow wow wow, fal de riddle ri do. ~~Bow~~
Bow wow wow &c

2

He found one on the fallow land that never had been broke in
With rusty spur he mounted him, with which began to prake him
He held the bluffer in one hand the other tear'd the donkey.
And Gallopped off towards the farm with him and pretty Jumpey

Botherwitch ~~Bow wow wow~~ since the Vicar paying tithey
That upset his hip hup, buttons his lips to thus the boy & Donkey

3

This mad drivid savage full of spide pulld out his chive & docked him
The bloody end with all his might chop the head he knocked him,
When he mounted the ass again no matter who has sold thee
As he through the Village passed he cried, come up you bloody thief
do you think I stole aye

~~Bow wow wow~~ Botherwitch &c

4

~~He~~ ——

5

He got a man to hold the beast while he run after Pumpey
The man not bringing in the beast the boy had bind the donkey
The owner came and knock'd him down

Botherwitch since the
the Kiddy boy & ~~Donkey~~ Pumpey
That got the man so kicked dust for
steady of the Donkey.

Way-hines, &c &c

dad the song — amidst roar of Laughter.

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

A song was made which gave an account of a thief, whom he judged must be ~~hanged~~ transported finishing thus

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

Says he, Mr Flanagan's a fine fellow, you
Have just got to go to sea.
Why you lie you old blind beagle
I'll be back by Christmas day.

N°. 23.

Sandman Joe

The Ballad says as sung ~~at the~~ Anacreontic Society - This was a club held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern 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 hones you~~
~~Lilly~~ white scand. O. — Why
hones, your Lilly, Lilly, Lilly,
Lilly, white scand. O.

2

Scarce far he'd gone to sell his scand
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
scand. O. — Why &c

3

He stard awhile, then turnd 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 is rest
At what you say you'll stand to;
His drawing hardes, her bubbies prest
And roaring cried, white scand. O
Why - hones, &c &c

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

5.

Where to St Giles's they had got,
They made themselves quite merry;
They fine times ~~fill'd~~ 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 dose with Joey.
Then away they went ~~so well~~ with hearts content,
To play the game you all know,
While Gallows Joe he wag'd his
arse, and roaring cried -
white scand O. — Why ~~hones~~ hones
your Lilly Lilly Lilly - lil-li - li-l-ly
white — scand — 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 ~~&~~ ~~two~~ 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.

1. Hundreds — the wretched Courts Lanes and Allies in St Giles.
1.* Miserable Ragged Prostitutes.
2. Whit — Nothil Thieves Prison
3. Darbies — Irons.
3.* Mum Cully — those whom they robbed
4. Snaching — dividing — spending.
5. Nubbd — Hanged
6. Duds — Cloaths.
7 Seedy — Worn out.
8. Bub — Drink. Liquor
9. Twig — See
10. Nail — Spize. Not for bringing the liquor but because you are known — "want you".
11. Tippit — Game
12. Jorum — Pot — bowl —
13. Diddle — Punch — mixt liquor — &c
14 Diving — Picking of Pockets.
15 Nubbing Cull — Jack Ketch.
16. Pit — Gaol.
17. Tumbrill — Cart.

N°. 24. 1

To the Hundreds of Drury Lurile,
and the rest of my flashy companions,
To the buttocks[1] that pad it all night
To jimpsies whores bawds and their stallions
To those that are down in the whit[2]
Rattling their darbies[3] with pleasure,
Who laugh at the rum[3x] culls they've bit,
While here they are snacking[4] their treasure

2

This time I expect to be nubb'd[5]
My duds[6] are grown wondrous seedy[7]
I pray you now send me some bub[8],
A bottle or two, to the needy
Hey you won't bring it yourselfs
The hangman is at the Old Bailey
I'd rather you'd send it by half
Fear, if they trig[9] you, they'll nail[10] you

3

Moll Spriggins came here t'other night,
The lipp'd[11] us a jorum[12] of diddle[13],
Garnish is the prison's delight,
We footed away to the fiddle,
Her fortune at dining[14], did fail,
For which she has chang'd habitation
Was now the whore pads in the jail
And laughs at the fools of the nation.

4

This time I expect no reprieve,
The sheriffs come down with his warrants,
Are account now behind us we leave
Of our friends, education and parents,
Our bolts are knock'd off in the whit,
Our friends to die penitent pray us,
The Nubbing[15] cull hops from the pit[16]
And inch the tumbril[17] away's us.

5

Through the streets as our wheels slowly move
The toll of the death bell dismays us,
With rosegays and gloves we are decked,
To trim and so gay they array us.
The passage all crowded we see,
With maidens that move us with pity;
Our air all admiring, agree
Such lads are not left in the City.

6

Oh! then to the tree I must go,
The Judge he has ordered that sentence
And then comes a gentleman you know,
And tells a dull tale of repentance,
For the gallies were tied very tight,
We beg all spectators, pray for us,
Our pockets are hid from the light,
The chandler shows off and we morice.'

The Jolly Butcher.

Tune — Of noble race was Shinkin

1

There was a Jolly Butcher,
He liv'd at Newton Stalgate
He kept a stall, at Leadenhall
And got drunk at the Dog at Aldgate.

2

He run down Hounsditch reeling
At Bedlam he was frighted,
He in Moorfields, beshit his heels
And at Hoxton he was wiped.

3

His mother she came to him,
Who once liv'd down at Dover,
She gave him a pot, of the best gin hot,
And he spew'd her sope all over

4

His sweetheart next came to him,
With a rolling eye so charming
She was rugged and tough
And Cow'd, huckle-my-muff
And would drink from night till morning

5

Her name it was Nell Larking
And thus she said unto him
If you'll go home Dick,
I'll pay of your tick
And save your soul from ruin

6

Would you leave thine wild companions
Bob Baker and Ned Harden.
By your knife and your steel,
You might live genteel
And come to be Church Warden.

7

Consider dearest Dickey
You've got a wealthy grannum
She now is sick — and will leave you Dick
Near fifteen pound per annum.

8

Says Dick my sweetest creature,
Yes now I must go beyond sea,
Then Give me, my girl
But one pot of pearl,
And I'll Love the as long as I can see.

9

While thus they talked so clever,
The constables came on mark in,
To the Bridewell, in Clerkenwell
They sent poor Nelly packing.

10

And so for Dick the Butcher,
Three Bailiffs took him napping,
No bail could he get
And he lies for debt
At a spunging house at Wapping

N°26 Drunk the other Night.

M.T.

1

Drunk the other night as I reeld home to bed, I met a young frow just turn out of her kein,
She suddenly ocis'd me, and swore how shid please me, if I would go with her & give her somethin,
Her cheeks, look'd so rosy, her eyes look'd so wanton, her waste so well shap'd & her bubbies so ripe,
But the gallus young huzzey while I felt her tuzzy, was down with her grofers to unravel my wipe.

2

I gave her a tosser for making so bold, then the scouts all came up being flash to the nigs,
Twas the noise of the rattle that made the whore prattle, so I showd him some cole to bother his wigs.
The scouts all came round me while I seemd amazed, at last one among them he tipp'd me the wink,
It is one of our frisky, says he, and he's heavy, so we all bundled in to a flash Ken to drink.

3

To do them a kindness it was my intention, to have a pull on them without more delay
So without further trouble I tipp'd them the double, left the whore & the scouts all the rushing to fray.

N°27 Brick Dust Nan.

M.T.

1

By the side of a green stagnant Pool, Brick Dust Nan, she stood scratching of her head,
Her matted locks all over her skull, like the bristles of the Hedge Hog were spread;
But the wind blew her tatters abroad, and her arse and brown beauties revealed,
When a link boy through the mud, bare footed scampered over the field.
With, his lid, lod, lid, lod — &c

2

Oh! my dear tho' I cant so well draw, for the playing at the house ant begun,
No tobacco ant so sweet to my jaw, as a kiss from the lips of my Nan;
Running up to her straightway he gave her such a rill squeezing huggs
I could dose in a duthore with thee, tho' lit by the Blood sucking beggs.
With his lid lod — &c

3

A courting they sat in the rain for the space of a quarter of an hour,
When their wedding to keep in the dry to a hog sty they instantly did scour;
Where the rats hungry round them exploard, yet undaunted they took their repose,
All night in the litter they dossed, and got up in the morning do louse.
With their lid. lod. &c

No. 28. Teddy Blink and Bandy Jack.

1

On sunday morning early we went to different chapels,
My pal upon his bended knees the ladies yacks he grapples;
"Lord grant that we may keep this law," and while she's upward looking,
My pal so ready with his paw, their wacks chain is unhooking.
Nollol de riddle de — &c

2

He dings it to his nearest pal, to brush directly after,
The pretty, educated lad, first, naps the nearest caster;
Then plaid him in the nearest pew long side of father gray locks,
He brings the yellow bag to view the tooth pick case & snuff box
Nol lol — &c

3

Now some had lost their pretty rings, and some had lost their lockets,
To rob in Church, Lord what a sin, cries Jane I've lost my pockets;
Poor girl she'd hardly spoke the word when Susan came out bawling.
Say she I've lost my black silk cloak, and several yards of muslin.
Nol lol — &c

4

Now Teddy Blink and Bandy Jack, they laid their heads together,
If they could do the old codger in black, twoul give them mighty pleasure;
He'd blest the congregation round and through the crowd was passing
When Teddy drew aside his gown and Bandy spoke to the Parson.
Nol lol — &c

5

—

—

They work'd the church of what would fence, which much alarmed the people
For fear they stands stone eaters* turn and brush away with the Steeple.
Tol. lol.

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

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

Togs — Cloaths

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

Squeeze — throat — squeeze because of the hangman rope.

Gaiters below his knees. It was a fashion with Costermongers — Coal-heavers Drovers and many others to wear trousers very short at the knees 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 worsted garter. This mode was considered very "knowing"

Blowen — Prostitute — Blades — idle foolish fellows

Hex — to hit.

Bark & stop — attitudes — of the dog when facing the Bull

Pins — legs —

Napped a taller — stole a watch —

Dingd — ding is to thrust — he gave it suddenly —

Pal — companion.

Cull — the man she had picked up

Long — knowing — in this case found out.

Bonnd — seized: what follows cannot be misunderstood.

Prad ~~[illegible]~~ for another word used for sexual connection.

Mots — whore —

Dimmish — picking pockets — Dimmisher a pick pocket.

Lift — shop robbing — shop lifting.

Pads the hoof — walks

Beaver Castor — Beaver hat — high crown beaver hats were worn by men

Indiaman — Bandana handkerchief.

Quiver widgers — long quartered — pointed shoes

Fit — fight — Box.

Peck a cross — Cheat.

Broads — Cards

Bub — Liquor.

Tom the Drover or the Brindled Bull. No. 30.

1

It was on Easter Monday, spring time of the year,
Rolling Tom the Drover to Smithfield did repair;
His Togs were tight and clever, his dog was staunch and free,
With a blue birds eye round his Squeeze, and his garters below his knees.
Tiri tol – &c

2

The Blades of the Town were a Cutting to turn out a young Brindled Bull
Turn him back, turn him back was the token, & his tail they begun for to pull
When a knowing young blower from the Garden happened by chance to come by
Crying blast you why don't you box him, you'll never turn a Bull without you try.

3

Tom rold his quid, broke the pull, when the Bull gave the dog such a trip,
Go, you Length my dear jewel for to wind him, to pin a Bull he's never at a loss
Prime to fore he's a dog will recover, Back, and strips with the best in the field;
And he'll dance in his hide pumps so clever till he reaches the young Brindled Bull to yeild

4

Sal Squirrel to her sister, rapped a tatter, and ding'd it to her pal so soon.
Her Cull being leery he bor'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 did fling
Crying blast your eyes you bugger, and down stairs she bundled him clean.

5

Suck' Mag, she's a sowey blower, and can fad with any Moll in the Town,
At the knuckle, or the lift-none so clever tho' she pads the hoof up and down;
Tho' she pads the hoof up and down, and with a beaver cartwo she goes,
With an Indian man about her squeeze, and he queer wedges down to her toes.

6

I am a lad that can fib with the queerest, pick a cove with pal for a mouse,
Fight a Cock, Bait a Bull, Bilge a Pidgeon, Hope a Sparrow, Dance a mouse cut jumps
At the boards I can palm with the queerest, slip on an ace a deuce or a tray.
It was I bang'd the blades in the hollow, so come, all ye jolly dogs come away.

7

Come away to the sign of the Tosper where Betsey the Bunter you'll see,
She'll tip you a good rolling hornpipe, for she's one that's staunch and free
She'll give you a chant of the summert, if you'll give her plenty of bub,
Come away to the sign of the Tosper, where we all flash, and free of the Club.

I think one verse is omitted –

No. 31.

The Frolicsome Spark.

1

A frolicsome spark t'other night, from a tavern came reeling out drunk,
Here Watchman come tip us a light, for I'm for a saucy young punk;
Old Gorge dost you think that I joke, come hither you Gallows old ram,
Be civil and dost me provoke, here's a win for to buy you a dram.

2

My load at the Fountain I got, my liquor was generous wine,
Damn the dog that refuses a pot, or a bottle of liquor divine;
I'm in mettle just right for some fun, and I dwell in the regions of Love,
Through streets, lanes, and alleys, I'll rove, in search of a girl for a shove.

3

At length to a bawdy house come, dost think that I trifle or jest,
But bring me a flashy young piece, or blast me I'll kick up a dust;
The bawd from a window look'd out, is it my house you mean for to rob,
Be civil, and don't make a rout, or I've got one shall scuttle your nob.

4.

The blade much enraged at the threat, begun for to storm and to swear,
Why blast you I'll soon make you sweat, you bawdy-house keeping old mare;
You gallows old greasy arse'd mule, I'm a lad that will never decamp,
If I don't mill you glare damn my eyes, then smash went his stick at the lamp.

5.

No sooner this action was done, than murder and watch they were bawl'd
Ah! damn'd her windows he broke, and away to the watch-house was haul'd;
Where he tipp'd them an ocean of swig, till cure from each noddle was fled,
That asleep left each drowsy old frig and bundled away to his bed.

N°. 32 The Phlegm Pot.

1

A world of joys, I'll now complete, a winter frost and summer heat,
With kibey heels or sweaty feet, but whoring brings the pox;
Each buck each blood, that shines so fine, each showy fop or grave divine
May brighter than the day light shine, yet have the same mischance.

2.

There's many a fine and flashy beau, that taking pills for what you know.
They are all bedizzt from tope to toe, tho' they strut St James's Mall;
There's many a lady at Vaxhall, to go to stool must have a call,
Then up in a corner she lets it fall where it stinks as strong as Hell.

3

And when this way you have done your best, and your rotten carcass won't let you rest,
At St Thomas's Hospital you are carest, where you spit the phlegm pot out;
And as the phlegm begins to rise, and the fever works out of your eyes
And the death stool from your arse gat flies, Oh, then you feel no more.

No. 33. Gee ho Dobbin

1

As I was a driving my waggon one day,
I met a young maiden right buxom and gay
I kindly accosted her with a low bow.
And I felt my whole body I cannot tell how.
Gee ho Dobbin — heigh ho Dobbin
Gee ho Dobbin — Gee up Gee ho

2

~~I long'd to~~

2

I long'd to be at her and gave her a kiss
She thought me but civil nor took it amiss
I knew no recalling the minutes wd fast
So resolved to make hay while the sun shine did last
Gee ho —

3

We were made for each other I ~~pretd~~ pr'ithee comply
She blush'd and consented she consented
She could ~~not~~ tell why. Gee ho

4

Then down in ~~the~~ waggon this damsel I laid
But still I kept driving for driving's my trade
As her bubbies went up her plump buttocks went down
And the wheels seemed to stand and the Waggon go round Gee ho

5

Then to and again to our pastime we went
And I play'd my cards fairly to Jenny's content
I rumpled her feathers I tickled her arse
And we play'd the mad nubbins at five hundred pot
Well pot Roger Well pot Jenny. Well pot Roger Gee up Gee ho

Pleas incroll'd at Westminster before the Right Honble Sir Robert Dallas Knt and his Brethren Justices of His Majestys Court of Common Bench of Hilary Term in the 2nd & 3d Years of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Fourth by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Gt Britn & Ireland King Defender of the Faith

Roll 458

Middlesex to wit / William Turner was attached to answer Joseph Phelps of a plea of Trespass on the case &c & whereupon the s. Joseph by Richd Wm Hayward his attorney complains

For that whereas one George Russell Phelps heretofore to wit on the 16th day of July in the year of our Lord 1821 at London to wit at Westminster in the County of Middx accordg to the usage & custom of merchts made his certain Bill of Exchge in writing bearing date the day & year afs.d & then & there directed the s.d Bill of Exchge to the s.d Wm & thereby then & there requested the said Wm One month after the date thereof to pay to the order of the said Geo Russell Phelps £ 37 19 2 value recd which s.d Bill of Exchge he the s.d Wm afterwds to wit on the same day & year afs.d at Westmr afs.d in the County afs.d according to the usage & custom of merchts upon sight thereof accepted and the s.d G. R. Phelps to whose order the payment of the s.d sum of money in the s.d Bill of Exchge specified was to be made after the making of the said Bill of Exchge & before the paymt of the s.d sum of money therein specified to wit on the same day & year afs.d at Westminster afs.d in the County afs.d accordg to the s.d usage & custom of merchts indorsed the s.d Bill of Exchge by which s.d indorsemt he the s.d G. R. Phelps then & there ordered & appointed the said sum of money in the said Bill of Exchge specified to be paid to the

Mr Hayward's Account.
No. 34

(1)

until the subject was mentioned to me by F. P. it did not occur to me that the change in the manners of the lower orders had been so great as it really is, since my boyhood — say from 1780 to 1792 — the period of the breaking out of the French Revolution & the institution of the sunday schools — and not only of the lower orders, but the middling classes also there were for Masters Tradesmen the Dog & Duck — the Temple of Flora the Apollo gardens & several other tea gardens & bowling greens Bagnigge Wells for all sorts — the Bull in the pound — Merlins Cave the New Lion &c for whores & rogues of all denominations not forgetting the Cock & Hen clubs — Cutter lads & flash Jemmy men with the peculiar dress — Rollers at the cheeks striped silk stockings — numerous Ance strings long quartered shoes & all en suite But the great change is in the obscene ballads sung in praise of thieving which were the only ones sung about the streets — I'll try to recollect a few verses & ends ~~[illegible]~~ a boy used to get a great collection of servant maids & other listeners on market nights in the vicinity of Clare market & get a great many half pence by singing the most bawdy ditties such as

First he niggled her, then he tiggled her
Then with his two balls he began for to batter her
At every thrust, I thought she'd have burst
With the terrible size of his Morgan Rattler

A sort of Parody on this had an immense run for a long time It began

Great boasting of late I've heard of a feat
Of a terrible rake called Morgan Rattler
But there's one come to town will soon cut him down
And he goes by the name of ~~[illegible]~~ Darby O'Policker
This young handsome blade is a Blacksmith by trade
And well known by the ladies to be a great Policker
The Ladies all cry as they see him pass by
There goes the bold Hammerman Darby O'Policker

At Mullingar Fair, ~~young Policker~~ young Darby was there
With Nancy Hetair That sweet pretty Policker
Jas Gwynn she did plunge for the Bangate wedge
That was drove by the sledge of young Darby O'Policker

It was very long & concluded thus

So now to conclude pray don't think me rude
Since I've sung you a song of this bold young Policker
Ah! Hoo! Morgan away clear Here's the boy that can sweep
Take twelve thirteens off with his Darby O'Policker

Our Lord the King hath sent to his right trusty & well beloved Sir Robt. Dallas Knight his Chief Justice of the Bench here his Writ closed in these words George the Fourth by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Gt Britain & Ireland King Defender of the Faith To our right trusty & well beloved Sir Robt. Dallas Knight our Chief Justice of the Bench greeting For as much as in the Record and Process as also in giving the Judgmt. in a Plaint which was in our Court before you and your Associates Our Justices of the Bench by our Writ between Joseph Phelps and William Turner of a plea of Trespass upon the case upon promises as it is said manifest error hath intervened to the great damage of the said William as by his complaint we are informed We willing that the said Error (if any be) be duly amended & full & speedy Justice done to the said Parties in this behalf Do command you that if Judgment be given thereupon then you send to us distinctly & plainly under your Seal the Record and Process of the said Plaint with all things touching the same and this Writ so that We may have them In fifteen days of Easter wheresoever we shall then be in England that inspecting the Record & Process aforesd. We may cause further to be done thereupon for amending the said Error as of right and according to the law and custom of England shall be meet to be done Witness Ourself at Westmr. the twelfth day of February in the third year of our Reign

Scott

The Answer of Sir Robert Dallas Knight Chief Justice within named

The Record & Process of the Plaint within mentd. with all things touching the same I send before my Lord the King at Westminster on the day within commanded in a certain

Another ran thus

As I was a coming from the play
I met a fair maid by the way
She had rosy cheeks & a dimpled chin
with a Hole for to put poor Robin in

A bed & blanket I have got
a dish a spoon a kettle & pot.
Besides a charming pretty thing
Thats a hole for to put poor Robin in

Another called the female volunteers

To battes the town the general comes
And brings along with him his
Cannon & Bombs
Put with Bag tho' no baggage
away he steers
dead beat by no female Volunteers

Another descriptive of an old man
killed with a cough who cou not
enjoy his wife Ran

For tho' he lays by me pee
nee r can enjoy me
For all the night long he is
killed with a cough

after entering fully into
particulars it concluded
I'll have a look out for some
lusty young fellow
who's able to give me some
reason to laugh
& Dolan I have met with
this lusty young fellow
I'll pitch to the devil
both him & his cough

There was another about tying
a mouse to a mans yard which
had no erection & letting a cat
into the room to run away with
both

Another called Dadalum Doo
descriptive of female parts ran
Its rough & hairy & hairy too
And goes by the name of a Dadalum Doo

A celebrated one descriptive of
Copulation on a cobblers state
ended

The Cobler hearing of a mouse
Thro' a brewice poked his awl
He pricked the lady in the arse
& threw the Rider off the mare

They were chiefly descriptive of
Copulation a great favourite
ended in chorus
Fal de riddle de dee the thumper
went knick knock

Sally Mc fee gave an account
of her forming different trades man
de — the lawyer ran thus
I roasted his quill with the
coal of curiosity — Ran stay
to your Doctor says Sally Mc fee

Another about trades ran
But I'd have the young women (Butchers)
beware of their steel
If they blow up their wives as
they blow up their veal

Some say that a Tailor my
husband shall be
But a Tailor good Lord why
he is a man for me
For his nose & his arse
so near they do meet
That I think that his death
can hardly be sweet

2.

In short tho' there were a great number of Songs & Ballad Singers they were invariably bawdy or what was termed flash (no others were circulated in that manner) The flash songs were openly in Praise of thieving as

Come all you roving blades who in thieving take delight

|

with your Pops in your Pockets & your Cutlaps in your Hand
Ride boldly to the diligence & bid the buggers stand

=

The exploits of Teddy Blink & Bandy Jack in thieving in a church had a great run
=
The Rolling Hiddy was a great favourite the chorus was

This is the way to be a Rolling Hiddy O
The Blowings will admire you & swear you are the Tippy O

Harris's List of Covent Garden Ladies with their Prices was publickly placarded & sold by booksellers who were thought decent ~ Bawdy Books were publickly put out on Stalls.

"55 Geo. III. Cap. 184."
STAMP DUTIES,
1815.
Schedule Part 1.

WARRANT for Certificates for Attornies, Solicitors, Proctors, Notaries, and Sworn Clerks or Clerks in Court.

Name and Residence of the Person applying for Certificates.—and Date.

day of 182 .

GENERAL DIRECTIONS TO PERSONS APPLYING FOR CERTIFICATES.

N. B. After payment of the Duty in the Receiver General's Office, *this Warrant must be entered in the* Office of the Comptroller, *and be then delivered to the* Distributer of the Certificates, *as his Authority for issuing the same, together with a* Note or Ticket, *properly filled up, with the Name and Place of Residence of each Person, for whom a Certificate is required, and stating whether he has been admitted three years or not. This Warrant must be entered,* separately, *in the Offices above-mentioned, no Discount being allowed on this Duty.*

The number of Certificates to be written in words at length.

	Duty. £.	Amount. £.	s.	d.
Certificate to be taken out yearly, by every Person admitted an Attorney or Solicitor, in any Court in England or Wales, or a Proctor in any Ecclesiastical or Admiralty Court, or a Notary Public; and also by every Sworn Clerk, Clerk in Court, or other Clerk or Officer in any Court, who shall commence or defend any Action or Suit or do any Notarial Act, for Gain or Reward, as an Attorney, Solicitor, Proctor, or Notary Public, although not admitted or enrolled as such;				
If he shall reside in *London* or *Westminster*, or within the limits of the *Two-penny Post*,				
And if he shall have been admitted, or been in possession of his Office, for three years or upwards.....	12			
Or if he shall *not* have been admitted or been in possession so long	6			

W. Hayward's account.